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SERVICE HYMNAL

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Presented to him by His
Session.

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1930

Service Hymnal

672 Pages, 745 Numbers

with

Responsive Readings

Appropriate for All Protestant
Religious Activities.

By
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY

Published by
SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY & SON
3801 Armitage Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

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FOREWORD

"SERVICE HYMNAL" is a "storehouse of great treasures" containing 745 numbers with additional pages of responsive readings and other helps. All of these hymns are old ones except about 100 which are new. Here is embodied, in great variety, the best in hymnody. No department of church work has been overlooked. Worshipers and workers, will, of course, search and find those hymns which are best suited to their tastes and needs. The five tables of indices (pages 645 to 672) in large, clear type, will help locate desired selections. On page 7 is found a helpful summary of subject matter. On pages 4 and 5 are found a few suggestions, also. By research, the editor has brought forward many very old and useful hymns which add greatly to the value of "SERVICE HYMNAL." These, we hope, will come into present day use. Never before have these 745 numbers been brought together in one collection. We make grateful acknowledgment for willing help received from friends, who submitted lists of hymns and suggestions.

"SERVICE HYMNAL" is printed on the best grade of Opacity English Finish paper, strongly sewed and well bound. By using thin opaque paper the thickness of the book of 672 pages is reduced to a convenient size.

It is our prayer that "SERVICE HYMNAL" may advance spiritual growth in our churches. "Let all the people praise Him."

THE PUBLISHERS.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

464 Rise Up, O Men of God
386 O Brother Man Fold to Thy Heart
318 We Give Thee But Thine Own
356 O Blessed Son of God
368 The Fathers Built This City
388 What Thou Wilt, O Father, Give
454 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of
555 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy
566 Throw Out the Life-line

FOR MORNING SERVICE

166 Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty
127 All Hail the Power
377 My Faith Looks Up to Thee
1 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus
9 O Worship the King
196 Come Ye Disconsolate
55 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God
64 Upward I Lift Mine Eyes
478 Rock of Ages
472 How Firm a Foundation
32 Light of the World, We Hail Thee
317 Love Divine
320 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go
30 When Morning Gilds the Skies
453 Am I a Soldier of the Cross
582 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

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35 Abide with Me
39 Now the Day Is Over
40 Softly Now the Light of Day
42 Day Is Dying in the West
33 Sun of My Soul
36 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On
37 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name
193 There Is a Fountain
86 In the Cross of Christ I Glory
497 Jesus, Lover of My Soul
270 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say
271 There Were Ninety and Nine
277 Lead, Kindly Light
302 O Happy Day
477 When Peace Like a River
104 Alas! and Did My Savior
584 My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

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430 He Leadeth Me
624 Faith of Our Fathers
125 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds
133 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing
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263 Just a Word for Jesus
269 The Lily of the Valley
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312 O How Happy Are They
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341 Sweet Hour of Prayer
345 Go Bury Thy Sorrow
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429 Blessed Assurance
504 When I Can Read My Title (Pisgah)
603 There's a Land That Is Fairer Than

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409 The Son of God Goes Forth
142 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross
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206 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy
178 Holy Bible, Book Divine
328 Savior, Thy Dying Love
333 I Saw a Wayworn Traveler
342 What a Friend We Have in Jesus
355 Thou My Everlasting Portion
363 I Am Thine, O Lord
373 O Sometimes the Shadows are Deep
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382 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken
436 Savior, Lead Me Lest I Stray
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476 We're Marching to Zion

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152 Fairest Lord Jesus
168 Wonderful Words of Life
172 Lamp of Our Feet
176 Thy Word Is Like a Garden, Lord
225 The Whole World Was Lost
316 I Am So Glad That Our Father in
379 Lead On, O King Eternal
447 Give of Your Best
449 The Work Must Go On
452 Tell Me the Old, Old Story
462 Jesus Calls Us
465 Work, for the Night Is Coming
530 Praise Him, Praise Him
531 Dear Jesus Ever at My Side
532 In His Name
534 That Sweet Old Story
537 Savior Like a Shepherd
540½ Tell Me the Stories of Jesus
631 To the Work
545 Jesus Bids Us Shine
541 O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth
543 How Strong and Sweet My Father's

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384 Take My Life
398 O Jesus, I Have Promised
406 My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee
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416 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind
422 Dare to Be Brave
439 Rescue the Perishing
440 I Love to Tell the Story
575 Standing By a Purpose True
576 Ho! My Comrades, See the Signal
577 Yield Not to Temptation
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500 Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling

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554 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission
556 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations
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549 Hail to the Brightness
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551 On the Mountain's Top Appearing
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70 Hark, the Herald Angels Sing
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73 Calm on the Listening Ear of Night
74 We Three Kings of Orient Are
76 Silent Night, Holy Night
77 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the
78 O Little Town of Bethlehem
80 While Shepherds Watched Their

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110 Christ the Lord Is Risen To-day
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121 The Head That Once Was Crowned

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244 The Bird with a Broken Pinion (New music)
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2 The Heavens Are Declaring (from Beethoven)
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485 I'm a Pilgrim
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323 To See His Face
325 The Song of Wonderful Love
335 His Love Is Wonderful
352 If for the Prize We Have Striven
400 Following On
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414 The Path
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461 What Shall the Harvest Be?
67 "By Grace Are Ye Saved"
227 Be Ye Therefore Ready
423 One Day at a Time
431 I'm Willing to Be Thine
468 Deep Settled Peace
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619 It Cannot Be That When We Die
623 There Remaineth a Rest
438 I Entered Once a Home of Care

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626 Mother
627 There Is Beauty All Around
628 Sweet Home
629 Memories of Mother
630 Meet Mother in the Skies

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90 Free from the Law
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167 We Praise Thee, O God
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212 If You Are Tired of the Load
220 Where Will You Spend Eternity?
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224 O Why not To-night?
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730 Come, O My Soul
731 We Are Sailing Over Life's Ocean
732 Sowing the Tares
733 In the Hollow of His Hand
734 Draw Near to God
735 Seeking the Lost
736 Only Sleeping
741 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say
742 I'll Never Cease to Love Him

FOR FEMALE VOICES

743 Kept By the Power of God
744 Something New Each Day
745 Right Must Win

METRE—EXPLAINED

The term Metre or Meter, is a Greek word and properly belongs to poetry, from whence it is transferred to music. Metre is the Measure, or the Standard by which the long and short syllables in the verses of a hymn are rhythmically and definitely arranged into groups of syllables called poetic "Feet." Each "Foot," having a distinctive name, is to poetry what a measure is, in many respects, to music. Very little is known of the actual way Greek verse was adapted to singing tones, yet it is safe to assume that every long syllable was sung to a longer tone and every short syllable to a shorter tone. Modern verse is set to a larger variety of patterns of long and short tones, provided that the "Accented" Syllables match with "Accented" Tones The regular recurrence of the "Accent" constitutes and determines the Metre of the line or verse. In a modern Hymnal a very large number of forms may be represented but the form of every hymn-tune depends on the verse-form to which it belongs. Out of four or five types of "Feet," developed the fundamental rhythm of modern music and its types of Metre. Of the many recognized "Feet," Iambic with lines sometimes of 10 or more syllables, Dactylic, Amphibrachic, Anapestic and Trochial are the chief types. Trochial, having the greatest extension in the variety. Syllables of two and three "Feet" are called Simple Feet. When there are four, five and six syllables in a word they are reckoned as "Double" or "Compound Feet," though often they are resolved into Single Feet. The most frequently used Meters are: Common Metre (C. M.), Common Hallelujah Metre (C. H. M.), Long Metre (L. M.), Long Particular Metre (L. P. M.), Hallelujah Metre (H. M.), Short Metre (S. M.), Short Particular Metre (S. P. M.) 7s; 8s; 8s 7s; 8s 7s 4s; 10s; 10s 11s; 11s; 12s.

HOW TO KNOW WHAT METRE TO ADAPT

Common Metre

Common Metre is known by a stanza of four lines composed of one short unaccented syllable and one long accented syllable in each poetical foot. The syllables being in number and order as follows: 8, 6, 8, 6, that is, there are 8 syllables in first and third lines and 6 syllables in the second and fourth lines.

Example:

◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧
Am I | a Sol | dier of | the Cross—(8 Syllables)

◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧
A Fol | lower of | the Lamb.—(6 Syllables)

◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧
And Shall | I Fear | to own | his Cause—(8 Syllables)

◡ ∧ | ◡ ∧ | ◡ ∨
Or Blush | to Speak | His Name.—(6 Syllables)

Iambic Feet—C. H. M.

◡ —
(Example Word—BE | FORE.)

Common Hallelujah Metre is a stanza of six lines, each poetical foot consisting of one short unaccented syllable and one long accented syllable. The syllables each being in number and order as follows: 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Iambic Feet—L. M.

Long Metre consists of four lines, of which each foot contains one short unaccented and one long accented syllable. Each line contains 8 syllables.

Iambic Feet—L. P. M.

Long Particular Metre differs from Long Metre only in having six lines instead of four, each of which contains 8 syllables.

Iambic Feet—H. M.

Hallelujah Metre is a stanza of 6 lines with one short unaccented syllable, and one long accented syllable in each poetical measure or Musical foot. The syllables of each being in number and order as follows: 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Iambic Feet—S. M.

Short Metre consists of a stanza of four lines whose poetic foot is composed of two syllables—a short or unaccented syllable followed by a long or accented syllable. The syllables in number and order are as follows: 6, 6, 8, 6.

Iambic Feet—S. P. M.

Short Particular Metre consists of six lines whose poetic foot is made up of two syllables—one short or unaccented followed by a long or accented syllable. The syllables in number and order are 6, 6, 8, 6, 6, 8.

Trochaic Feet—7s

— ◡
(Example Word—MUSIC)

A stanza of Sevens consists of four lines with a poetic foot containing one long and one short syllable. The accented syllable followed by an unaccented syllable. Each line contains 7 syllables.

Trochaic Feet—7s 6s

A stanza with a Metre thus designated consists of eight lines in Trochaic and Iambic feet.

Anapestic Feet—8s

◡ ◡ —
(Example Word—REPRODUCE)

A stanza of four lines with a poetical foot containing two short syllables followed by one long syllable, is known as 8s. Each line contains eight syllables and is marked 8s.

Trochaic Feet—8s 7s

Eights and Sevens consists of four lines with a poetic foot containing one long and one short syllable; an accented syllable is followed by an unaccented one and designated thus: 8s 7s. The syllables are as follows: 8, 7, 8, 7.

Trochaic Feet—8s 7s 4s

A Metre designated 8, 7, 4, differs from the Metre 8s 7s only in that it contains six lines instead of four lines; the syllables being in number and order as follows: 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Anapestic Feet—10s 11s

10s 11s Metre consists of a stanza of 4 lines with 2 short syllables followed by a long syllable. The syllables in number and order are 10, 10, 11, 11, or six lines with a poetical foot consisting of one short unaccented and one long accented syllable thus: 10, 10, 10, 11, 11.

Anapestic Feet—11s

A Metre designated 11s, consists of a stanza of four lines with a poetical foot containing 2 short syllables followed by a long syllable, each line containing eleven syllables.

Anapestic Feet—12s

A Metre of twelves consists of a stanza of four lines, each containing twelve syllables with two short syllables followed by a long syllable, composing the poetical foot.

Dactylic Feet

— ◡◡
(Example Word—Fearfully)

is just the reverse of the Anapestic, being composed of one long accented syllable followed by two short unaccented syllables.

Amphibrachic Feet

◡ — ◡
(Example Word—HABERE)

is represented by three syllables. The first and third syllables are short, the middle syllable is long.

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O come,
let us sing unto the Lord
Psalm 95

Note:—The AMEN at close of each hymn is optional.

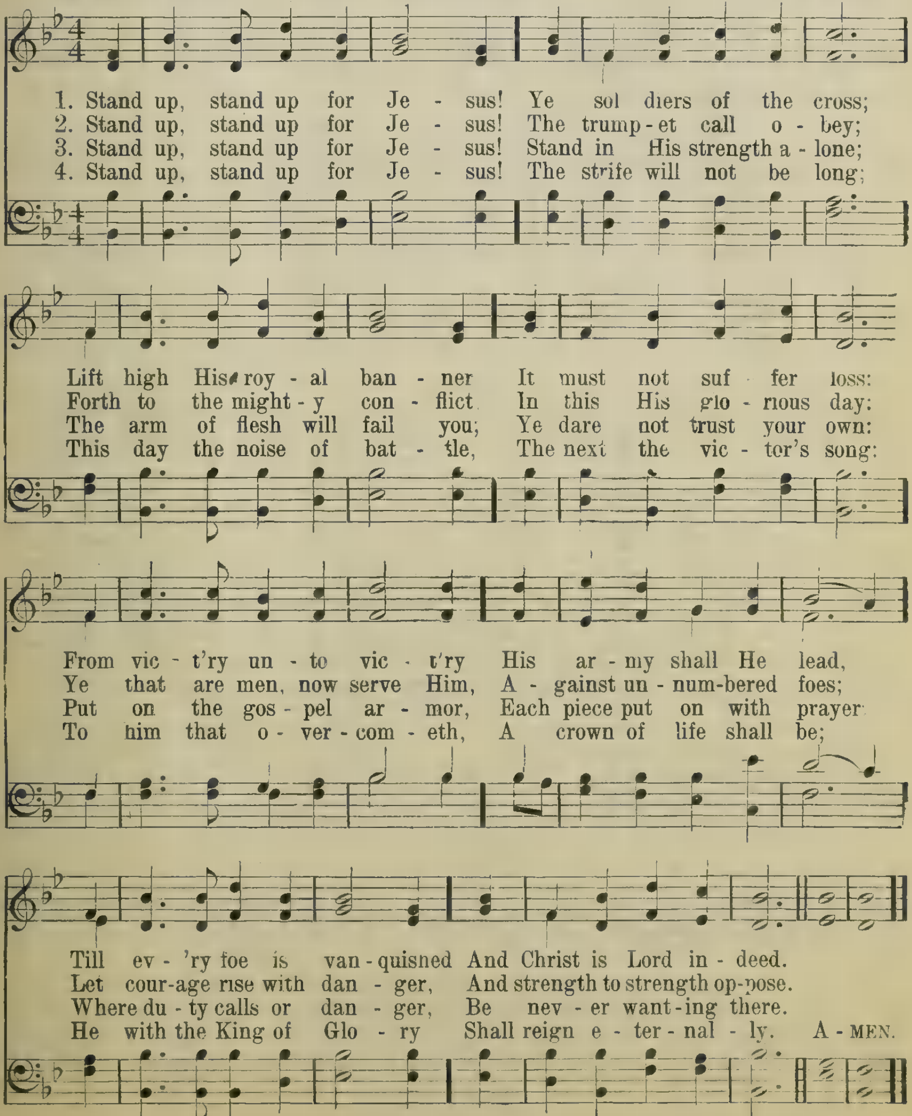
SERVICE HYMNAL

1

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

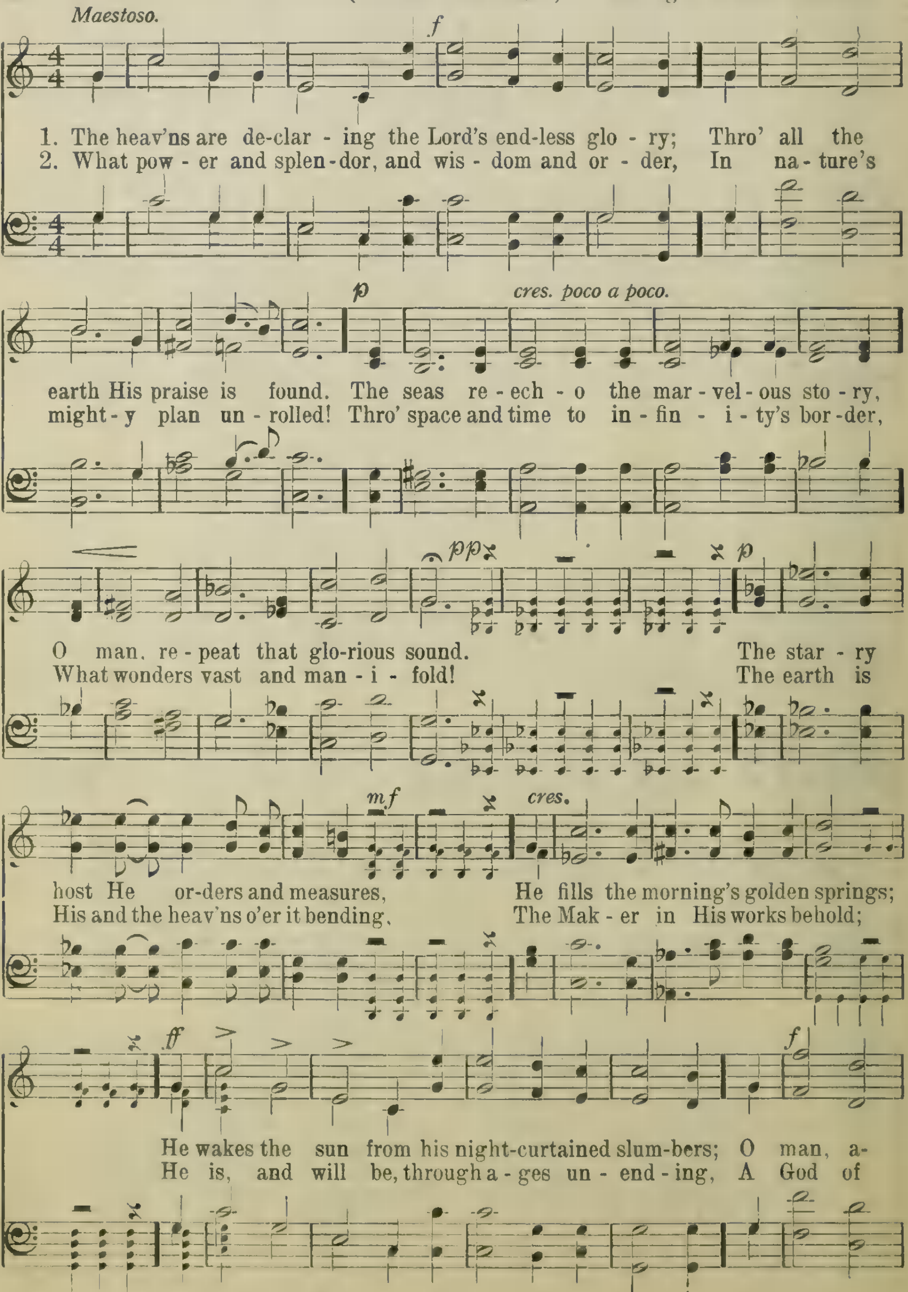
[*First Tune*]

Rev. George Duffield, Jr., 1858. (WEBB. 7s, 6s.) G. J. Webb.

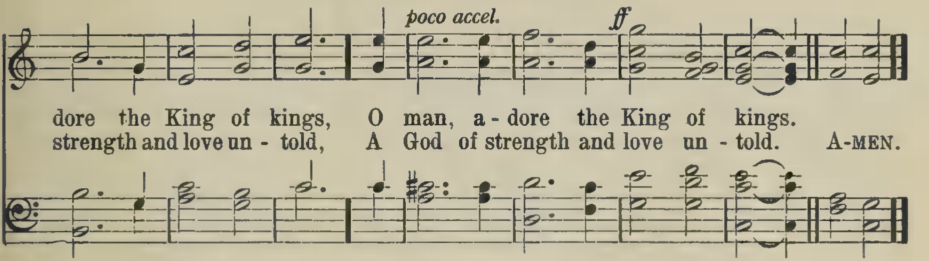

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might - y con - flict In this His glo - rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;
Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op-pose.
Where du - ty calls or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2 The Heavens Are Declaring

(A HYMN ANTHEM.) Arranged from Beethoven.


Maestoso.
f
1. The heav'ns are de-clar - ing the Lord's end-less glo - ry; Thro' all the
2. What pow - er and splen-dor, and wis - dom and or - der, In na - ture's
p
cres. poco a poco.
earth His praise is found. The seas re - ech - o the mar - vel - ous sto - ry,
might - y plan un - rolled! Thro' space and time to in - fin - i - ty's bor - der,
pp
p
O man, re - peat that glo-rious sound. The star - ry
What wonders vast and man - i - fold! The earth is
mf
cres.
host He or-ders and measures, He fills the morning's golden springs;
His and the heav'ns o'er it bending, The Mak - er in His works behold;
ff
f
He wakes the sun from his night-curtained slum-bers; O man, a-
He is, and will be, through a - ges un - end - ing, A God of

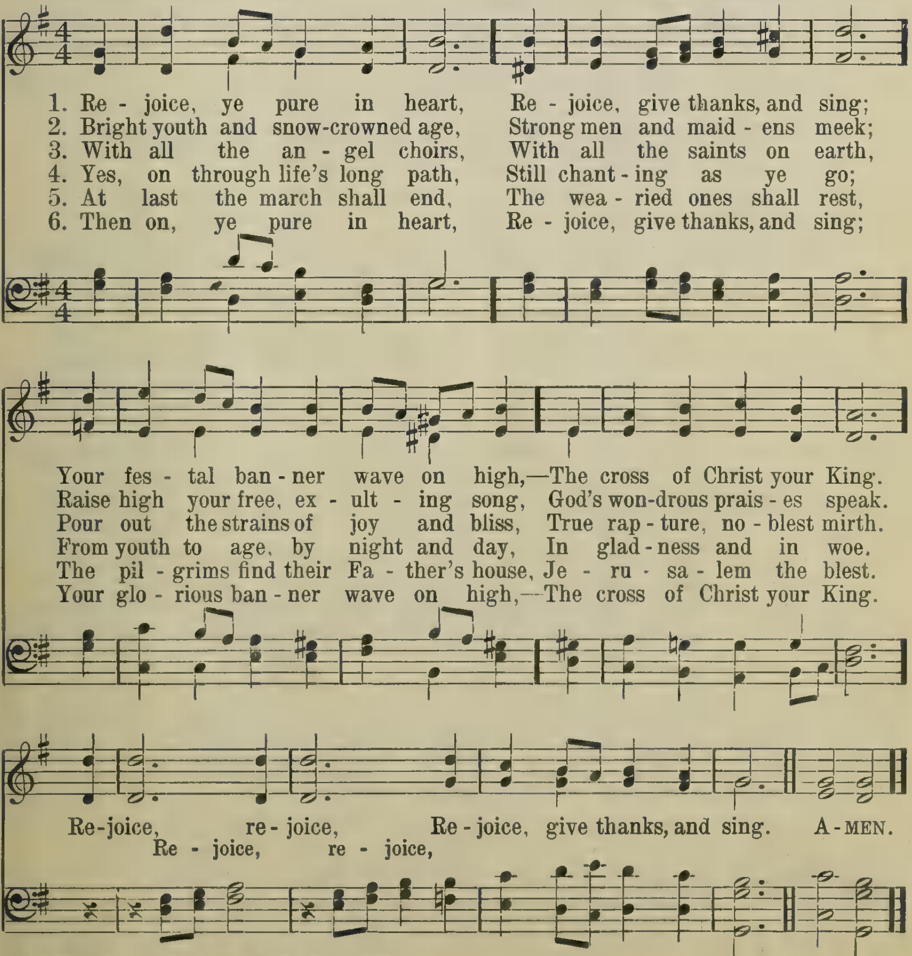
Arrangement owned by Samuel W. Beazley.


poco accel.
ff
dore the King of kings, O man, a - dore the King of kings.
strength and love un - told, A God of strength and love un - told. A-MEN.

3 Rejoice, Ye Pure In Heart

(MARION. S. M. With Refrain.)

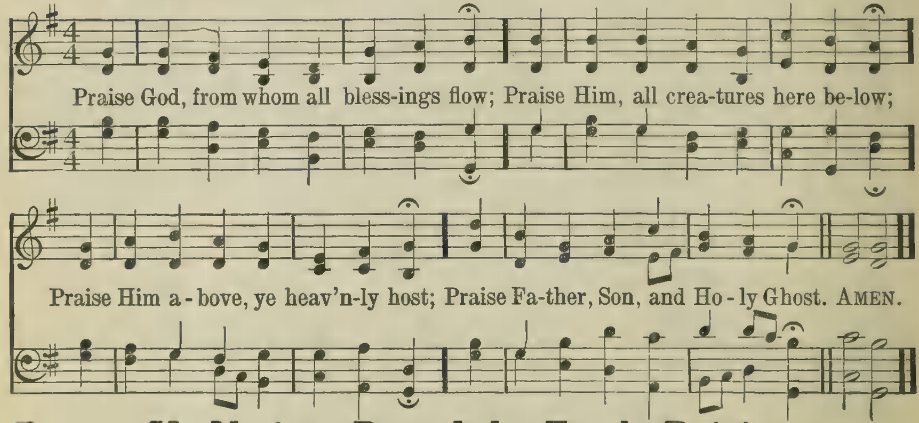
Edward H. Plumptre, 1865. Arthur H. Messiter, 1883.


1. Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing;
2. Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong men and maid - ens meek;
3. With all the an - gel choirs, With all the saints on earth,
4. Yes, on through life's long path, Still chant - ing as ye go;
5. At last the march shall end, The wea - ried ones shall rest,
6. Then on, ye pure in heart, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing;
Your fes - tal ban - ner wave on high,—The cross of Christ your King.
Raise high your free, ex - ult - ing song, God's won-drous prais - es speak.
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss, True rap - ture, no - blest mirth.
From youth to age, by night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
The pil - grims find their Fa - ther's house, Je - ru - sa - lem the blest.
Your glo - rious ban - ner wave on high,—The cross of Christ your King.
Re-joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks, and sing. A-MEN.
Re - joice, re - joice,

Arrangement owned by Samuel W. Beazley.

4 Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken, 1692. (OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) Louis Bourgeois, 1551.


Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;
Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. AMEN.

5 Ye Nations Round the Earth, Rejoice

(*Tune:* OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongue His glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live.

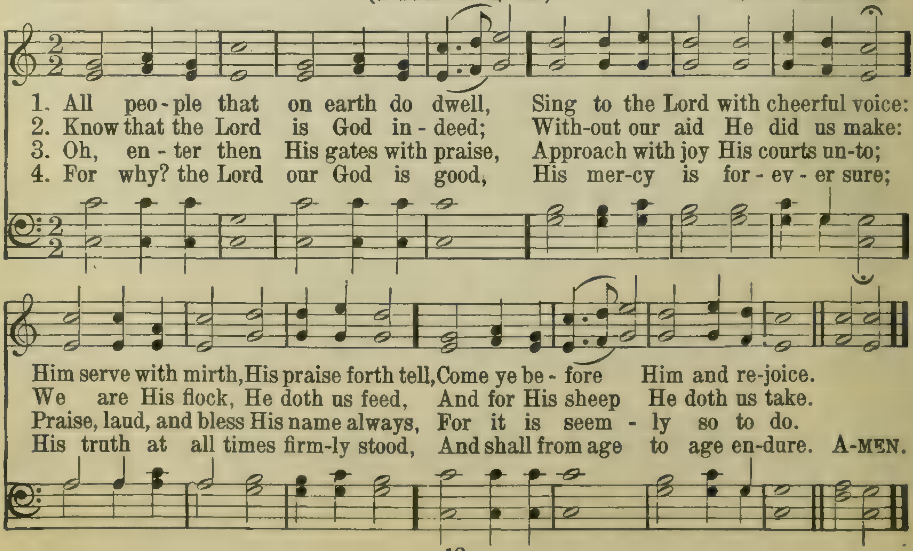
3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.

4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

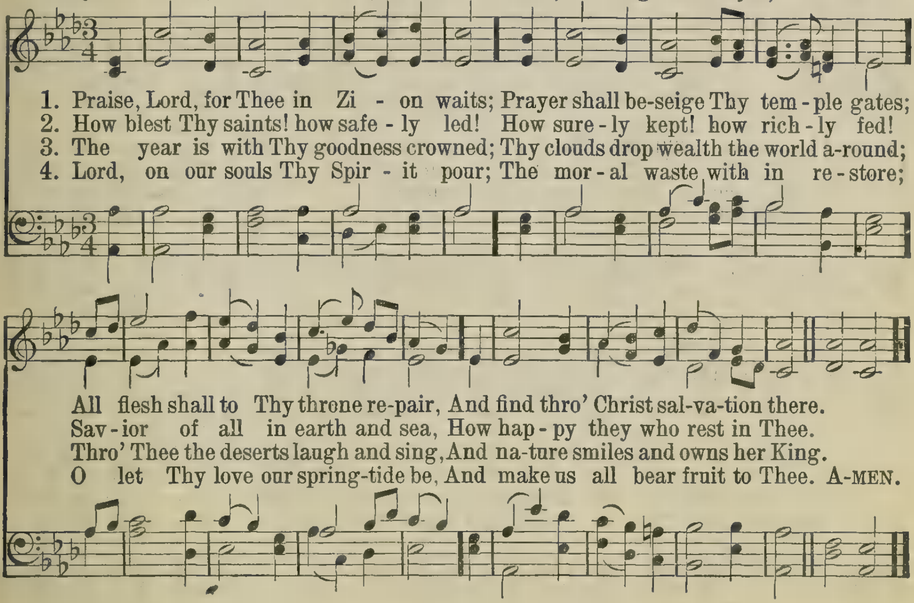
6 All People that on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe. (SESSIONS. L. M.) L. O. Emerson.


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

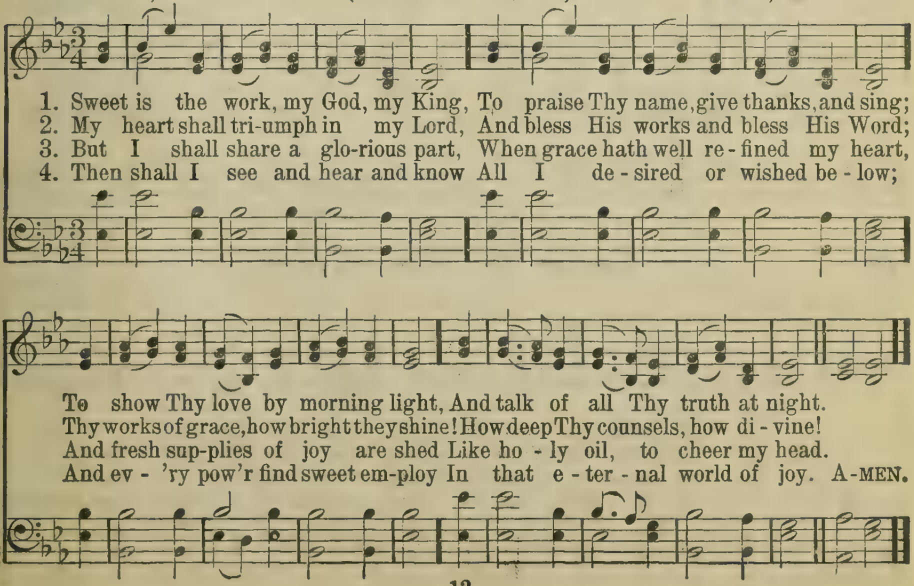
7 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion Waits

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834. (SEASONS. L. M.) Ignace Pleyel, 1757–1831.


1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Prayer shall be-seige Thy tem - ple gates;
2. How blest Thy saints! how safe - ly led! How sure - ly kept! how rich - ly fed!
3. The year is with Thy goodness crowned; Thy clouds drop wealth the world a-round;
4. Lord, on our souls Thy Spir - it pour; The mor - al waste with in re - store;
All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find thro' Christ sal-va-tion there.
Sav - ior of all in earth and sea, How hap - py they who rest in Thee.
Thro' Thee the deserts laugh and sing, And na-ture smiles and owns her King.
O let Thy love our spring-tide be, And make us all bear fruit to Thee. A-MEN.

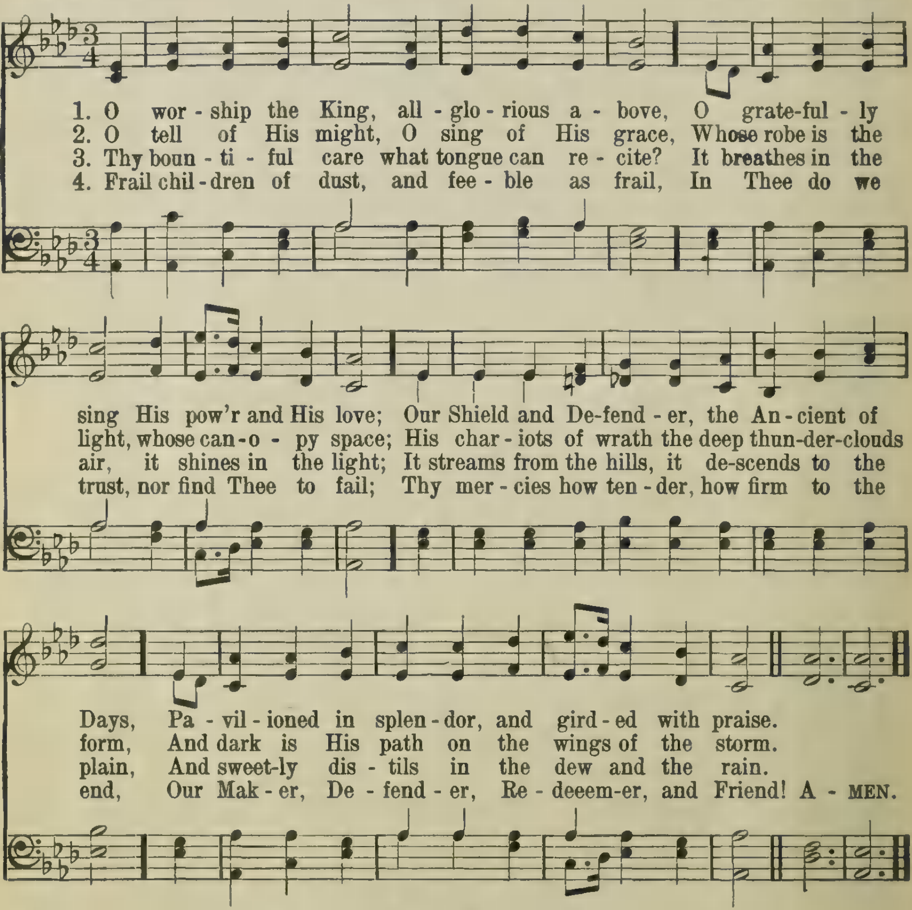
8 Sweet is the Work, My God, My King

Isaac Watts, 1719. (GRATITUDE. L. M.) P. A. D. Bost, 1790–1874.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His Word;
3. But I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well re - fined my heart,
4. Then shall I see and hear and know All I de - sired or wished be - low;
To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how di - vine!
And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy. A-MEN.

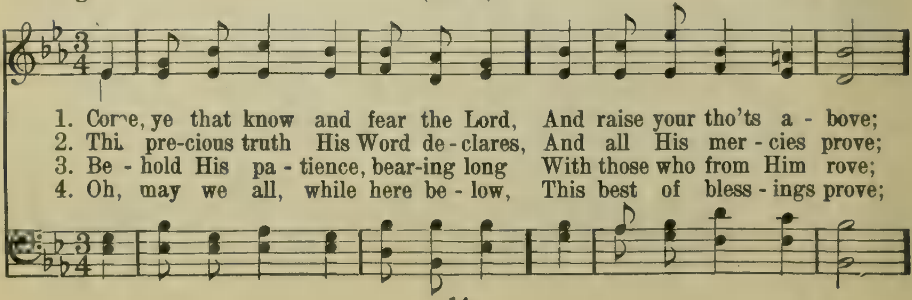
9 O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above

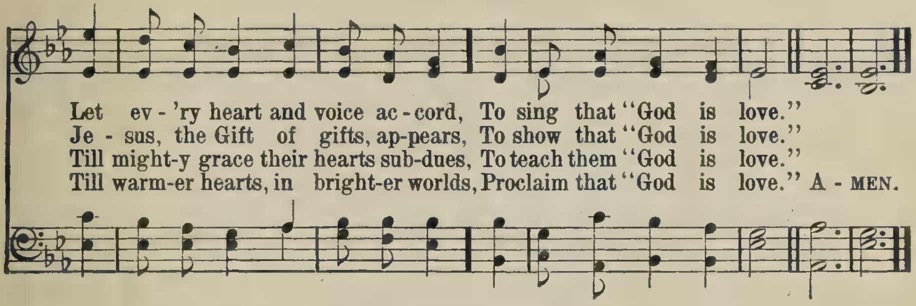
Robert Grant, 1833. (Lyons. 10, 10, 11, 11.) J. Michael Haydn, 1770.


1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, O grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De-fend - er, the An - cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the
Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deeem-er, and Friend! A - MEN.

10 Come Ye That Know

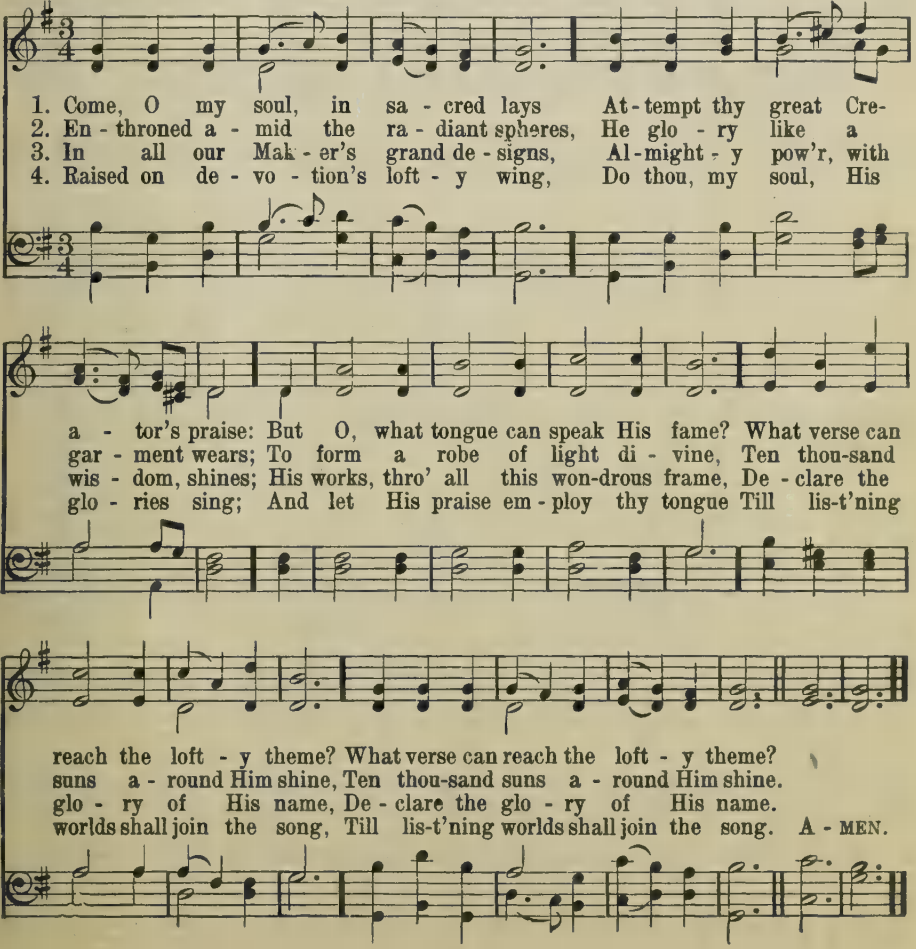
George Burder. (C. M.) Dr. L. Mason.


1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a - bove;
2. This pre-cious truth His Word de - clares, And all His mer - cies prove;
3. Be - hold His pa - tience, bear-ing long With those who from Him rove;
4. Oh, may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless - ings prove;


Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."
Je - sus, the Gift of gifts, ap-pears, To show that "God is love."
Till might-y grace their hearts sub-dues, To teach them "God is love."
Till warm-er hearts, in bright-er worlds, Proclaim that "God is love." A - MEN.

11 Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays

Thomas Blacklock, 1754. (PARK STREET. L. M.) F. M. A. Venua, 1810.

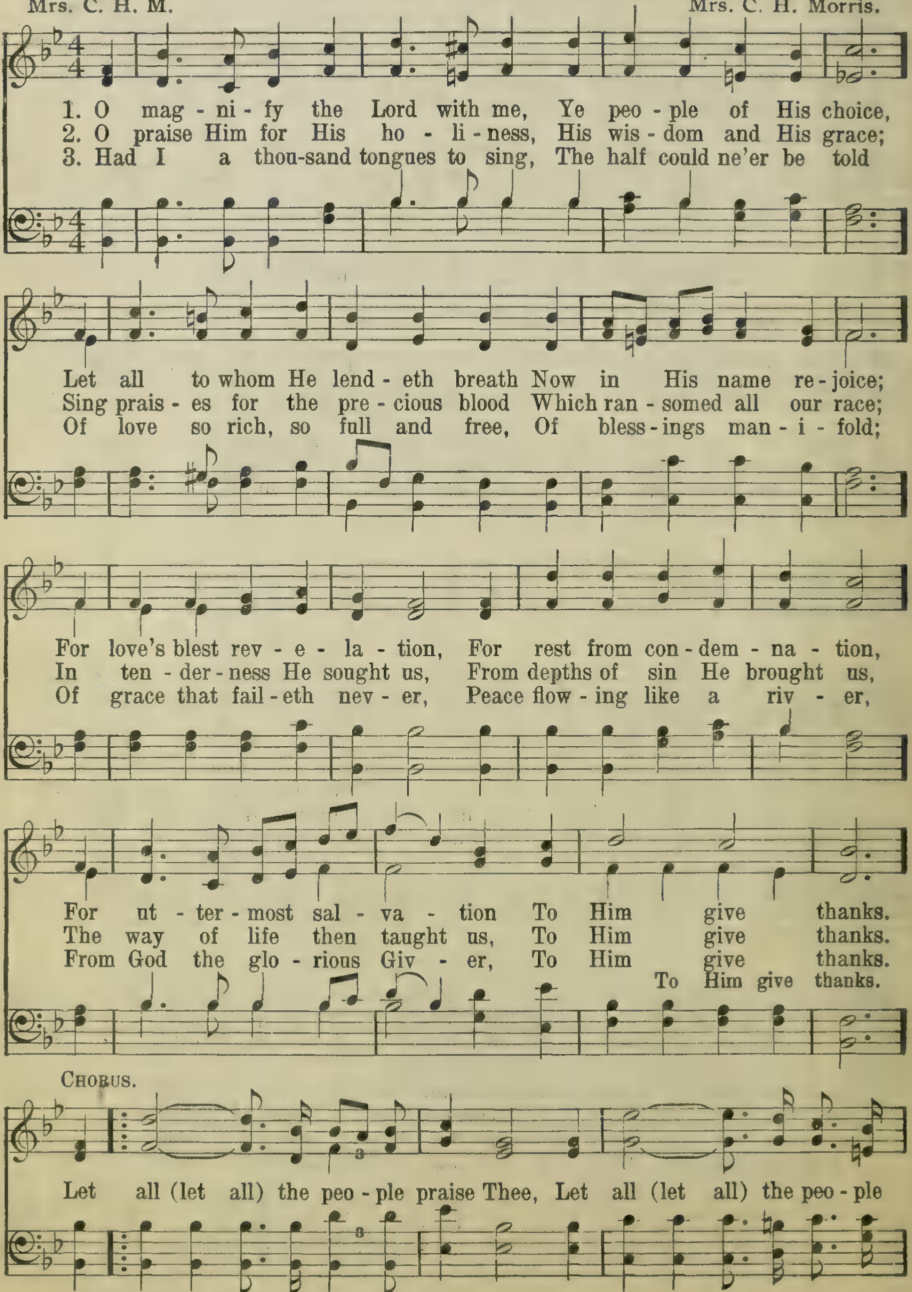

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre-
2. En - throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry like a
3. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y pow'r, with
4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His
a - tor's praise: But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can
gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou-sand
wis - dom, shines; His works, thro' all this won-drous frame, De - clare the
glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till lis-t'ning
reach the loft - y theme? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?
suns a - round Him shine, Ten thou-sand suns a - round Him shine.
glo - ry of His name, De - clare the glo - ry of His name.
worlds shall join the song, Till lis-t'ning worlds shall join the song. A - MEN.

12

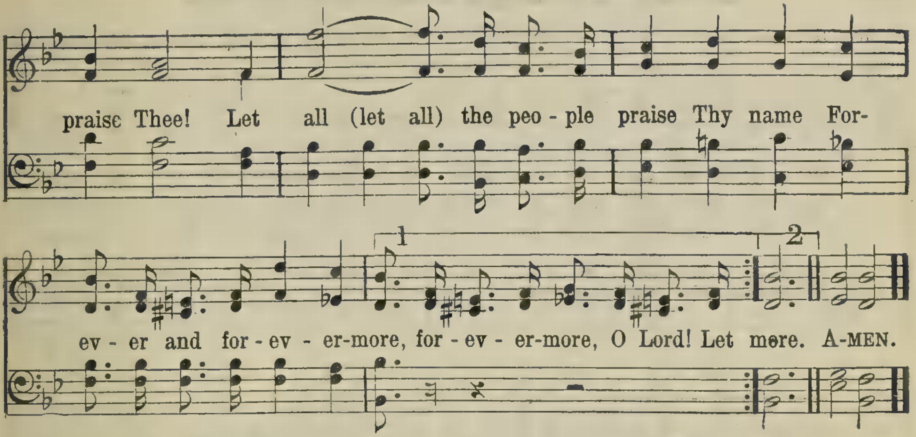
Let All the People Praise Thee

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

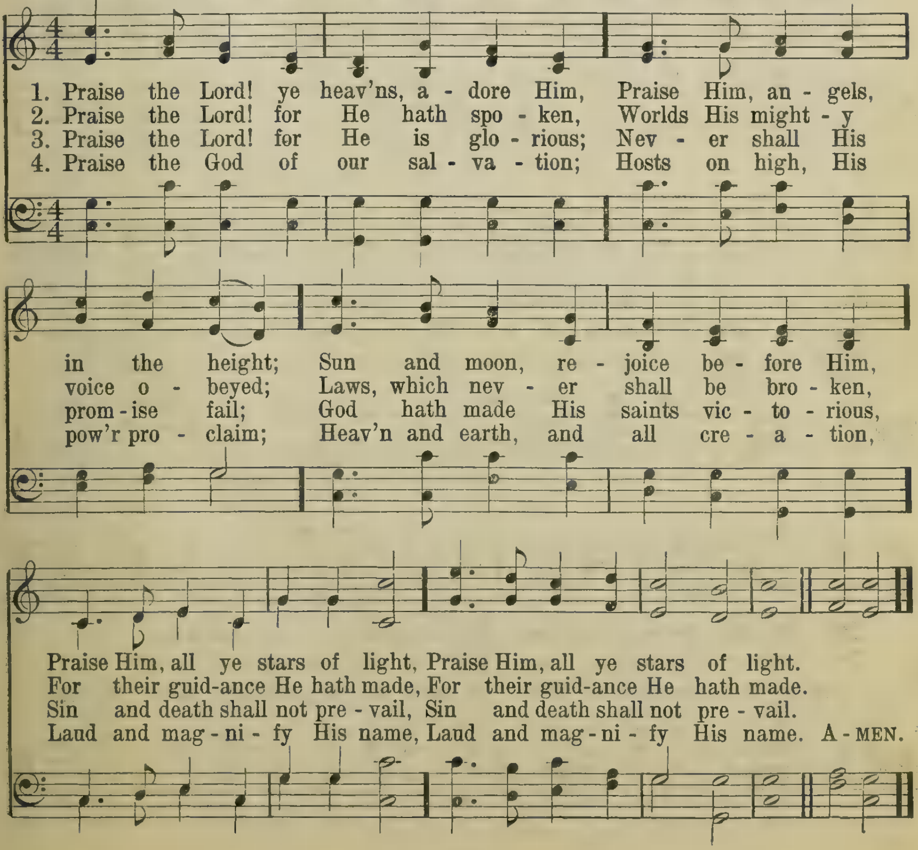

1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, Ye peo - ple of His choice,
2. O praise Him for His ho - li - ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
3. Had I a thou-sand tongues to sing, The half could ne'er be told
Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran - somed all our race;
Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless - ings man - i - fold;
For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow - ing like a riv - er,
For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
From God the glo - rious Giv - er, To Him give thanks.
To Him give thanks.
CHORUS.
Let all (let all) the peo - ple praise Thee, Let all (let all) the peo - ple
3
3

Copyright, 1906, by J. M. Harris. Used by per.


praise Thee! Let all (let all) the peo - ple praise Thy name For-
1
2
ev - er and for - ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more, O Lord! Let more. A-MEN.

13 Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him

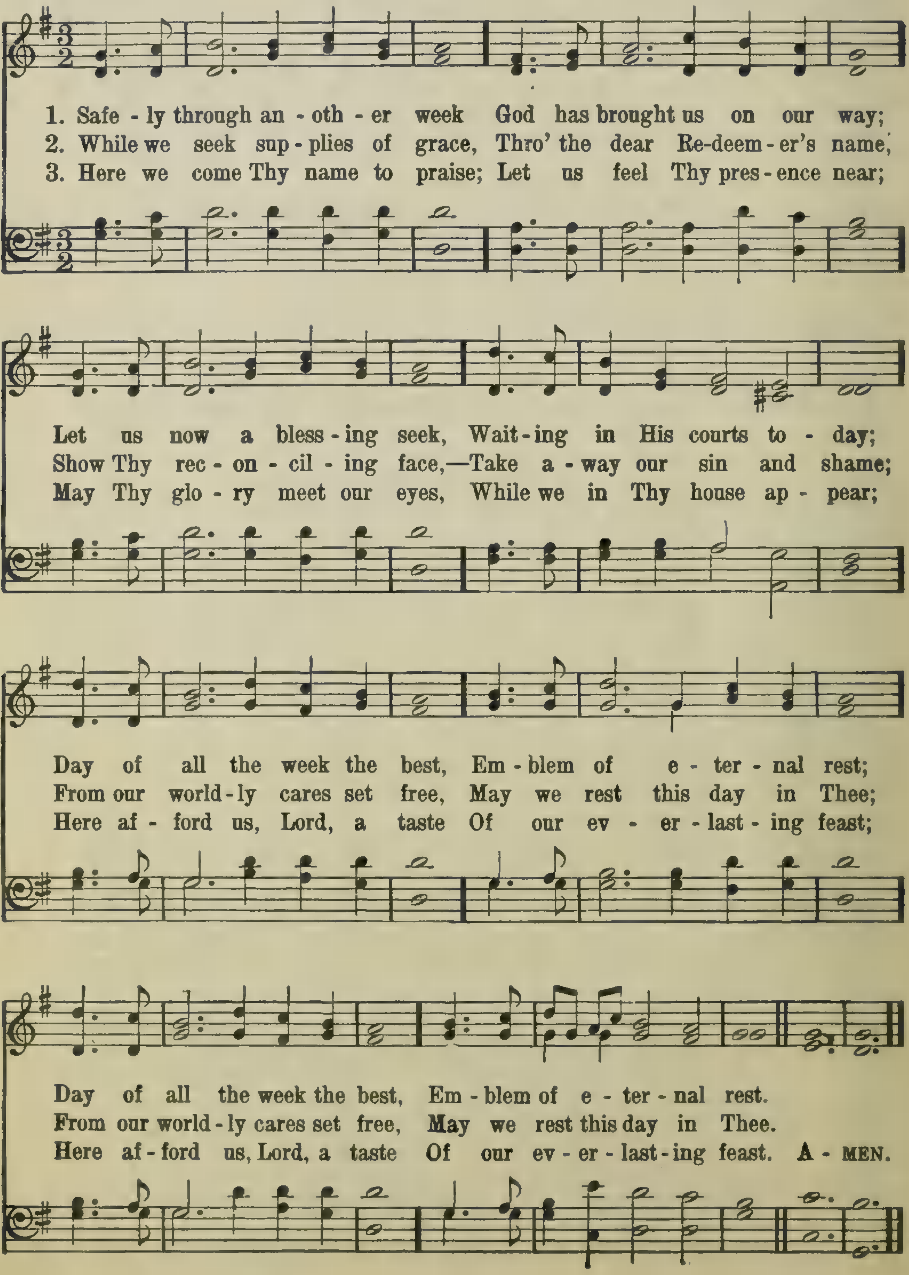
J. Kempthorne, 1775–1838. (ESSEX. 8s, 7s.) Thomas Clark. 1775–1859.


1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels,
2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His might - y
3. Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His
4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His
in the height; Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him,
voice o - beyed; Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken,
prom - ise fail; God hath made His saints vic - to - rious,
pow'r pro - claim; Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion,
Praise Him, all ye stars of light, Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
For their guid-ance He hath made, For their guid-ance He hath made.
Sin and death shall not pre - vail, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
Laud and mag - ni - fy His name, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name. A - MEN.

14

Safely Through Another Week

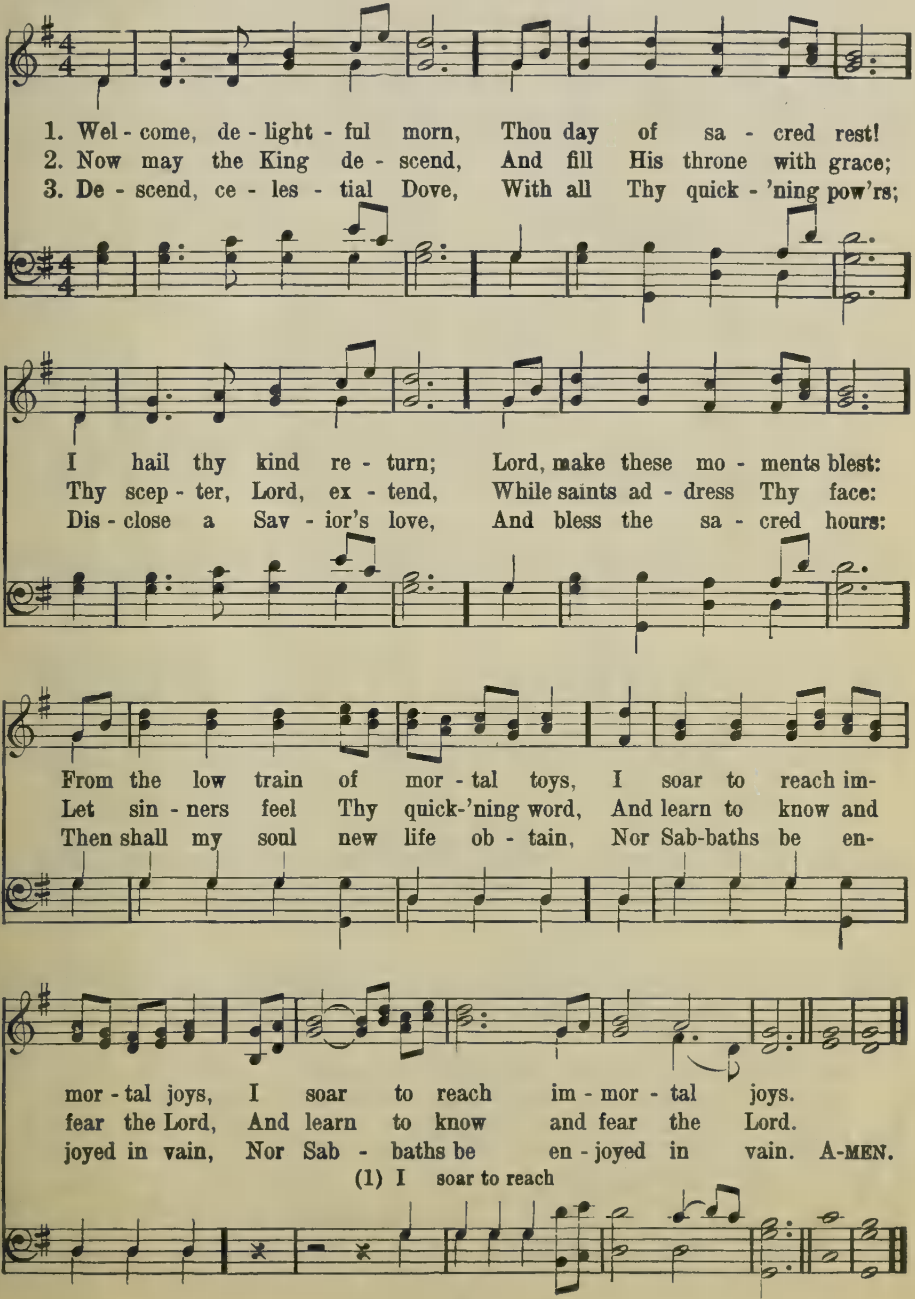
John Newton, 1779. (SABBATH. 7s. 6 l.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem - er's name;
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face,—Take a - way our sin and shame;
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast. A - MEN.

15

Welcome, Delightful Morn

Hayward. (LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.) Friedrich Schneider.

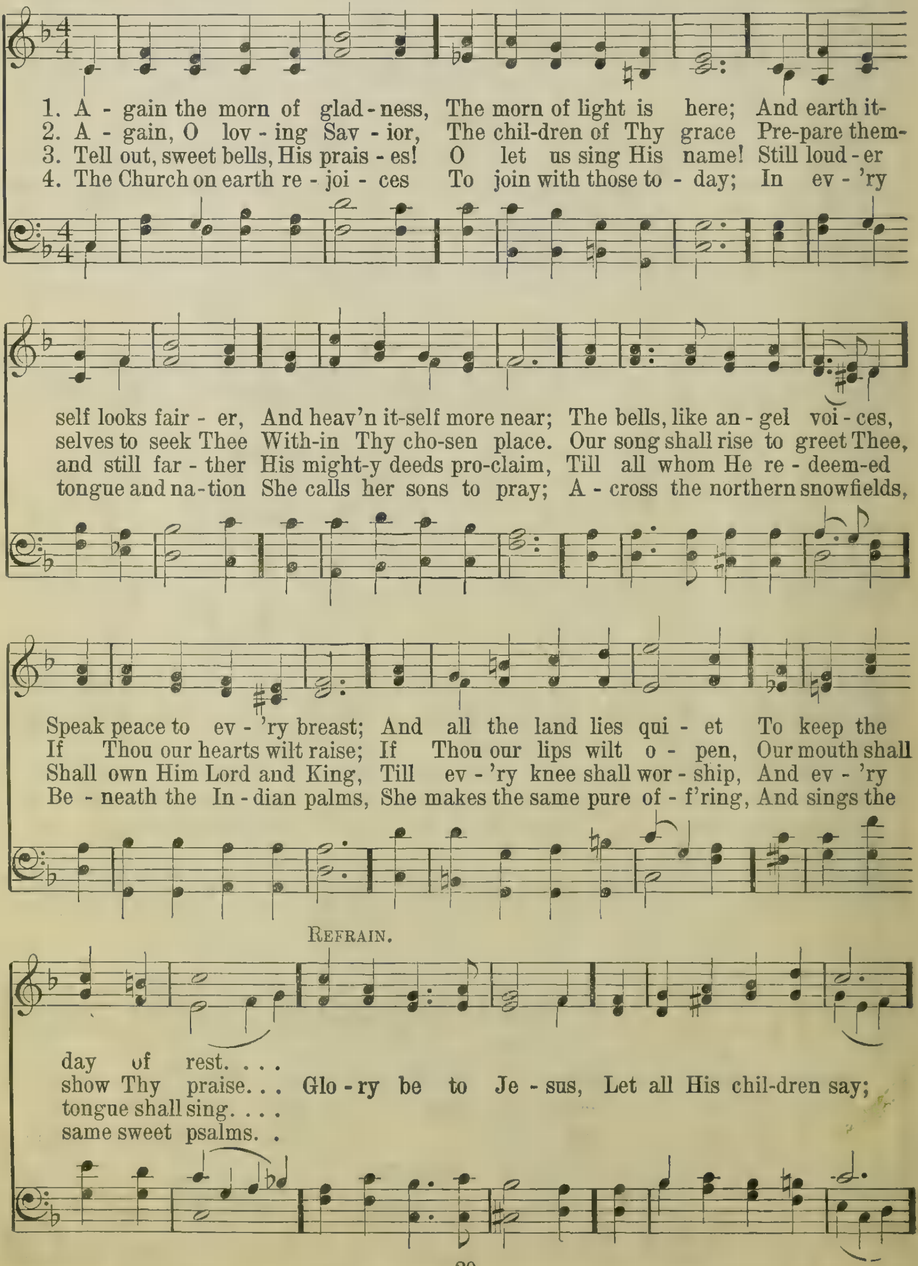

1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace;
3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest:
Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face:
Dis - close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours:
From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im-
Let sin - ners feel Thy quick-'ning word, And learn to know and
Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab-baths be en-
mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain. A-MEN.
(1) I soar to reach

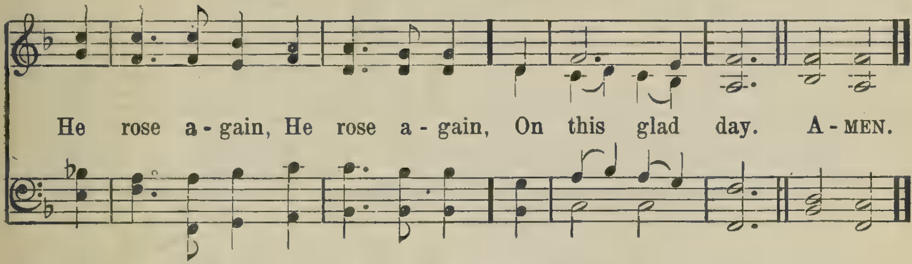
16

Again the Morn of Gladness

(MORN OF GLADNESS. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.)

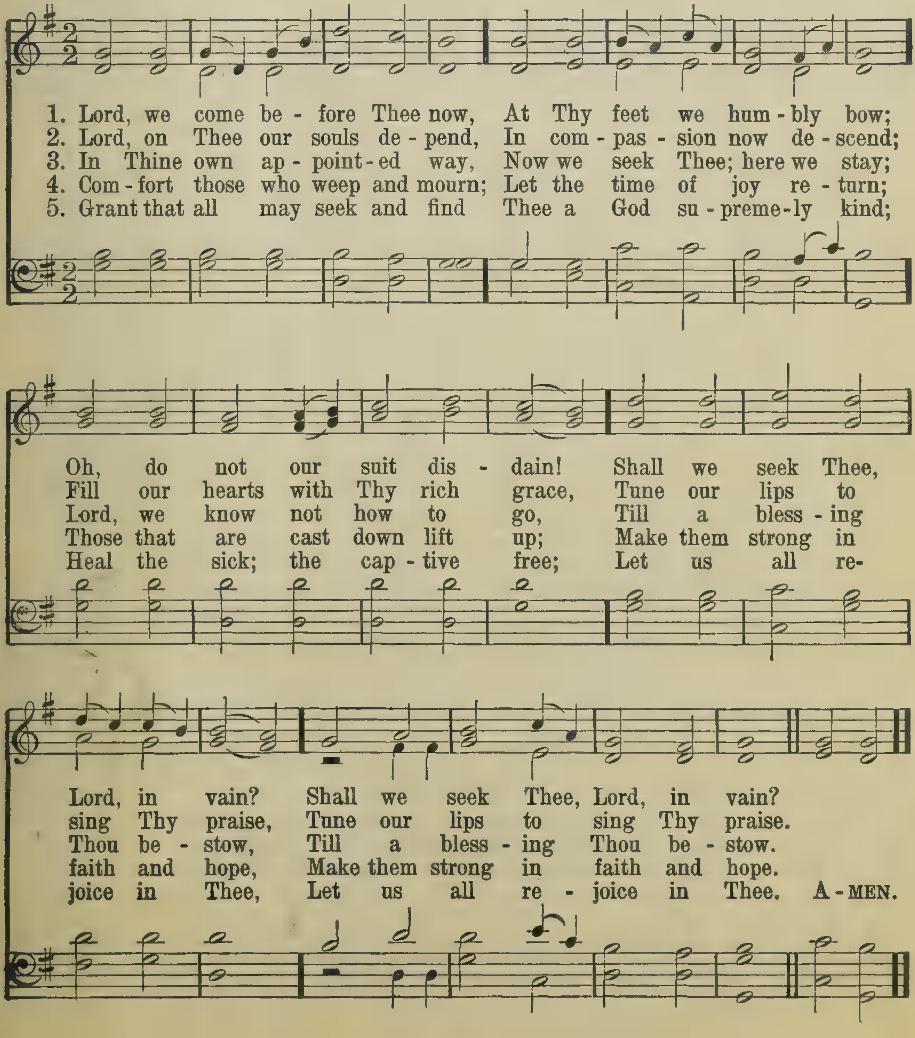
John Ellerton, 1873. Arthur Cottman, 1877.


1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here; And earth it-
2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - ior, The chil-dren of Thy grace Pre-pare them-
3. Tell out, sweet bells, His prais - es! O let us sing His name! Still loud - er
4. The Church on earth re - joi - ces To join with those to - day; In ev - 'ry
self looks fair - er, And heav'n it-self more near; The bells, like an - gel voi - ces,
selves to seek Thee With-in Thy cho-sen place. Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
and still far - ther His might-y deeds pro-claim, Till all whom He re - deem-ed
tongue and na-tion She calls her sons to pray; A - cross the northern snowfields,
Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast; And all the land lies qui - et To keep the
If Thou our hearts wilt raise; If Thou our lips wilt o - pen, Our mouth shall
Shall own Him Lord and King, Till ev - 'ry knee shall wor - ship, And ev - 'ry
Be - neath the In - dian palms, She makes the same pure of - f'ring, And sings the
REFRAIN.
day of rest. . . .
show Thy praise. . . Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Let all His chil-dren say;
tongue shall sing. . . .
same sweet psalms. .


He rose a-gain, He rose a-gain, On this glad day. A-MEN.

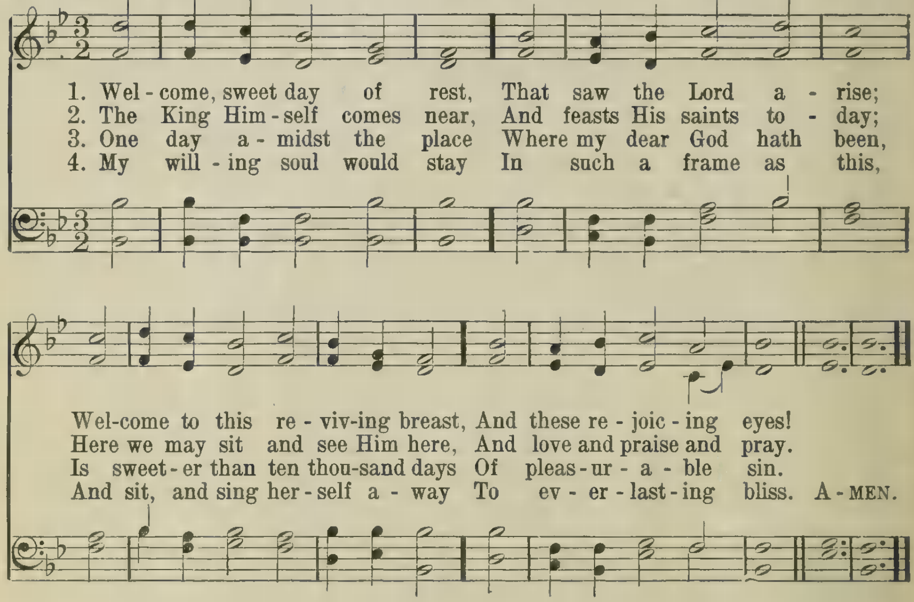
17 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

W. Hammond. (HENDON. 7s.) **C. H. A. Malan.**


1. Lord, we come be-fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum-bly bow;
2. Lord, on Thee our souls de-pend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend;
3. In Thine own ap-point-ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
4. Com-fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re-turn;
5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su-preme-ly kind;
Oh, do not our suit dis-dain! Shall we seek Thee,
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to
Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless-ing
Those that are cast down lift up; Make them strong in
Heal the sick; the cap-tive free; Let us all re-
Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
Thou be-stow, Till a bless-ing Thou be-stow.
faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
joice in Thee, Let us all re-joice in Thee. A-MEN.

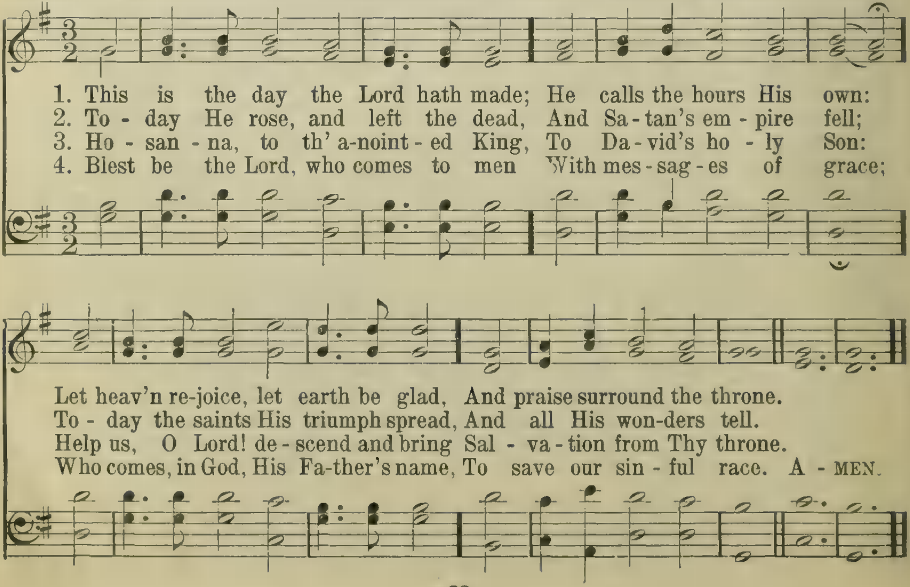
18 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest

Isaac Watts, 1707. (STATE STREET. S. M.) J. C. Woodman.


1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,
4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,
Wel-come to this re - viv-ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
Here we may sit and see Him here, And love and praise and pray.
Is sweet - er than ten thou-sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.
And sit, and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss. A - MEN.

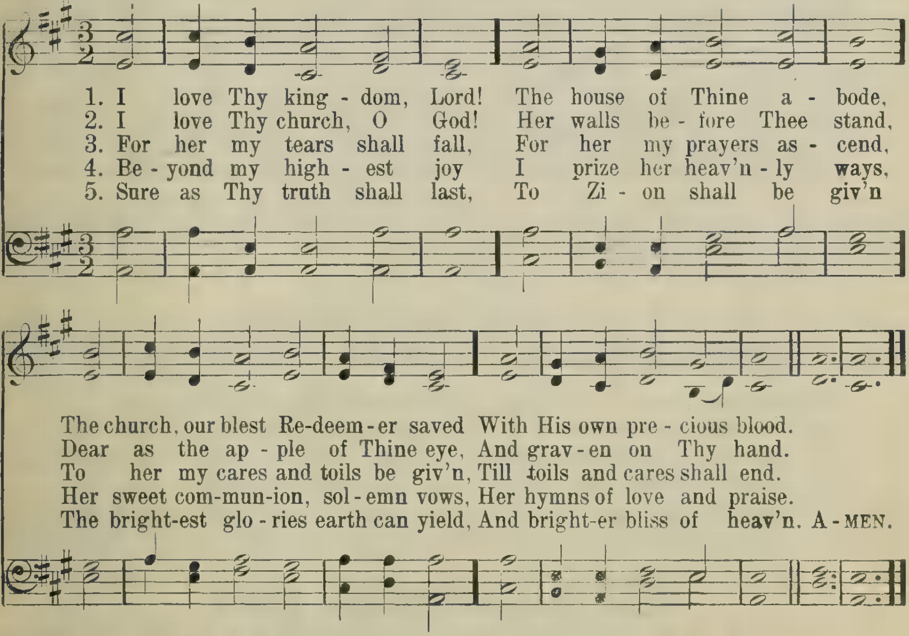
19 This is the Day the Lord Hath Made

Isaac Watts, 1719. (ARLINGTON. C. M.) Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710–1778.


1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own:
2. To - day He rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
3. Ho - san - na, to th' a-noint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son:
4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sag - es of grace;
Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
To - day the saints His triumph spread, And all His won-ders tell.
Help us, O Lord! de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.
Who comes, in God, His Fa-ther's name, To save our sin - ful race. A - MEN.

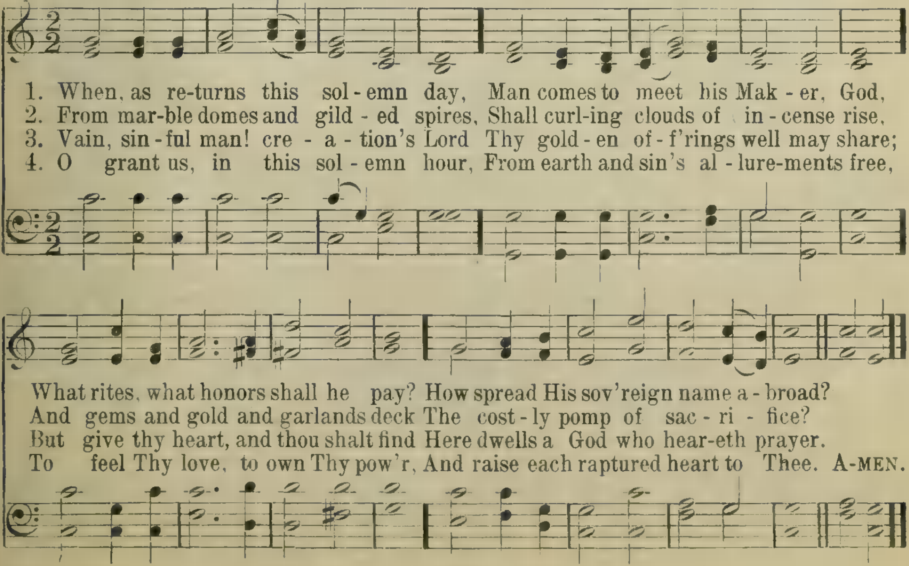
20 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Timothy Dwight. (STATE STREET. S. M.) J. C. Woodman, 1812-1894.


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend,
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n
The church, our blest Re-deem - er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

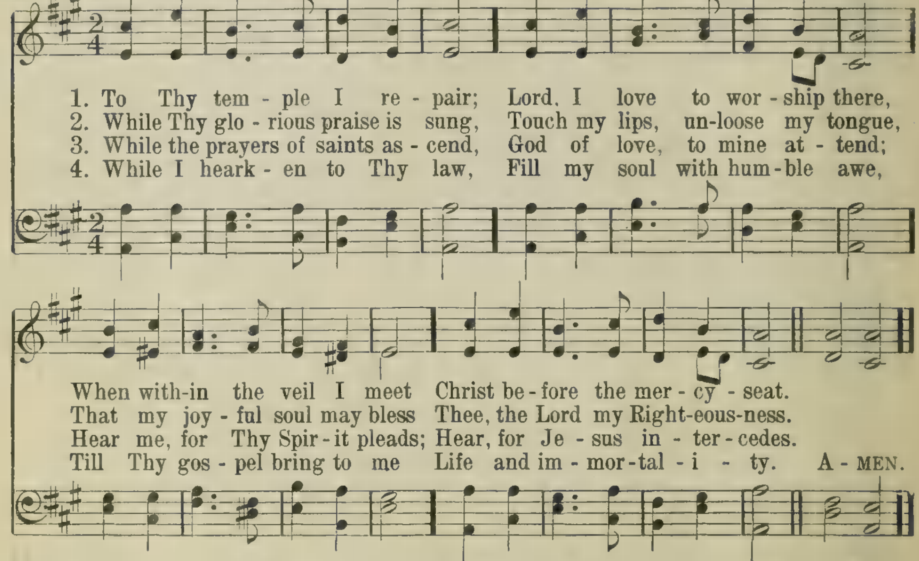
21 When, As Returns This Solemn Day

Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1737. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) Wm. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. When, as re-turns this sol - emn day, Man comes to meet his Mak - er, God,
2. From mar-ble domes and gild - ed spires, Shall curl-ing clouds of in - cense rise,
3. Vain, sin - ful man! cre - a - tion's Lord Thy gold - en of - f'rings well may share;
4. O grant us, in this sol - emn hour, From earth and sin's al - lure-ments free,
What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread His sov'reign name a - broad?
And gems and gold and garlands deck The cost - ly pomp of sac - ri - fice?
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Here dwells a God who hear-eth prayer.
To feel Thy love, to own Thy pow'r, And raise each raptured heart to Thee. A-MEN.

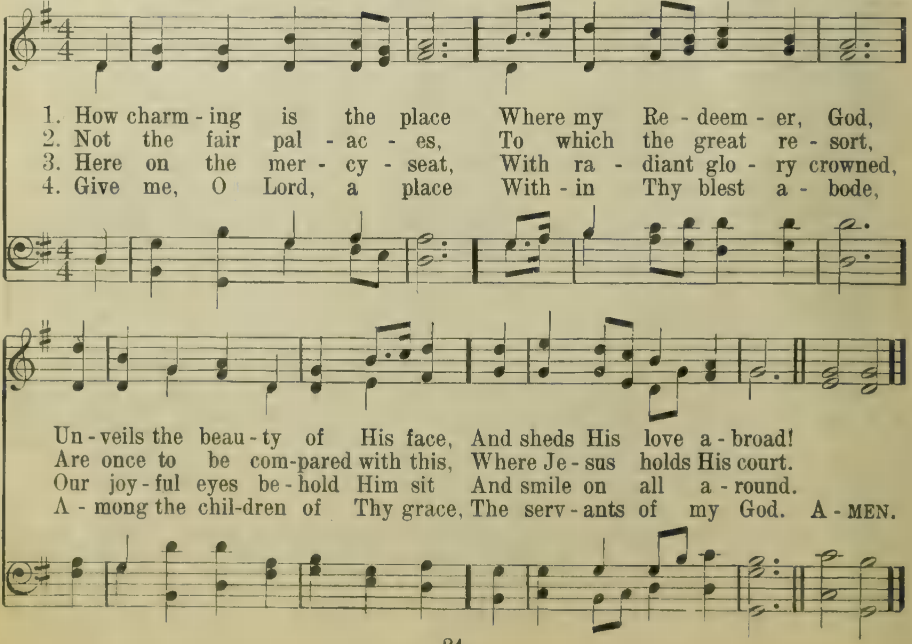
22 To Thy Temple I Repair

James Montgomery, 1825. (PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.) Ignace Pleyel, 1757-1831.


1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,
2. While Thy glo - rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue,
3. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
4. While I heark - en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum-ble awe,
When with-in the veil I meet Christ be-fore the mer - cy - seat.
That my joy - ful soul may bless Thee, the Lord my Right-eous-ness.
Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor-tal - i - ty. A - MEN.

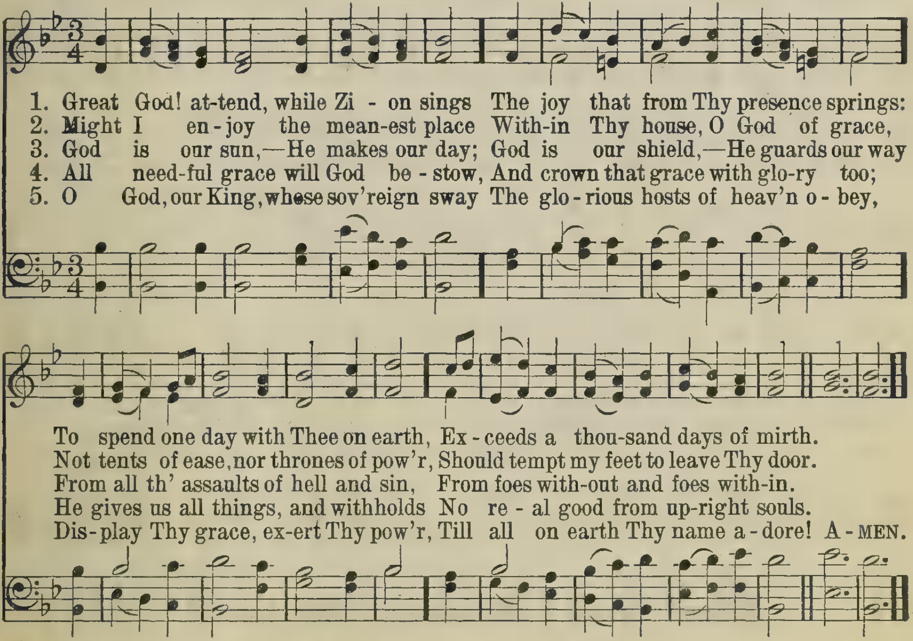
23 How Charming is the Place

Samuel Stennett, 1787. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.


1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,
2. Not the fair pal - ac - es, To which the great re - sort,
3. Here on the mer - cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned,
4. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in Thy blest a - bode,
Un - veils the beau - ty of His face, And sheds His love a - broad!
Are once to be com-pared with this, Where Je - sus holds His court.
Our joy - ful eyes be - hold Him sit And smile on all a - round.
A - mong the chil-dren of Thy grace, The serv - ants of my God. A - MEN.

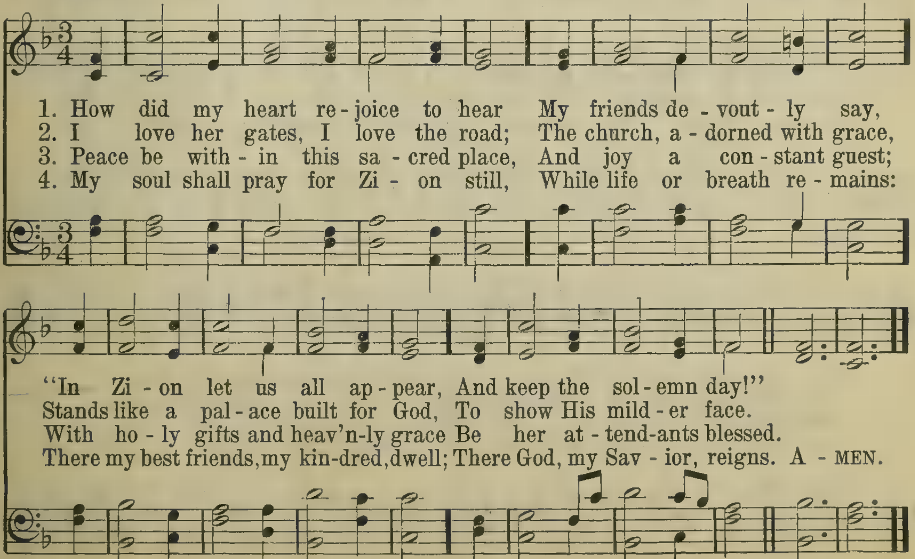
24 Great God! Attend, While Zion Sings

Isaac Watts, 1719. (ALL SAINTS. L. M.) William Knapp, 1698-1768.


1. Great God! at-tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs:
2. Might I en - joy the mean-est place With-in Thy house, O God of grace,
3. God is our sun,—He makes our day; God is our shield,—He guards our way
4. All need-ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that grace with glo-ry too;
5. O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway The glo - rious hosts of heav'n o - bey,
To spend one day with Thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes with-out and foes with-in.
He gives us all things, and withholds No re - al good from up-right souls.
Dis - play Thy grace, ex-ert Thy pow'r, Till all on earth Thy name a - dore! A - MEN.

25 How Did My Heart Rejoice to Hear

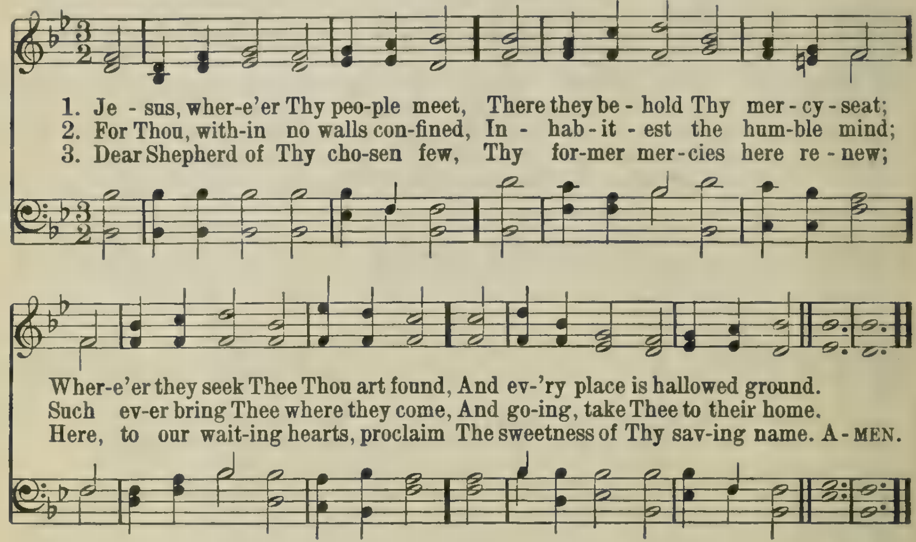
Isaac Watts, 1719. (MEAR. C. M.) Welsh Air. A. Williams, 1762.


1. How did my heart re - joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say,
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a - dorned with grace,
3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest;
4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath re - mains:
"In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day!"
Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show His mild - er face.
With ho - ly gifts and heav'n-ly grace Be her at - tend-ants blessed.
There my best friends, my kin-dred, dwell; There God, my Sav - ior, reigns. A - MEN.

26

Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

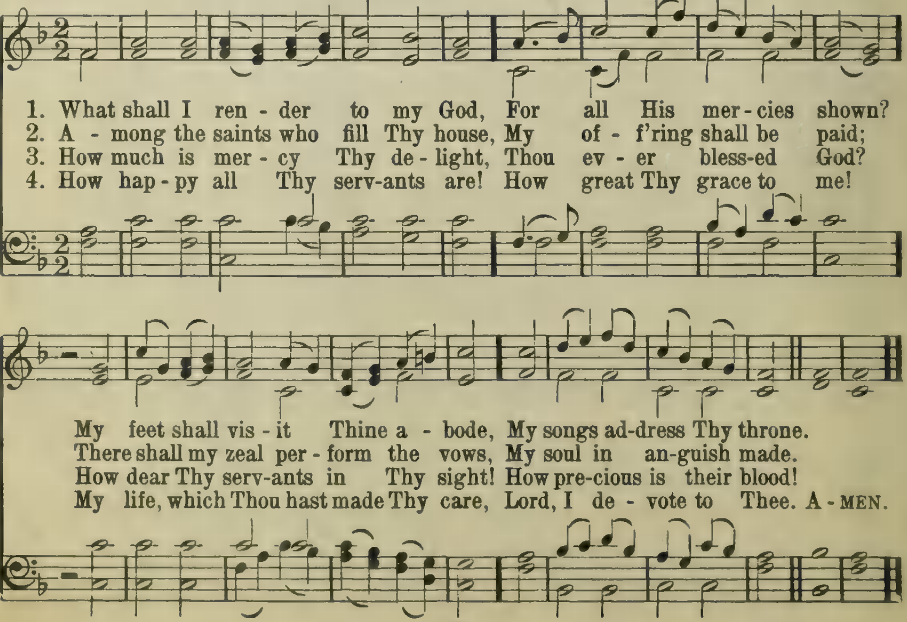
William Cowper, 1779. (HEBRON. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In - hab - it - est the hum-ble mind;
3. Dear Shepherd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy for-mer mer-cies here re - new;
Wher-e'er they seek Thee Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And go-ing, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our wait-ing hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy sav-ing name. A - MEN.

27

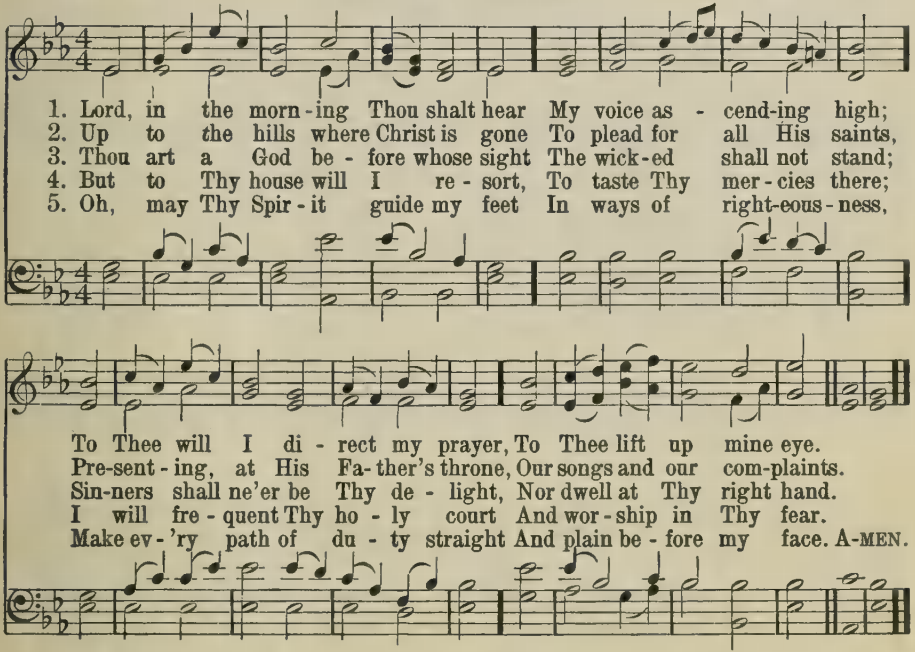
What Shall I Render to My God?

Isaac Watts, 1719. (CLARENDON. C. M.) Tucker, 1761–1825.


1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all His mer - cies shown?
2. A - mong the saints who fill Thy house, My of - f'ring shall be paid;
3. How much is mer - cy Thy de - light, Thou ev - er bless-ed God?
4. How hap - py all Thy serv-ants are! How great Thy grace to me!
My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad-dress Thy throne.
There shall my zeal per - form the vows, My soul in an-guish made.
How dear Thy serv-ants in Thy sight! How pre-cious is their blood!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de - vote to Thee. A - MEN.

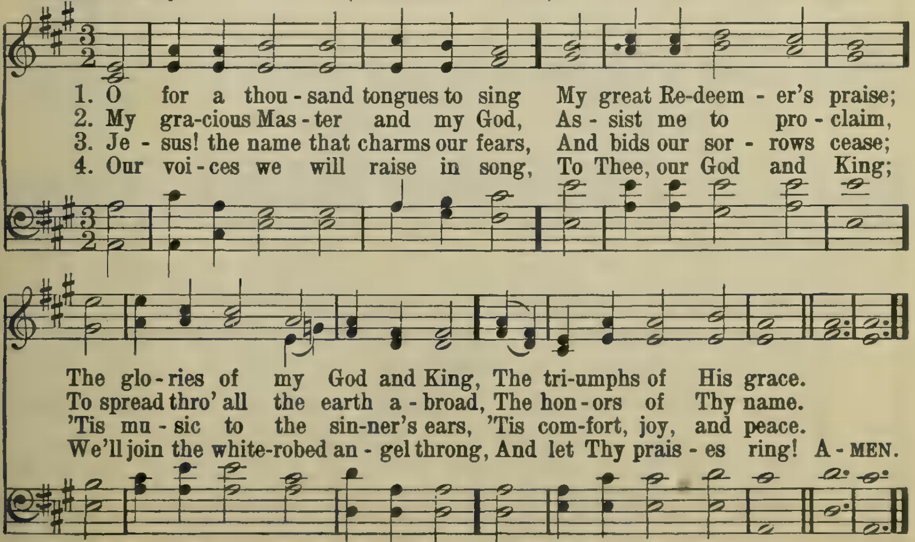
28 Lord, in the Morning Thou shalt Hear

I. Watts, 1719. (Warwick. C. M.) S. Stanley, 1800.


1. Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear My voice ascending high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints,
3. Thou art a God before whose sight The wicked shall not stand;
4. But to Thy house will I resort, To taste Thy mercies there;
5. Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness,
To Thee will I direct my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.
Presenting, at His Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
I will frequent Thy holy court And worship in Thy fear.
Make ev'ry path of duty straight And plain before my face. A-men.

29 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

Charles Wesley. (Denfield. C. M.) Carl Glasser.


1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Master and my God, Assist me to proclaim,
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears, And bids our sorrows cease;
4. Our voices we will raise in song, To Thee, our God and King;
The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace.
To spread thro' all the earth abroad, The honors of Thy name.
'Tis music to the sinner's ears, 'Tis comfort, joy, and peace.
We'll join the white-robed angel throng, And let Thy praises ring! A-men.

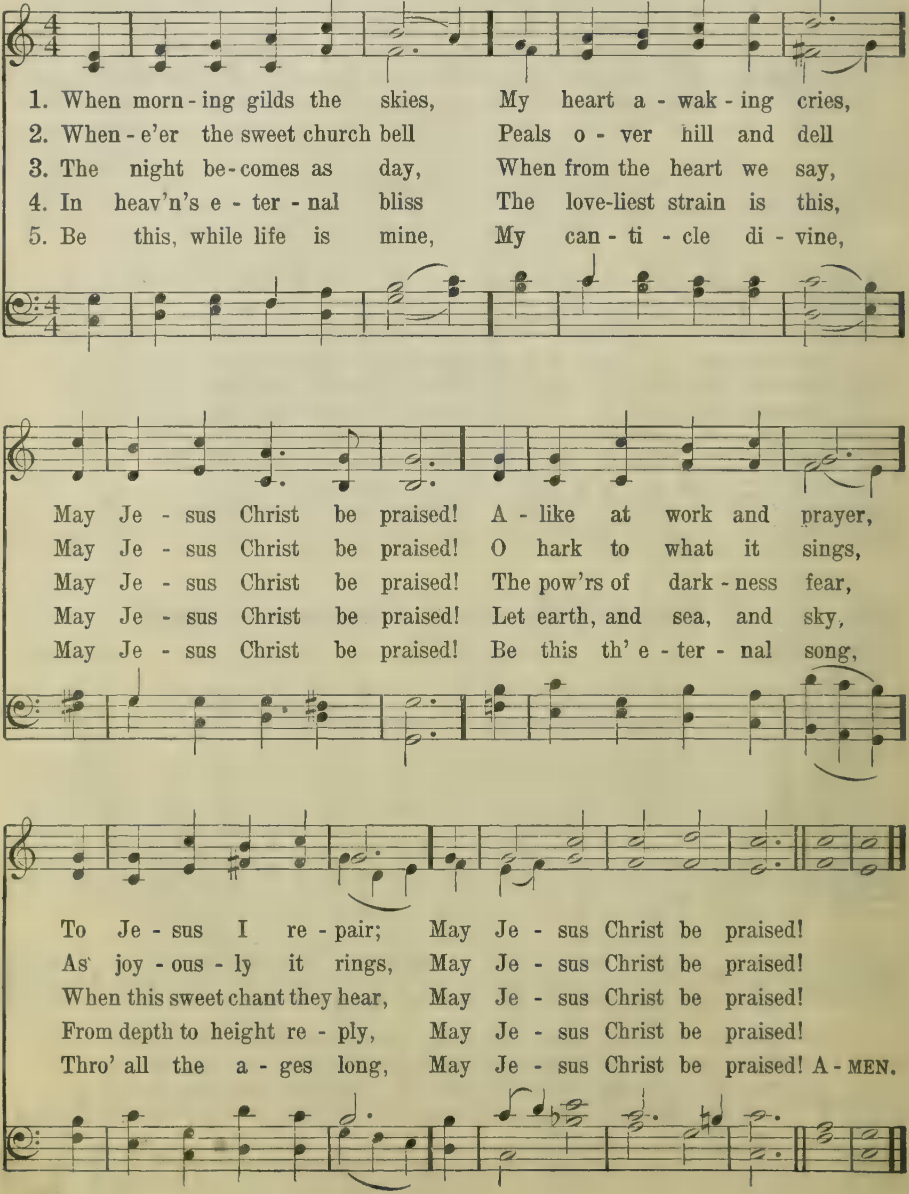
30

When Morning Gilds the Skies

(LAUDES DOMINI. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.)

German, 19th Century.
Translated by Edward Caswall, 1853.

Joseph Barnby, 1868.

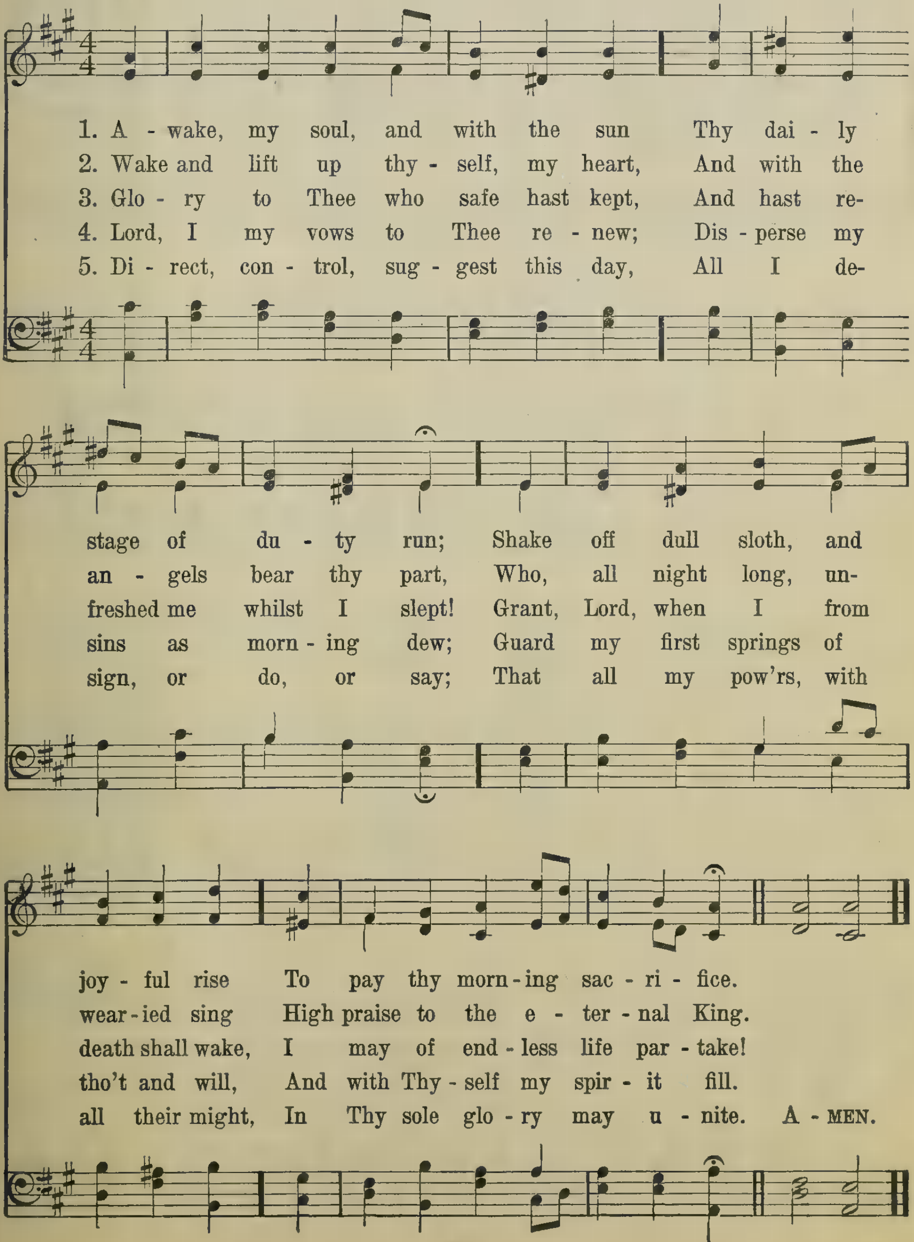

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a-wak-ing cries,
2. When-e'er the sweet church bell Peals o-ver hill and dell
3. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say,
4. In heav'n's e-ter-nal bliss The love-liest strain is this,
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can-ti-cle di-vine,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-like at work and prayer,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark-ness fear,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
May Je-sus Christ be praised! Be this th' e-ter-nal song,
To Je-sus I re-pair; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
As joy-ous-ly it rings, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
From depth to height re-ply, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
Thro' all the a-ges long, May Je-sus Christ be praised! A-MEN.

31

Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

(MORNING HYMN. L. M.)

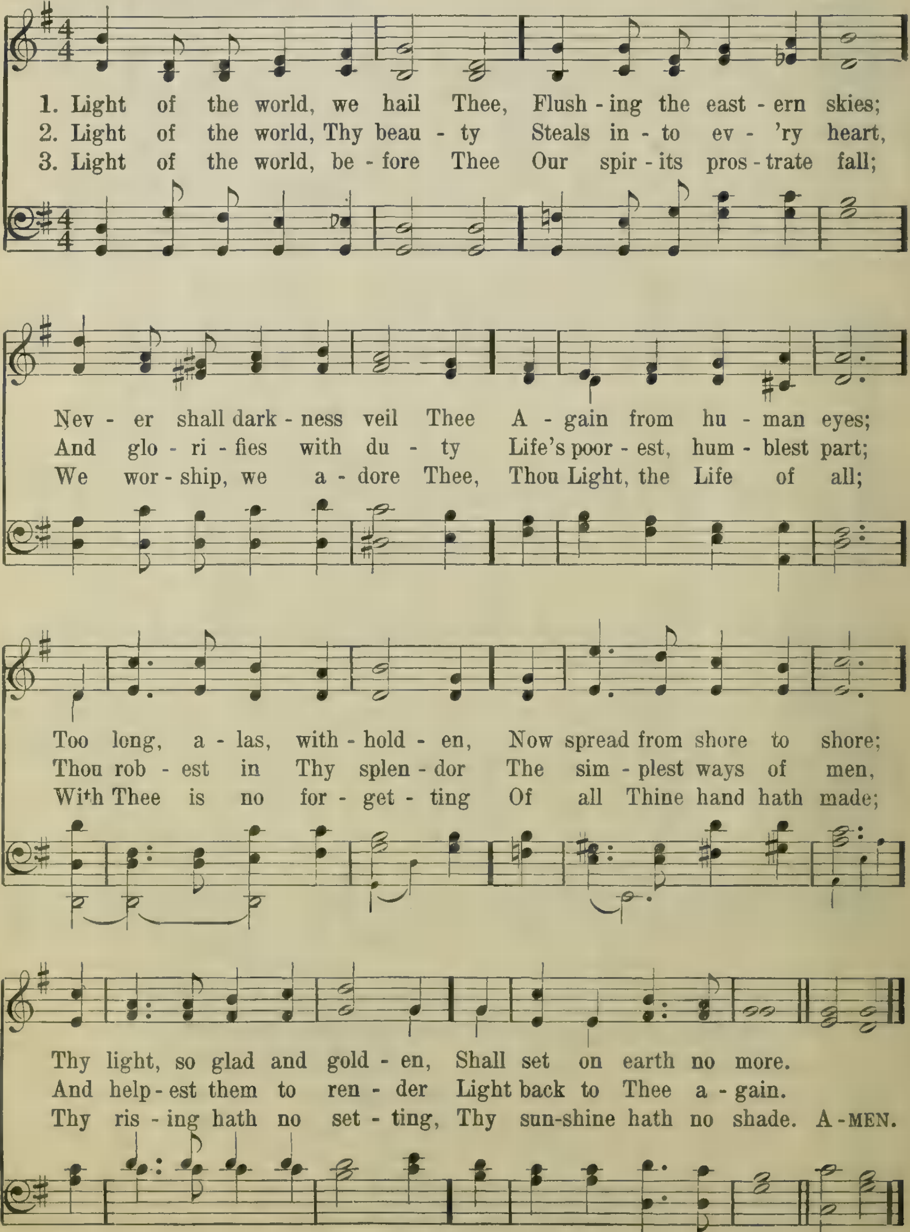
Thomas Ken, 1697. F. H. Barthelomon, 1741–1808.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
2. Wake and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the
3. Glo - ry to Thee who safe hast kept, And hast re-
4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my
5. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest this day, All I de-
stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
an - gels bear thy part, Who, all night long, un-
freshed me whilst I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from
sins as morn - ing dew; Guard my first springs of
sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with
joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
wear - ied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take!
tho't and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite. A - MEN.

32 Light of the World, We Hail Thee

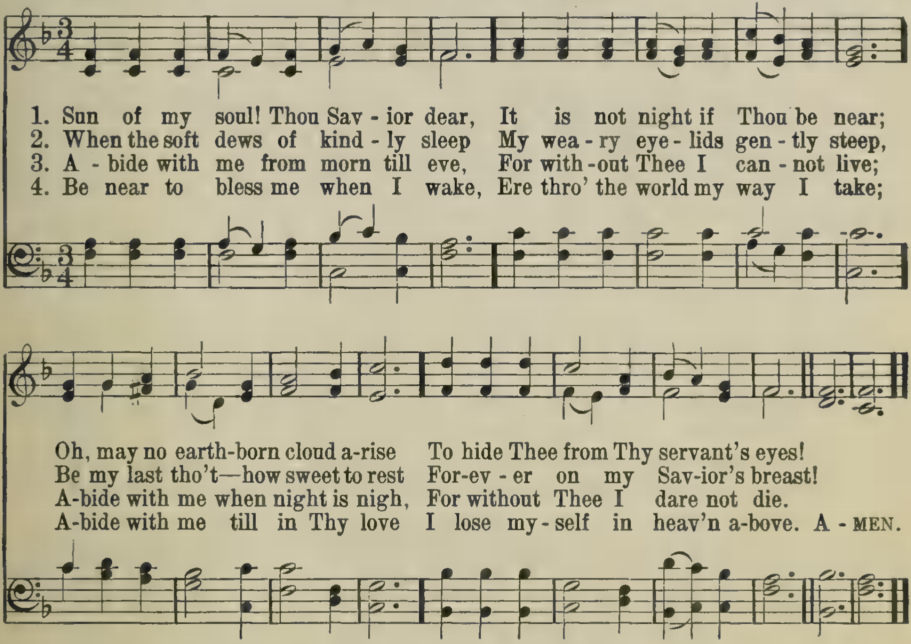
(SALVE DOMINE. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.)

John S. B. Monsell, 1863. Lawrence W. Watson, 1909.


1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush-ing the east-ern skies;
Nev-er shall dark-ness veil Thee A-gain from hu-man eyes;
Too long, a-las, with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore;
Thy light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more.
2. Light of the world, Thy beau-ty Steals in-to ev-'ry heart,
And glo-ri-fies with du-ty Life's poor-est, hum-blest part;
Thou rob-est in Thy splen-dor The sim-plest ways of men,
And help-est them to ren-der Light back to Thee a-gain.
3. Light of the world, be-fore Thee Our spir-its pros-trate fall;
We wor-ship, we a-dore Thee, Thou Light, the Life of all;
With Thee is no for-get-ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
Thy ris-ing hath no set-ting, Thy sun-shine hath no shade. A-MEN.

33 Sun of My Soul! Thou Savior Dear

John Keble. (HURSLEY. L. M.) Peter Ritter.



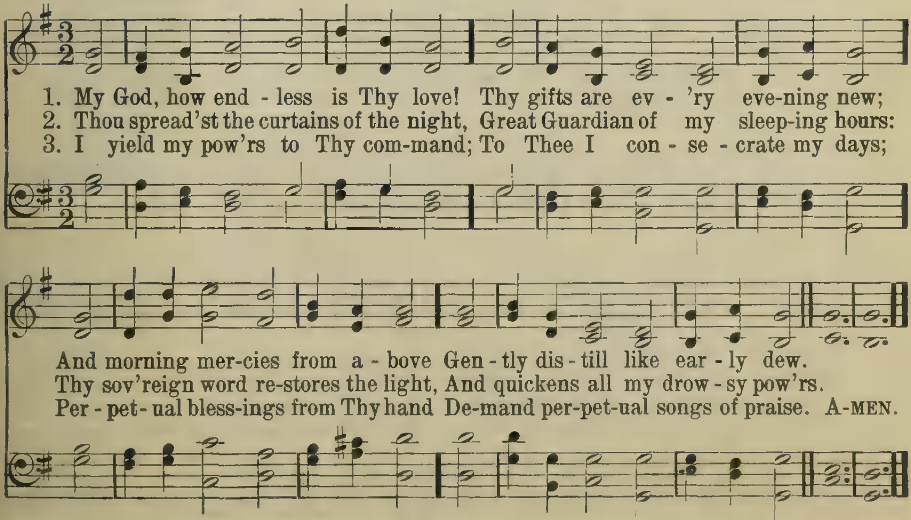
1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a-bove. A - MEN.

34 My God, How Endless is Thy Love

(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

Isaac Watts, 1709. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

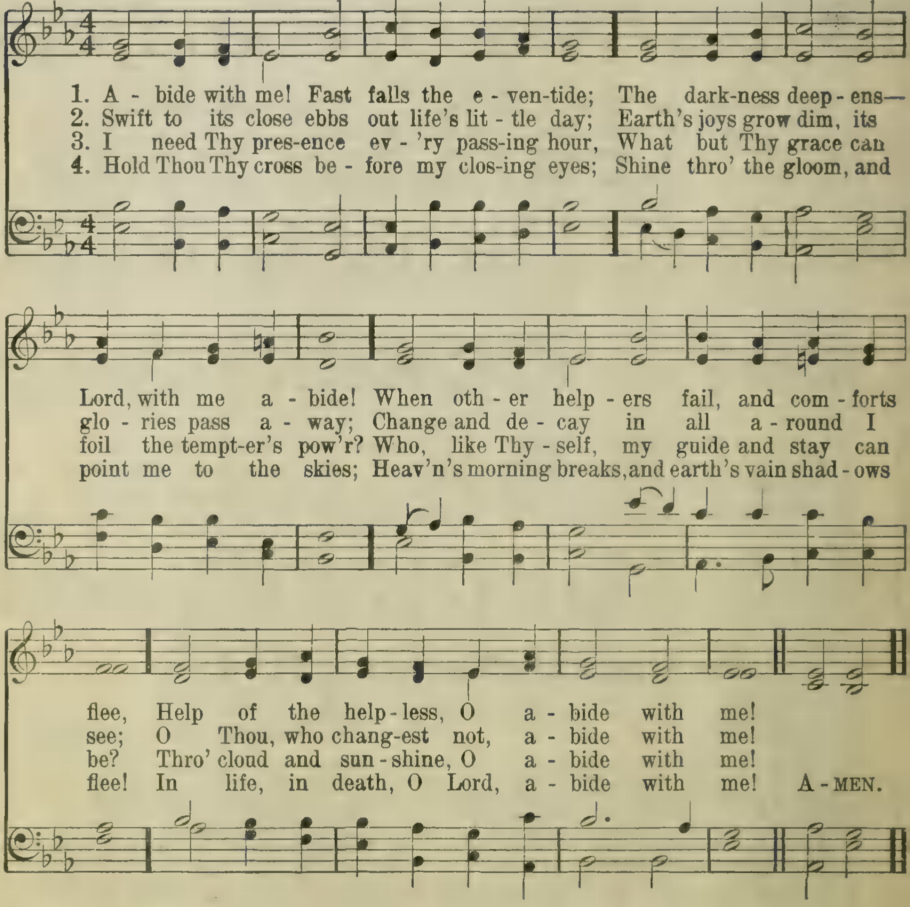


1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve-ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours:
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con - se - crate my days;

And morning mer-cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.
Thy sov'reign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow - sy pow'rs.
Per - pet- ual bless-ings from Thy hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise. A-MEN.

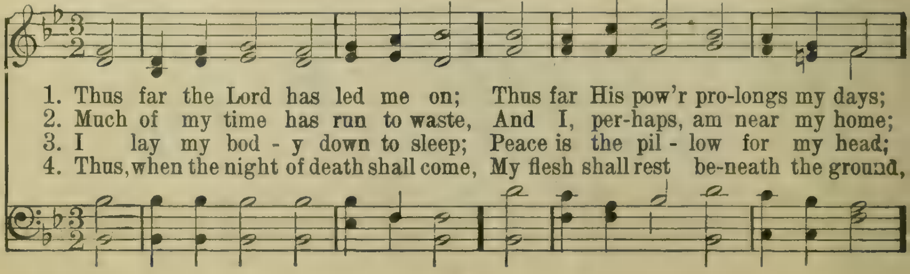
35 Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide

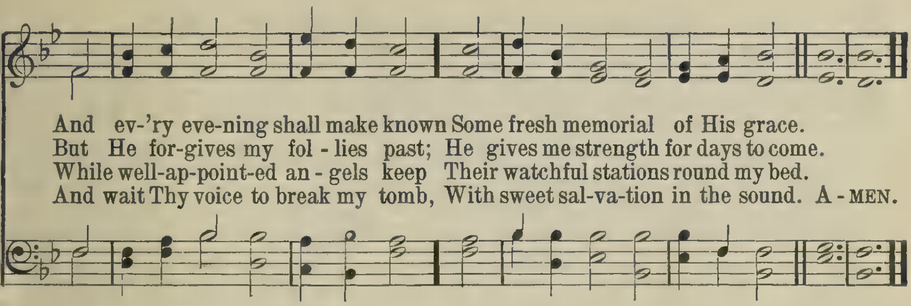
H. F. Lyte, 1847. (EVENTIDE. 10s.) W. H. Monk, 1861.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness deep - ens—
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can
point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!
flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

36 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On

Isaac Watts, 1707. (HEBRON. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground,

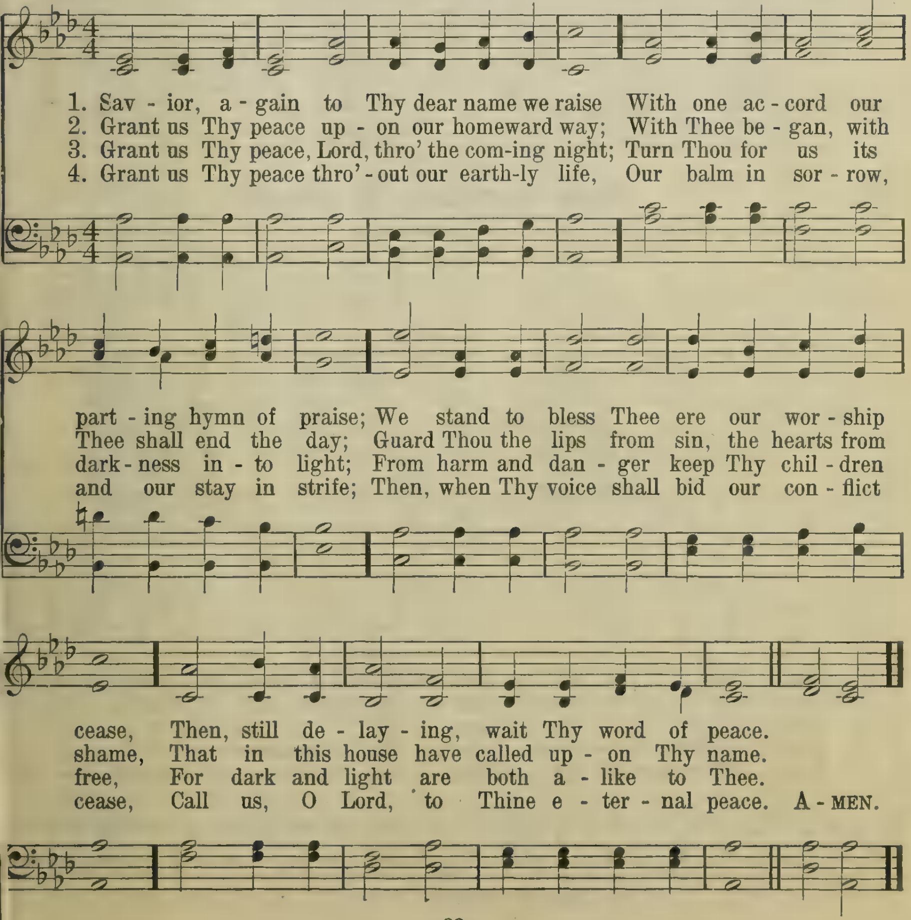


And ev-'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol - lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound. A - MEN.

37 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

PROCESSIONAL

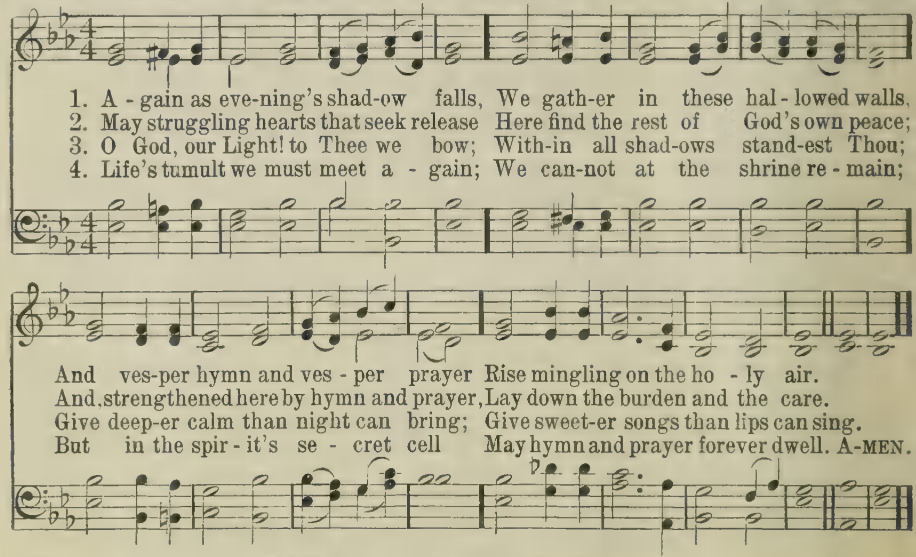
John Ellerton, 1861. (IRENÉ. 10s.) E. J. Hopkins, 1818.



1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease, Then, still de - lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night; Turn Thou for us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

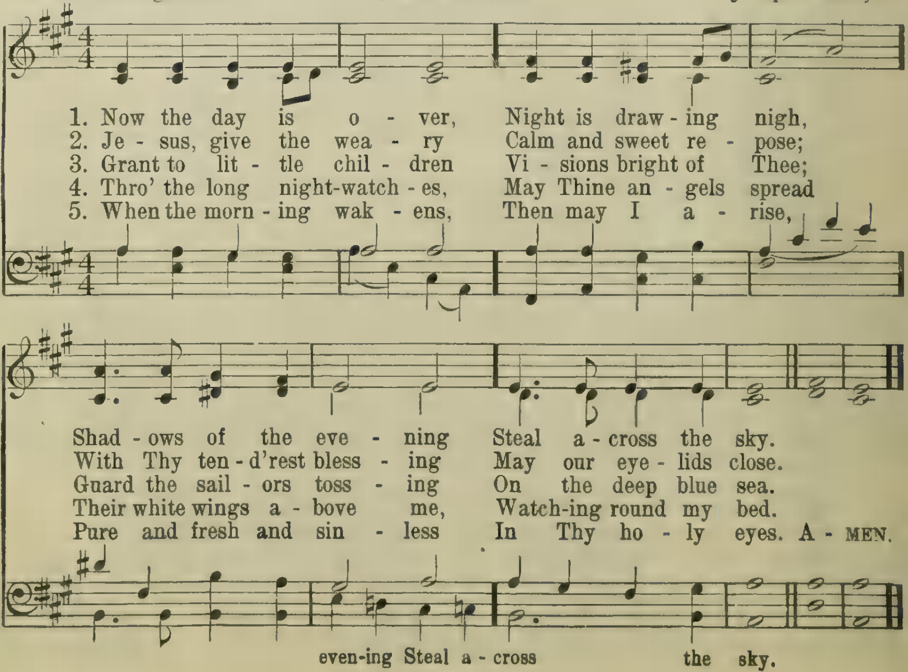
38 Again as Evening's Shadow Falls

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1859. (HOLLEY. L. M.) George Hews, 1835.


1. A - gain as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hal - lowed walls,
2. May struggling hearts that seek release Here find the rest of God's own peace;
3. O God, our Light! to Thee we bow; With-in all shad-ows stand-est Thou;
4. Life's tumult we must meet a - gain; We can-not at the shrine re - main;
And ves-per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer, Lay down the burden and the care.
Give deep-er calm than night can bring; Give sweet-er songs than lips can sing.
But in the spir - it's se - cret cell May hymn and prayer forever dwell. A-MEN.

39 Now the Day is Over

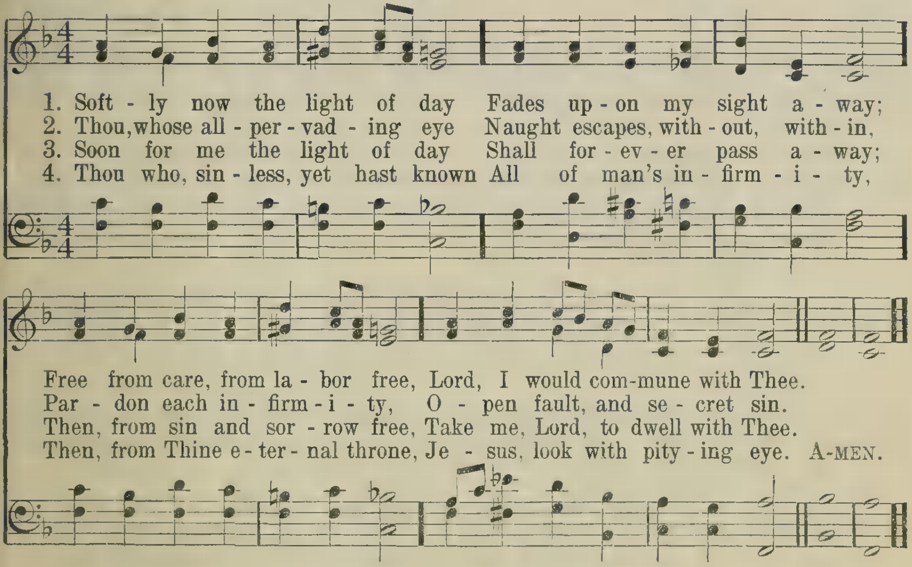
Sabine Baring-Gould. (RECESSIONAL.) Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
even-ing Steal a - cross the sky.

40

Softly Now the Light of Day

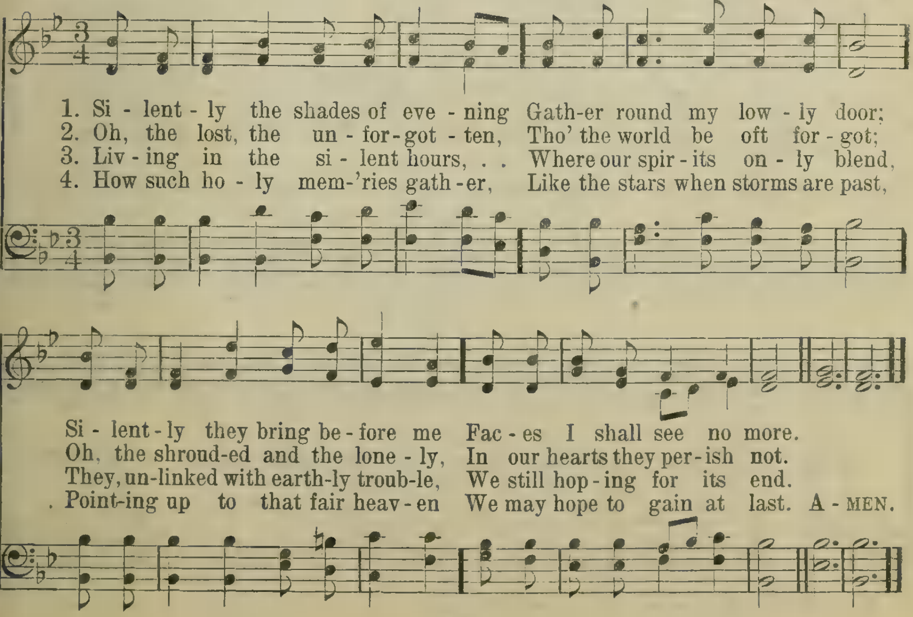
G. W. Doane, 1827. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826.


1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty,
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye. A-MEN.

41

Silently the Shades of Evening

Christopher C. Cox. Darius E. Jones.

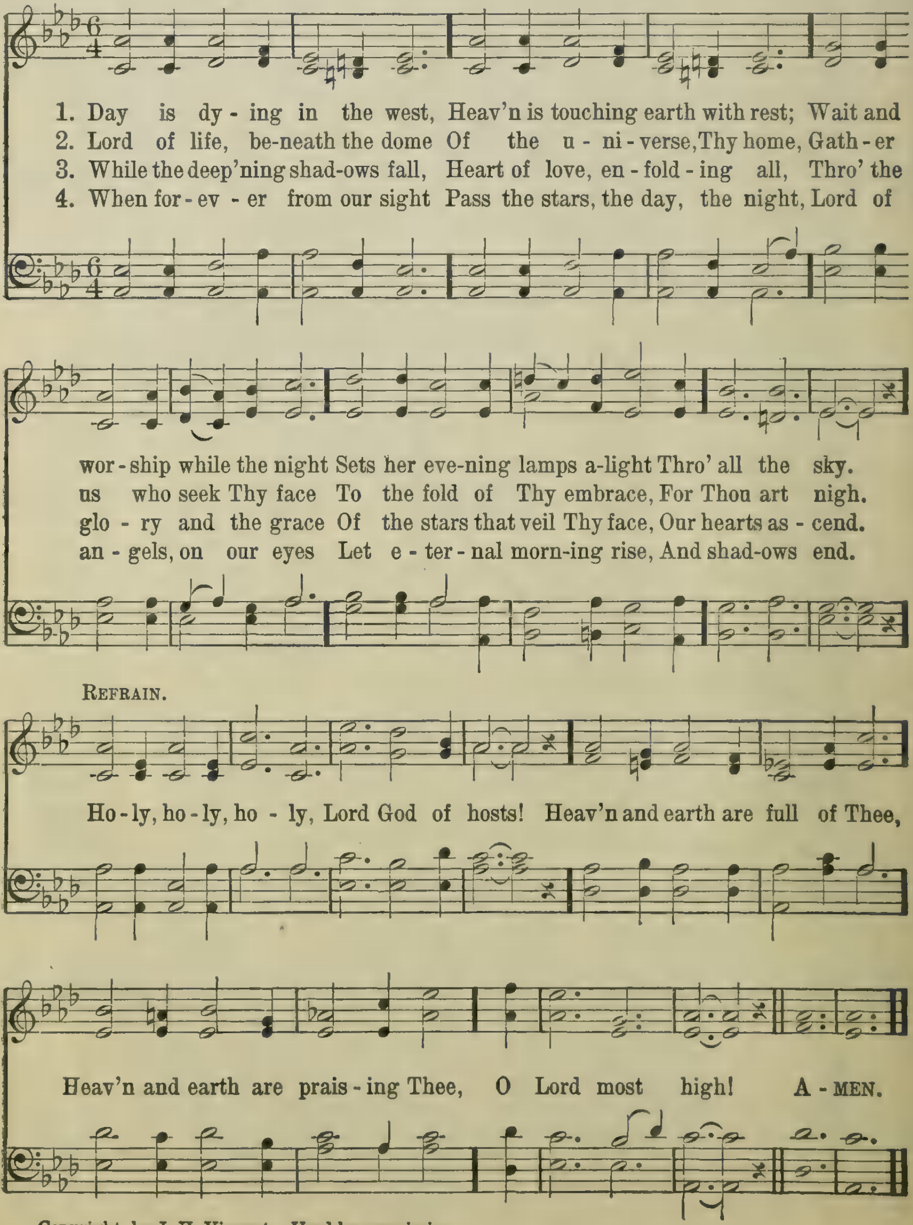

1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath-er round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, . . Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem-'ries gath - er, Like the stars when storms are past,
Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.
Oh, the shroud-ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
They, un-linked with earth-ly troub-le, We still hop - ing for its end.
. Point-ing up to that fair heav - en We may hope to gain at last. A - MEN.

42

Day is Dying in the West

(CHAUTAUQUA. 7, 7, 7, 7, 4. With Refrain.)

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877. William F. Sherwin, 1877.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse,Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shad-ows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor - ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,
Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

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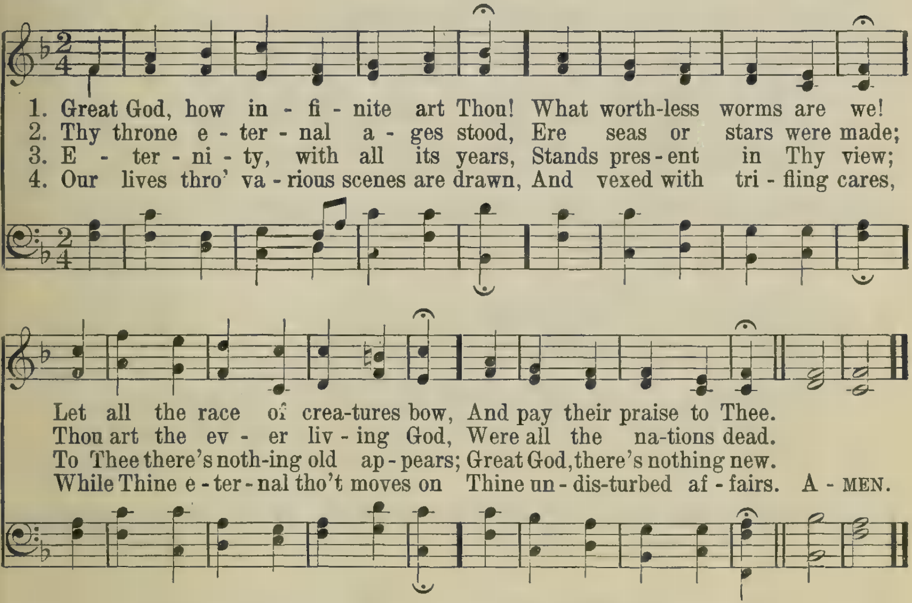
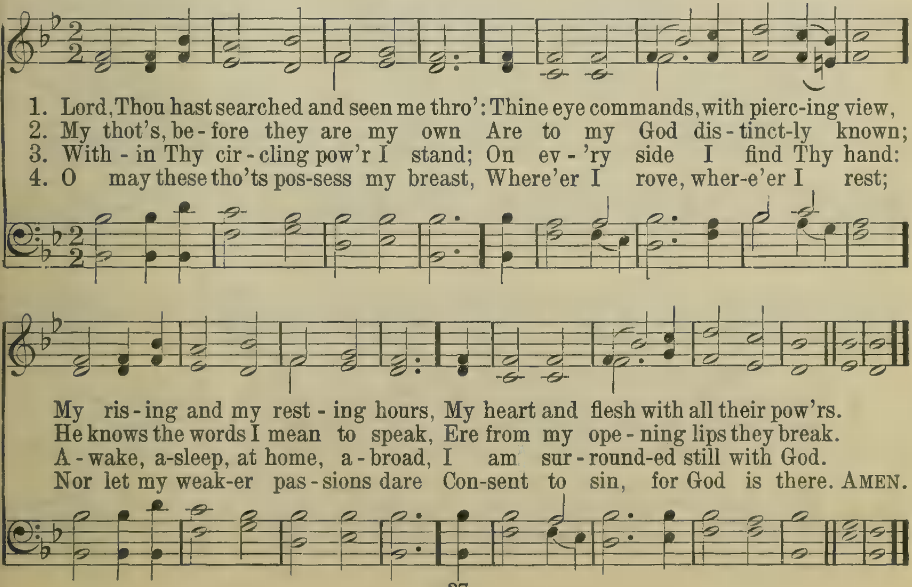
43 Great God, How Infinite Art Thou!

Isaac Watts, 1707. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. Franc, 1520-1570.


1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!
2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in Thy view;
4. Our lives thro' va - rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fling cares,
Let all the race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
Thou art the ev - er liv - ing God, Were all the na-tions dead.
To Thee there's noth-ing old ap - pears; Great God, there's nothing new.
While Thine e - ter - nal tho't moves on Thine un - dis-turbed af - fairs. A - MEN.

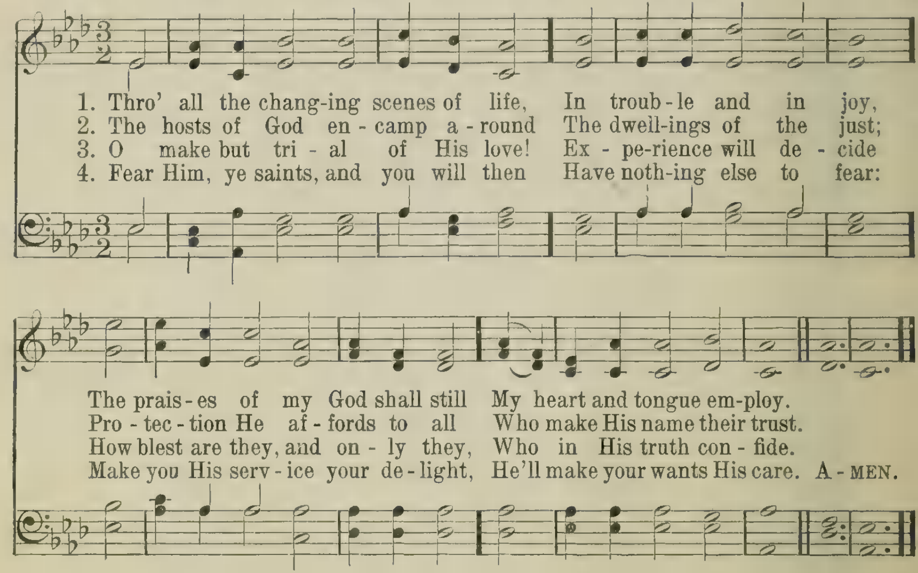
44 Lord, Thou Hast Searched and Seen Me Through

Isaac Watts, 1719. (WARD. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.


1. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro': Thine eye commands, with pierc-ing view,
2. My thot's, be - fore they are my own Are to my God dis - tinct-ly known;
3. With - in Thy cir - cling pow'r I stand; On ev - 'ry side I find Thy hand:
4. O may these tho'ts pos-sess my breast, Where'er I rove, wher-e'er I rest;
My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my ope - ning lips they break.
A - wake, a-sleep, at home, a - broad, I am sur - round-ed still with God.
Nor let my weak-er pas - sions dare Con-sent to sin, for God is there. AMEN.

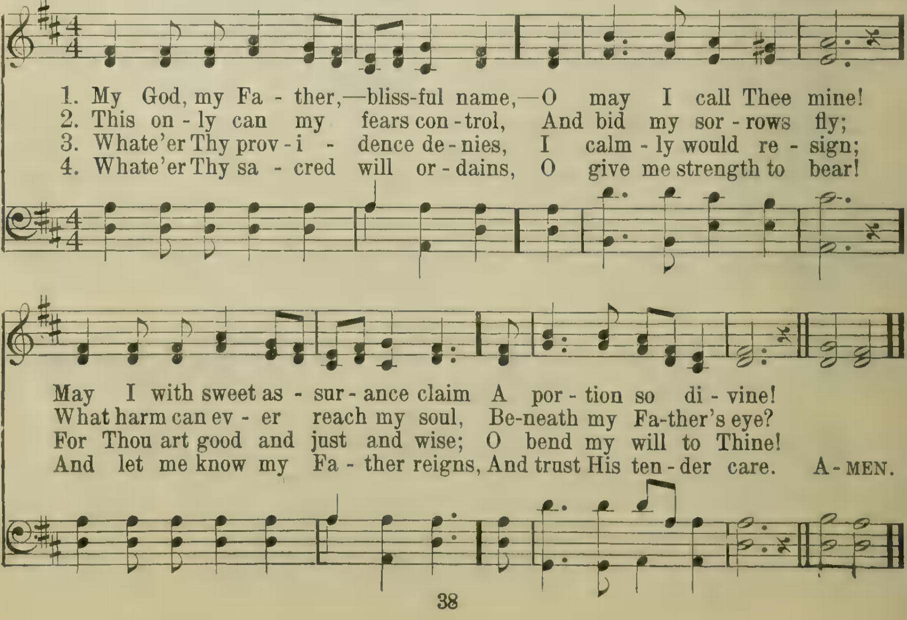
45 Through All the Changing Scenes of Life

Tate and Brady, 1696. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. Glaser, 1784-1829.


1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub-le and in joy,
2. The hosts of God en-camp a-round The dwell-ings of the just;
3. O make but tri-al of His love! Ex-pe-rience will de-cide
4. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have noth-ing else to fear:
The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
Pro-tec-tion He af-fords to all Who make His name their trust.
How blest are they, and on-ly they, Who in His truth con-fide.
Make you His serv-ice your de-light, He'll make your wants His care. A-MEN.

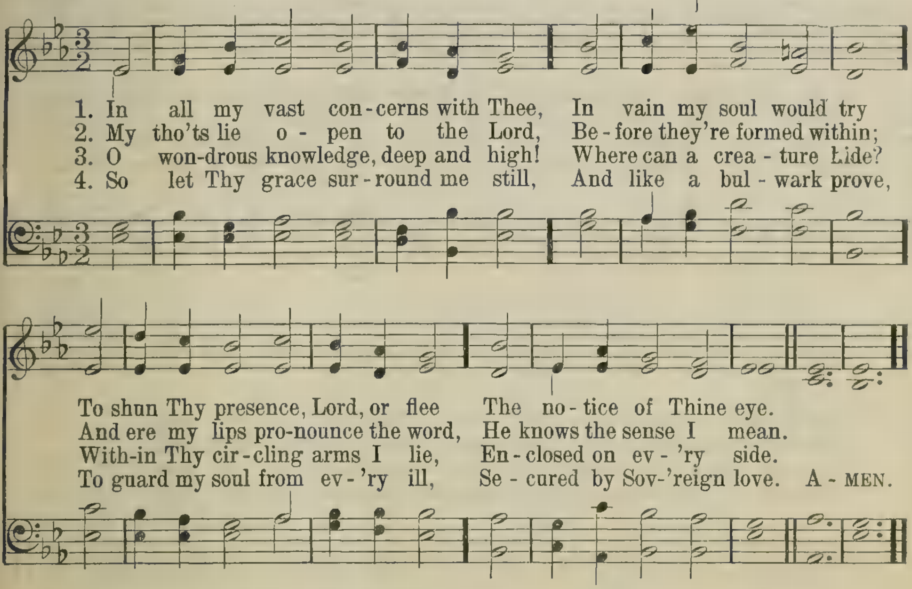
46 My God, My Father,—Blissful Name

Anne Steele, 1760. (NAOMI. C. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.


1. My God, my Fa-ther,—bliss-ful name,—O may I call Thee mine!
2. This on-ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor-rows fly;
3. Whate'er Thy prov-i-dence de-nies, I calm-ly would re-sign;
4. Whate'er Thy sa-cred will or-dains, O give me strength to bear!
May I with sweet as-sur-ance claim A por-tion so di-vine!
What harm can ev-er reach my soul, Be-neath my Fa-ther's eye?
For Thou art good and just and wise; O bend my will to Thine!
And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust His ten-der care. A-MEN.

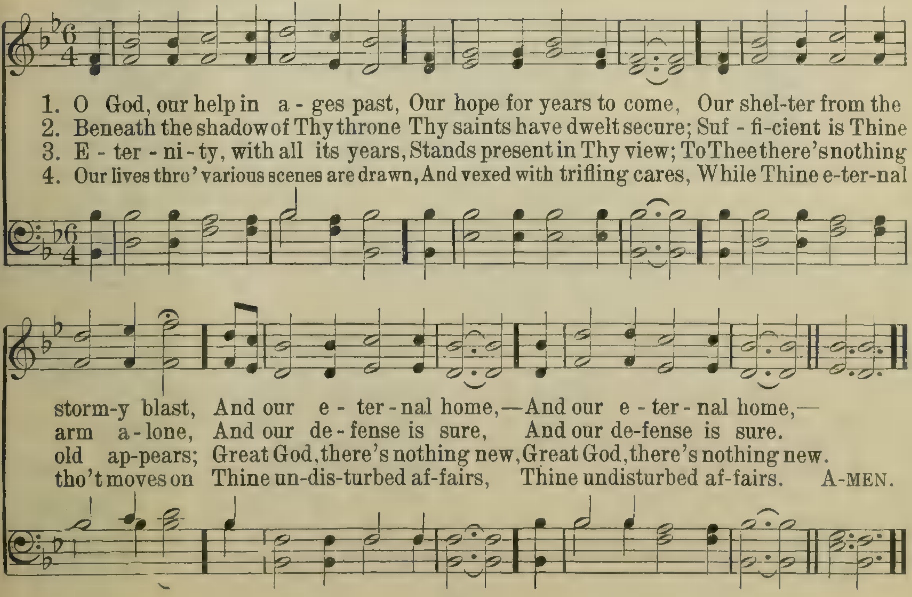
47 In All My Vast Concerns With Thee

Isaac Watts, 1719. (Downs. C. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–187'


1. In all my vast con-cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try
2. My tho'ts lie o - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed within;
3. O won-drous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a crea - ture hide?
4. So let Thy grace sur - round me still, And like a bul - wark prove,
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee The no - tice of Thine eye.
And ere my lips pro-nounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
With-in Thy cir-cling arms I lie, En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by Sov-'reign love. A - MEN.

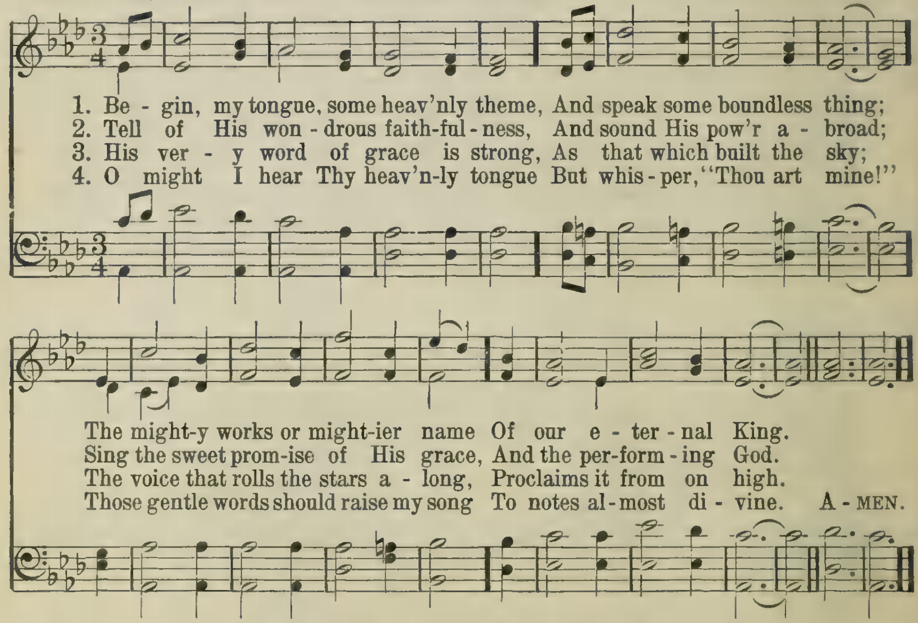
48 O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1719. (Ortonville. C. M.) Dr. T. Hastings, 1784–1872.


1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter from the
2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf - fi-cient is Thine
3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present in Thy view; To Thee there's nothing
4. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares, While Thine e-ter-nal
storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,—And our e - ter - nal home,—
arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure, And our de-fense is sure.
old ap-pears; Great God, there's nothing new, Great God, there's nothing new.
tho't moves on Thine un-dis-turbed af-fairs, Thine undisturbed af-fairs. A-MEN.

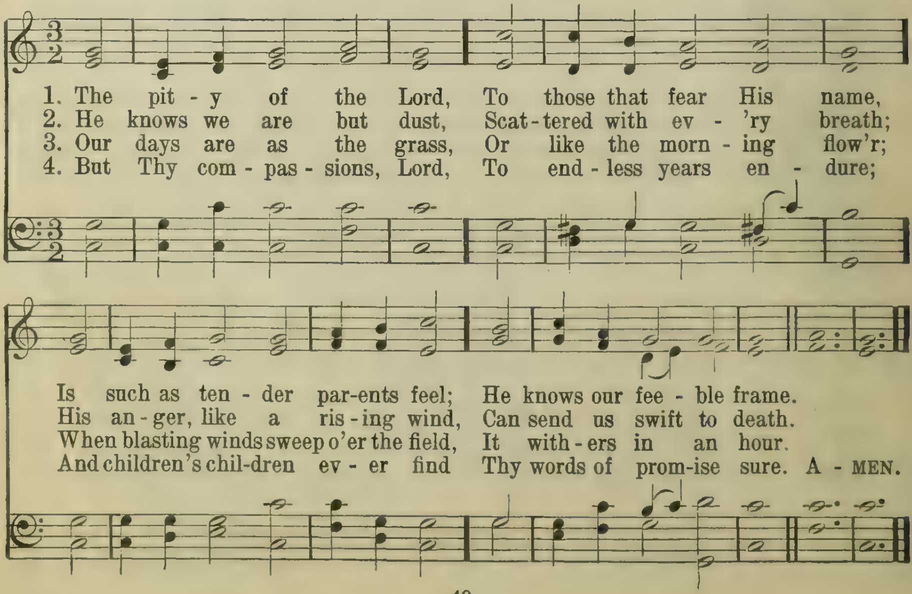
49 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

Isaac Watts, 1707. (MANOAH. C. M.) F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.


1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
2. Tell of His won - drous faith-ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
3. His ver - y word of grace is strong, As that which built the sky;
4. O might I hear Thy heav'n-ly tongue But whis - per, "Thou art mine!"
The might-y works or might-ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.
Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace, And the per-form - ing God.
The voice that rolls the stars a - long, Proclaims it from on high.
Those gentle words should raise my song To notes al - most di - vine. A - MEN.

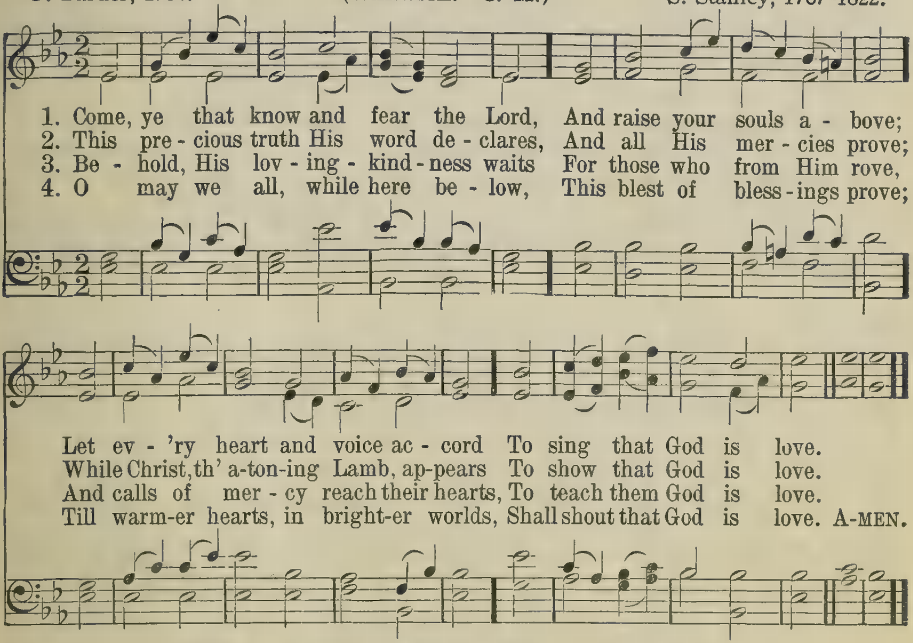
50 The Pity of the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1719. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.


1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name,
2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with ev - 'ry breath;
3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r;
4. But Thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure;
Is such as ten - der par-ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
And children's chil-dren ev - er find Thy words of prom-ise sure. A - MEN.

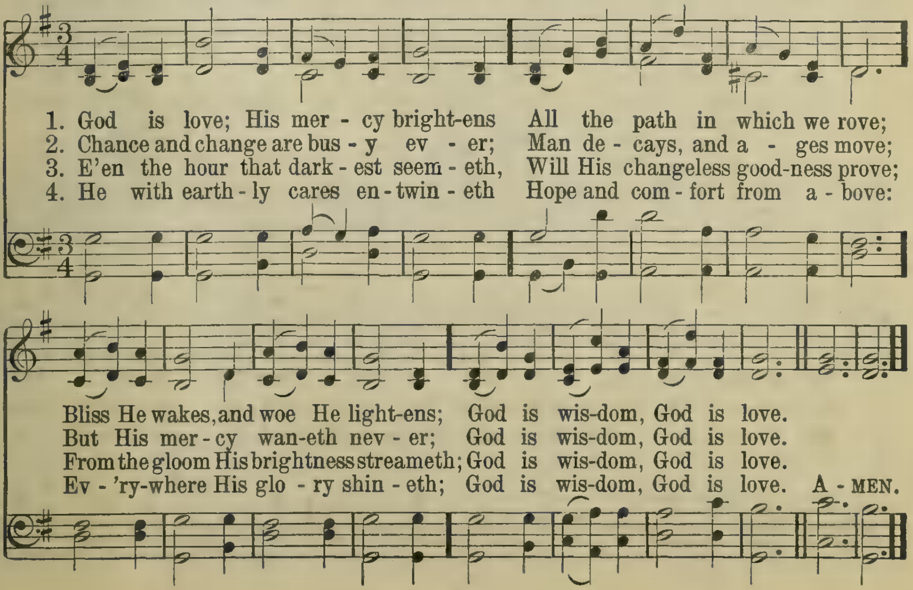
51 Come, Ye That Know and Fear the Lord

G. Burder, 1784. (WARWICK. C. M.) S. Stanley, 1767–1822.


1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your souls a - bove;
2. This pre - cious truth His word de - clares, And all His mer - cies prove;
3. Be - hold, His lov - ing - kind - ness waits For those who from Him rove,
4. O may we all, while here be - low, This blest of bless - ings prove;
Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac - cord To sing that God is love.
While Christ, th' a-ton-ing Lamb, ap-pears To show that God is love.
And calls of mer - cy reach their hearts, To teach them God is love.
Till warm-er hearts, in bright-er worlds, Shall shout that God is love. A-MEN.

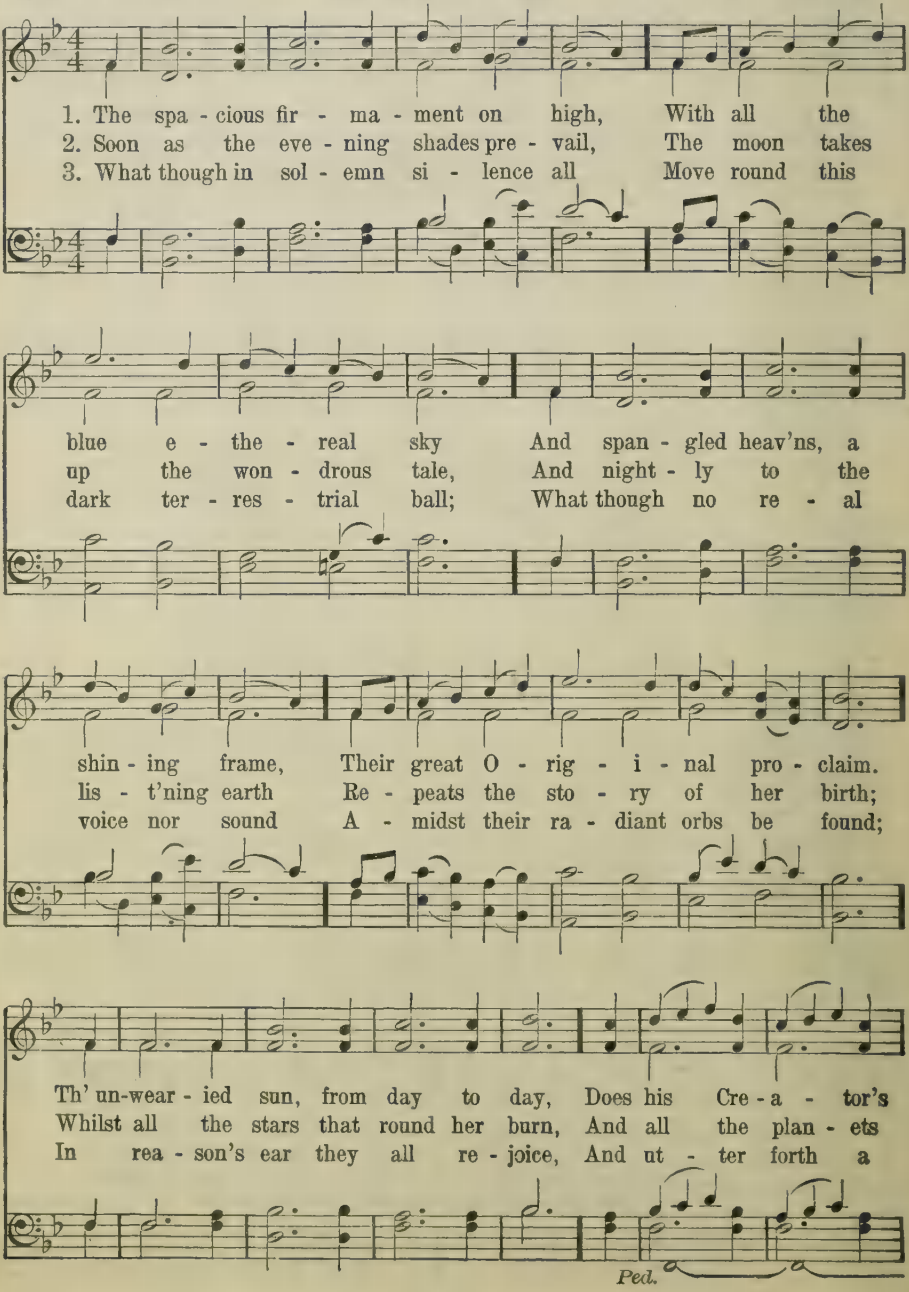
52 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens

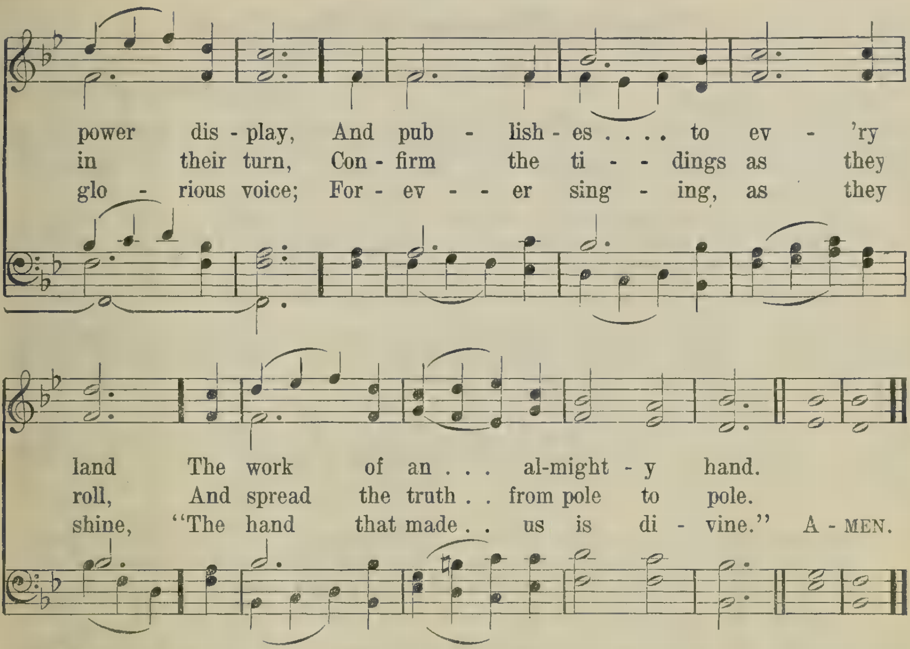
Sir John Bowring, 1825. (BOWRING. 8s, 7s.)


1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will His changeless good-ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:
Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness streameth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

53 The Spacious Firmament On High

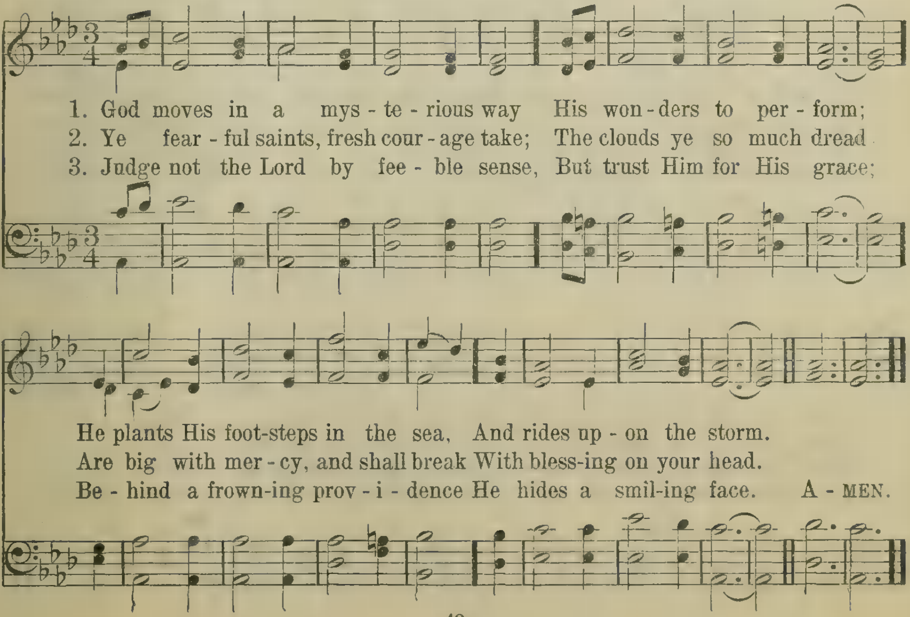
J. Addison, 1712. (Creation. L. M. 8 l.) Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798.


1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the
2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes
3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this
blue e - the - real sky And span - gled heav'ns, a
up the won - drous tale, And night - ly to the
dark ter - res - trial ball; What though no re - al
shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
lis - t'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;
Th' un-wear - ied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's
Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets
In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a
Ped.


power dis - play, And pub - lish - es . . . . to ev - 'ry
in their turn, Con - firm the ti - - dings as they
glo - rious voice; For - ev - - - er sing - ing, as they
land The work of an . . . al-might - y hand.
roll, And spread the truth . . from pole to pole.
shine, "The hand that made . . us is di - vine." A - MEN.

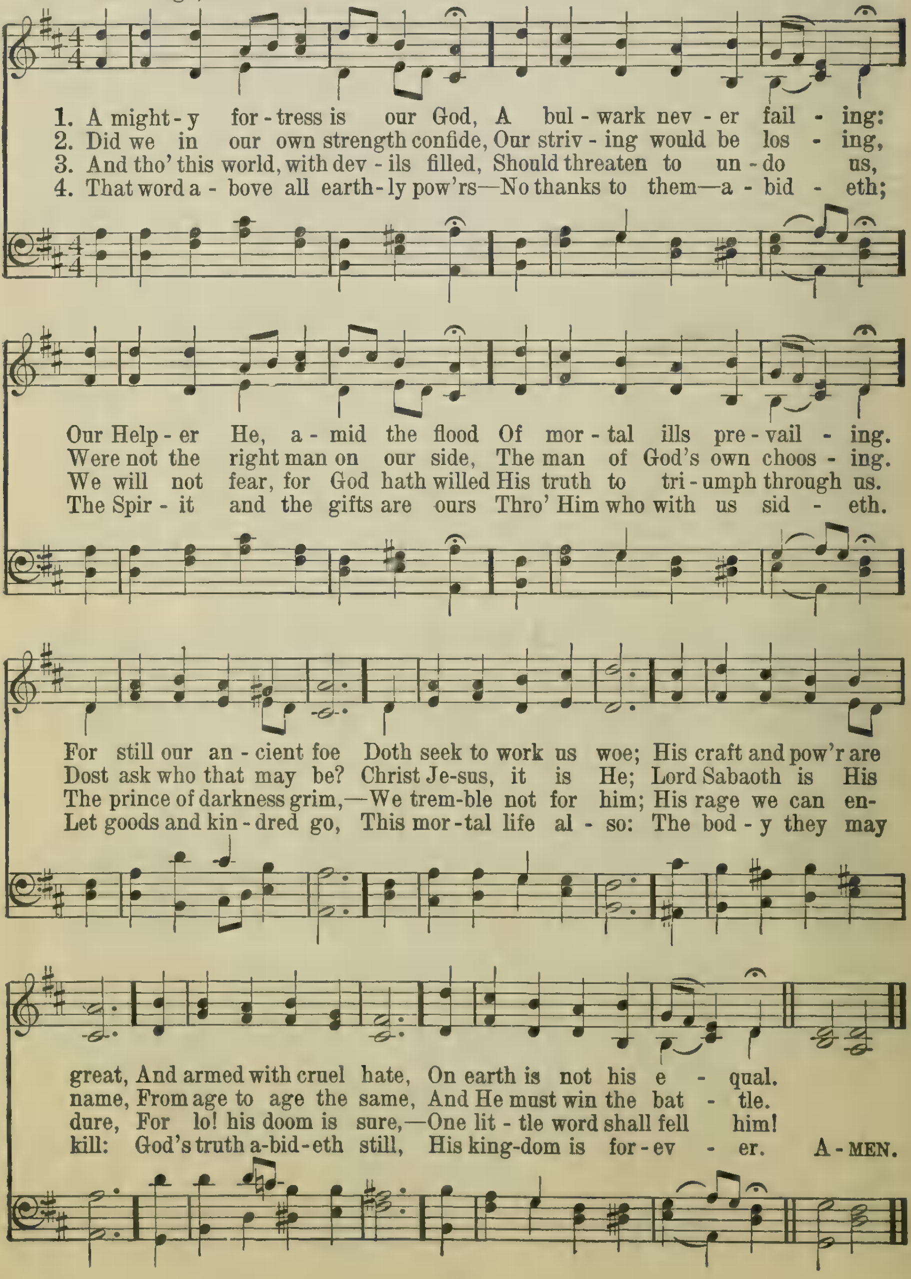
54 God Moves in a Mysterious Way

William Cowper, 1779. (MANOAH. C. M.) F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;
He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break With bless-ing on your head.
Be - hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil-ing face. A - MEN.

55 A Mighty Fortress is Our God

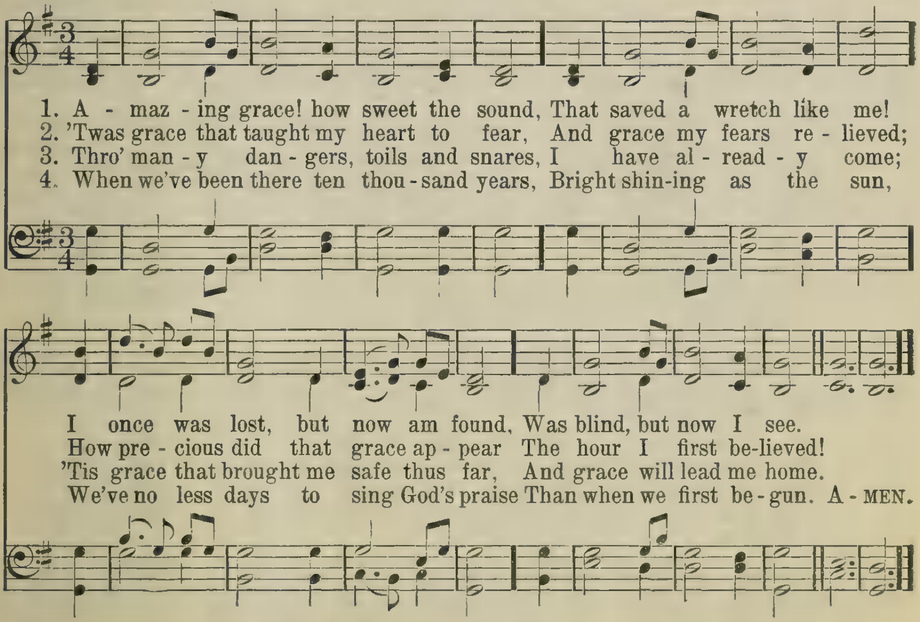
Martin Luther, 1521.
Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1853.
(LUTHER. P. M.)
Martin Luther, 1483–1546.


1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing:
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid-eth;
Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.
For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim,—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so: The bod-y they may
great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure,—One lit-tle word shall fell him!
kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er. A-MEN.

56

Amazing Grace

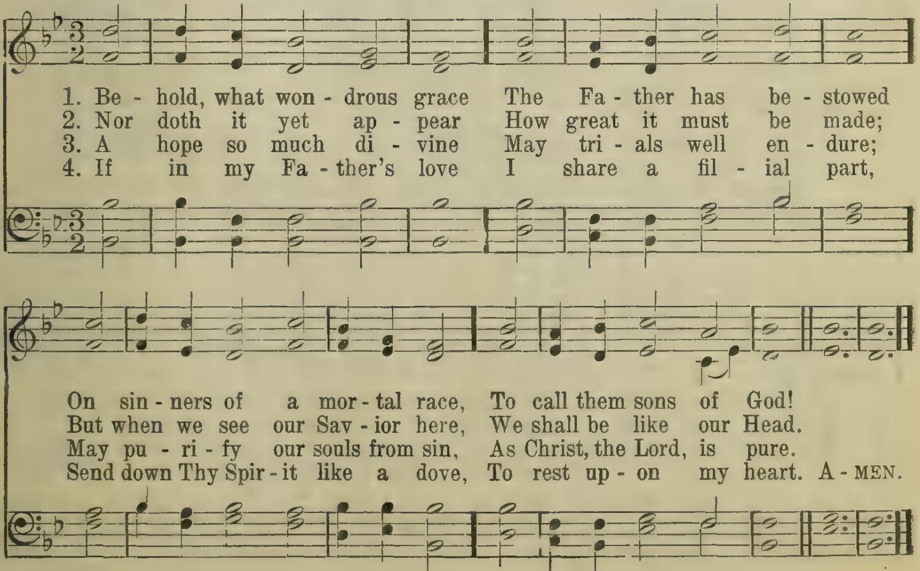
John Newton, 1725–1807. (McIntosh. C. M.) Traditional.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come;
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun,
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

57

Behold, What Wondrous Grace

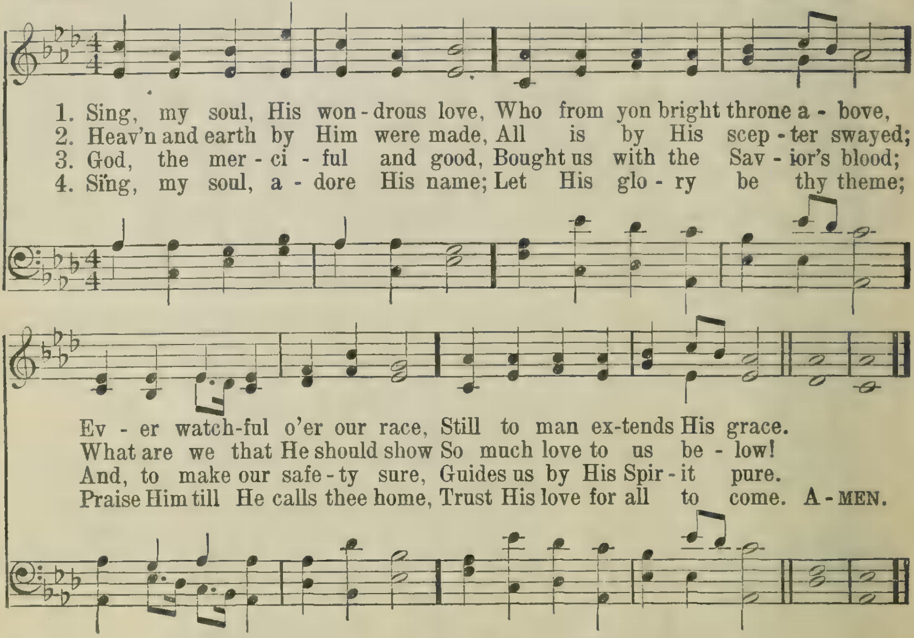
Isaac Watts, 1707. (State Street. S. M.) J. C. Woodman, 1813.


1. Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed
2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great it must be made;
3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure;
4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part,
On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
But when we see our Sav - ior here, We shall be like our Head.
May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
Send down Thy Spir - it like a dove, To rest up - on my heart. A - MEN.

58 Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love

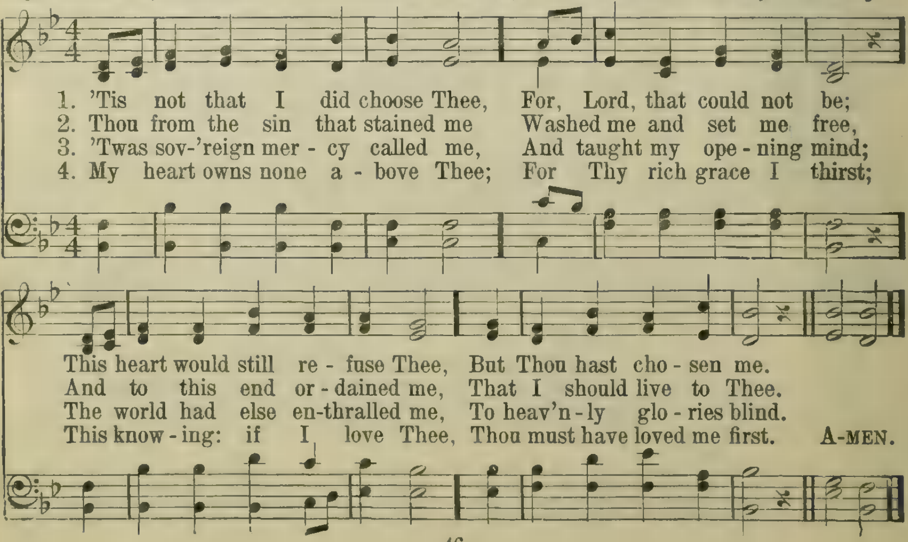
(NUREMBURG. 7s.)

Anon. J. R. Ahle, 1625–1673.


1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,
2. Heav'n and earth by Him were made, All is by His scep - ter swayed;
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sav - ior's blood;
4. Sing, my soul, a - dore His name; Let His glo - ry be thy theme;
Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace.
What are we that He should show So much love to us be - low!
And, to make our safe - ty sure, Guides us by His Spir - it pure.
Praise Him till He calls thee home, Trust His love for all to come. A - MEN.

59 'Tis Not That I Did Choose Thee

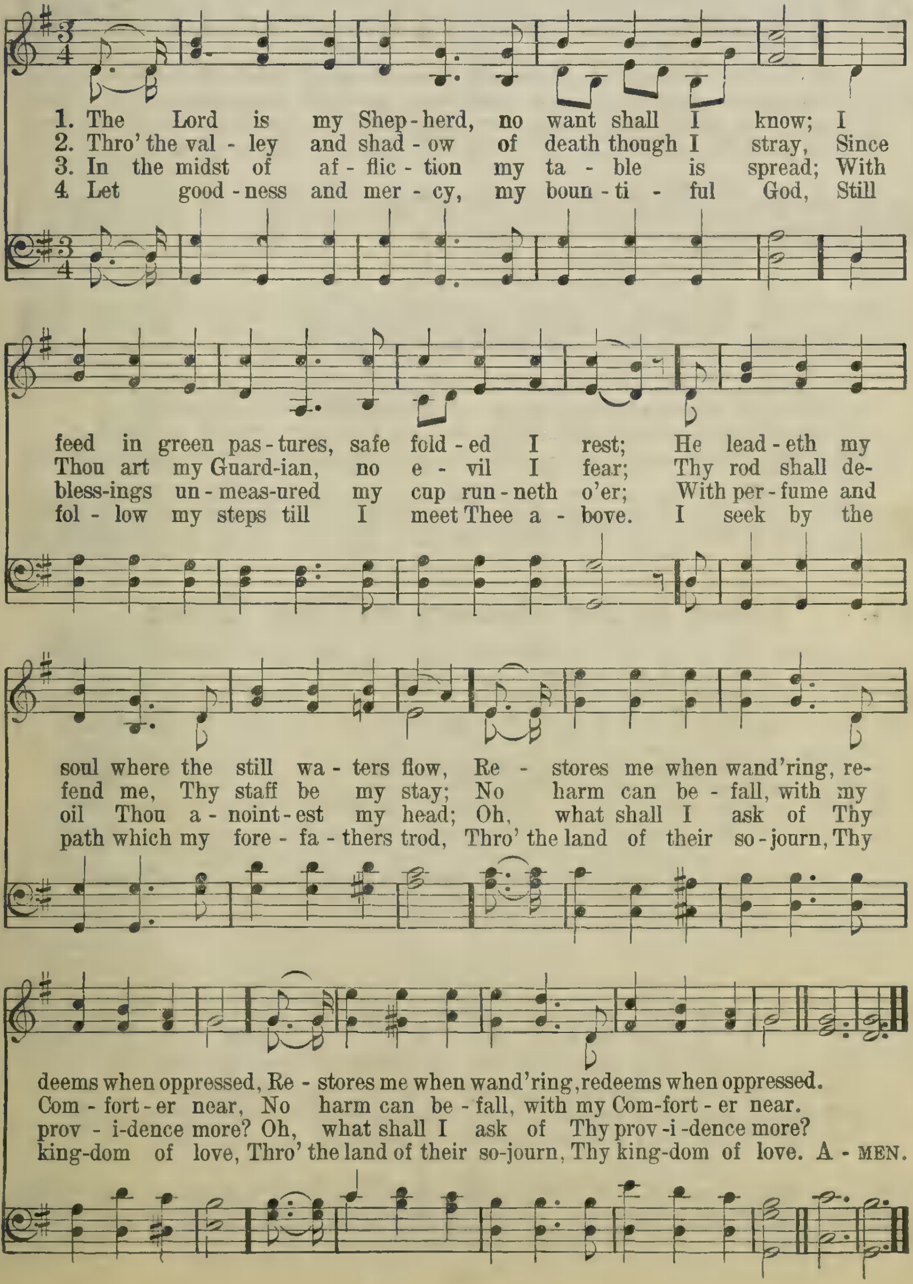
John Conder, 1789–1855. (AULÉ. 7s, 6s.) Arr. from Old Melody. E. H. J.


1. 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord, that could not be;
2. Thou from the sin that stained me Washed me and set me free,
3. 'Twas sov-'reign mer - cy called me, And taught my ope - ning mind;
4. My heart owns none a - bove Thee; For Thy rich grace I thirst;
This heart would still re - fuse Thee, But Thou hast cho - sen me.
And to this end or - dained me, That I should live to Thee.
The world had else en-thralled me, To heav'n - ly glo - ries blind.
This know - ing: if I love Thee, Thou must have loved me first. A-MEN.

60

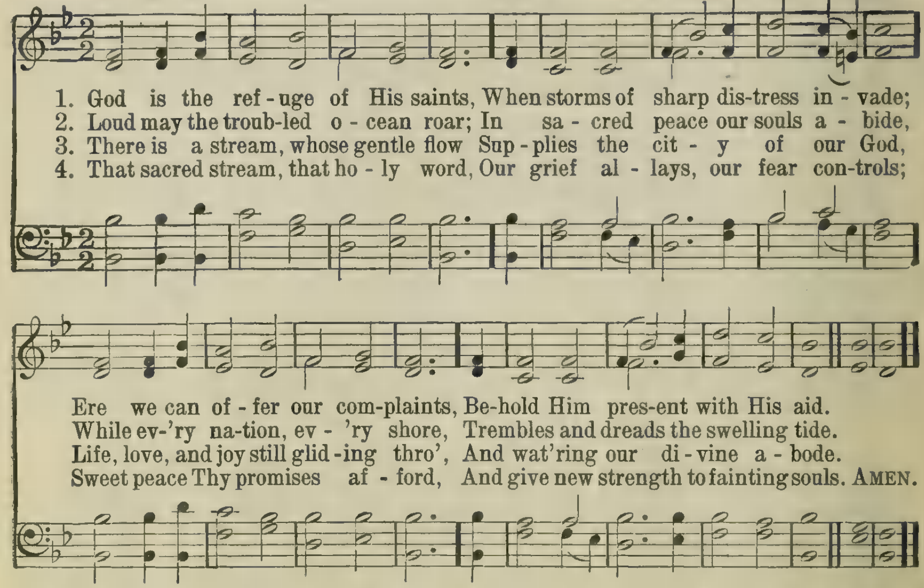
The Lord is My Shepherd

James S. Montgomery. (POLAND. 11s.) Thomas Koschat.


1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, no want shall I know; I
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
4 Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still
feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
Thou art my Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de-
bless-ings un - meas-ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the
soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-
fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy
deems when oppressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com-fort - er near.
prov - i-dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
king-dom of love, Thro' the land of their so-journ, Thy king-dom of love. A - MEN.

61 God is the Refuge of His Saints

Isaac Watts, 1719. (WARD. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.

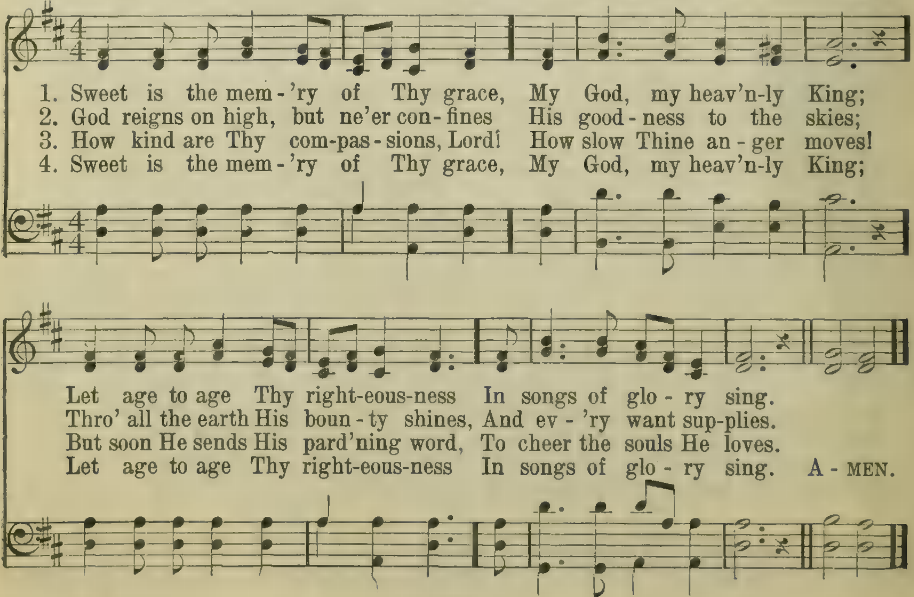


1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade;
2. Loud may the troub-led o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide,
3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God,
4. That sacred stream, that ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con-trols;

Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid.
While ev-'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
Life, love, and joy still glid-ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.
Sweet peace Thy promises af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls. AMEN.

62 Sweet is the Memory of Thy Grace

Isaac Watts, 1719. (NAOMI. C. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

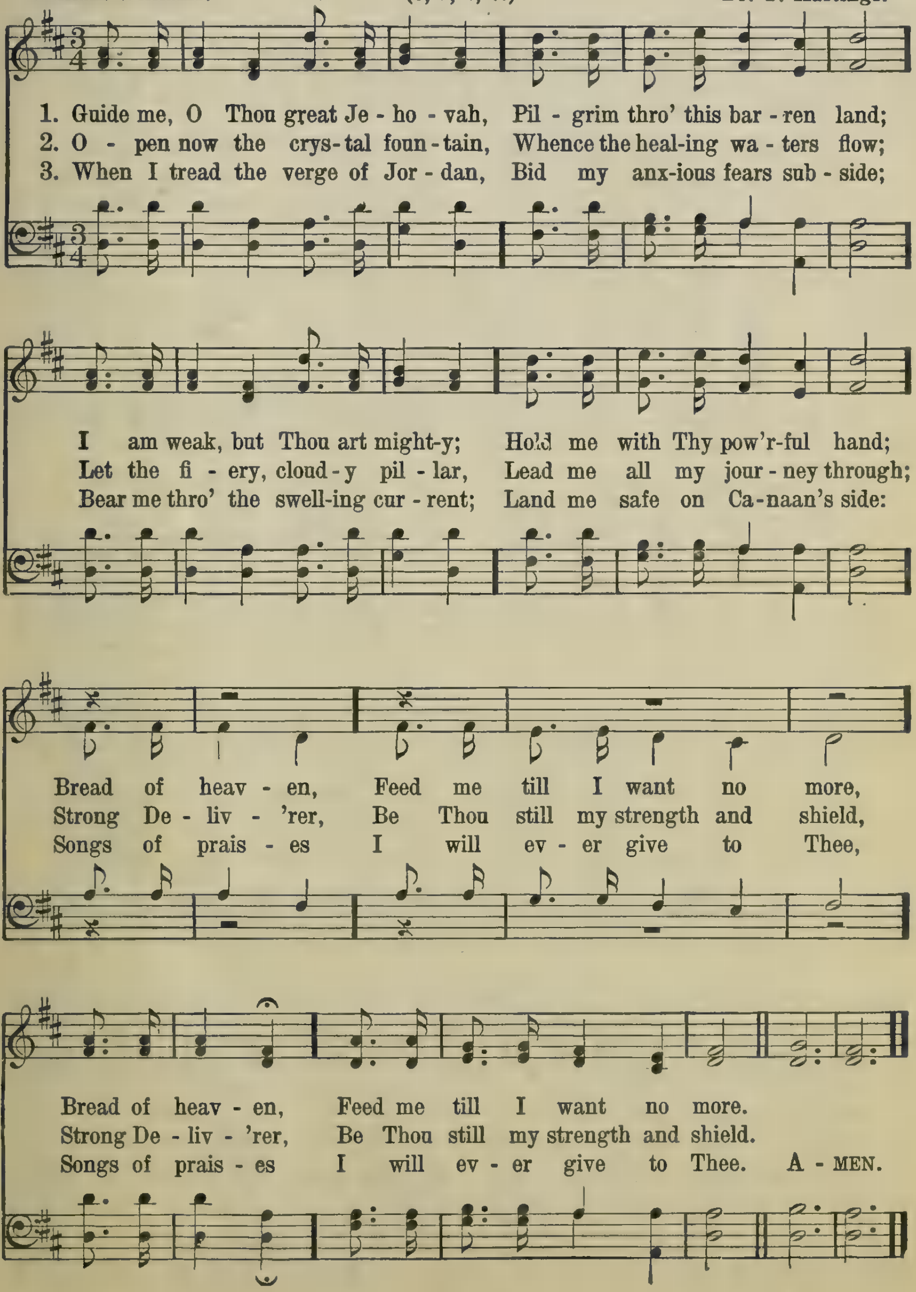


1. Sweet is the mem - 'ry of Thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King;
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con- fines His good - ness to the skies;
3. How kind are Thy com-pas - sions, Lord! How slow Thine an - ger moves!
4. Sweet is the mem - 'ry of Thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King;

Let age to age Thy right-eous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing.
Thro' all the earth His boun - ty shines, And ev - 'ry want sup-plies.
But soon He sends His pard'ning word, To cheer the souls He loves.
Let age to age Thy right-eous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing. A - MEN.

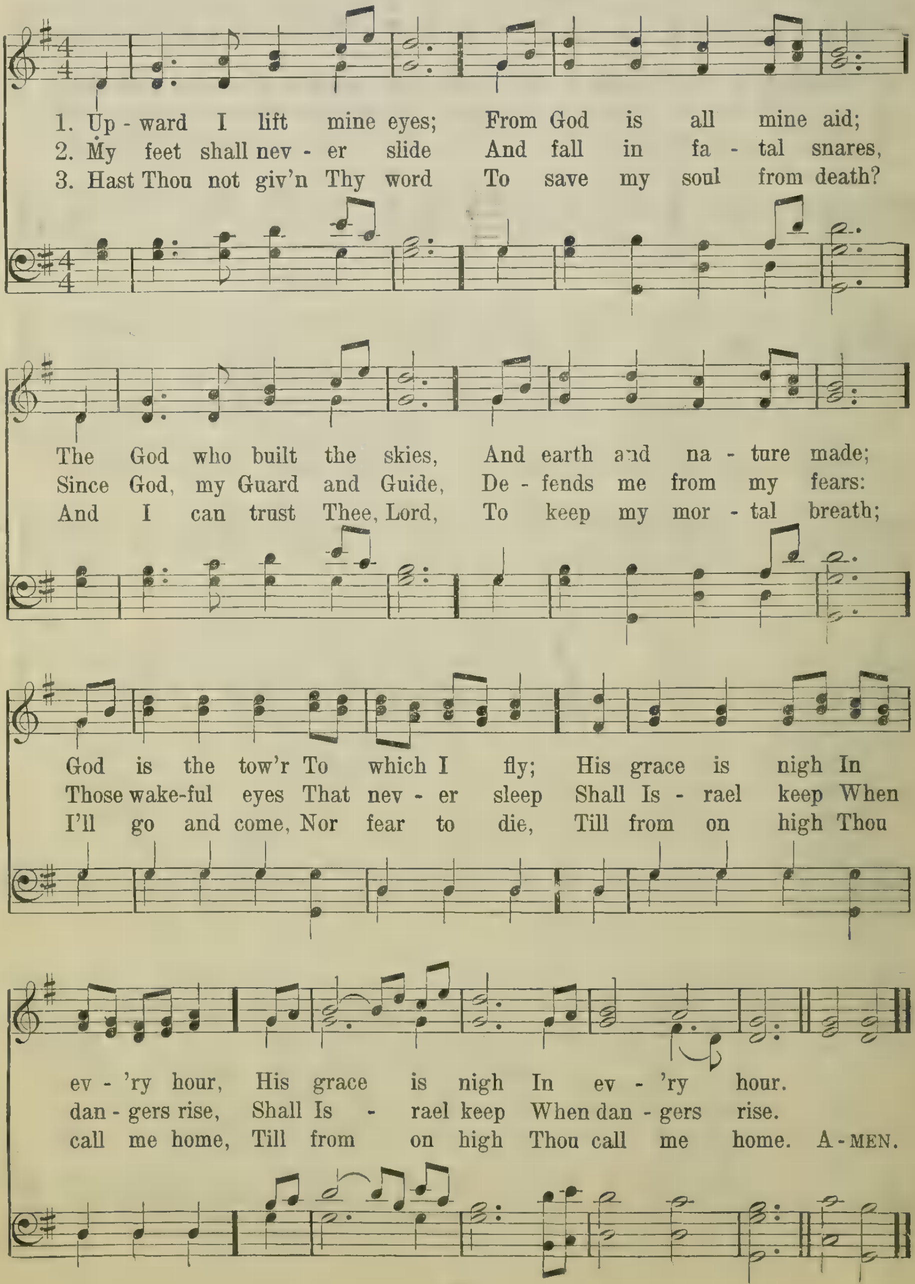
63 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams. (8, 7, 4, 7.) Dr. T. Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys- tal foun - tain, Whence the heal-ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side;
I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through;
Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca-naan's side:
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee,
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

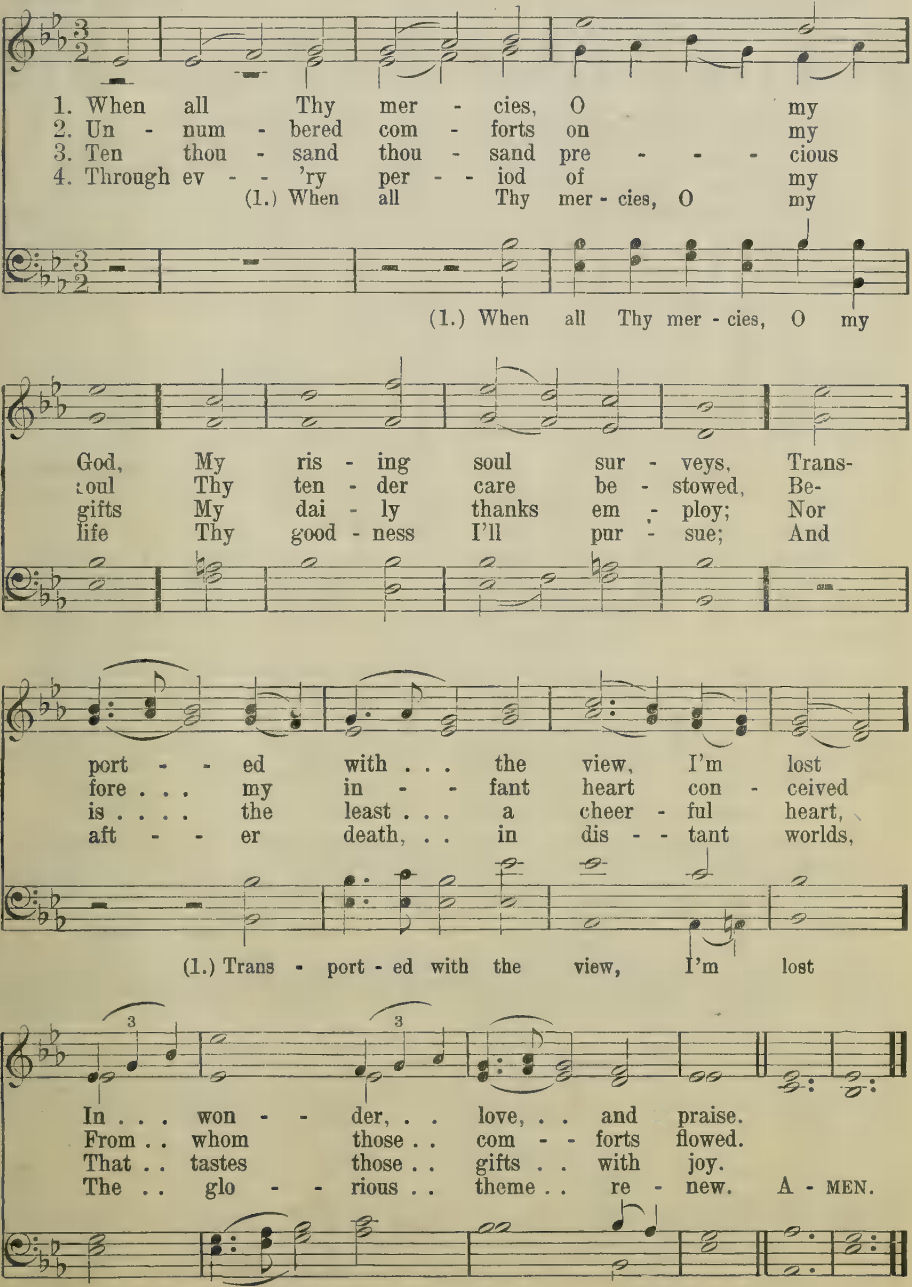
64 Upward I Lift Mine Eyes

Isaac Watts, 1719. (LISCHER. H. M.) F. Schneider, 1786–1853.


1. Up - ward I lift mine eyes; From God is all mine aid;
2. My feet shall nev - er slide And fall in fa - tal snares,
3. Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word To save my soul from death?
The God who built the skies, And earth and na - ture made;
Since God, my Guard and Guide, De - fends me from my fears:
And I can trust Thee, Lord, To keep my mor - tal breath;
God is the tow'r To which I fly; His grace is nigh In
Those wake-ful eyes That nev - er sleep Shall Is - rael keep When
I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, Till from on high Thou
ev - 'ry hour, His grace is nigh In ev - 'ry hour.
dan - gers rise, Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.
call me home, Till from on high Thou call me home. A - MEN.

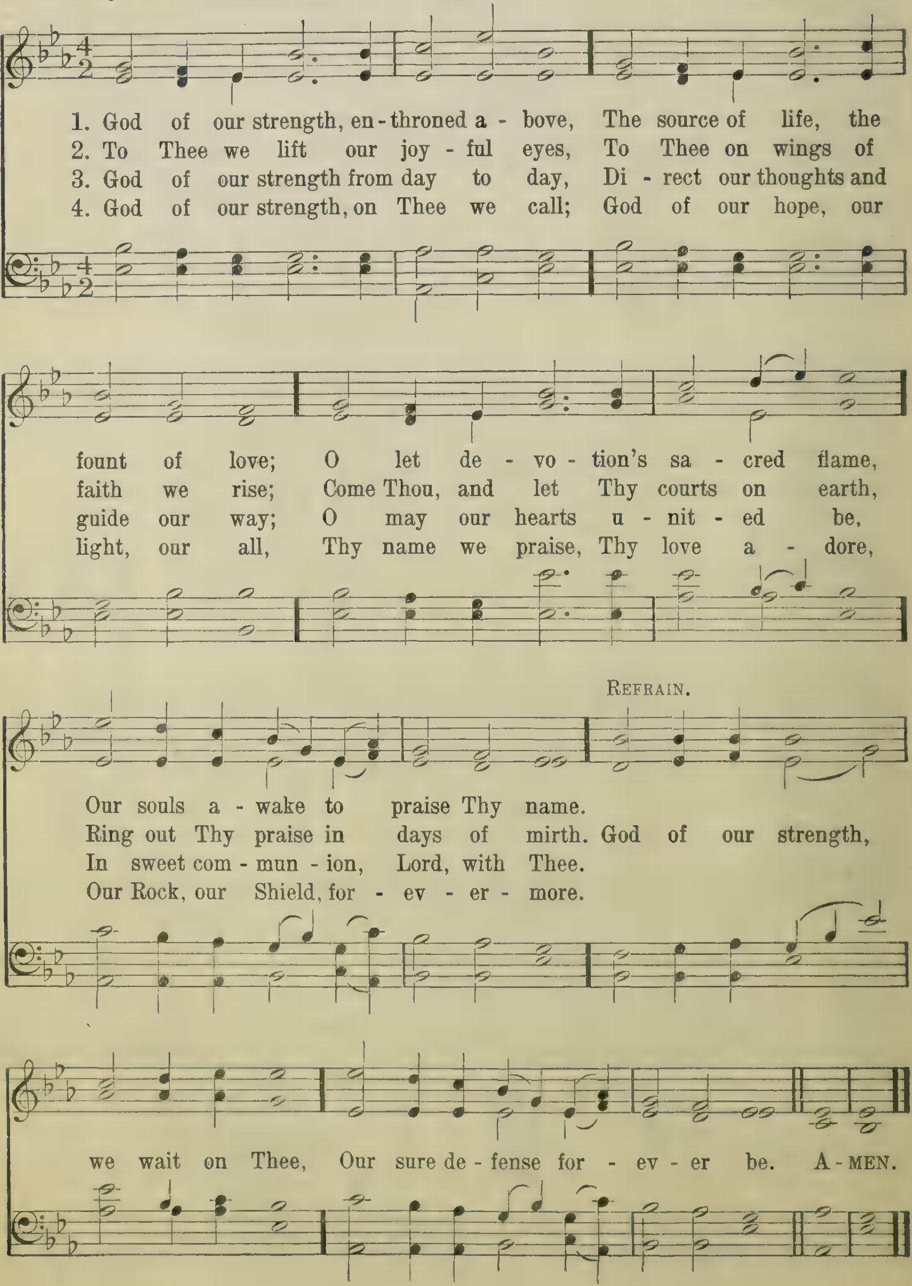
65 When All Thy Mercies, O My God

Joseph Addison, 1712. (GENEVA. C. M.) J. Cole, 1774-1855.


1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Unnumbered comforts on my soul Thy tender care bestowed, Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.
3. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.
4. Through every period of my life Thy goodness I'll pursue; And after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.
A - MEN.
(1.) When all Thy mer - cies, O my
(1.) When all Thy mer - cies, O my
(1.) Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost
3
3

66 God of Our Strength, Enthroned Above

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882. (8s.) W. H. Doane.

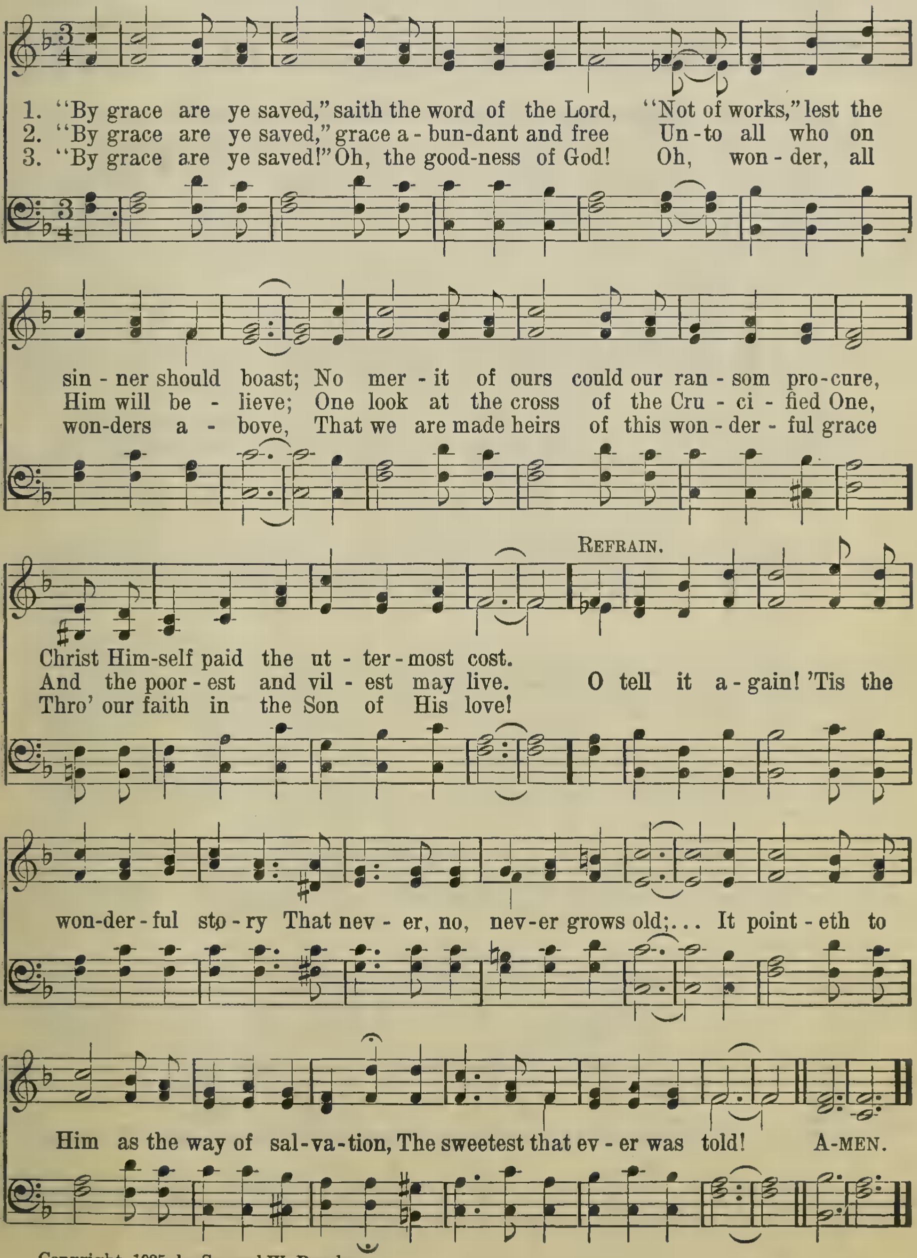

1. God of our strength, en-throned a - bove, The source of life, the
2. To Thee we lift our joy - ful eyes, To Thee on wings of
3. God of our strength from day to day, Di - rect our thoughts and
4. God of our strength, on Thee we call; God of our hope, our
fount of love; O let de - vo - tion's sa - cred flame,
faith we rise; Come Thou, and let Thy courts on earth,
guide our way; O may our hearts u - nit - ed be,
light, our all, Thy name we praise, Thy love a - dore,
REFRAIN.
Our souls a - wake to praise Thy name.
Ring out Thy praise in days of mirth. God of our strength,
In sweet com - mun - ion, Lord, with Thee.
Our Rock, our Shield, for - ev - er - more.
we wait on Thee, Our sure de - fense for - ev - er be. A - MEN.

67

"By Grace Are Ye Saved"

"For by grace are ye saved through faith."—EPH. 2: 8.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. "By grace are ye saved," saith the word of the Lord, "Not of works," lest the
2. "By grace are ye saved," grace abundant and free Unto all who on
3. "By grace are ye saved!" Oh, the goodness of God! Oh, wonder, all
sinner should boast; No merit of ours could our ransom procure,
Him will believe; One look at the cross of the Crucified One,
wonders above, That we are made heirs of this wonderful grace
Christ Himself paid the uttermost cost.
And the poorest and vilest may live.
Thro' our faith in the Son of His love!
REFRAIN.
O tell it again! 'Tis the
wonderful story That never, no, never grows old;... It pointeth to
Him as the way of salvation, The sweetest that ever was told!
A-MEN.

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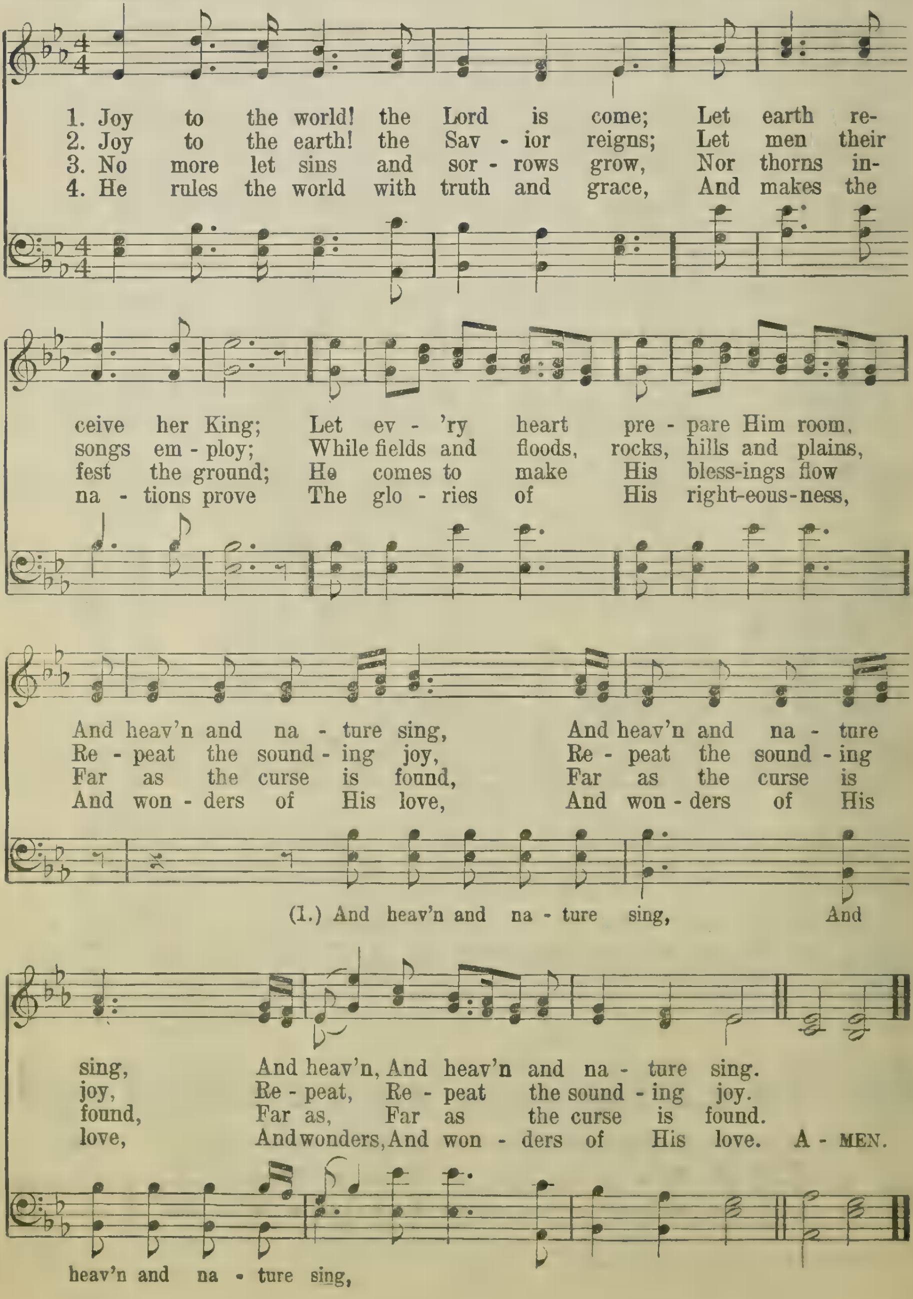
68 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

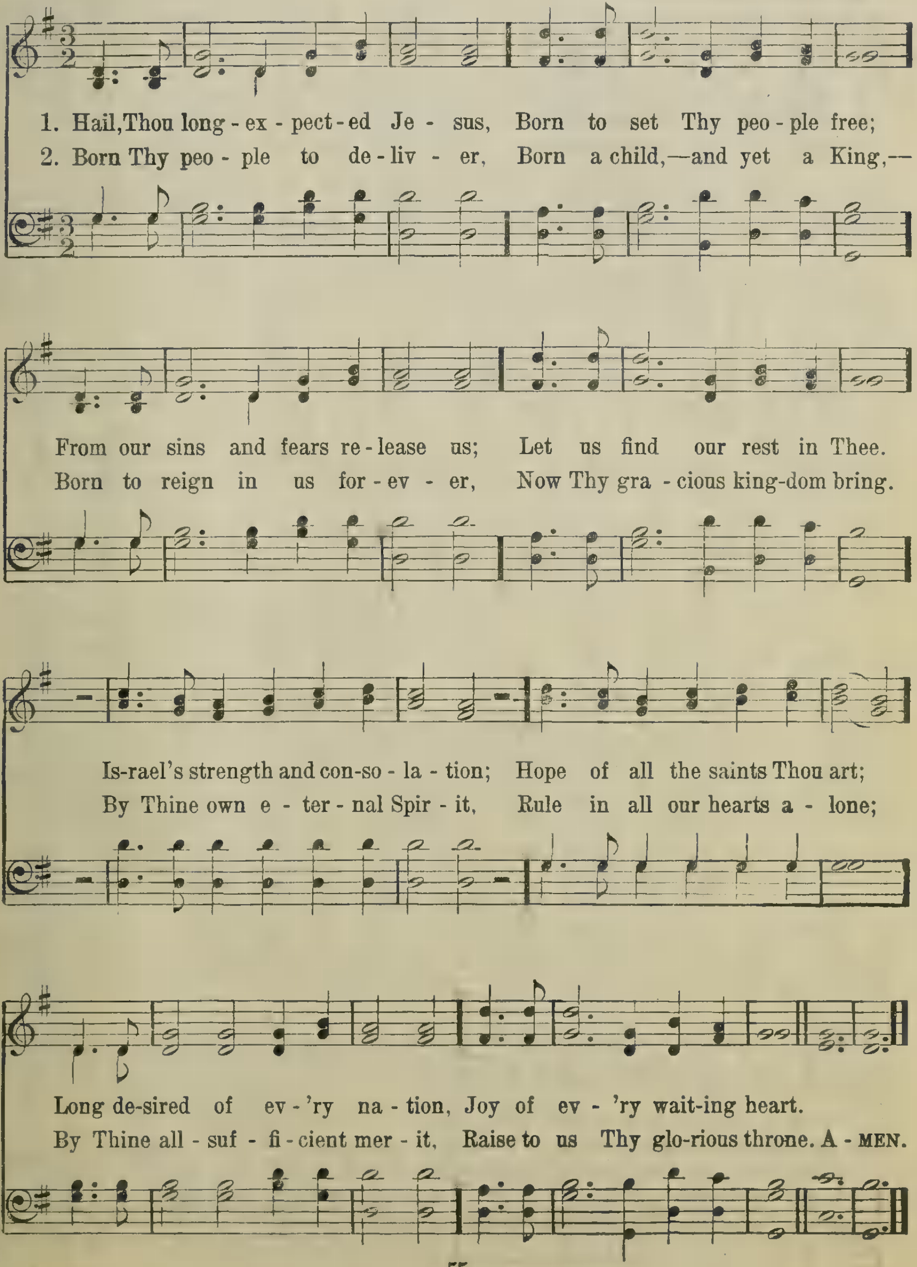
Isaac Watts, 1719. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1685–1759.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness,
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
(1.) And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
heav'n and na - ture sing,

69 Hail, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

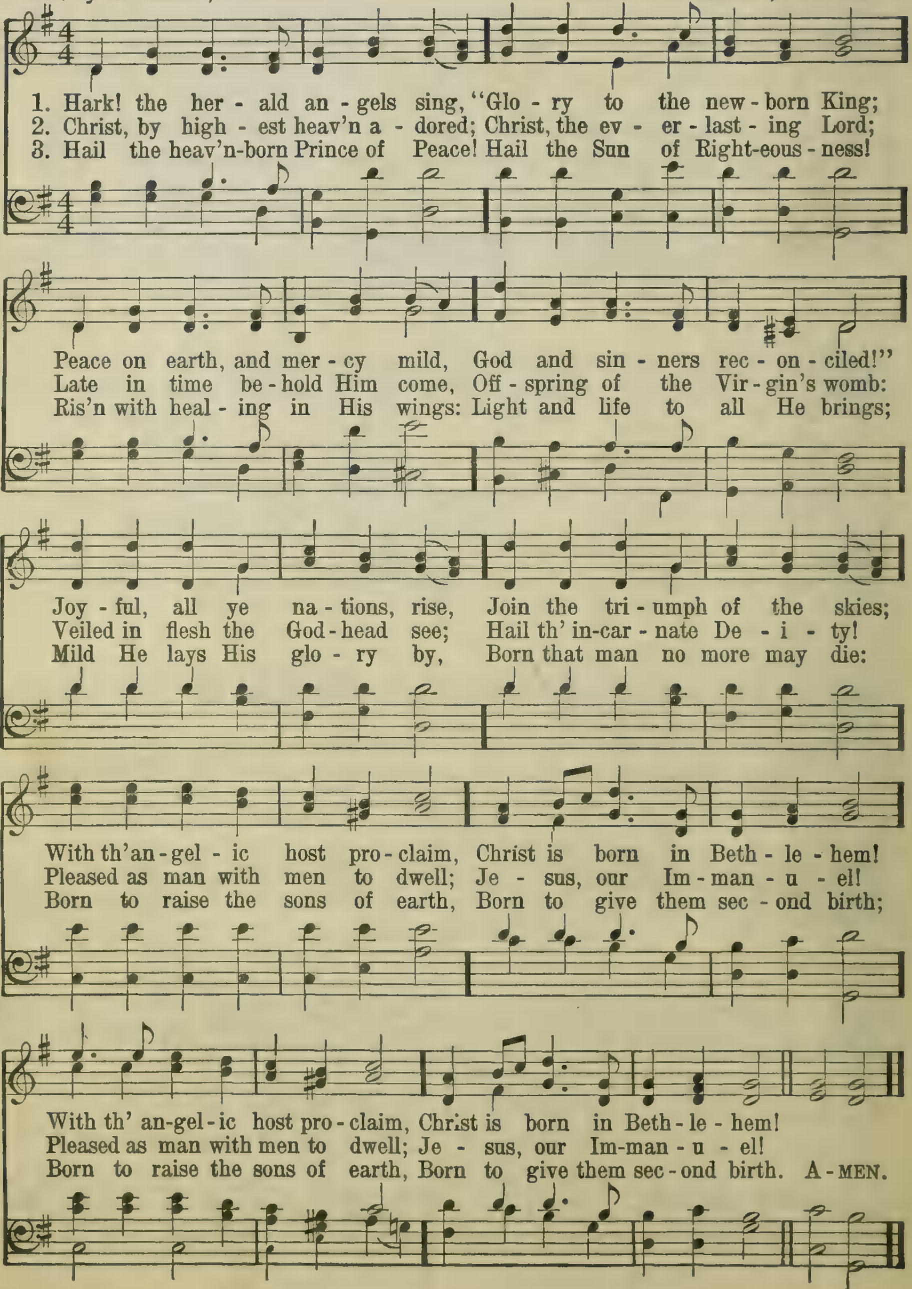
(HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1745. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Hail,Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child,—and yet a King,—
From our sins and fears re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king-dom bring.
Is-rael's strength and con-so - la - tion; Hope of all the saints Thou art;
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;
Long de-sired of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry wait-ing heart.
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise to us Thy glo-rious throne. A - MEN.

70 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

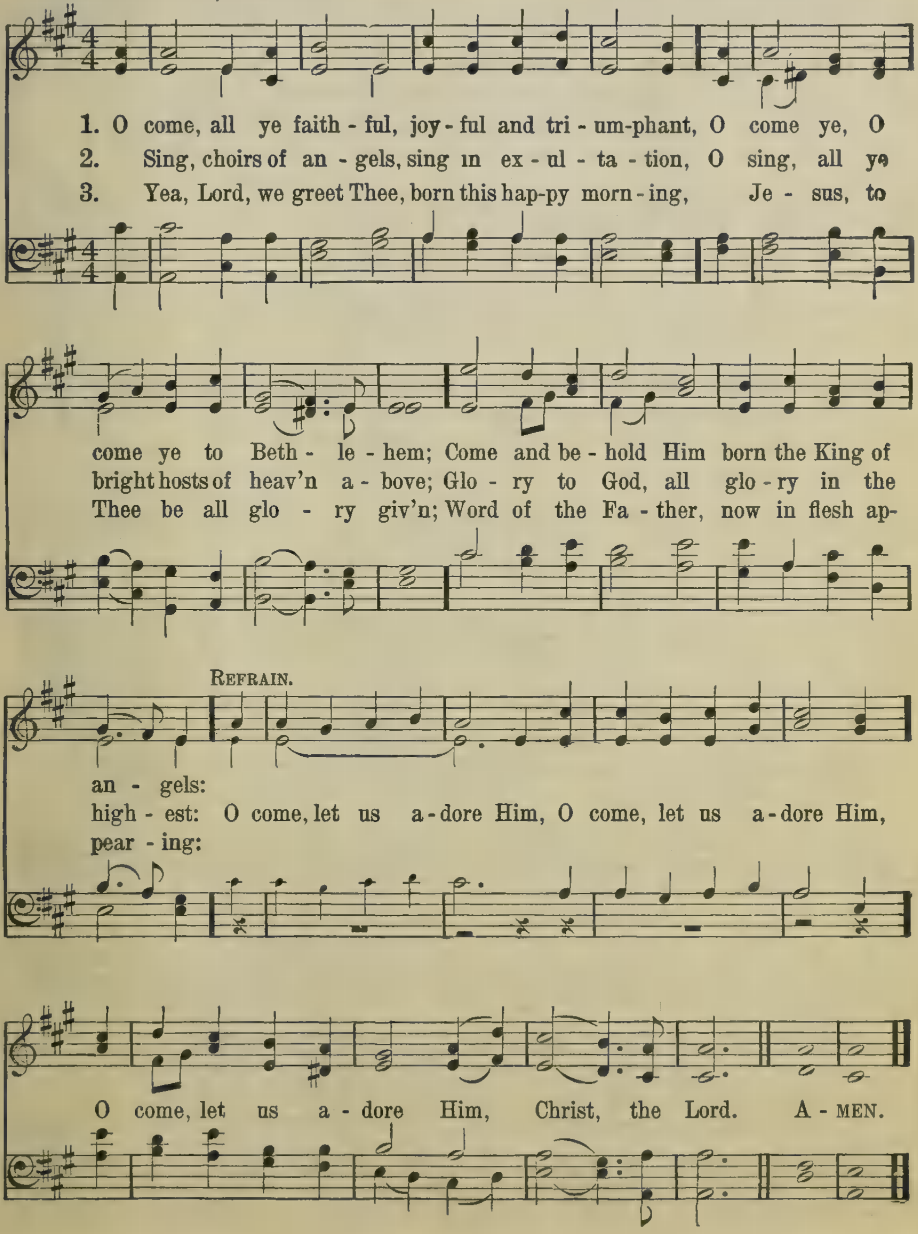
C. Wesley, 1739. (HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.)
Alt. by M. Madan, 1760. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.


1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King;
2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous - ness!
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings: Light and life to all He brings;
Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
Veiled in flesh the God - head see; Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:
With th' an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im - man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth;
With th' an-gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man - u - el!
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. A - MEN.

71 O Come, All Ye Faithful

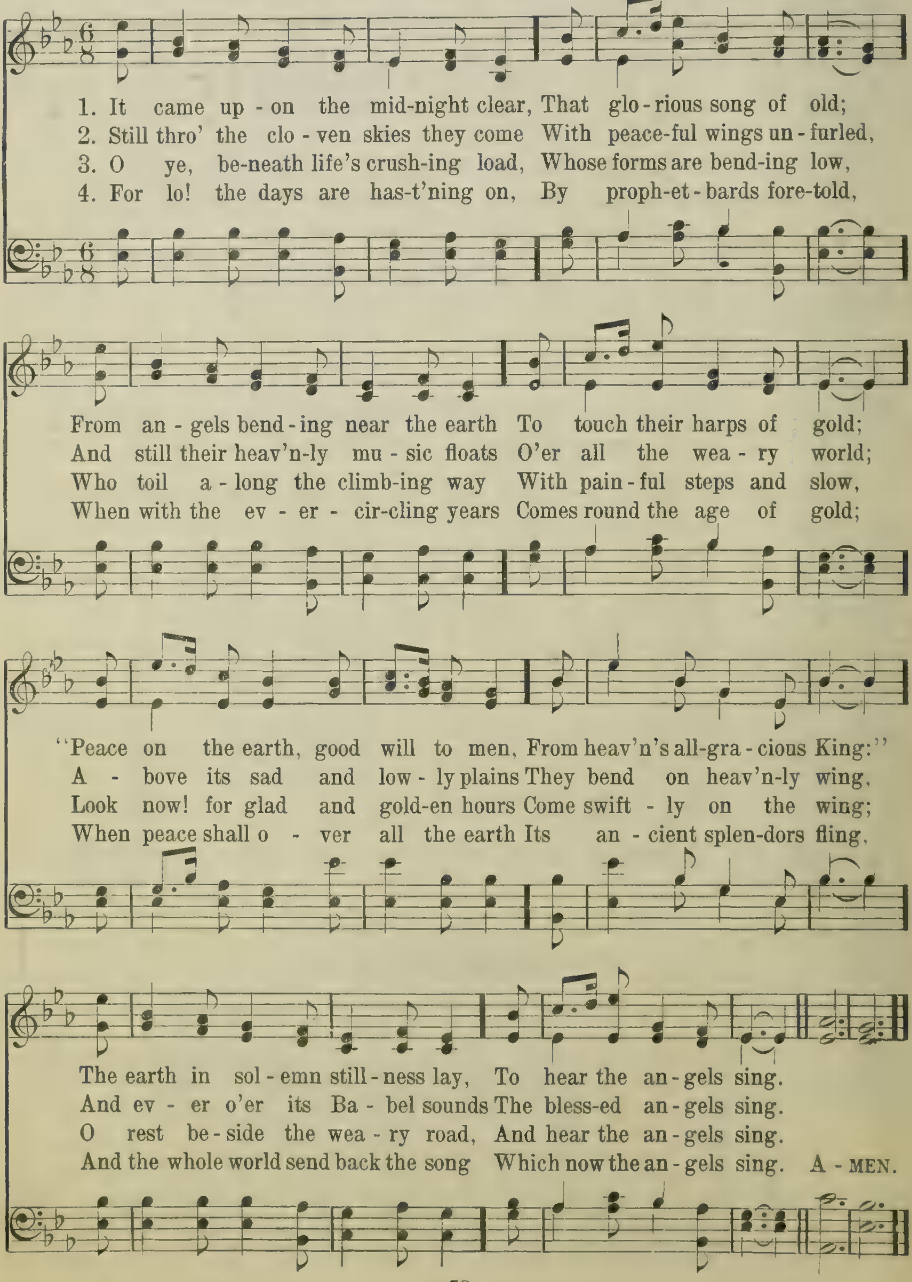
(Adeste Fideles. Portuguese Hymn. Irregular. With Refrain.)

Latin Hymn, 17th Century.
Translated by Frederick Oakeley, 1841.
Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751.


1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um-phant, O come ye, O
2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap-py morn - ing, Je - sus, to
come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of
bright hosts of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap-
Refrain.
an - gels:
high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,
pear - ing:
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - men.

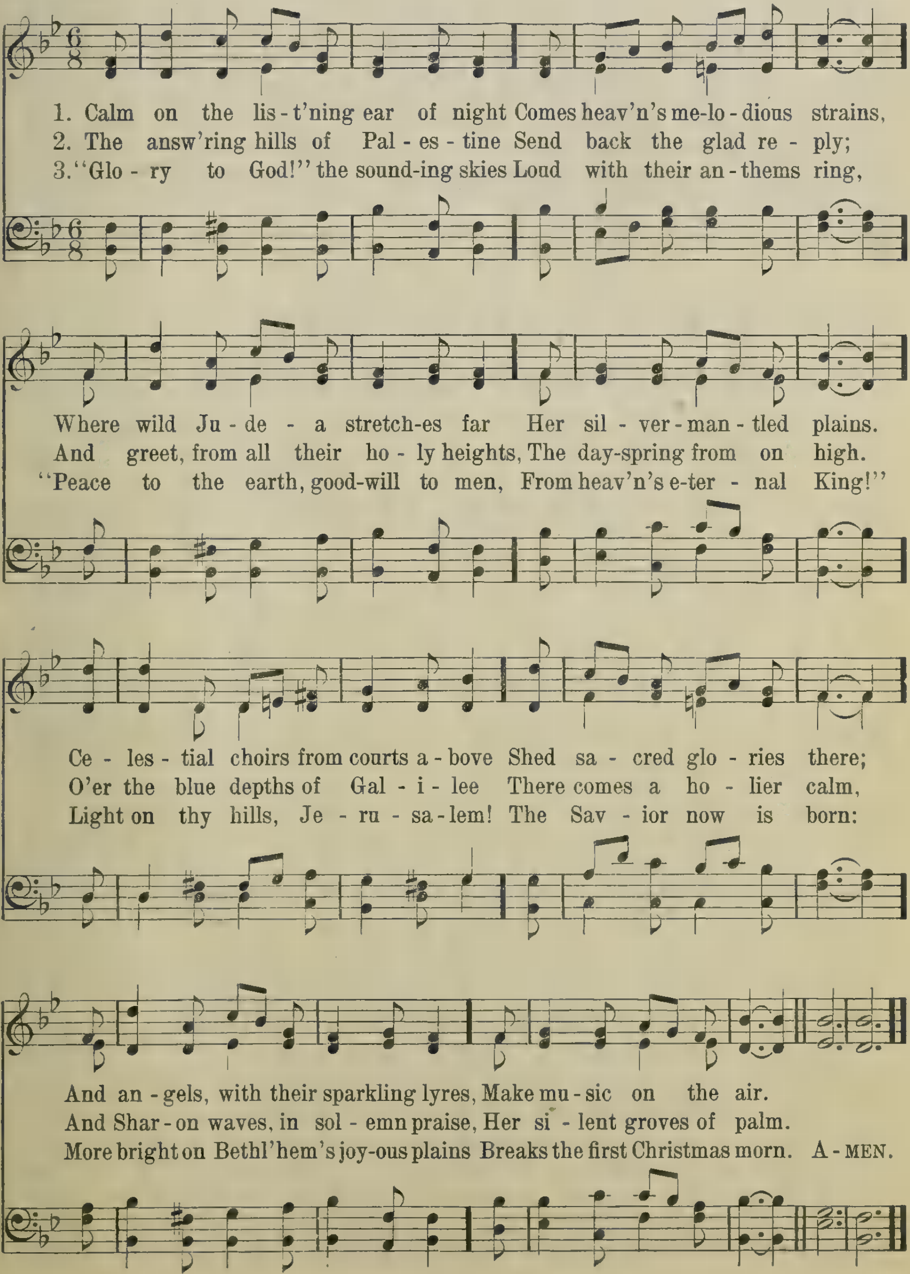
72 It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

E. H. Sears, 1850. (ATHENS. C. M. 8 l.) F. de Giardini, 1716–1796.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old;
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo! the days are has-t'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore-told,
From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir-cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King:"
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing,
Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,
The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
O rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

73 Calm On the Listening Ear of Night

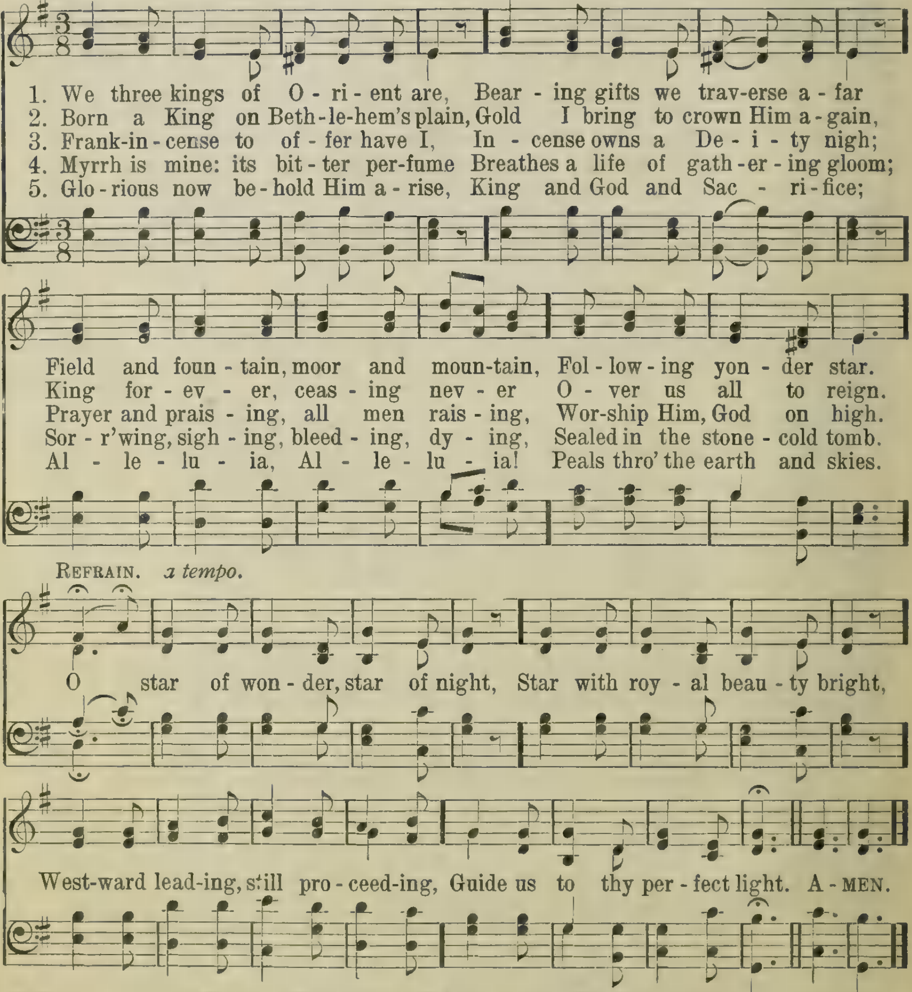
E. H. Sears, 1834. (CAROL. C. M. 8 l.) R. Storrs Willis, 1849.


1. Calm on the lis-t'ning ear of night Comes heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
2. The answ'ring hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re-ply;
3. "Glo-ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring,
Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.
And greet, from all their ho-ly heights, The day-spring from on high.
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's e-ter-nal King!"
Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;
O'er the blue depths of Gal-i-lee There comes a ho-lier calm,
Light on thy hills, Je-ru-sa-lem! The Sav-ior now is born:
And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air.
And Shar-on waves, in sol-emn praise, Her si-lent groves of palm.
More bright on Bethl'hem's joy-ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn. A-MEN.

74 We Three Kings of Orient Are

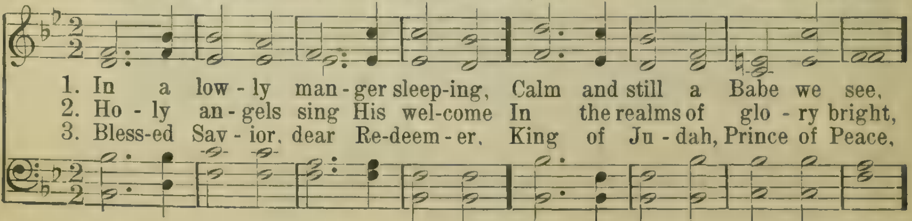
(Kings of Orient. 8, 8, 8, 6. With Refrain.)

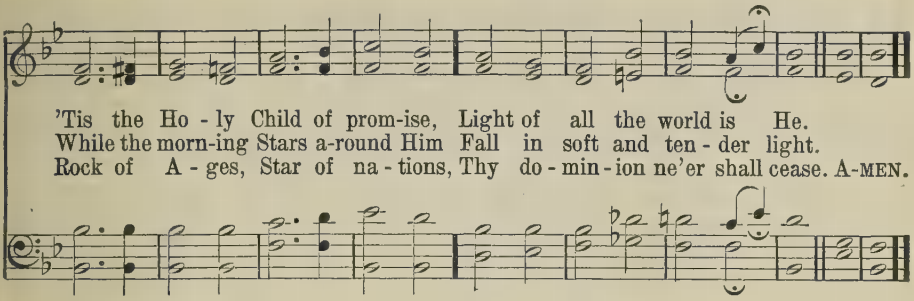
John H. Hopkins, 1862, alt. John H. Hopkins, 1862.


1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are, Bear-ing gifts we trav-erse a-far
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain,
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh;
4. Myrrh is mine: its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of gath-er-ing gloom;
5. Glo-rious now be-hold Him a-rise, King and God and Sac-ri-fice;
Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, Fol-low-ing yon-der star.
King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er O-ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais-ing, all men rais-ing, Wor-ship Him, God on high.
Sor-r'wing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! Peals thro' the earth and skies.
REFRAIN. a tempo.
O star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,
West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per-fect light. A-MEN.

75 In a Lowly Manger Sleeping

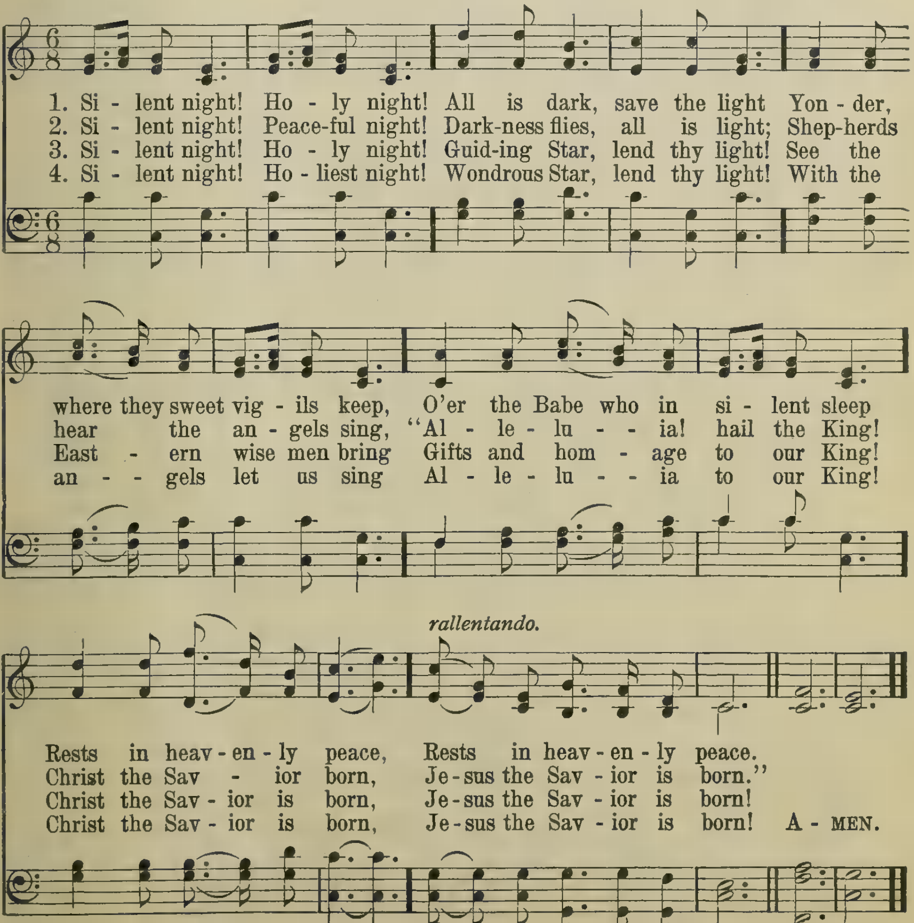
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1879. (ADORATION. 8s, 7s) W. H. Doane.


1. In a low-ly man-ger sleep-ing, Calm and still a Babe we see,
2. Ho-ly an-gels sing His wel-come In the realms of glo-ry bright,
3. Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, King of Ju-dah, Prince of Peace,


'Tis the Ho - ly Child of prom-ise, Light of all the world is He.
While the morn-ing Stars a-round Him Fall in soft and ten - der light.
Rock of A - ges, Star of na - tions, Thy do - min - ion ne'er shall cease. A-MEN.

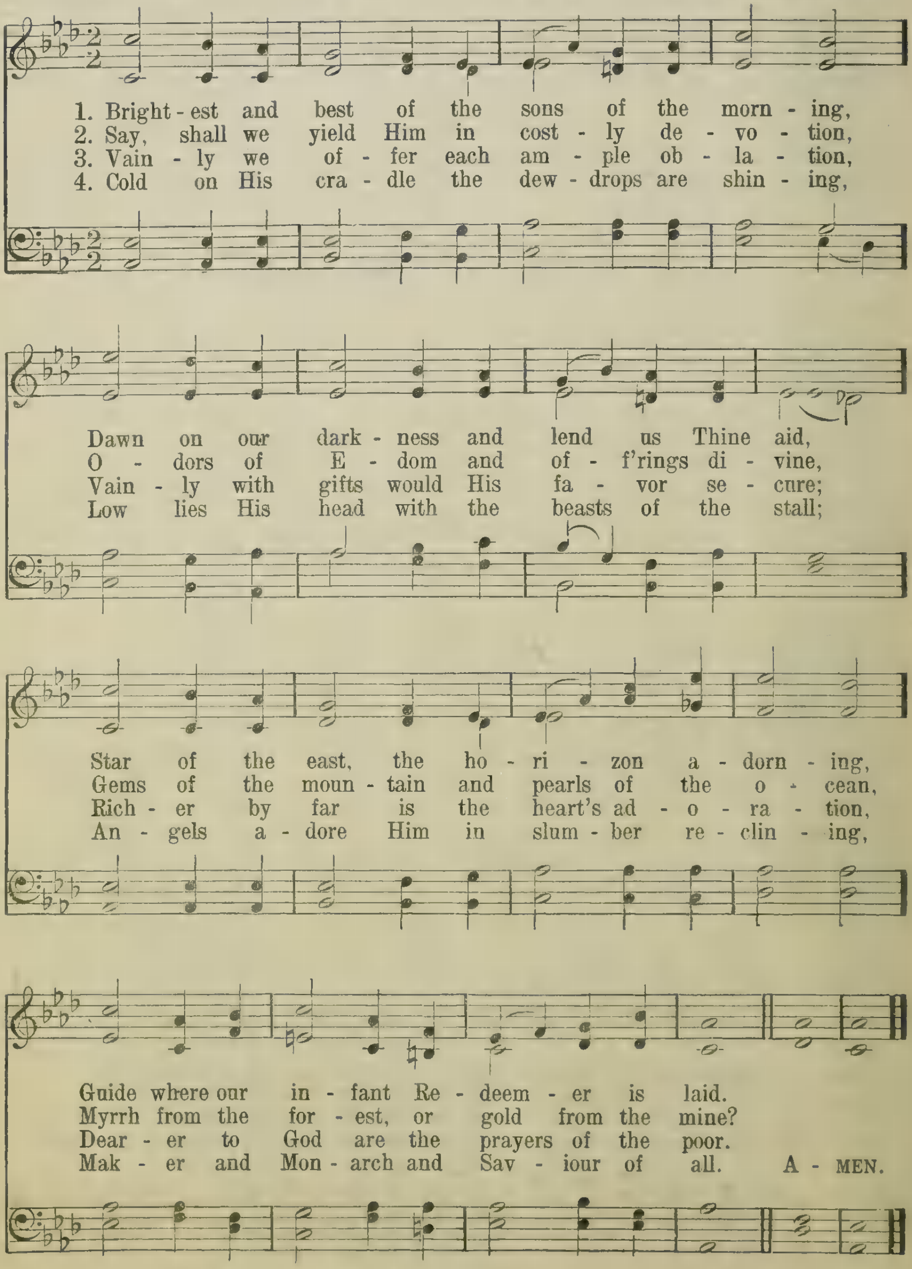
76 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. (CHRISTMAS CAROL. 6s, 8s.) Franz Gruber.


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid-ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho - liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - - ia to our King!
rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

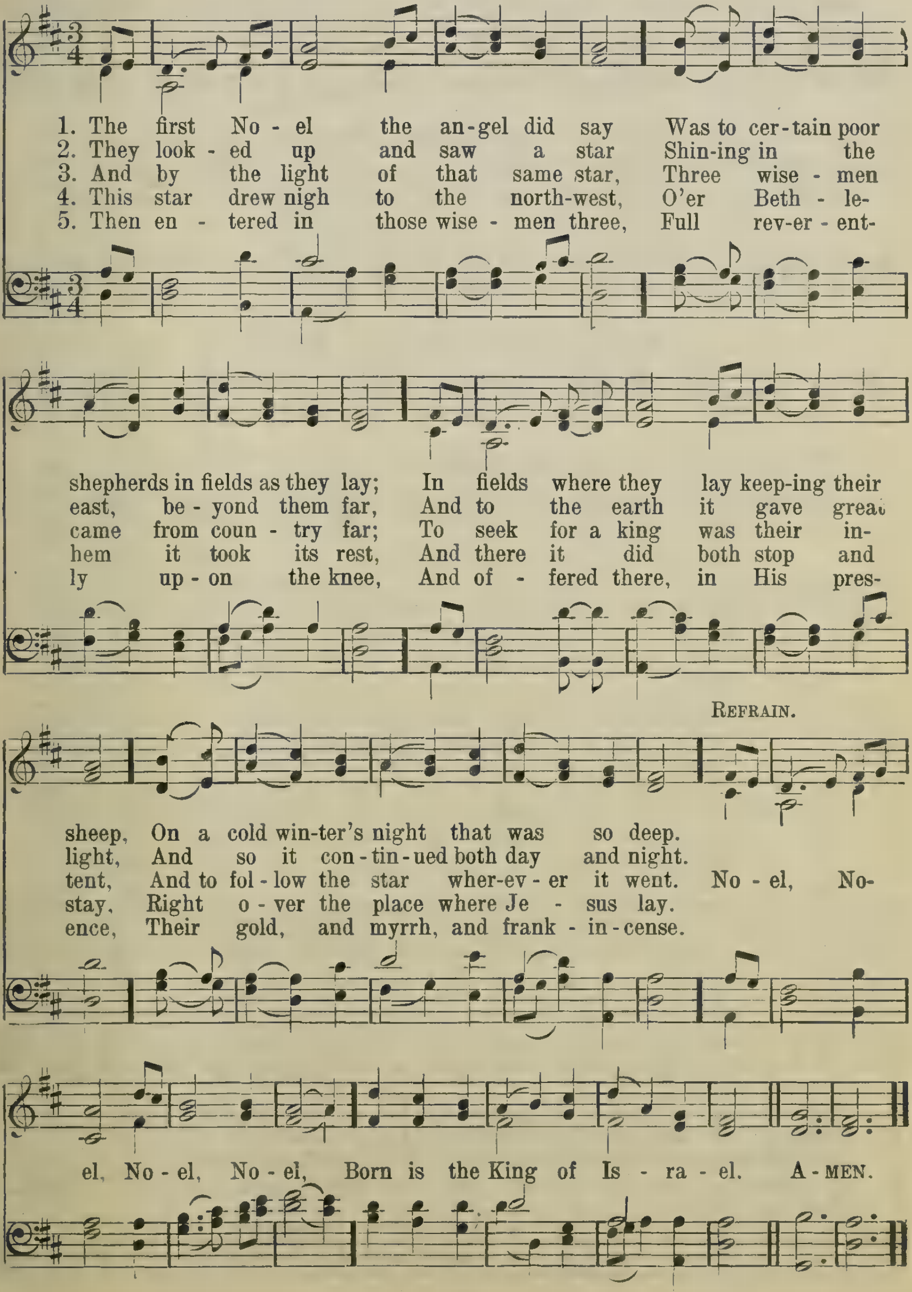
77 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

Reginald Heber, 1811. (Morning Star. 11, 10, 11, 10.) John P. Harding, 1861.


1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
2. Say, shall we yield Him in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
3. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,
4. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,
Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid,
O - dors of E - dom and of - f'rings di - vine,
Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean,
Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,
An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,
Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid.
Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all.
A - MEN.

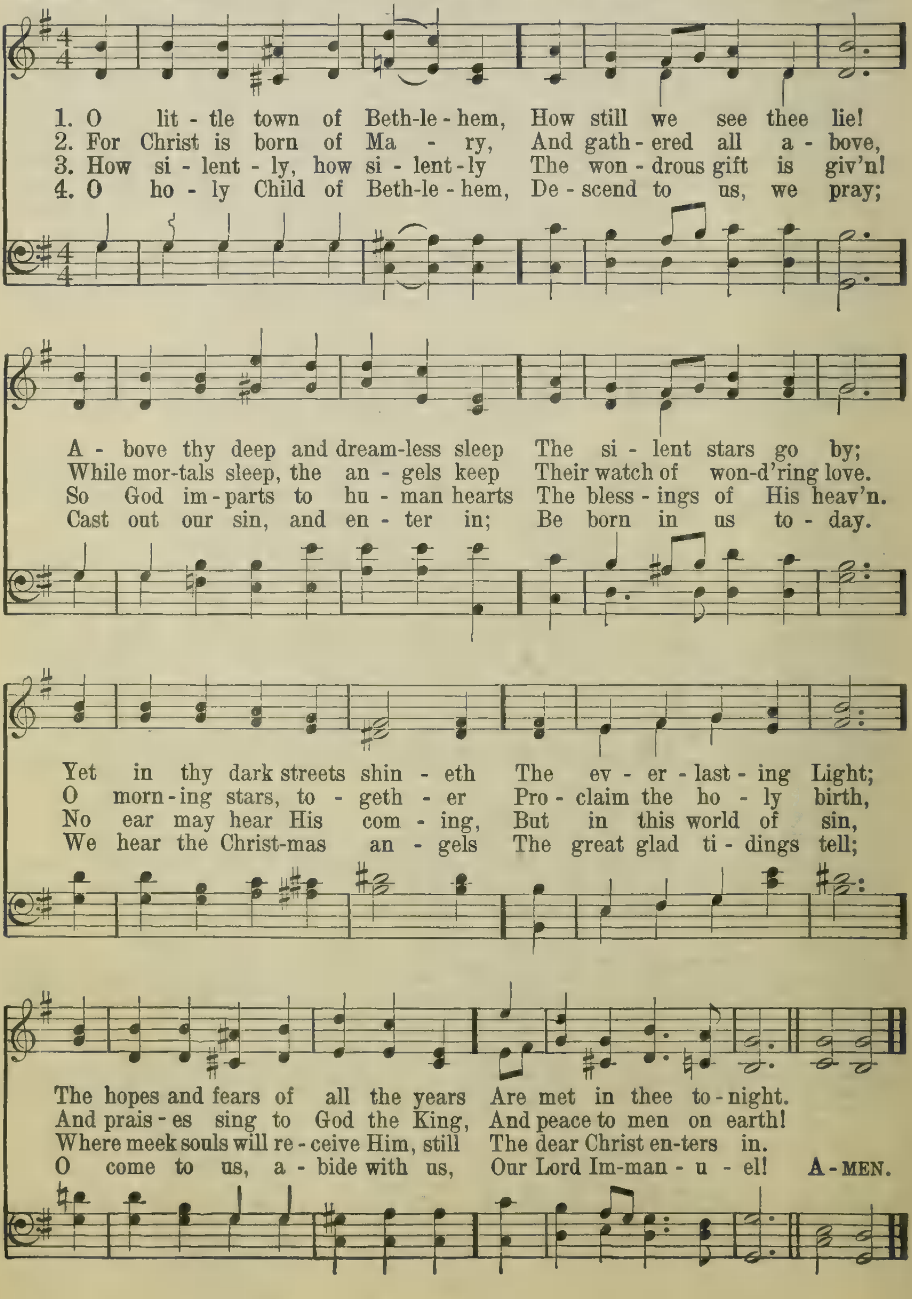
78 The First Noel the Angel Did Say

Traditional. (THE FIRST NOEL. Irregular. With Refrain.) Traditional.


1. The first No - el the an-gel did say Was to cer-tain poor
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin-ing in the
3. And by the light of that same star, Three wise - men
4. This star drew nigh to the north-west, O'er Beth - le-
5. Then en - tered in those wise - men three, Full rev-er - ent-
shepherds in fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their
east, be - yond them far, And to the earth it gave great
came from coun - try far; To seek for a king was their in-
hem it took its rest, And there it did both stop and
ly up - on the knee, And of - fered there, in His pres-
REFRAIN.
sheep, On a cold win-ter's night that was so deep.
light, And so it con - tin - ued both day and night.
tent, And to fol - low the star wher-ev - er it went. No - el, No-
stay, Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
ence, Their gold, and myrrh, and frank - in - cense.
el, No - el, No - el, Born is the King of Is - ra - el. A - MEN.

79 O Little Town of Bethlehem

Phillips Brooks, 1868. (St. Louis. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.) Lewis H. Redner, 1868.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;
The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en-ters in.
O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el! A - MEN.

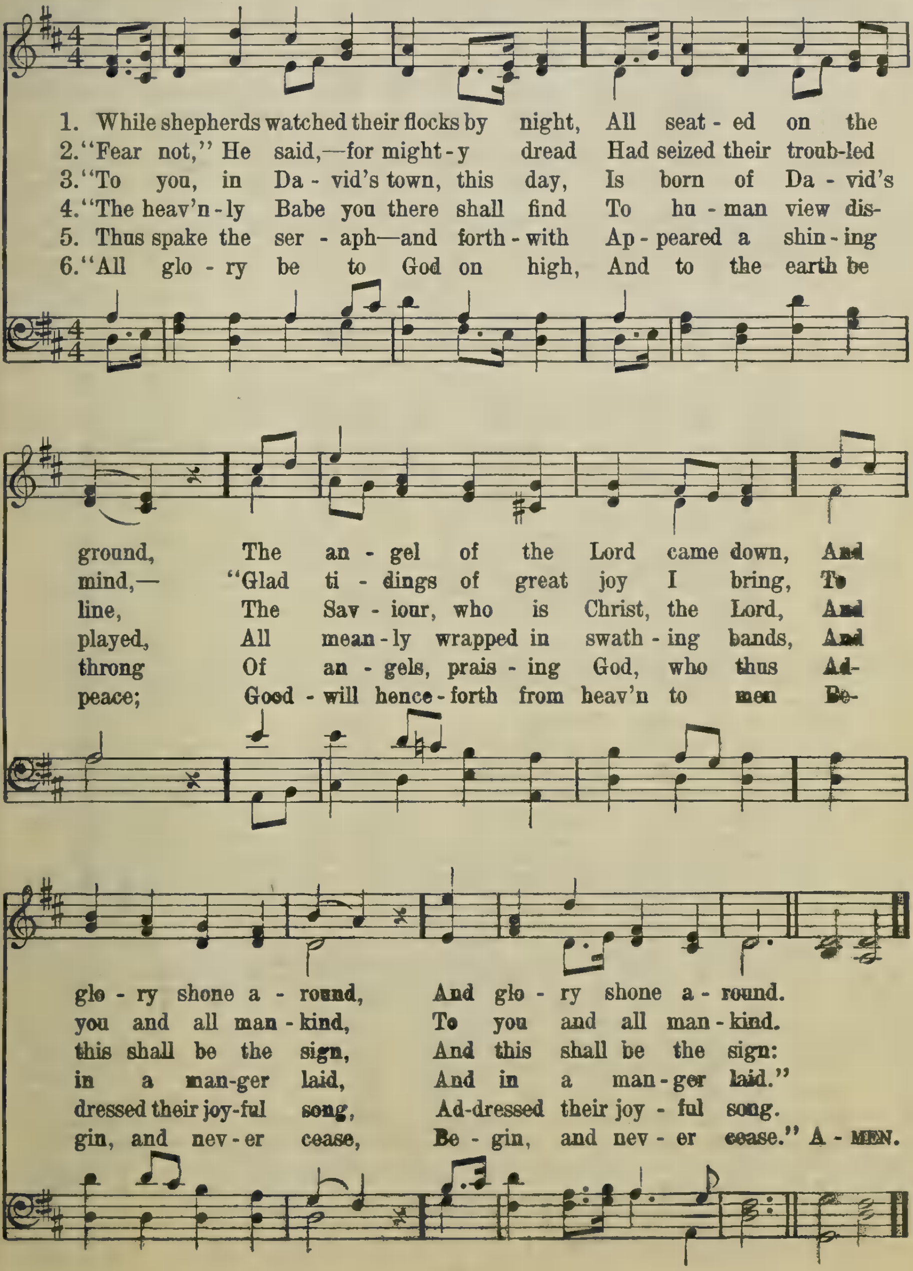
80

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

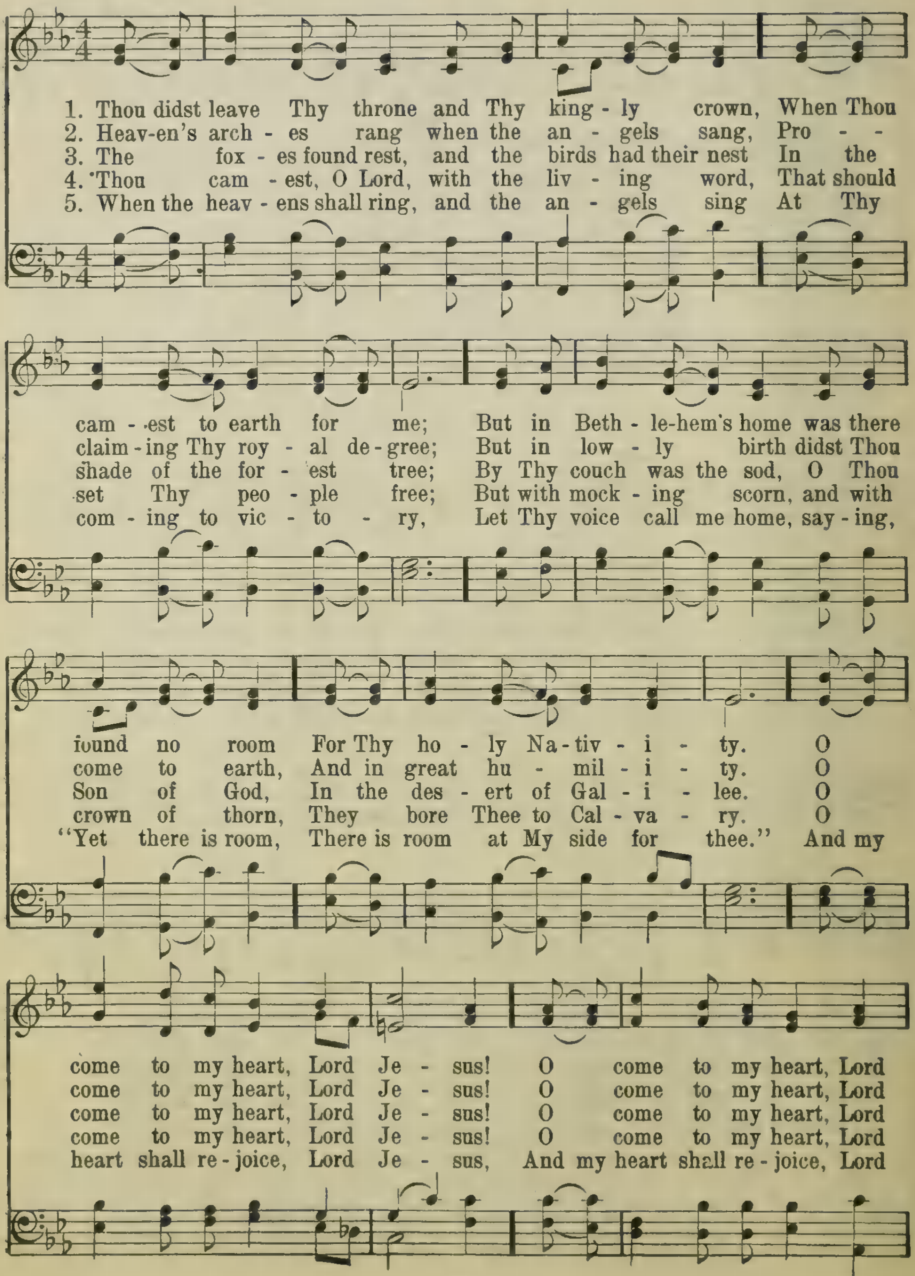
Nahum Tate, 1703.

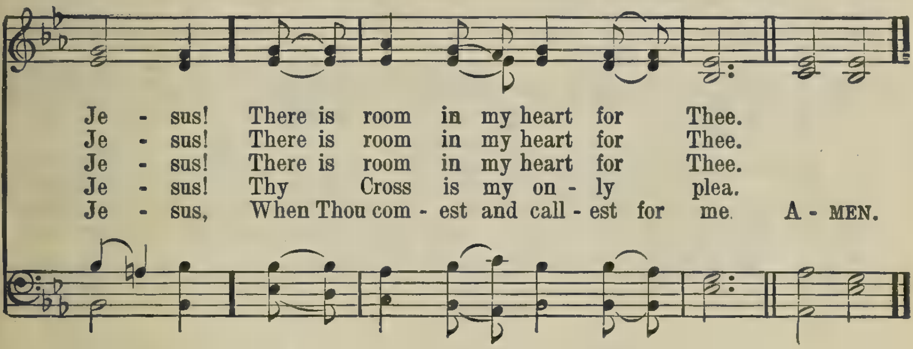
George Friedrich Handel, 1728.


1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the
2. "Fear not," He said,—for might - y dread Had seized their troub-led
3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born of Da - vid's
4. "The heav'n - ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis-
5. Thus spake the ser - aph—and forth - with Ap - peared a shin - ing
6. "All glo - ry be to God on high, And to the earth be
ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
mind,— "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To
line, The Sav - iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And
played, All mean - ly wrapped in swath - ing bands, And
throng Of an - gels, prais - ing God, who thus Ad-
peace; Good - will hence - forth from heav'n to men Be-
glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
you and all man - kind, To you and all man - kind.
this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:
in a man-ger laid, And in a man - ger laid."
dressed their joy-ful song, Ad-dressed their joy - ful song.
gin, and nev - er cease, Be - gin, and nev - er cease." A - MEN.

81 Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

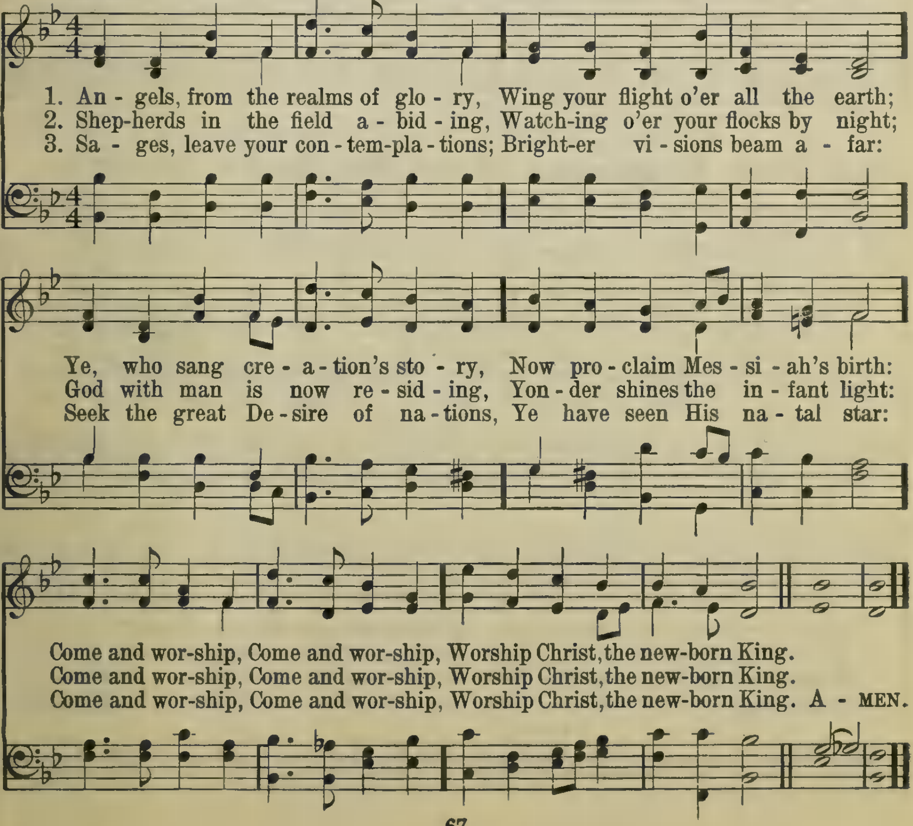
E. E. S. Elliott. (VENI. P. M.)


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - -
3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds had their nest In the
4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should
5. When the heav - ens shall ring, and the an - gels sing At Thy
cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home was there
claim - ing Thy roy - al de - gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
shade of the for - est tree; By Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,
found no room For Thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty. O
come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O
Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee. O
crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O
"Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee." And my
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
heart shall re - joice, Lord Je - sus, And my heart shall re - joice, Lord


Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
Je - sus! Thy Cross is my on - ly plea.
Je - sus, When Thou com - est and call - est for me. A - MEN.

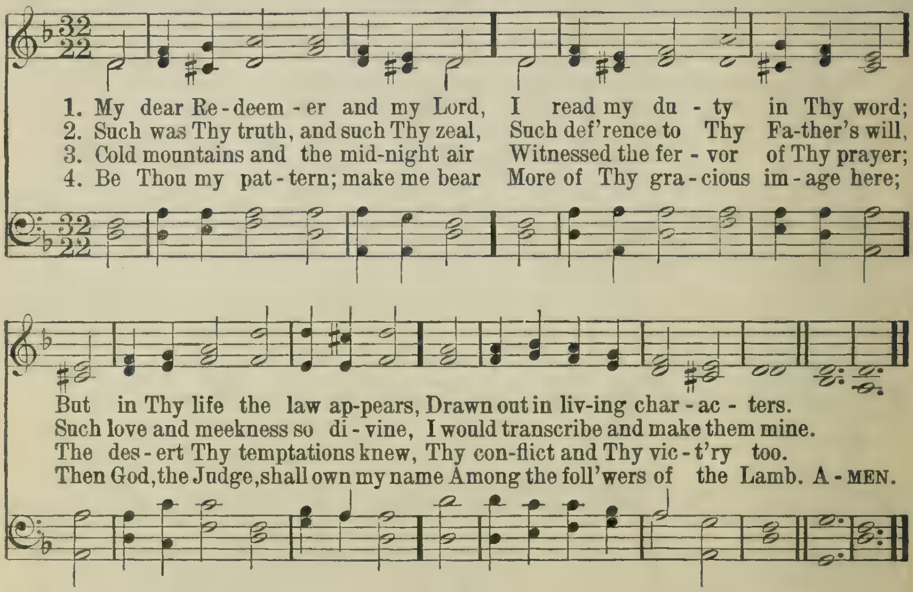
82 Angels, From the Realms of Glory

J. Montgomery, 1819. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.) H. Smart, 1867.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
2. Shep-herds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch-ing o'er your flocks by night;
3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem-pla - tions; Bright-er vi - sions beam a - far:
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star:
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A - MEN.

83 My Dear Redeemer and My Lord

Isaac Watts, 1707. (WINDHAM. L. M.) Daniel Read, 1757–1836.



1. My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

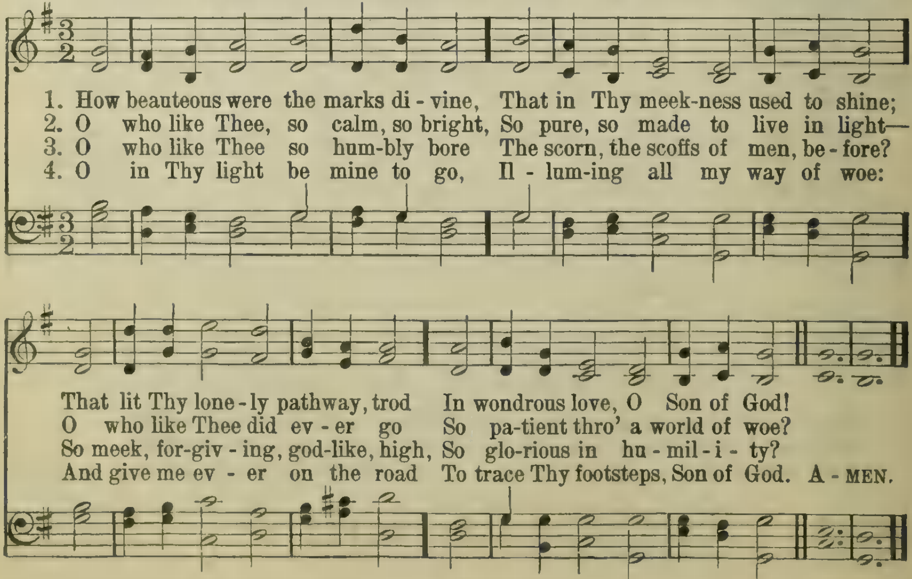
2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such def'rence to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3. Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy vict'ry too.

4. Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb. A-MEN.

84 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



1. How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in Thy meekness used to shine;
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

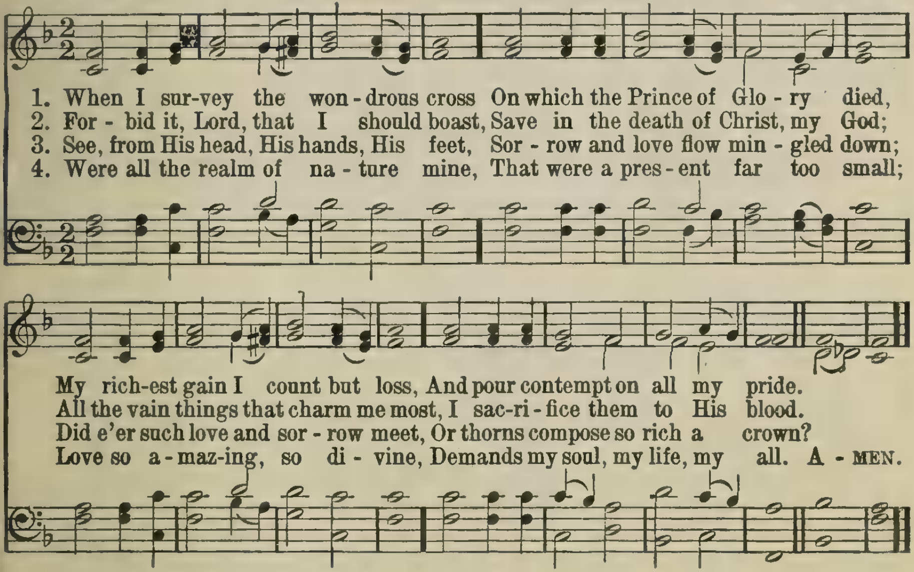
2. O who like Thee, so calm, so bright,
So pure, so made to live in light—
O who like Thee did ever go
So patient thro' a world of woe?

3. O who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4. O in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe:
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God. A-MEN.

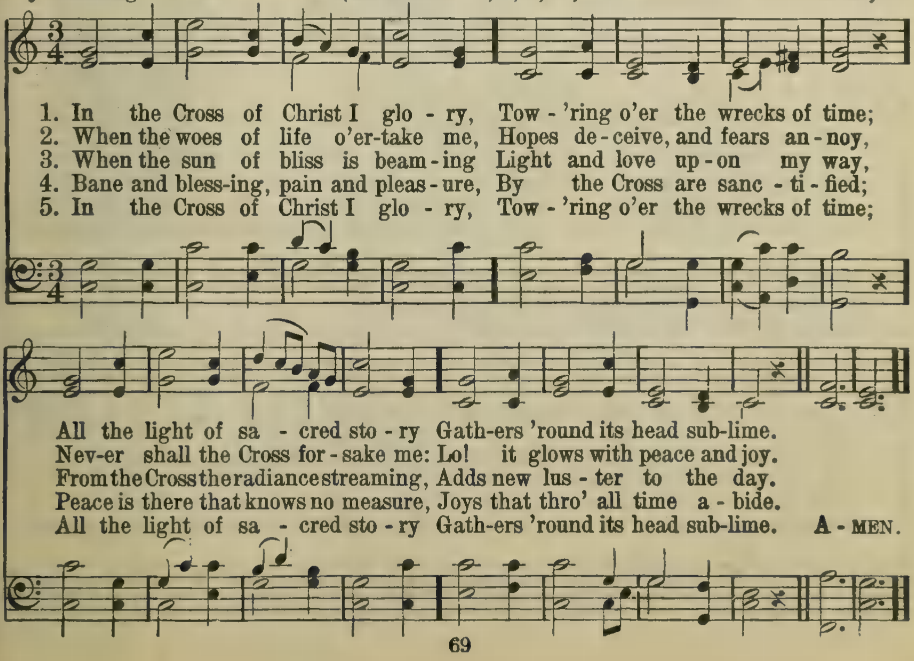
85 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

(HAMBURG. L. M.) Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason, from Gregorian. Tone VIII.
Isaac Watts, 1707.


1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were all the realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

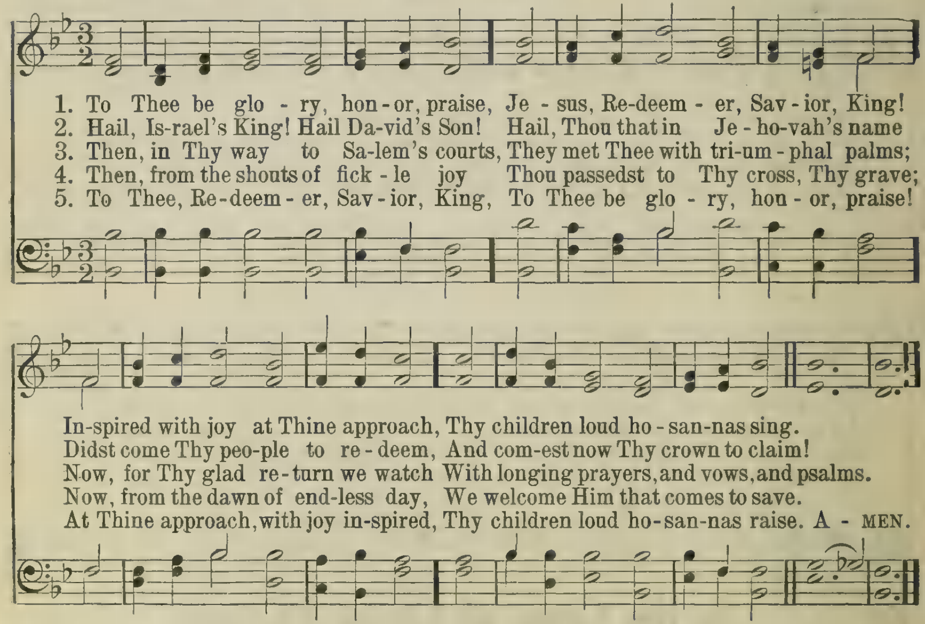
86 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

J. Bowring. (RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7.) I. Conkey.


1. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the Cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the Cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the Cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the Cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime. A - MEN.

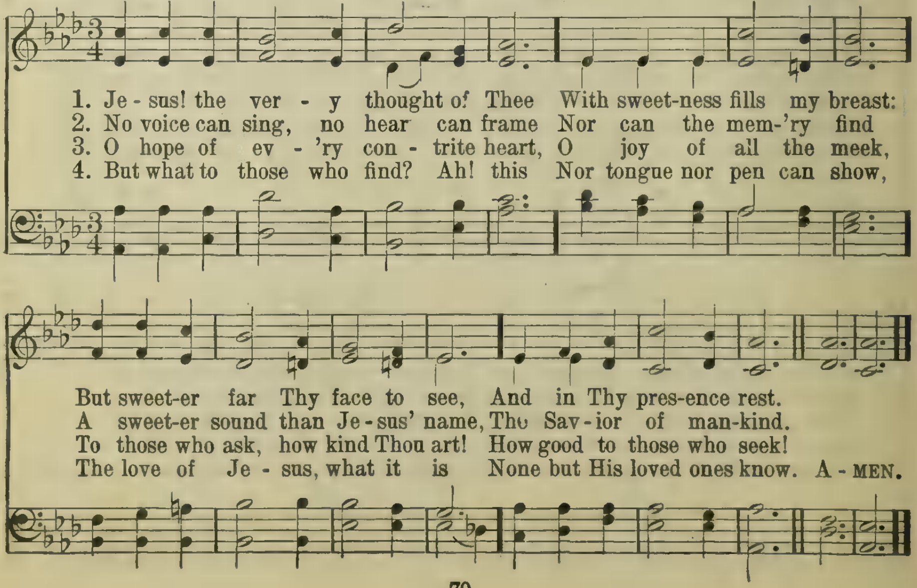
87 To Thee Be Glory, Honor, Praise

Theodulph. Tr. by C. 1861. (HEBRON. L. M.) Lowell Mason.


1. To Thee be glo - ry, hon-or, praise, Je - sus, Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, King!
2. Hail, Is-rael's King! Hail Da-vid's Son! Hail, Thou that in Je - ho-vah's name
3. Then, in Thy way to Sa-lem's courts, They met Thee with tri-um - phal palms;
4. Then, from the shouts of fick - le joy Thou passedst to Thy cross, Thy grave;
5. To Thee, Re-deem - er, Sav - ior, King, To Thee be glo - ry, hon - or, praise!
In-spired with joy at Thine approach, Thy children loud ho - san-nas sing.
Didst come Thy peo-ple to re - deem, And com-est now Thy crown to claim!
Now, for Thy glad re - turn we watch With longing prayers, and vows, and psalms.
Now, from the dawn of end-less day, We welcome Him that comes to save.
At Thine approach, with joy in-spired, Thy children loud ho-san-nas raise. A - MEN.

88 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

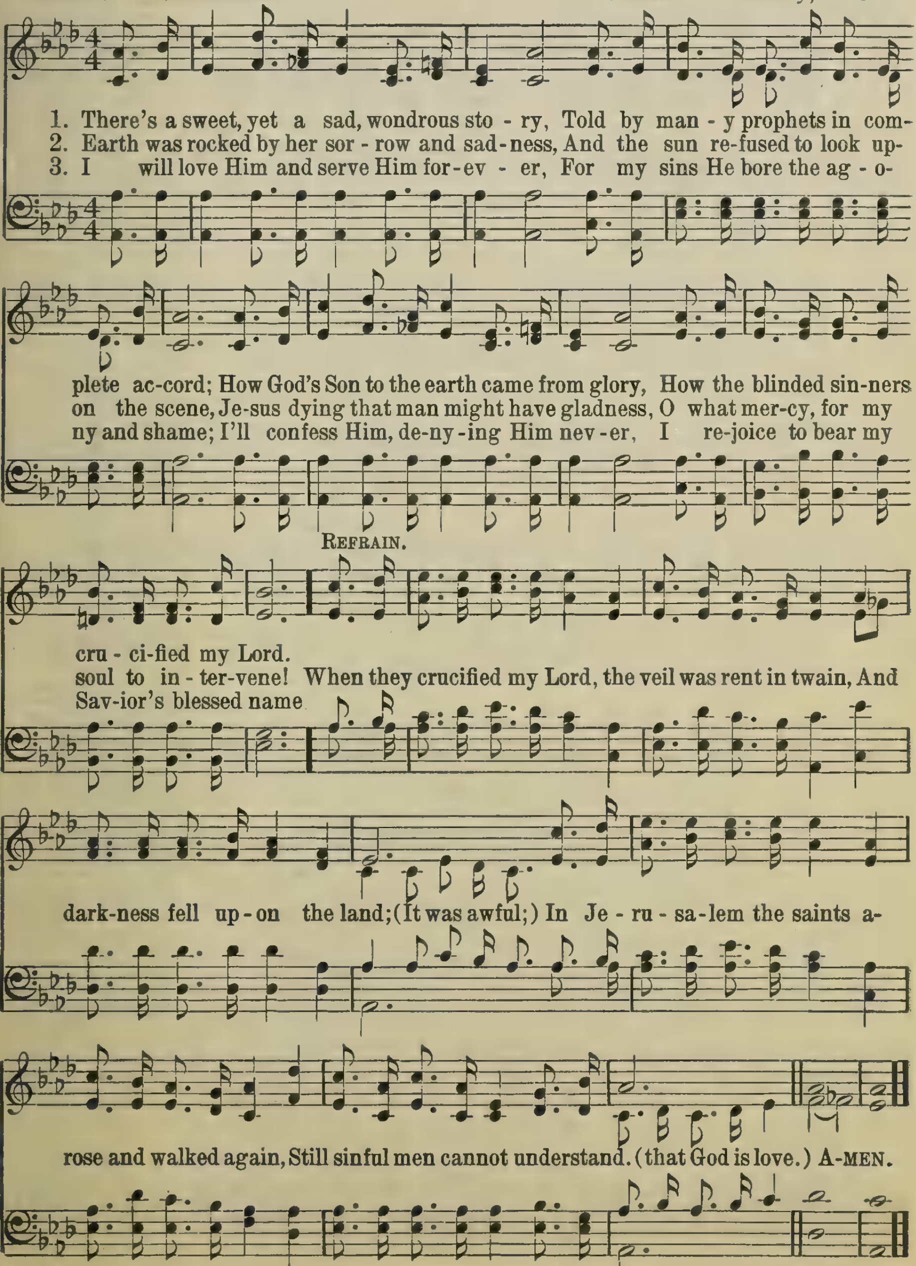
Bernard. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) J. B. Dykes.


1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame Nor can the mem-'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A - MEN.

89 There's a Sweet, Yet a Sad, Wondrous Story

(When They Crucified My Lord.)

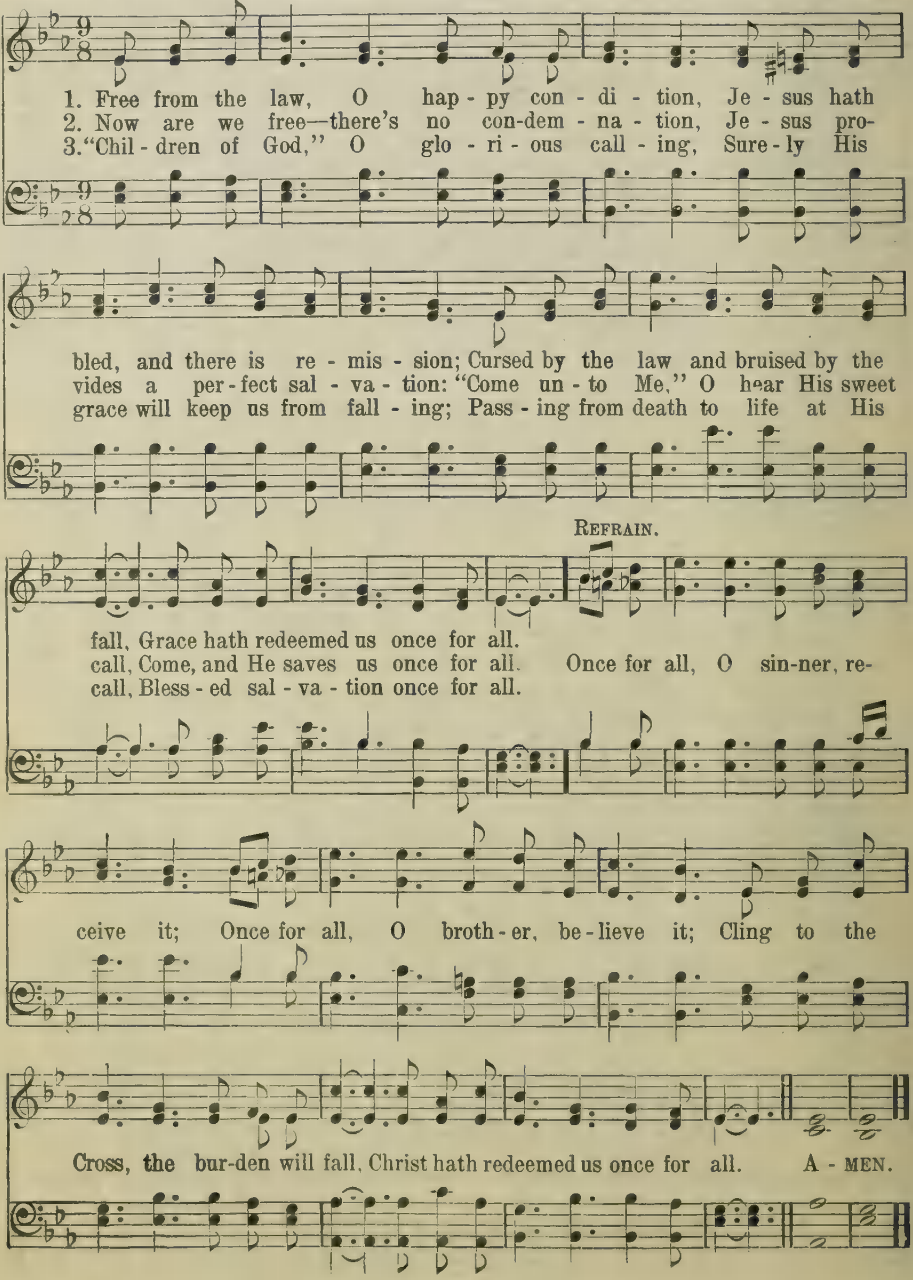
Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. There's a sweet, yet a sad, wondrous sto - ry, Told by man - y prophets in com-
2. Earth was rocked by her sor - row and sad-ness, And the sun re-fused to look up-
3. I will love Him and serve Him for-ev - er, For my sins He bore the ag - o-
plete ac-cord; How God's Son to the earth came from glory, How the blinded sin-ners
on the scene, Je-sus dying that man might have gladness, O what mer-cy, for my
ny and shame; I'll confess Him, de-ny-ing Him nev-er, I re-joice to bear my
Refrain.
cru - ci-fied my Lord.
soul to in - ter-vene! When they crucified my Lord, the veil was rent in twain, And
Sav-ior's blessed name.
dark-ness fell up-on the land; (It was awful;) In Je - ru - sa-lem the saints a-
rose and walked again, Still sinful men cannot understand. (that God is love.) A-men.

Copyright, 1925, by Samuel W. Beazley.

90 Free From the Law

P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876. (ONCE FOR ALL. 10s, 9, 8.) P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.

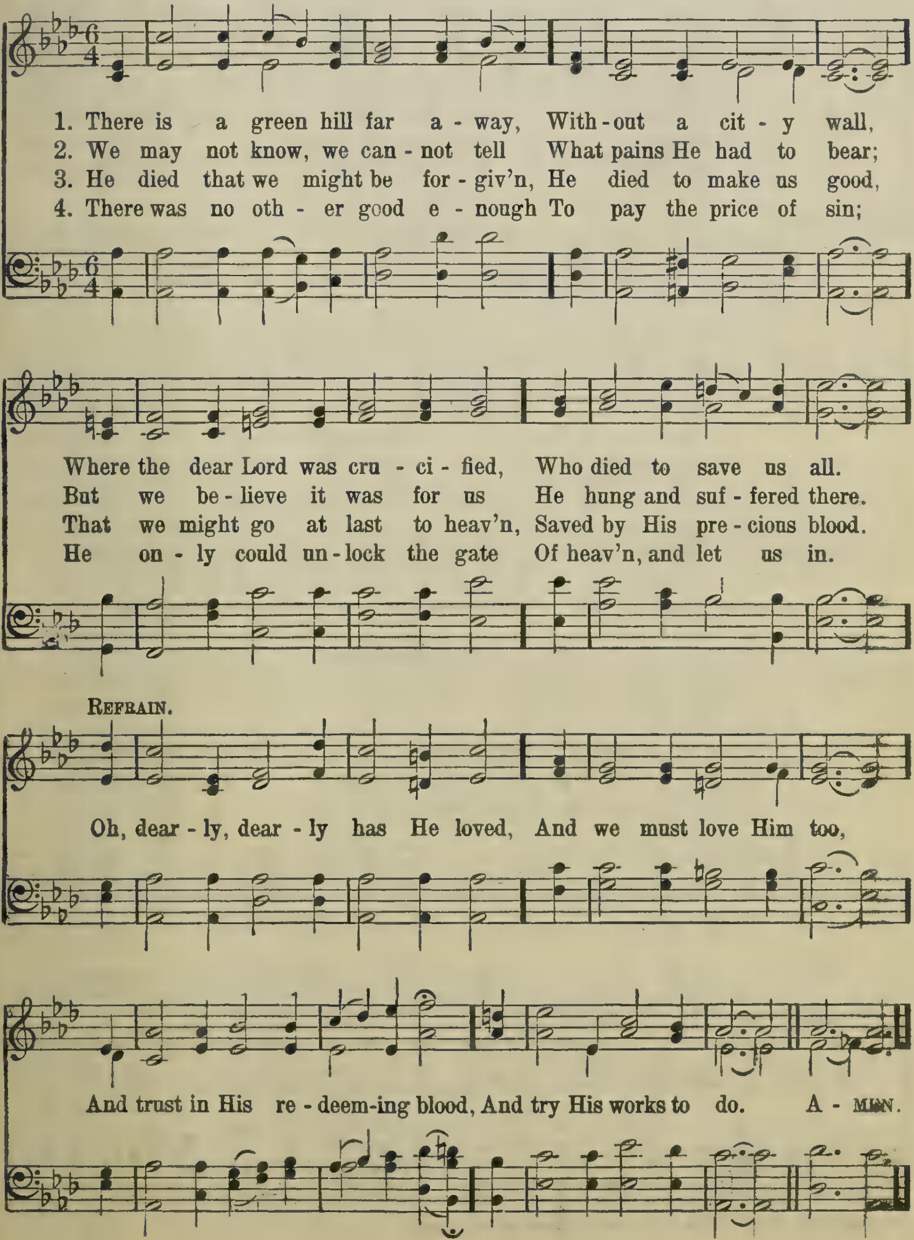

1. Free from the law, O hap - py con - di - tion, Je - sus hath
2. Now are we free—there's no con-dem - na - tion, Je - sus pro-
3. "Chil - dren of God," O glo - ri - ous call - ing, Sure - ly His
bled, and there is re - mis - sion; Cursed by the law and bruised by the
vides a per - fect sal - va - tion: "Come un - to Me," O hear His sweet
grace will keep us from fall - ing; Pass - ing from death to life at His
fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all.
call, Come, and He saves us once for all.
call, Bless - ed sal - va - tion once for all.
REFRAIN.
Once for all, O sin-ner, re-
ceive it; Once for all, O broth - er, be - lieve it; Cling to the
Cross, the bur-den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
A - MEN.

91

There is a Green Hill Far Away

(WINCHESTER. C. M. With Refrain.)

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848. Dr. A. M. Townsend.

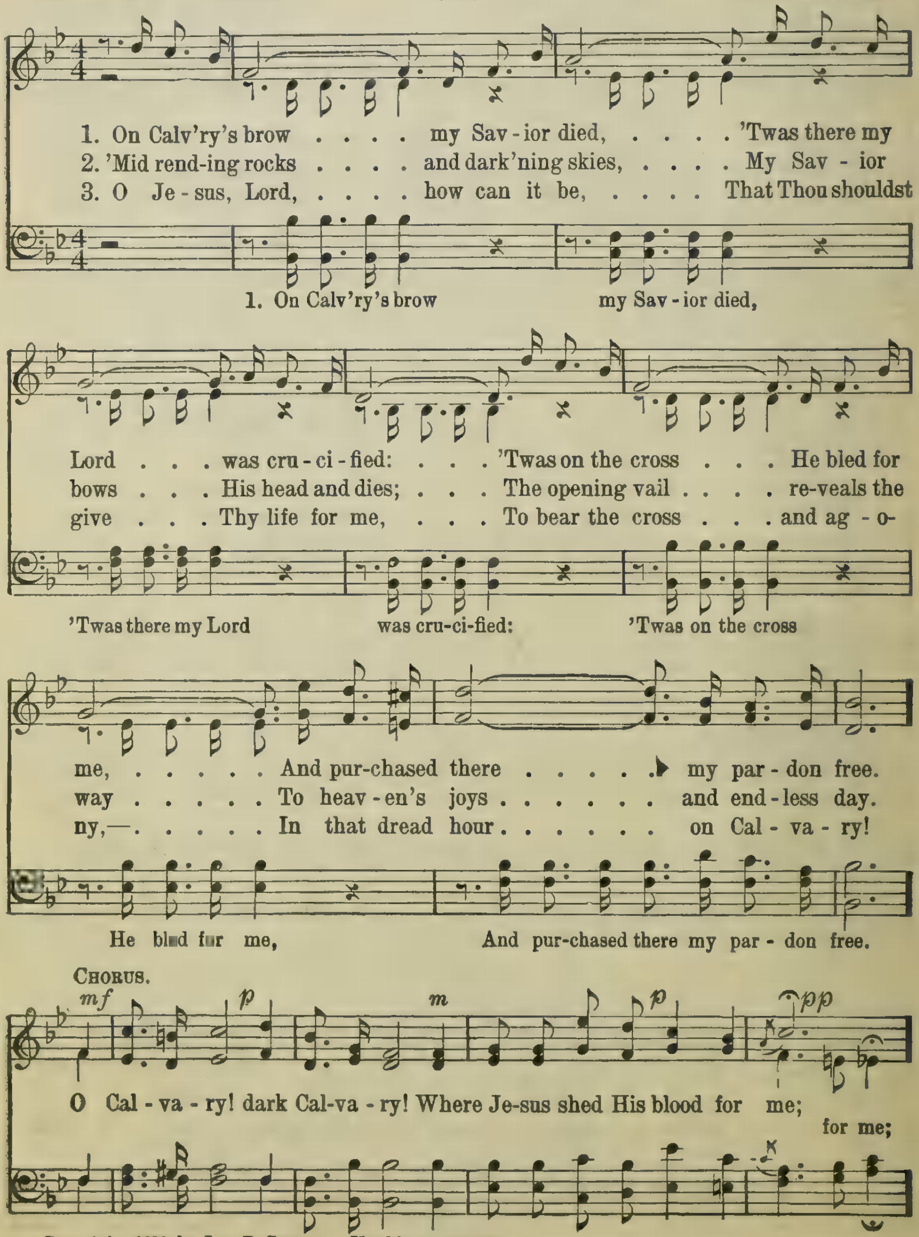

1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
REFRAIN.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,
And trust in His re - deem-ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.

92

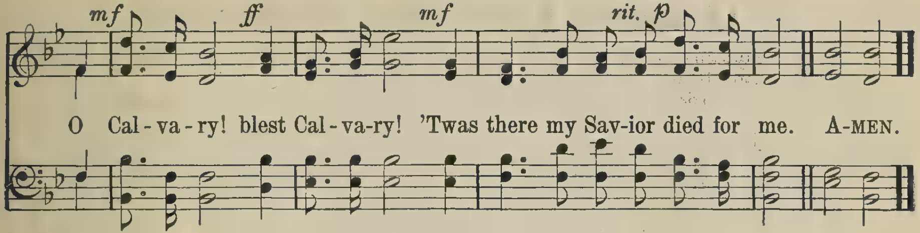
Calvary

"The place which is called Calvary, here they crucified Him."—LUKE 23: 33.

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. (8s.) Jno. R. Sweney.


1. On Calv'ry's brow . . . . my Sav-ior died, ... 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks . . . . and dark'ning skies, ... My Sav-ior
3. O Je-sus, Lord, ... how can it be, ... That Thou shouldst
1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died,
Lord . . . was cru-ci-fied: . . . 'Twas on the cross . . . He bled for
bows . . . His head and dies; . . . The opening vail . . . . re-veals the
give . . . Thy life for me, . . . To bear the cross . . . and ag-o-
'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied: 'Twas on the cross
me, ... And pur-chased there . . . . . my par-don free.
way . . . . . To heav-en's joys . . . . and end-less day.
ny,—. . . . . . In that dread hour . . . . on Cal-va-ry!
He bled for me, And pur-chased there my par-don free.
CHORUS.
mf
p
m
p
pp
O Cal-va-ry! dark Cal-va-ry! Where Je-sus shed His blood for me;
for me;

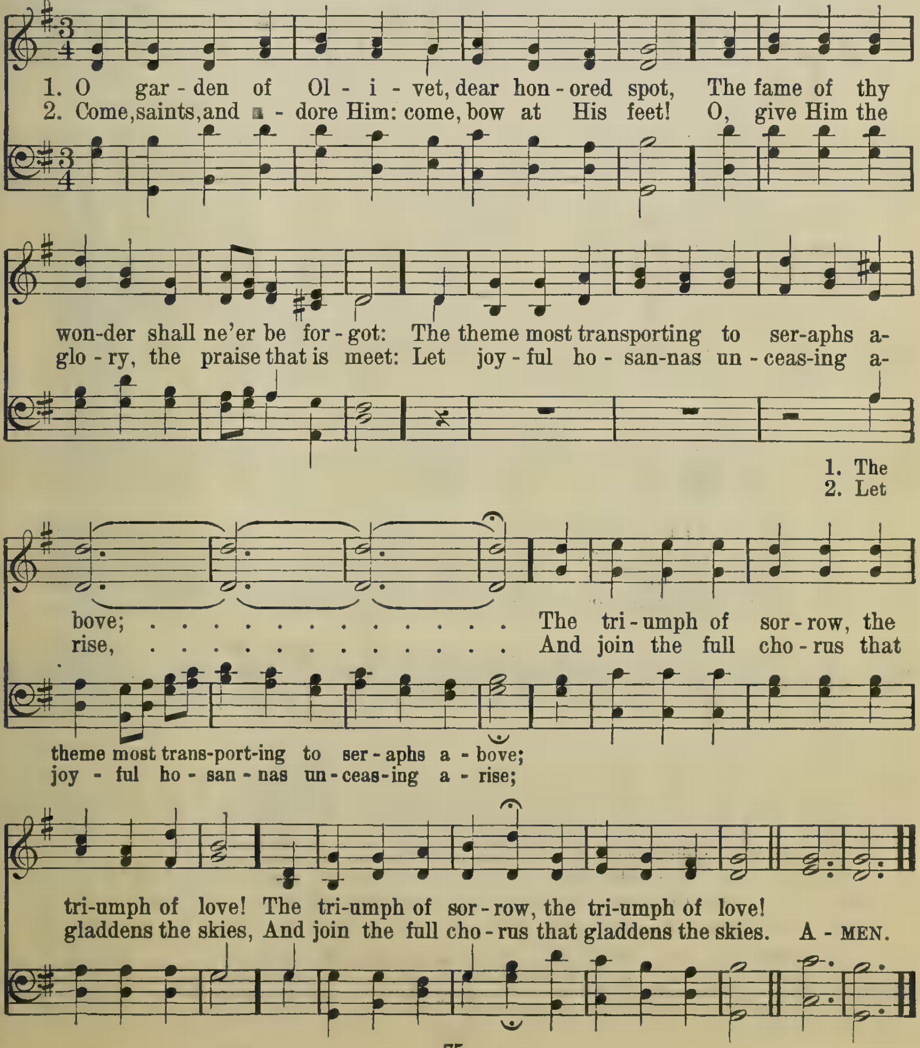
Copyright, 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by permission.


mf
ff
mf
rit. p
O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Sav-ior died for me. A-MEN.

93

O Garden of Olivet

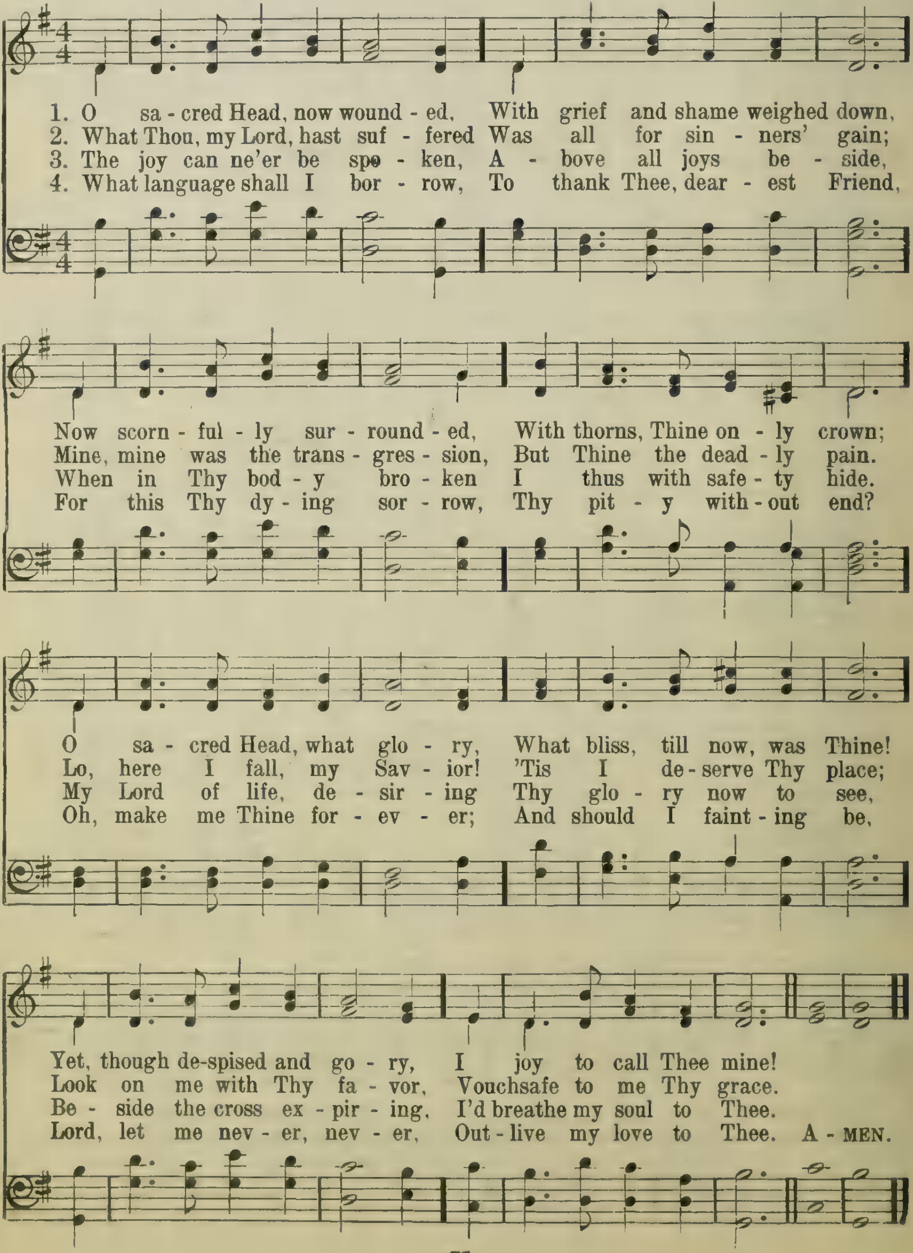
(HUNTINGTON. 11s.)


1. O gar-den of Ol-i-vet, dear hon-ored spot, The fame of thy
2. Come, saints, and a-dore Him: come, bow at His feet! O, give Him the
won-der shall ne'er be for-got: The theme most transporting to ser-aphs a-
glo-ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-
1. The
2. Let
bove; . . . . The tri-umph of sor-row, the
rise, ... And join the full cho-rus that
theme most trans-port-ing to ser-aphs a-bove;
joy-ful ho-san-nas un-ceas-ing a-rise;
tri-umph of love! The tri-umph of sor-row, the tri-umph of love!
gladdens the skies, And join the full cho-rus that gladdens the skies. A-MEN.

94

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100. *[First Tune]*
Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1666. (GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. 81.)
J. W. Alexander, 1829. Ab. J. P. Holbrook, 1862.



1. O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now, was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call Thee mine!

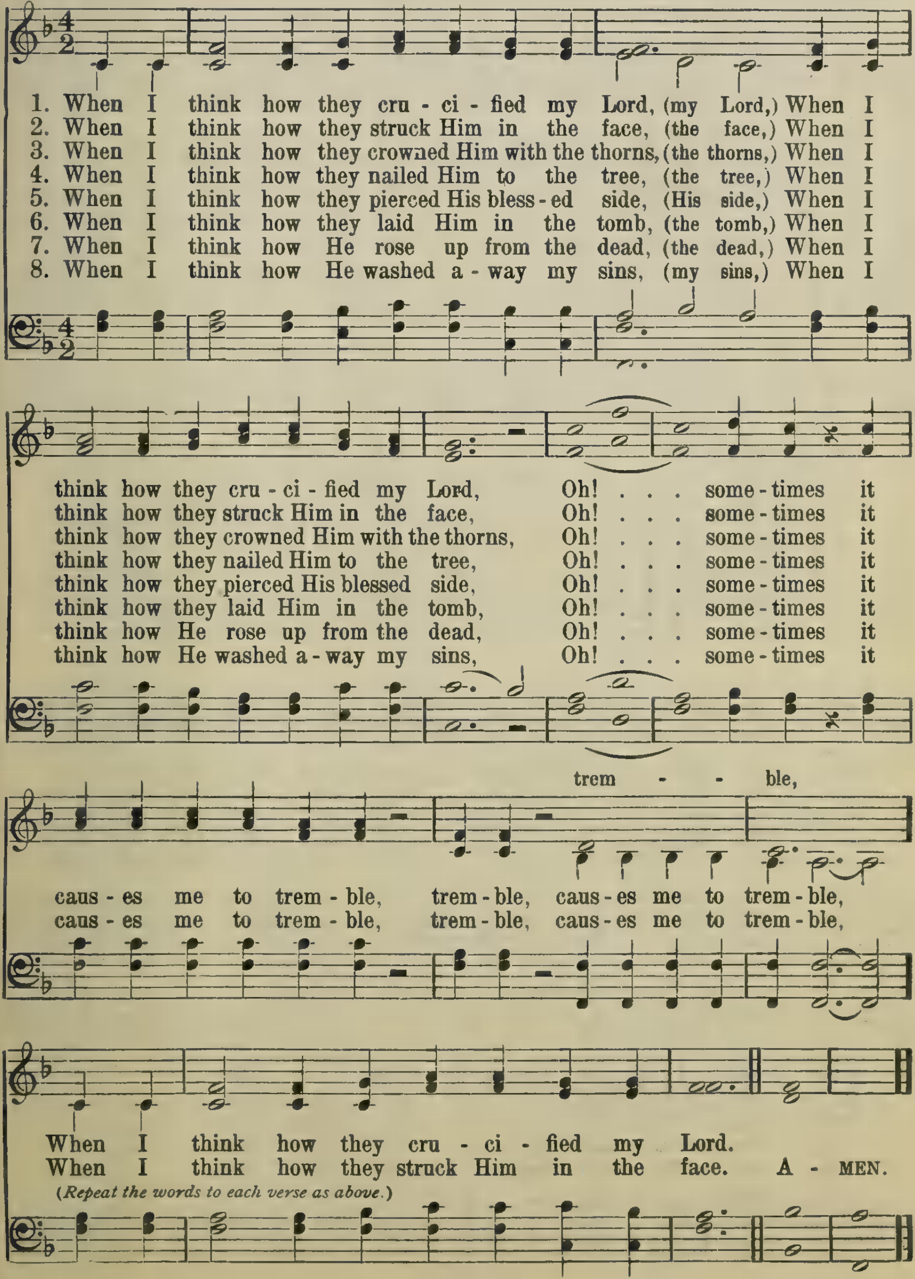
2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior!
'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3. The joy can ne'er be spoken,
Above all joys beside,
When in Thy body broken
I thus with safety hide.
My Lord of life, desiring
Thy glory now to see,
Beside the cross expiring,
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4. What language shall I borrow,
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh, make me Thine forever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to Thee. A-MEN.

95 When I Think How They Crucified My Lord

Traditional. (CRUCIFIXION. 10s.) Traditional.


1. When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, (my Lord,) When I
2. When I think how they struck Him in the face, (the face,) When I
3. When I think how they crowned Him with the thorns, (the thorns,) When I
4. When I think how they nailed Him to the tree, (the tree,) When I
5. When I think how they pierced His bless - ed side, (His side,) When I
6. When I think how they laid Him in the tomb, (the tomb,) When I
7. When I think how He rose up from the dead, (the dead,) When I
8. When I think how He washed a - way my sins, (my sins,) When I
think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how they struck Him in the face, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how they crowned Him with the thorns, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how they nailed Him to the tree, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how they pierced His blessed side, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how they laid Him in the tomb, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how He rose up from the dead, Oh! . . . some - times it
think how He washed a - way my sins, Oh! . . . some - times it
trem - - ble,
caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, caus - es me to trem - ble,
caus - es me to trem - ble, trem - ble, caus - es me to trem - ble,
When I think how they cru - ci - fied my Lord.
When I think how they struck Him in the face. A - MEN.
(Repeat the words to each verse as above.)

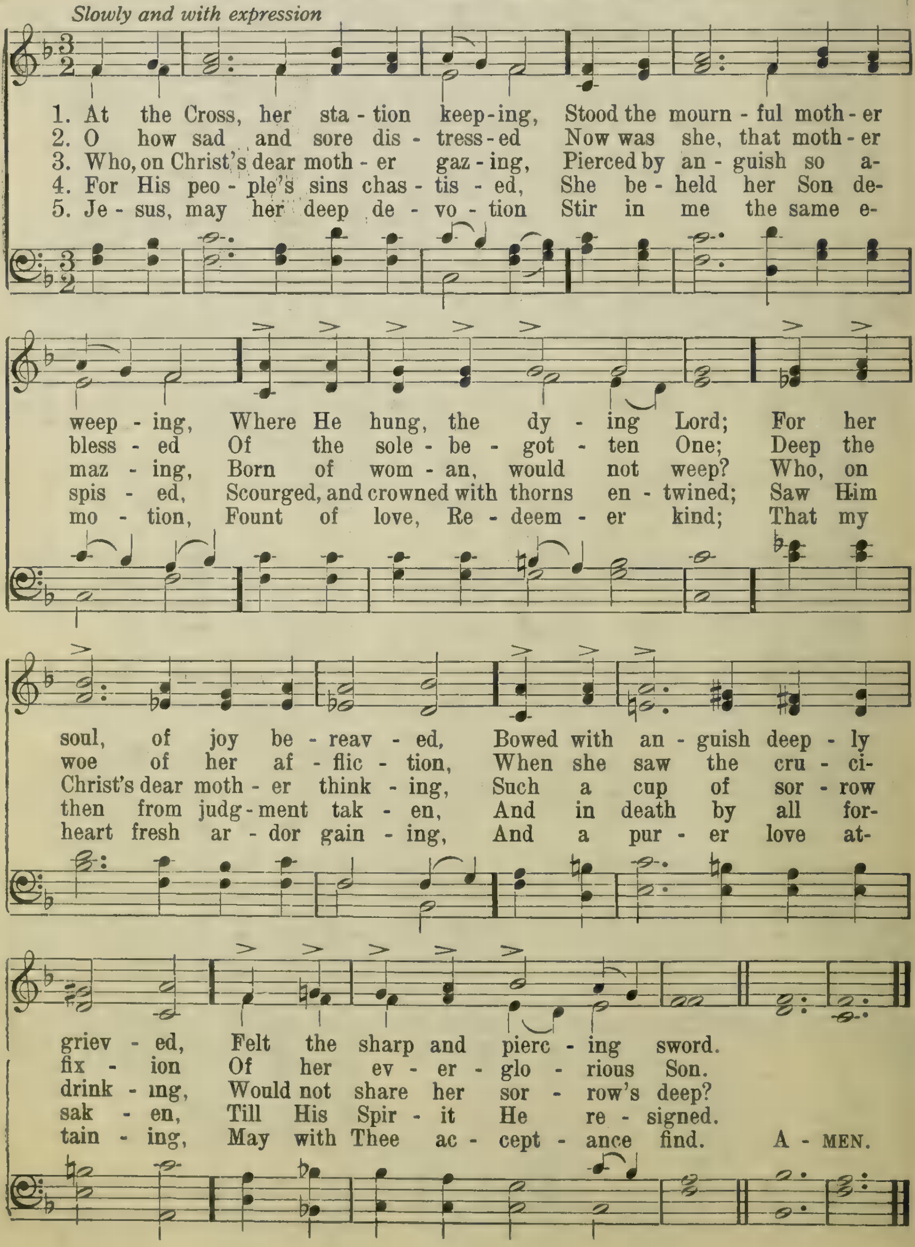
96

At the Cross, Her Station Keeping

(STABAT MATER, No. 1. (8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.)

Latin. Tr. R. Mant, 1776, and E. Caswall, 1814. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1861.

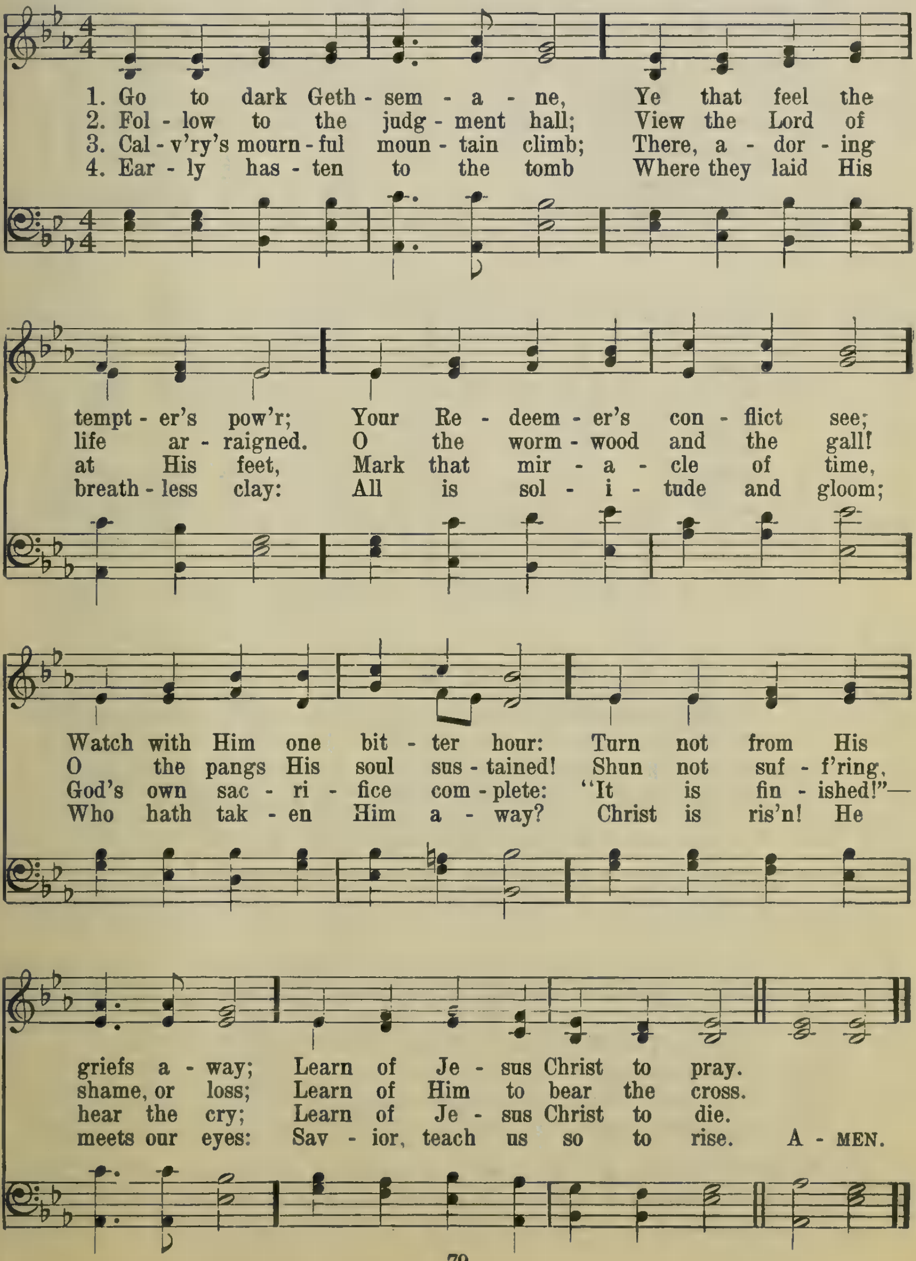
Authorship attributed to Jacopone da Todi. Earliest Manuscript 1300.


Slowly and with expression
1. At the Cross, her sta - tion keep-ing, Stood the mourn - ful moth - er weep - ing, Where He hung, the dy - ing Lord; For her soul, of joy be - reav - ed, Bowed with an - guish deep - ly griev - ed, Felt the sharp and pierc - ing sword.
2. O how sad and sore dis - tress-ed Now was she, that moth - er bless - ed Of the sole - be - got - ten One; Deep the woe of her af - flic - tion, When she saw the cru - ci- fix - ion Of her ev - er - glo - rious Son.
3. Who, on Christ's dear moth - er gaz - ing, Pierced by an - guish so a- maz - ing, Born of wom - an, would not weep? Who, on Christ's dear moth - er think - ing, Such a cup of sor - row drink - ing, Would not share her sor - row's deep?
4. For His peo - ple's sins chas - tis - ed, She be - held her Son de- spis - ed, Scourged, and crowned with thorns en - twined; Saw Him then from judg - ment tak - en, And in death by all for- sak - en, Till His Spir - it He re - signed.
5. Je - sus, may her deep de - vo - tion Stir in me the same e- mo - tion, Fount of love, Re - deem - er kind; That my heart fresh ar - dor gain - ing, And a pur - er love at- tain - ing, May with Thee ac - cept - ance find.
A - MEN.

97 Go to Dark Gethsemane

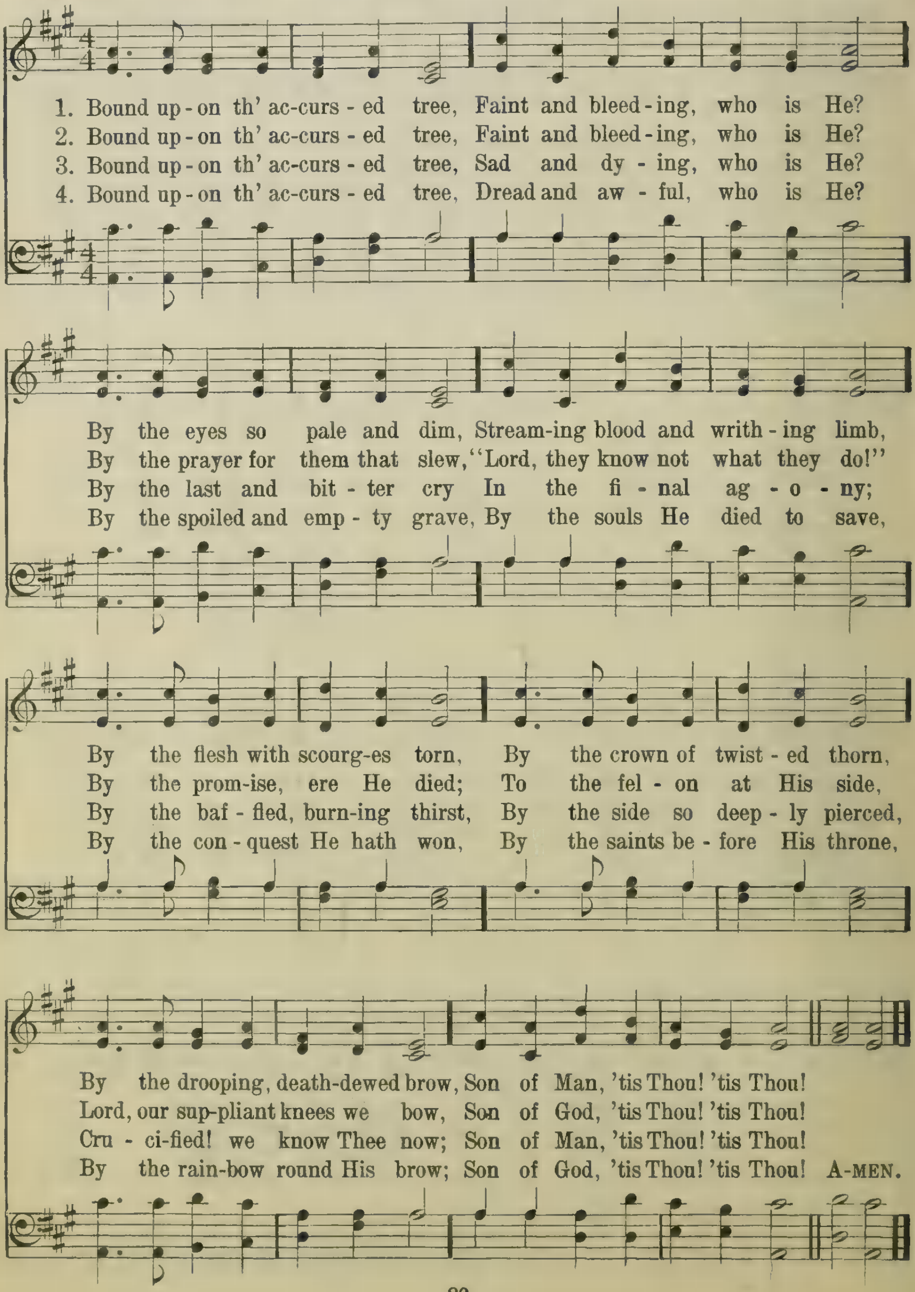
(AJALON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

James Montgomery, 1820 (Text of 1853). Richard Redhead, 1853.


1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the
2. Fol-low to the judg-ment hall; View the Lord of
3. Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; There, a-dor-ing
4. Ear-ly has-ten to the tomb Where they laid His
tempt-er's pow'r; Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see;
life ar-raigned. O the worm-wood and the gall!
at His feet, Mark that mir-a-cle of time,
breath-less clay: All is sol-i-tude and gloom;
Watch with Him one bit-ter hour: Turn not from His
O the pangs His soul sus-tained! Shun not suf-f'ring,
God's own sac-ri-fice com-plete: "It is fin-ished!"—
Who hath tak-en Him a-way? Christ is ris'n! He
griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
hear the cry; Learn of Je-sus Christ to die.
meets our eyes: Sav-ior, teach us so to rise. A-MEN.

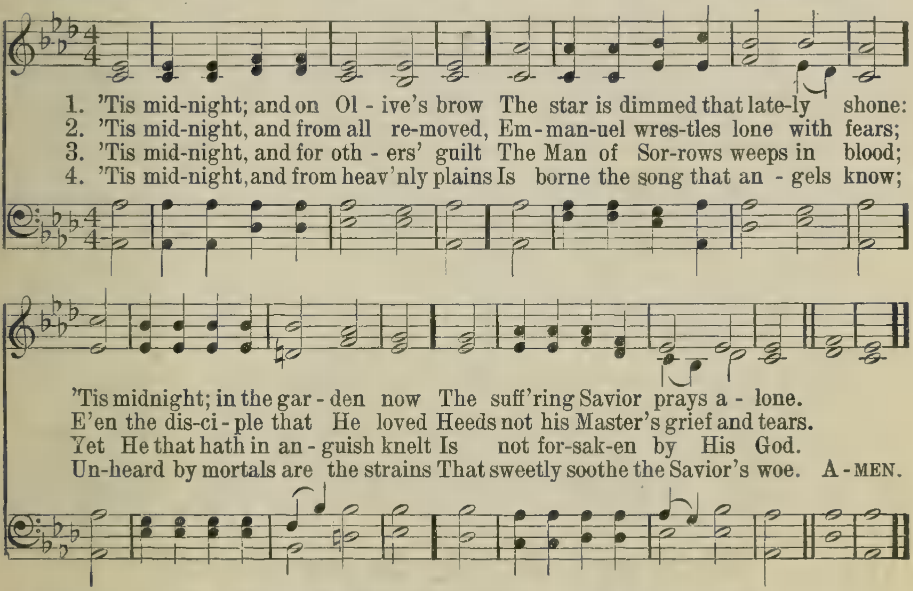
98 Bound Upon the Accursed Tree

H. H. Milman, 1827. (SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.) Spanish Melody.


1. Bound up-on th' ac-curs-ed tree, Faint and bleed-ing, who is He?
2. Bound up-on th' ac-curs-ed tree, Faint and bleed-ing, who is He?
3. Bound up-on th' ac-curs-ed tree, Sad and dy-ing, who is He?
4. Bound up-on th' ac-curs-ed tree, Dread and aw-ful, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim, Stream-ing blood and writh-ing limb,
By the prayer for them that slew, "Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the last and bit-ter cry In the fi-nal ag-o-ny;
By the spoiled and emp-ty grave, By the souls He died to save,
By the flesh with scourg-es torn, By the crown of twist-ed thorn,
By the prom-ise, ere He died; To the fel-on at His side,
By the baf-fled, burn-ing thirst, By the side so deep-ly pierced,
By the con-quest He hath won, By the saints be-fore His throne,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow, Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
Lord, our sup-pliant knees we bow, Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
Cru-ci-fied! we know Thee now; Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
By the rain-bow round His brow; Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! A-MEN.

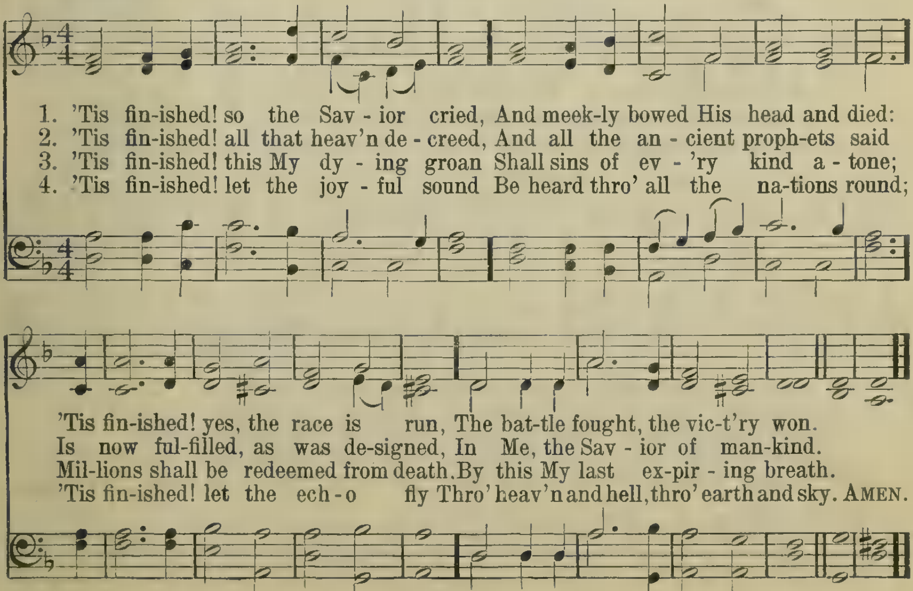
99 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow

W. B. Tappan, 1822. (OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.) W. Bradbury, 1853.


1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone:
2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, Em-man-uel wres-tles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis mid-night, and from heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.
E'en the dis-ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

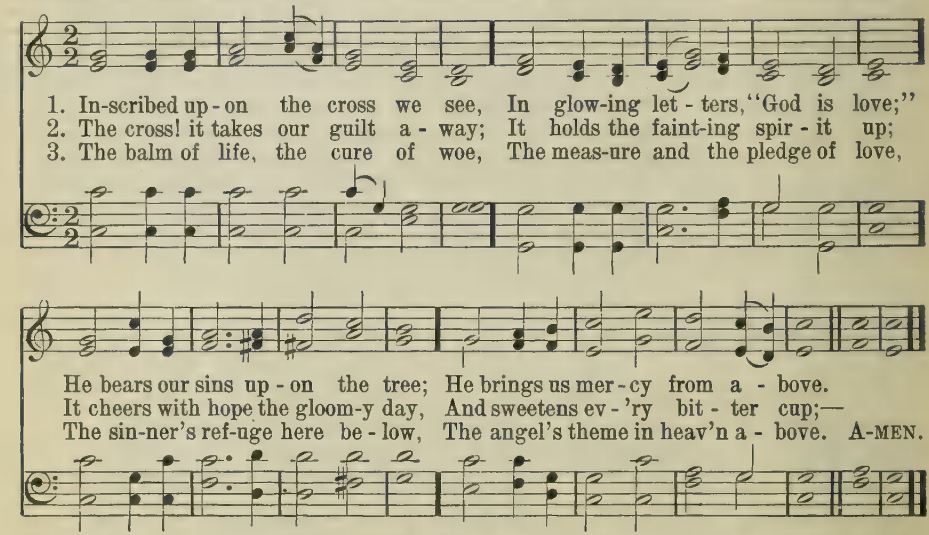
100 'Tis Finished! So the Savior Cried

S. Stennett, 1787. (L. M.)


1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav - ior cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that heav'n de - creed, And all the an - cient proph-ets said
3. 'Tis fin-ished! this My dy - ing groan Shall sins of ev - 'ry kind a - tone;
4. 'Tis fin-ished! let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na-tions round;
'Tis fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.
Is now ful-filled, as was de-signed, In Me, the Sav - ior of man-kind.
Mil-lions shall be redeemed from death. By this My last ex-pir - ing breath.
'Tis fin-ished! let the ech - o fly Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky. AMEN.

101 Inscribed Upon the Cross We See

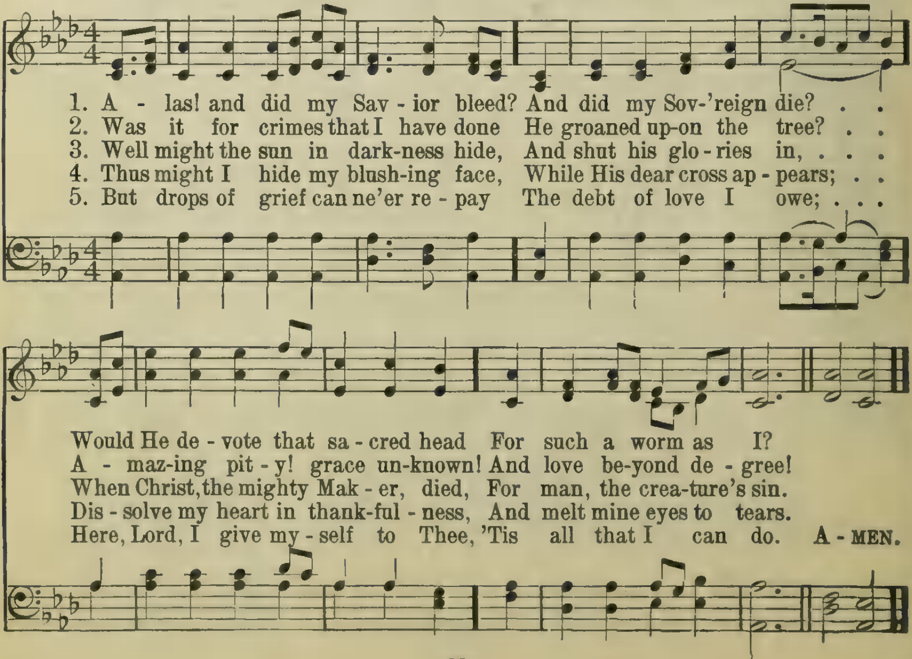
Thomas Kelly, 1769–1855. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. In-scribed up-on the cross we see, In glow-ing let-ters, "God is love;"
2. The cross! it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the faint-ing spir-it up;
3. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas-ure and the pledge of love,
He bears our sins up-on the tree; He brings us mer-cy from a-bove.
It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev-'ry bit-ter cup;—
The sin-ner's ref-uge here be-low, The angel's theme in heav'n a-bove. A-MEN.

102 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

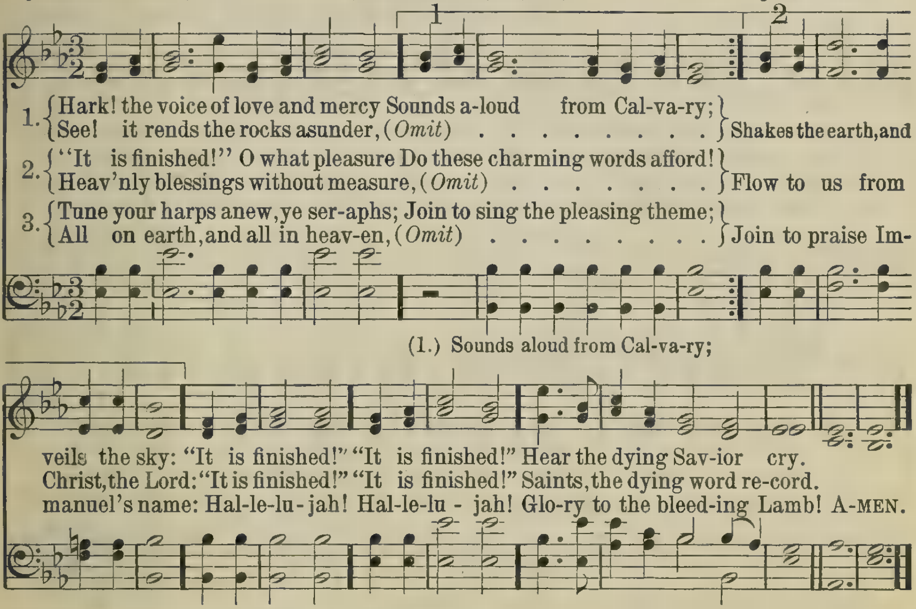
[*Second Tune*]

Isaac Watts. (PISGAH. C. M.) J. C. Lowry.


1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? . .
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree? . .
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in, . . .
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap-pears; . .
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe; . . .
Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do. A-MEN.

103 Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy

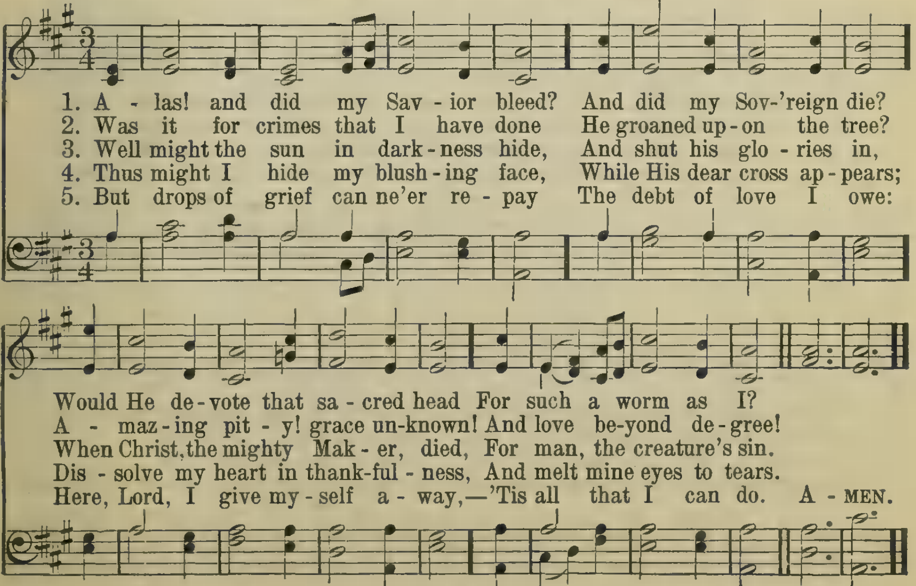
Jonathan Evans, 1787. (ADELLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.) J. M. North.


1
2
1. Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
See! it rends the rocks asunder, (Omit) . . . . Shakes the earth, and
2. "It is finished!" O what pleasure Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure, (Omit) . . . . Flow to us from
3. Tune your harps anew, ye ser-aphs; Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heav-en, (Omit) . . . . Join to praise Im-
(1.) Sounds aloud from Cal-va-ry;
veils the sky: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dying Sav-ior cry.
Christ, the Lord: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Saints, the dying word re-cord.
manuel's name: Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu - jah! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb! A-MEN.

104 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

[*First Tune*]

Isaac Watts. (MARTYRDOM. C. M.) Hugh Wilson, c. 1824.

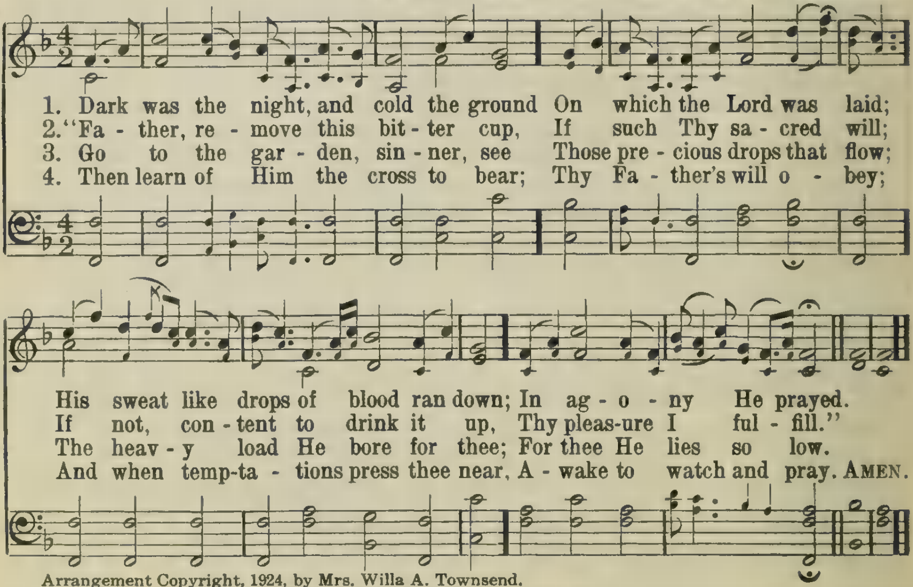

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face, While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.
Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

105

Dark Was the Night

[*First Tune*]

(Melvin. C. M.) Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.


1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner, see Those pre - cious drops that flow;
4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down; In ag - o - ny He prayed.
If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleas-ure I ful - fill."
The heav - y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
And when temp-ta - tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray. Amen.

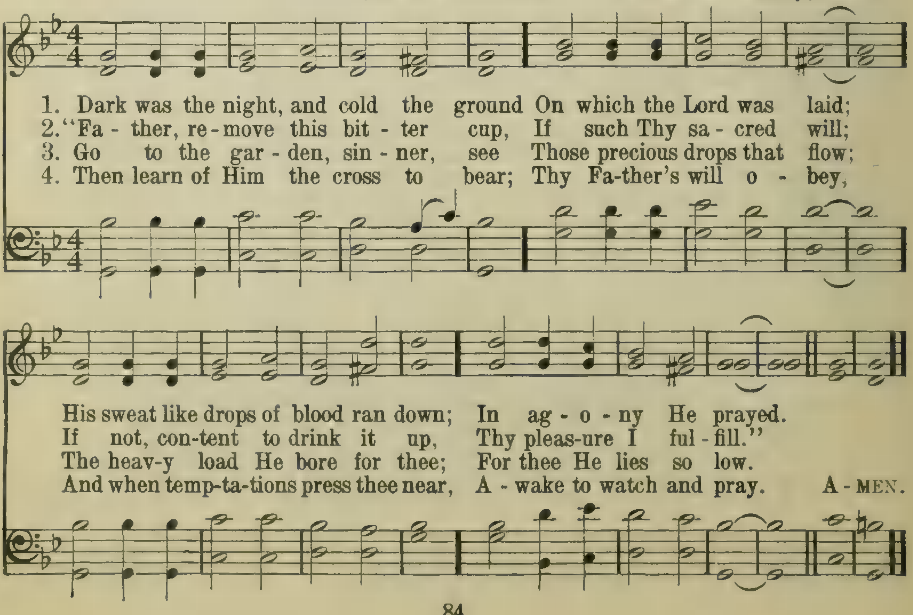
Arrangement Copyright, 1924, by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

106

Dark Was the Night

[*Second Tune*]

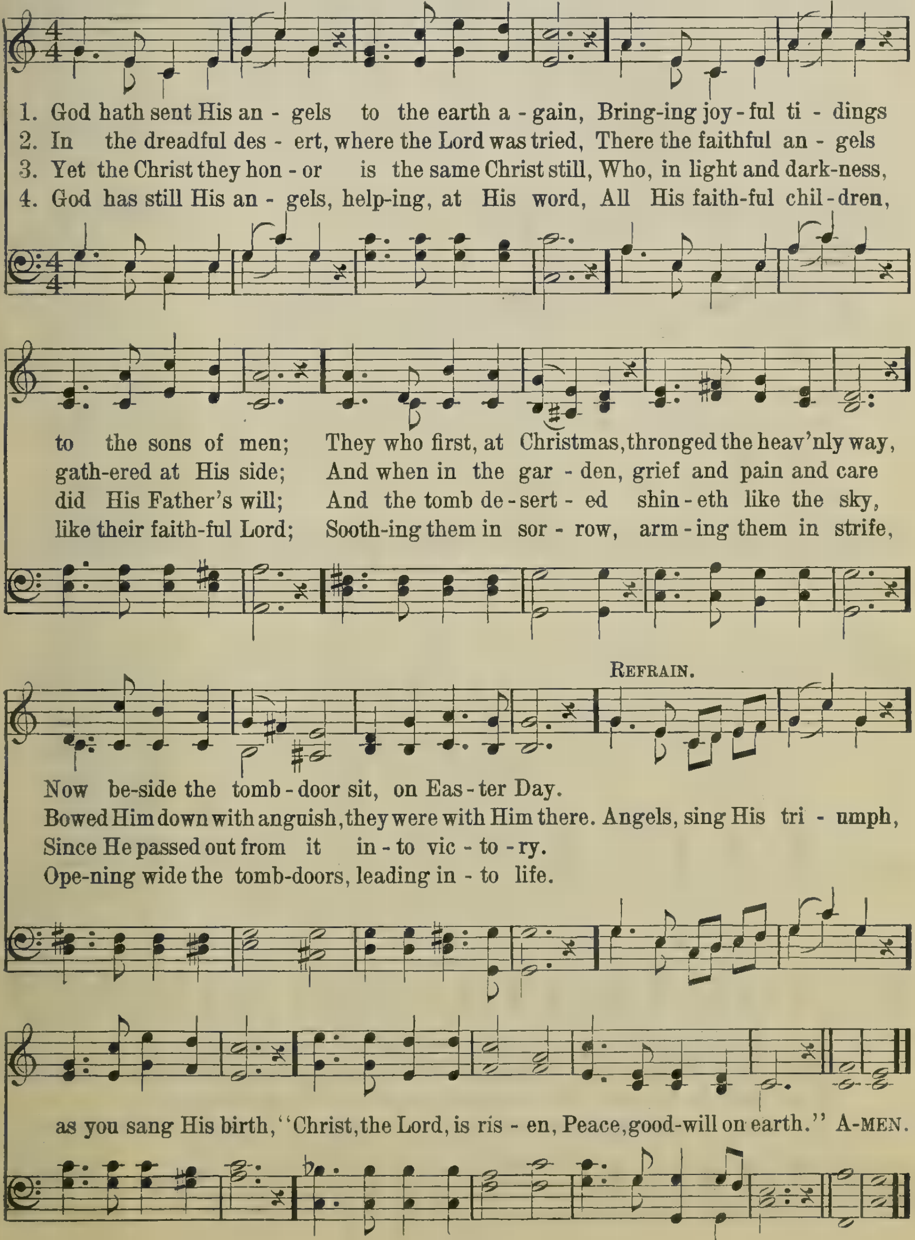
(Sorrow. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner, see Those precious drops that flow;
4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Fa-ther's will o - bey,
His sweat like drops of blood ran down; In ag - o - ny He prayed.
If not, con-tent to drink it up, Thy pleas-ure I ful - fill."
The heav-y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
And when temp-ta-tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray. A - men.

107 God Hath Sent His Angels to the Earth Again

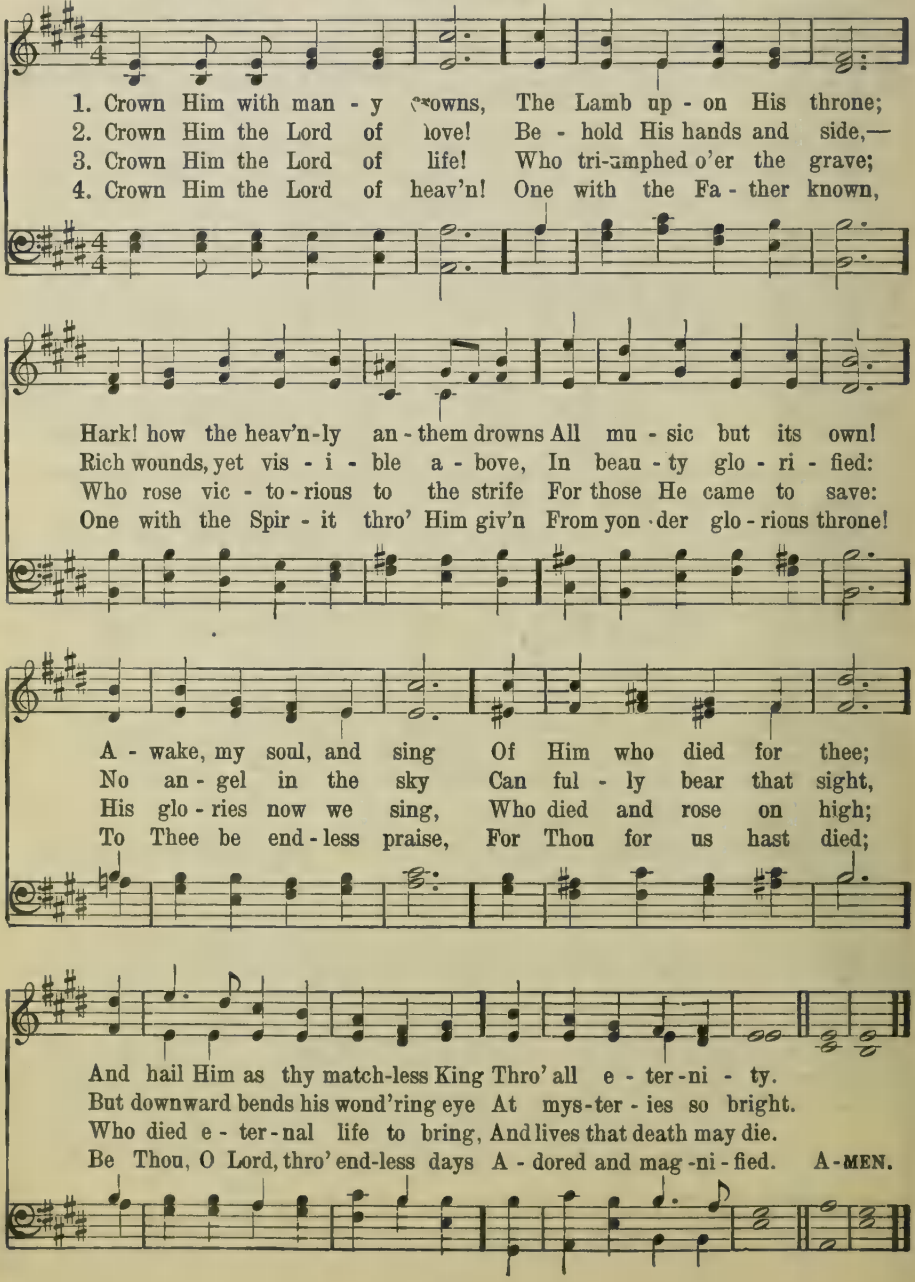
(Easter Angels. 11, 11, 11, 11. With Refrain.)

Phillips Brooks, 1877.
James C. D. Parker, 1828.


1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring-ing joy - ful ti - dings
2. In the dreadful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faithful an - gels
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and dark-ness,
4. God has still His an - gels, help-ing, at His word, All His faith-ful chil - dren,
to the sons of men; They who first, at Christmas, thronged the heav'nly way,
gath-ered at His side; And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care
did His Father's will; And the tomb de - sert - ed shin - eth like the sky,
like their faith-ful Lord; Sooth-ing them in sor - row, arm - ing them in strife,
Refrain.
Now be-side the tomb - door sit, on Eas - ter Day.
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there. Angels, sing His tri - umph,
Since He passed out from it in - to vic - to - ry.
Ope-ning wide the tomb-doors, leading in - to life.
as you sang His birth, "Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, Peace, good-will on earth." A-men.

108 Crown Him With Many Crowns

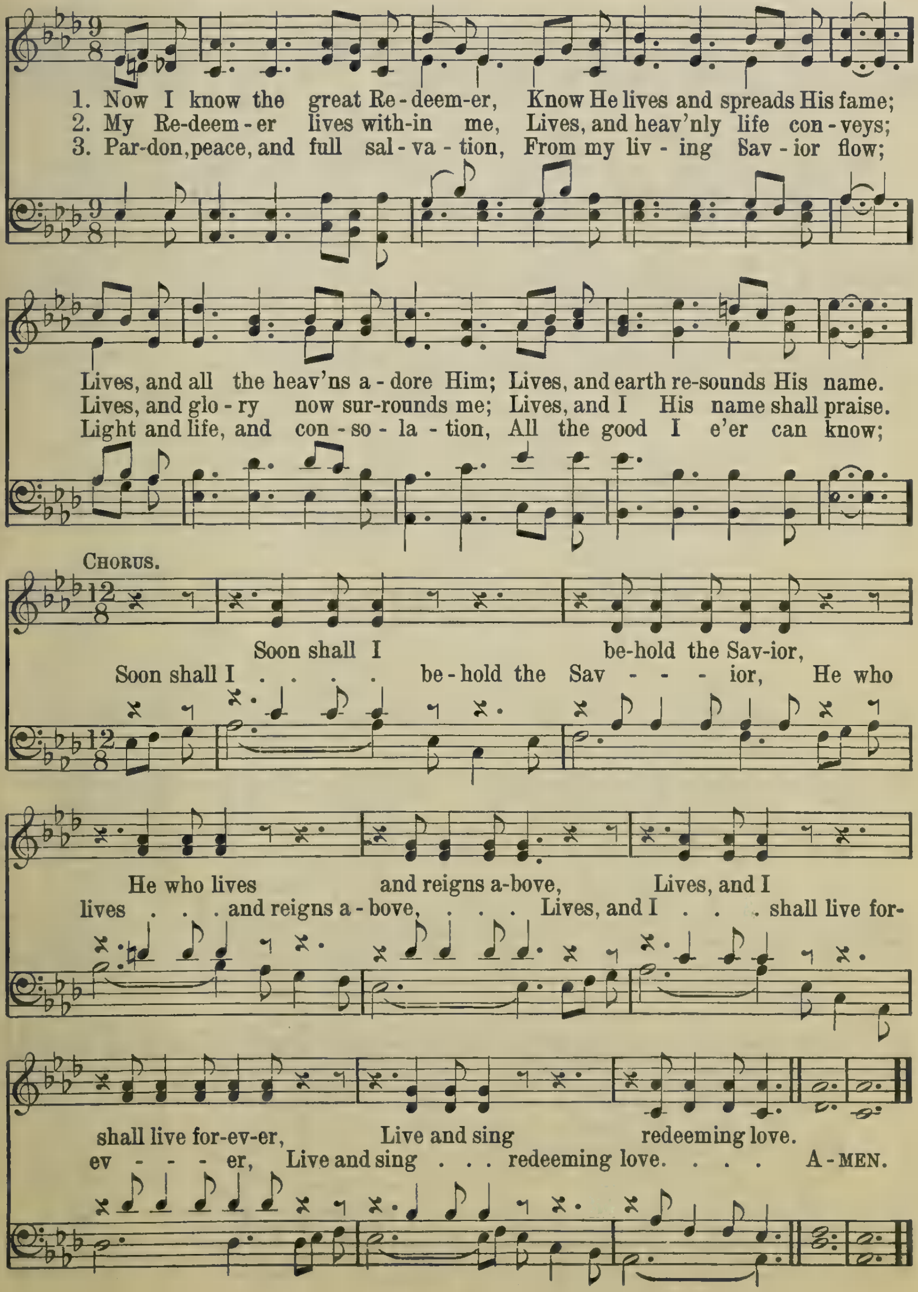
Matthew Bridges, 1800. (DIADEMATA. S. M. D.) George J. Elvey, 1816.


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who triumphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon - der glo - rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee;
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight,
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high;
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died;
And hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end-less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A - MEN.

109

The Great Redeemer Lives

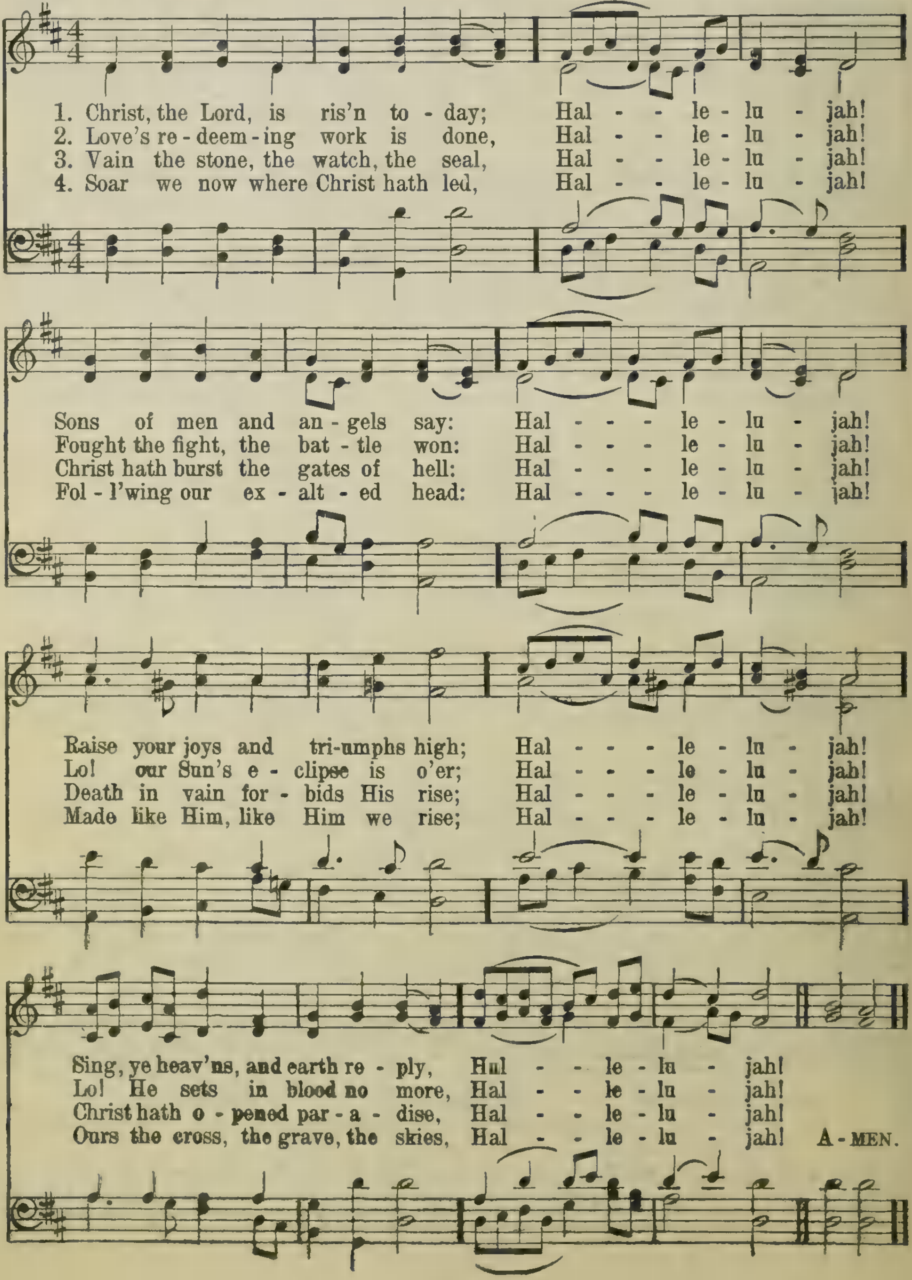
Richard Burnham. (8s, 7s.) Henry A. Lewis.


1. Now I know the great Re-deem-er, Know He lives and spreads His fame;
2. My Re-deem-er lives with-in me, Lives, and heav'nly life con-veys;
3. Par-don, peace, and full sal-va-tion, From my liv-ing Sav-ior flow;
Lives, and all the heav'ns a-dore Him; Lives, and earth re-sounds His name.
Lives, and glo-ry now sur-rounds me; Lives, and I His name shall praise.
Light and life, and con-so-la-tion, All the good I e'er can know;
CHORUS.
Soon shall I be-hold the Sav-ior,
Soon shall I . . . . . be-hold the Sav - - - ior, He who
He who lives and reigns a-bove, Lives, and I
lives . . . and reigns a-bove, ... Lives, and I . . . shall live for-
shall live for-ev-er, Live and sing redeeming love.
ev - - - er, Live and sing . . . redeeming love. . . . A-MEN.

110 Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day

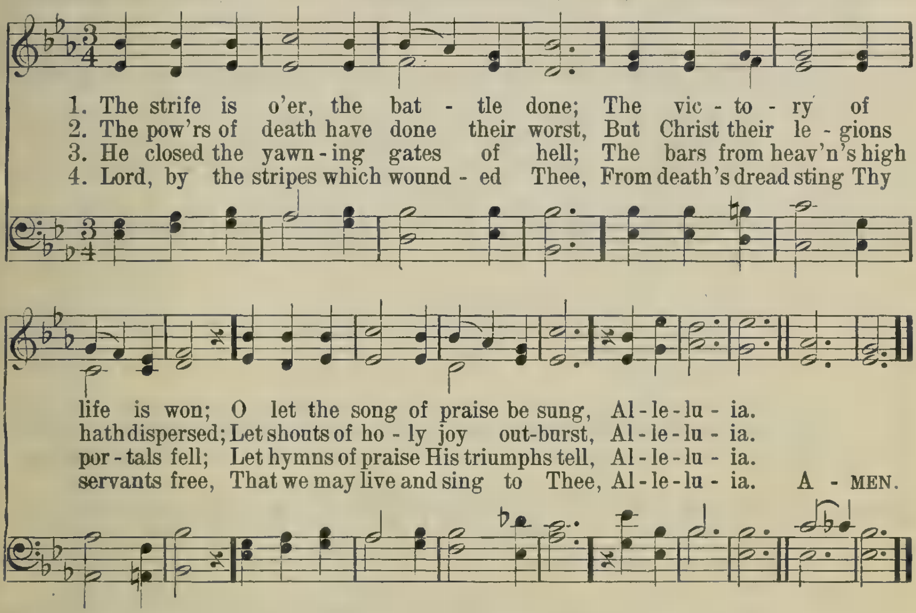
(ANGLIA. 7s.)

Charles Wesley, 1739. Henry Carey. "Lyra Davidica," 1708.


1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Hal - - le - lu - jah!
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed head: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Raise your joys and tri-umphs high; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Death in vain for - bids His rise; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Lo! He sets in blood no more, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hal - - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

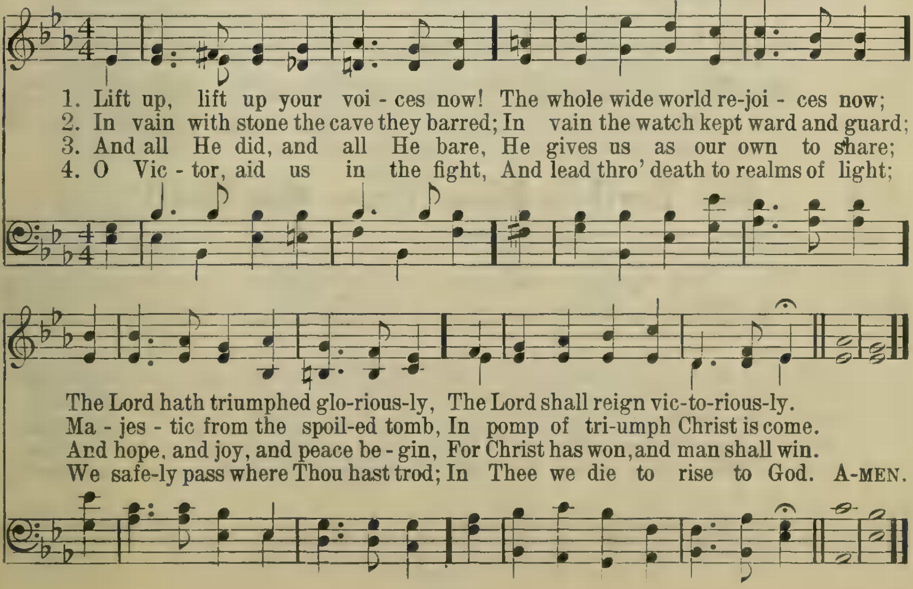
111 The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done

Francis Pott, 1860. (CONQUEROR. 8s, 4.) Arr. from Palestrina. W. H. D.


1. The strife is o'er, the battle done; The victory of
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their legions
3. He closed the yawning gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high
4. Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee, From death's dread sting Thy
life is won; O let the song of praise be sung, Alleluia.
hath dispersed; Let shouts of holy joy outburst, Alleluia.
portals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell, Alleluia.
servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Alleluia. AMEN.

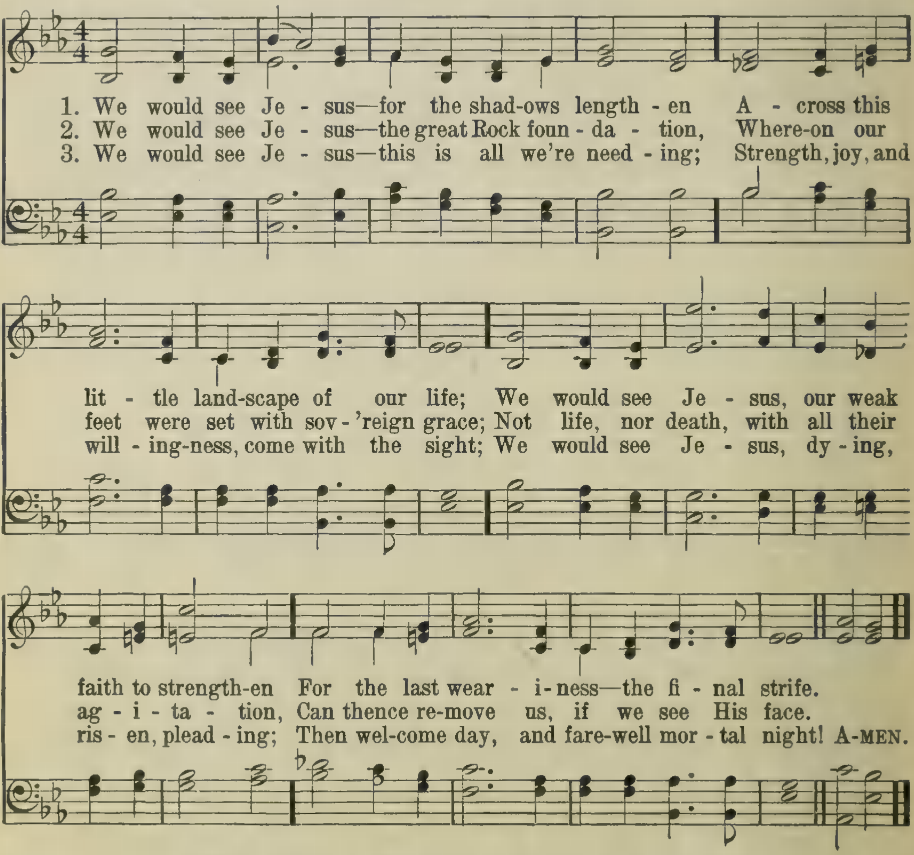
112 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now

John M. Neale, 1851. (WALTHAM. L. M.) J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.


1. Lift up, lift up your voices now! The whole wide world rejoices now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Victor, aid us in the fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously, The Lord shall reign victoriously.
Majestic from the spoiled tomb, In pomp of triumph Christ is come.
And hope, and joy, and peace begin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
We safely pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God. AMEN.

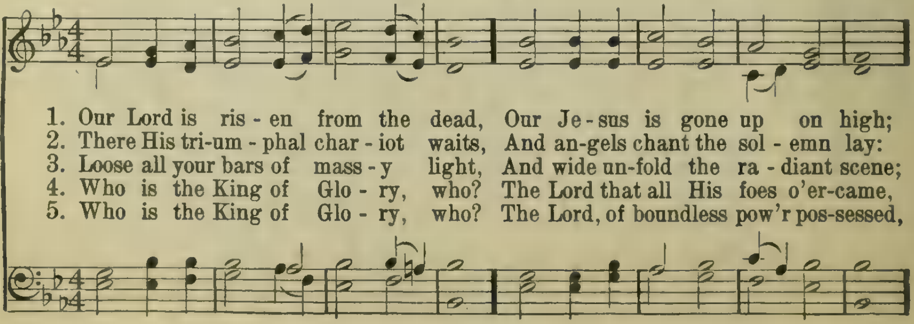
113 We Would See Jesus

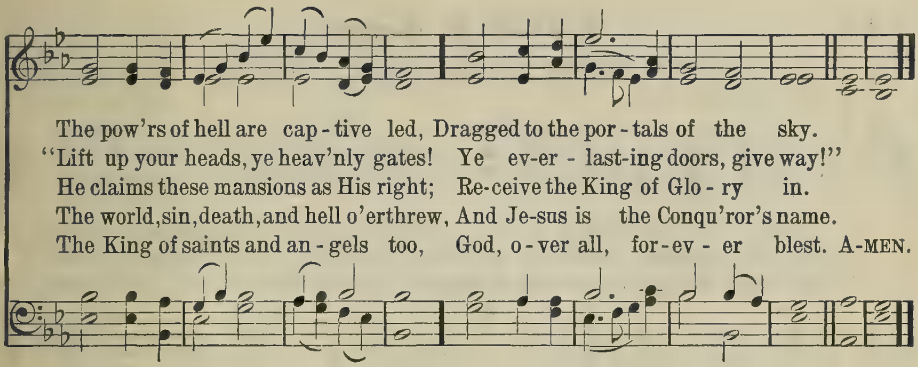
Anna B. Warner. (11s, 10s.) F. Mendelssohn.


1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length - en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock foun - da - tion, Where-on our
3. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and
lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
feet were set with sov - 'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
will - ing-ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,
faith to strength-en For the last wear - i - ness—the fi - nal strife.
ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come day, and fare-well mor - tal night! A-MEN.

114 Our Lord is Risen From the Dead

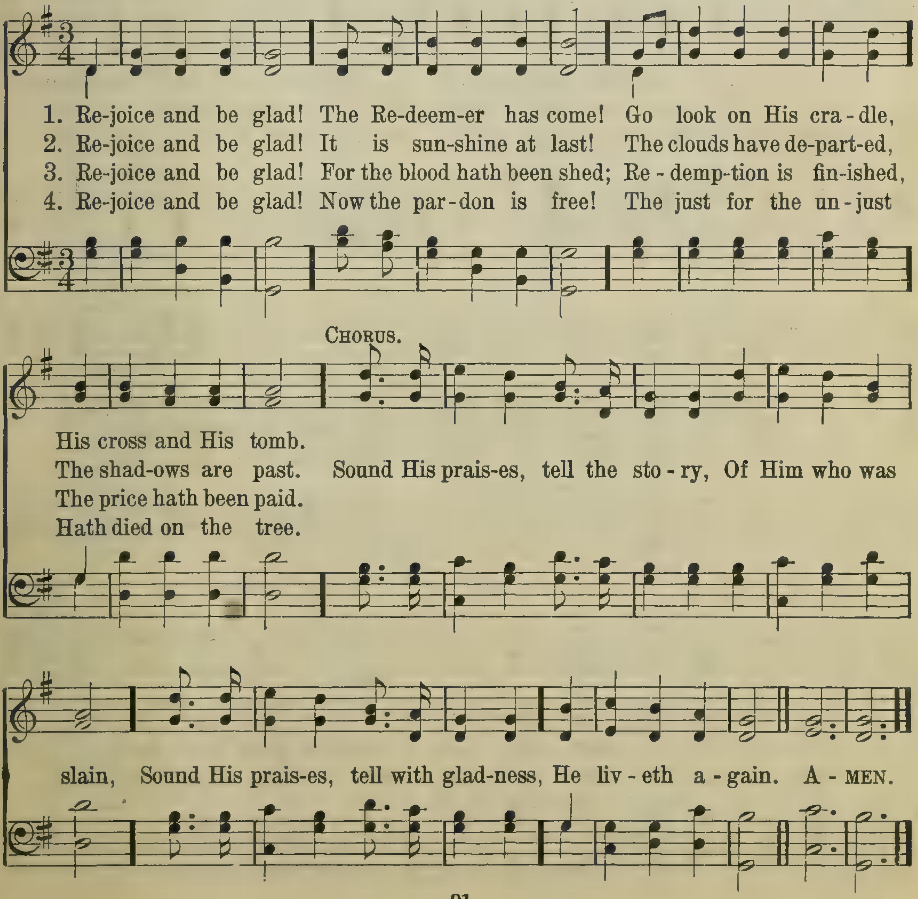
C. Wesley, 1741. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) J. Hatton, c., 1790.


1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
2. There His tri-um - phal char - iot waits, And an-gels chant the sol - emn lay:
3. Loose all your bars of mass - y light, And wide un-fold the ra - diant scene;
4. Who is the King of Glo - ry, who? The Lord that all His foes o'er-came,
5. Who is the King of Glo - ry, who? The Lord, of boundless pow'r pos-sessed,


The pow'rs of hell are cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky.
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev-er - last-ing doors, give way!"
He claims these mansions as His right; Re-ceive the King of Glo - ry in.
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew, And Je-sus is the Conqu'ror's name.
The King of saints and an - gels too, God, o - ver all, for-ev - er blest. A-MEN.

115 Rejoice and Be Glad

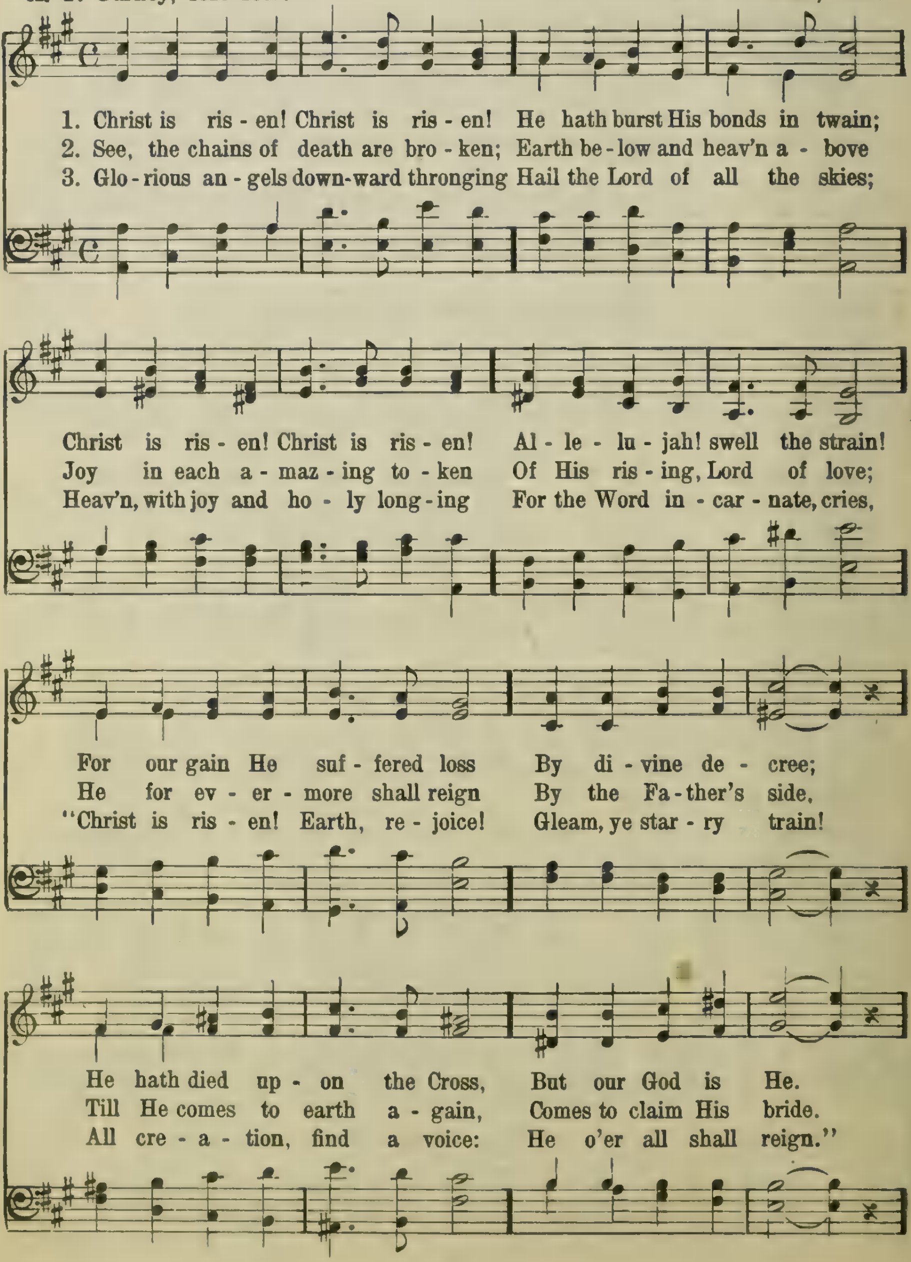
Rev. Horatius Bonar. (5s, 6s.) English Melody.

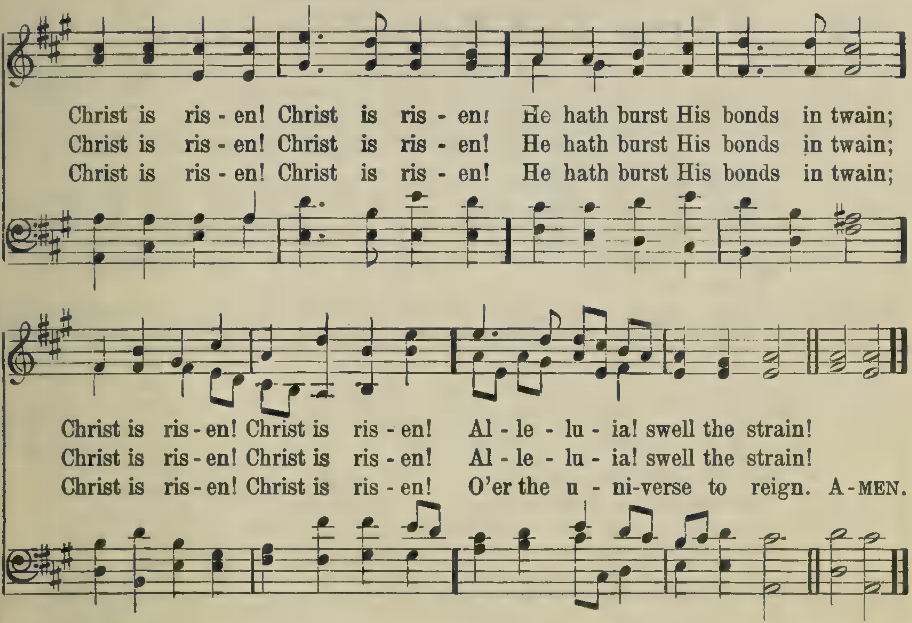

1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on His cra - dle,
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed,
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re - demp-tion is fin-ished,
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The just for the un - just
CHORUS.
His cross and His tomb.
The shad-ows are past. Sound His prais-es, tell the sto - ry, Of Him who was
The price hath been paid.
Hath died on the tree.
slain, Sound His prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He liv - eth a - gain. A - MEN.

Christ Is Risen!

(RESURREXIT. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 5, 7, 5, 8, 7, 8, 7.)

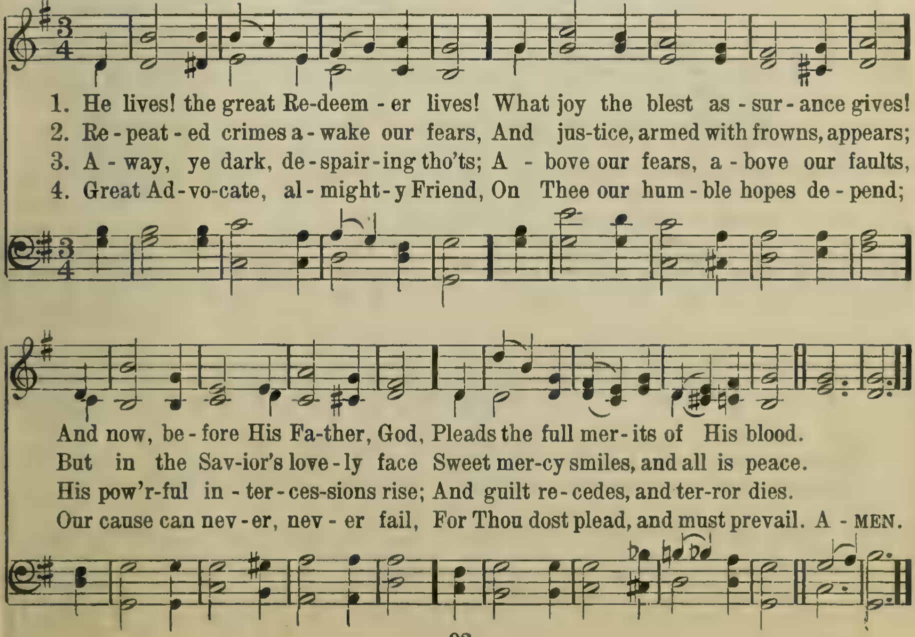
A. T. Gurney, 1820–1887. A. S. Sullivan, 1842.


1. Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
2. See, the chains of death are bro - ken; Earth be - low and heav'n a - bove
3. Glo - rious an - gels down-ward thronging Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Christ is ris - en! Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - jah! swell the strain!
Joy in each a - maz - ing to - ken Of His ris - ing, Lord of love;
Heav'n, with joy and ho - ly long - ing For the Word in - car - nate, cries,
For our gain He suf - fered loss By di - vine de - cree;
He for ev - er - more shall reign By the Fa - ther's side,
"Christ is ris - en! Earth, re - joice! Gleam, ye star - ry train!
He hath died up - on the Cross, But our God is He.
Till He comes to earth a - gain, Comes to claim His bride.
All cre - a - tion, find a voice: He o'er all shall reign."


Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst His bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Alleluia! swell the strain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! Alleluia! swell the strain!
Christ is risen! Christ is risen! O'er the universe to reign. A-MEN.

117 He Lives! the Great Redeemer Lives!

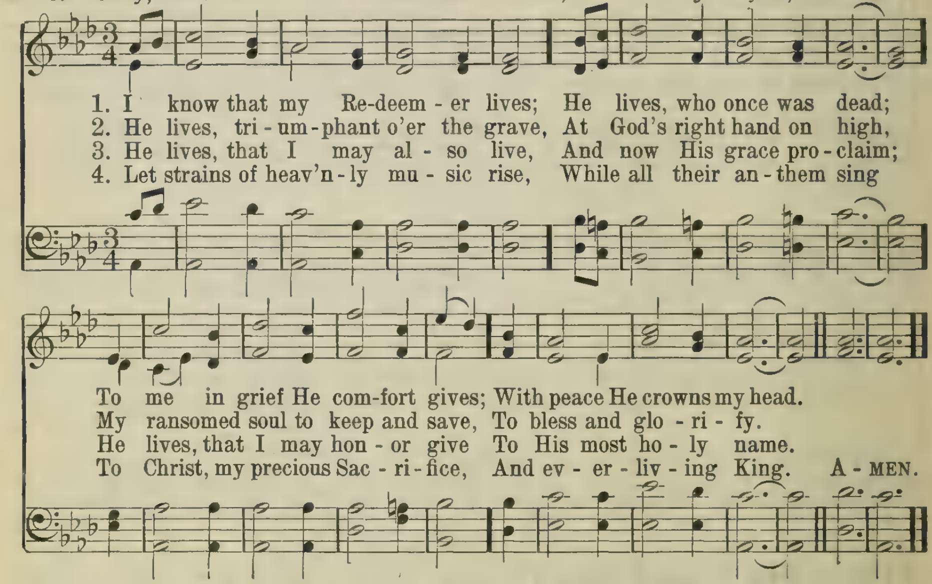
Anne Steele, 1760. (BROOKFIELD. L. M.) T. B. Southgate, 1814–1868.


1. He lives! the great Redeemer lives! What joy the blest assurance gives!
2. Repeated crimes awake our fears, And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
3. Away, ye dark, despairing tho'ts; Above our fears, above our faults,
4. Great Advocate, almighty Friend, On Thee our humble hopes depend;
And now, before His Father, God, Pleads the full merits of His blood.
But in the Savior's lovely face Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
His pow'rful intercessions rise; And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
Our cause can never, never fail, For Thou dost plead, and must prevail. A-MEN.

118 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

[*First Tune*]

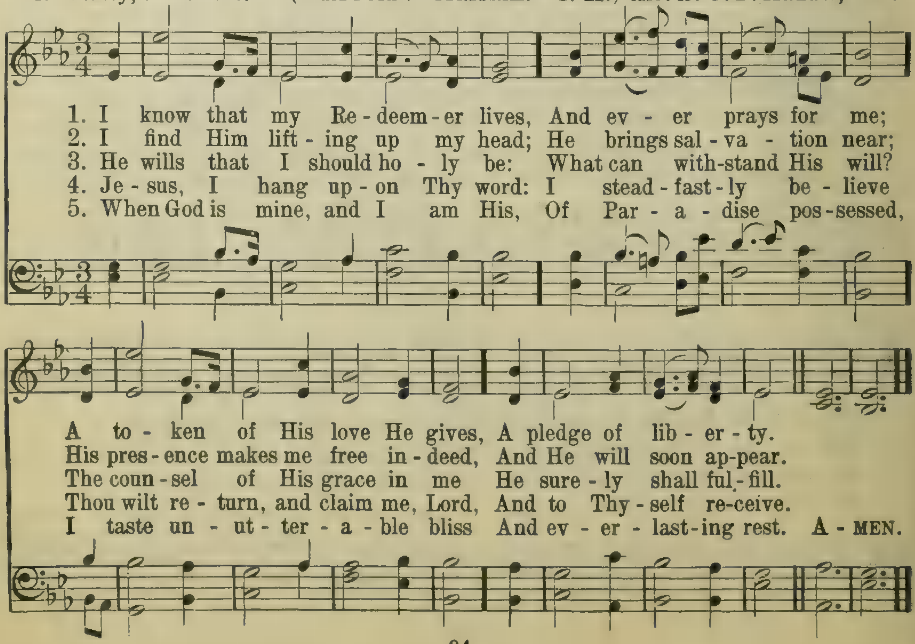
C. Wesley, 1742. (MANOAH. C. M.) F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.


1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives; He lives, who once was dead;
2. He lives, tri - um-phant o'er the grave, At God's right hand on high,
3. He lives, that I may al - so live, And now His grace pro - claim;
4. Let strains of heav'n - ly mu - sic rise, While all their an - them sing
To me in grief He com-fort gives; With peace He crowns my head.
My ransomed soul to keep and save, To bless and glo - ri - fy.
He lives, that I may hon - or give To His most ho - ly name.
To Christ, my precious Sac - ri - fice, And ev - er - liv - ing King. A - MEN.

119 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

[*Second Tune*]

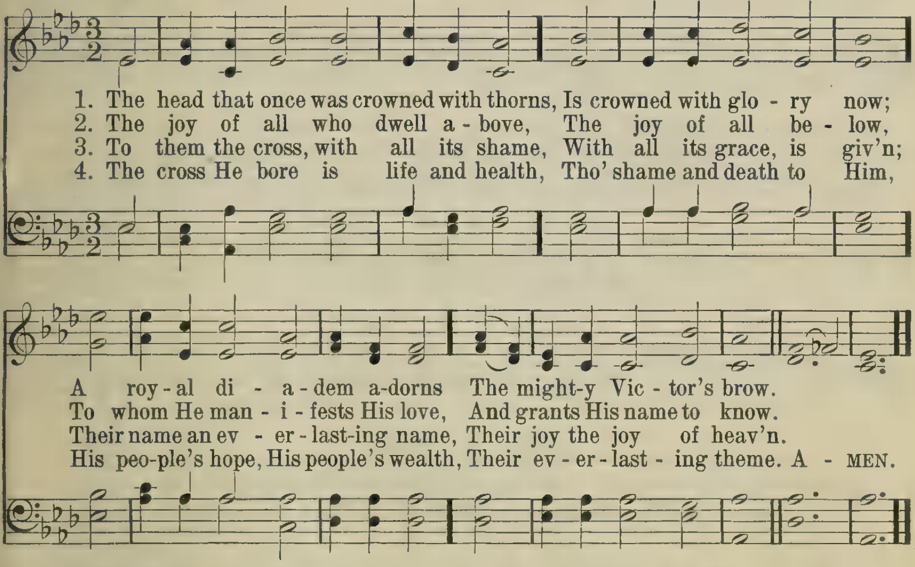
C. Wesley, 1742. Ab. (BRADFORD. MESSIAH. C. M.) Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with-stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
5. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos - sessed,
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re-ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss And ev - er - last-ing rest. A - MEN.

120 The Head That Once Was Crowned

[*First Tune*]

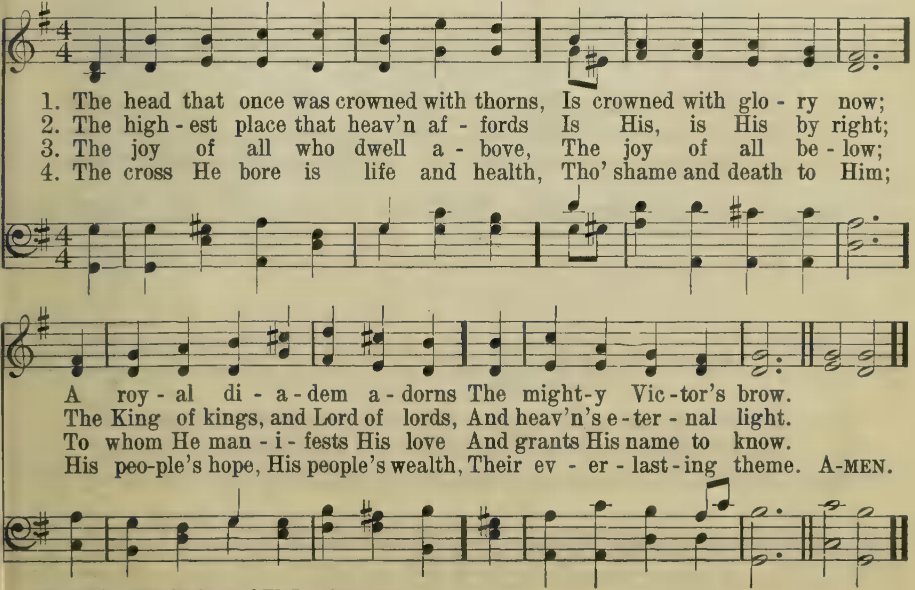
Thomas Kelly, 1820. (Denfield. C. M.) C. C. Glaser, 1784–1829.


1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
3. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;
4. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him,
A roy - al di - a - dem a-dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow.
To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
Their name an ev - er - last-ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.
His peo-ple's hope, His people's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme. A - MEN.

121 The Head That Once Was Crowned

[*Second Tune*]

T. Kelly. (Lawrence. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873.

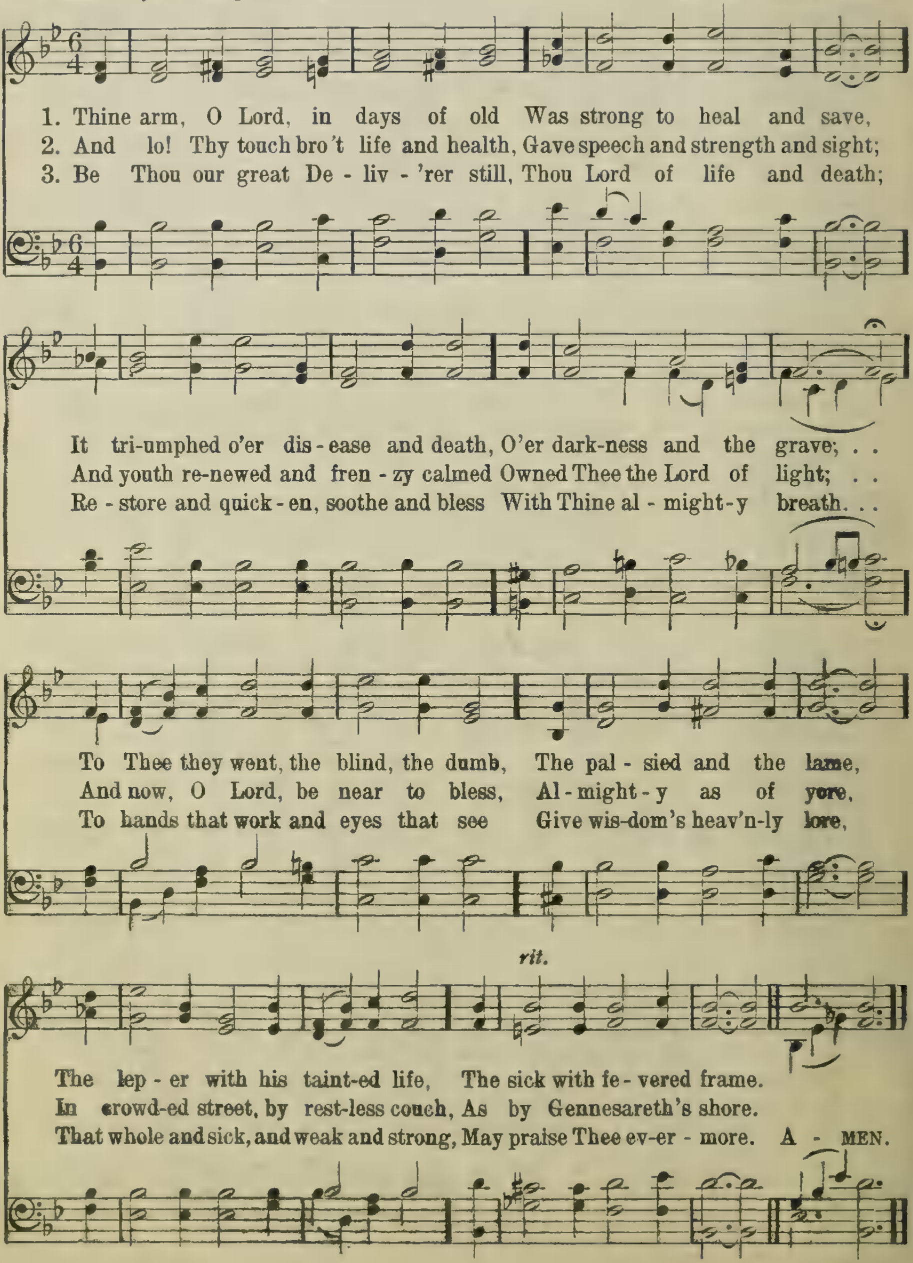

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right;
3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low;
4. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him;
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic-tor's brow.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light.
To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.
His peo-ple's hope, His people's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley.

122 Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old

(HOPE. C. M. D.)

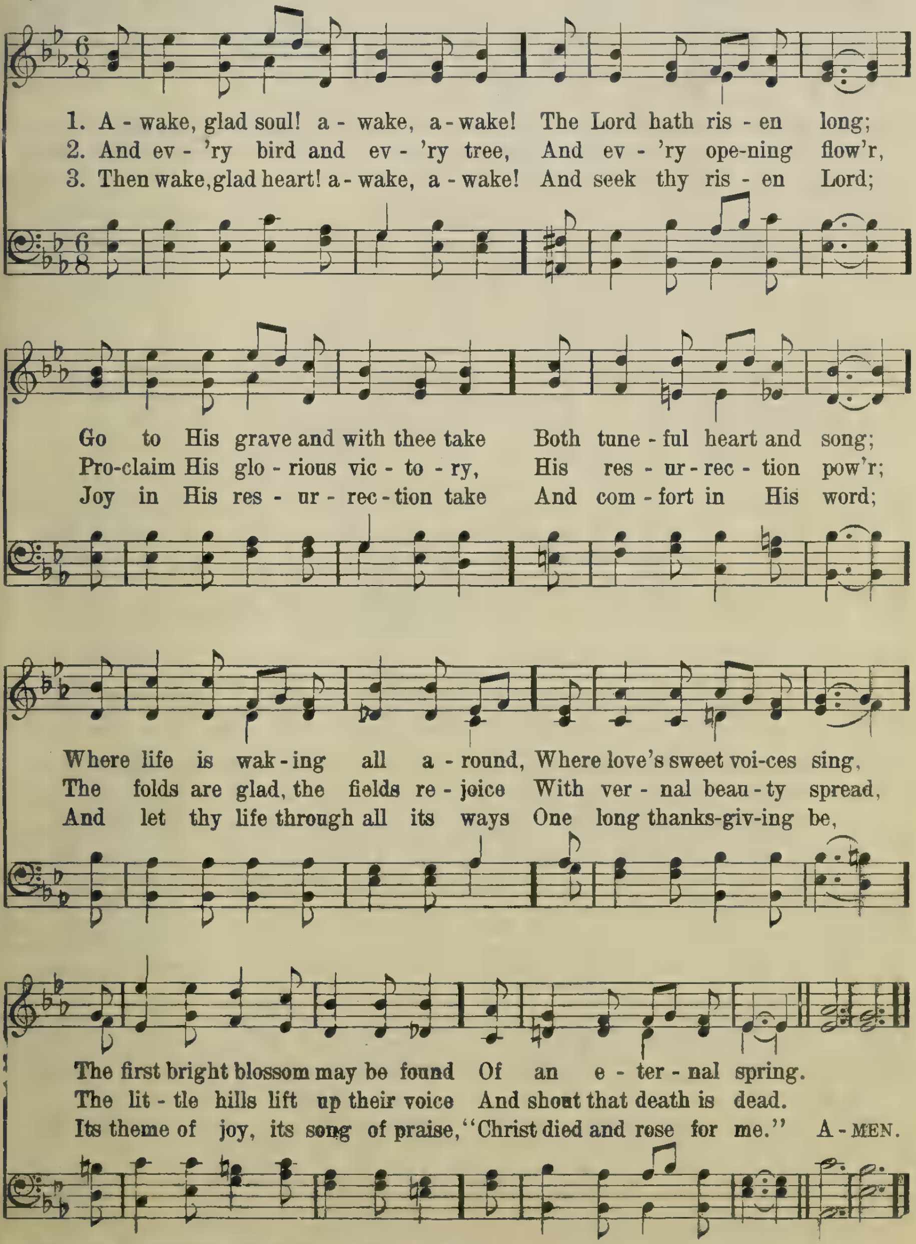
Edward Hayes Plumptree, 1865. Dr. A. M. Townsend.


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save,
2. And lo! Thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech and strength and sight;
3. Be Thou our great De - liv - 'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;
It tri-umphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave; . .
And youth re-newed and fren - zy calmed Owned Thee the Lord of light; . .
Re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless With Thine al - might-y breath. . .
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al - might - y as of yore,
To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis-dom's heav'n-ly lore,
rit.
The lep - er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe - vered frame.
In crowd-ed street, by rest-less couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.
That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev-er - more. A - MEN.

123 Awake, Glad Soul, Awake

(FLORA. 8, 6, 8, 6. D.)

John S. B. Monsell, 1857. George F. Le Jeune, 1842–1904.


1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a - wake! The Lord hath ris - en long;
2. And ev - 'ry bird and ev - 'ry tree, And ev - 'ry ope-ning flow'r,
3. Then wake, glad heart! a - wake, a - wake! And seek thy ris - en Lord;
Go to His grave and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song;
Pro-claim His glo - rious vic - to - ry, His res - ur - rec - tion pow'r;
Joy in His res - ur - rec - tion take And com - fort in His word;
Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where love's sweet voi-ces sing,
The folds are glad, the fields re - joice With ver - nal beau - ty spread,
And let thy life through all its ways One long thanks-giv-ing be,
The first bright blossom may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.
The lit - tle hills lift up their voice And shout that death is dead.
Its theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died and rose for me." A - MEN.

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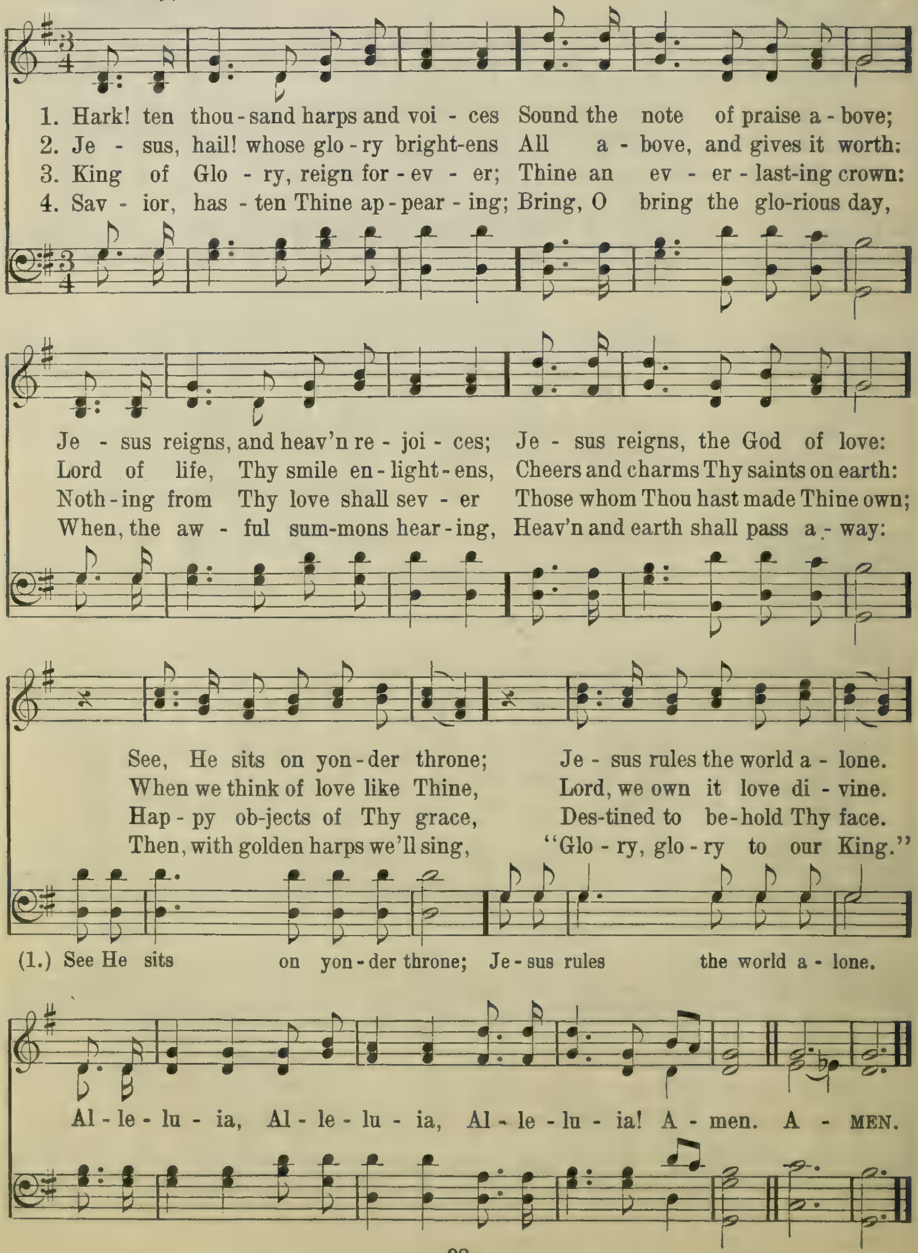
124 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices

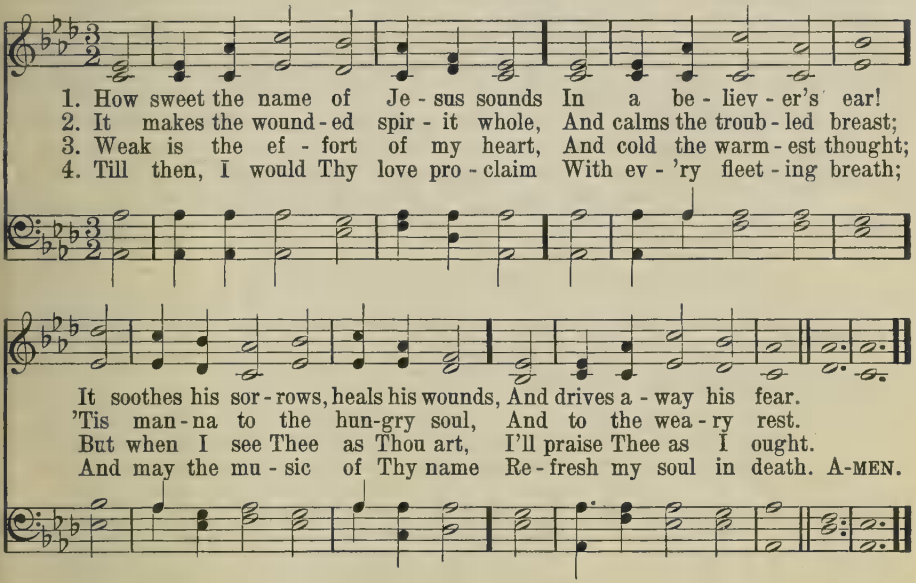
(Harwell. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. With Refrain.)

Thomas Kelly, 1836. L. Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi-ces Sound the note of praise a-bove;
2. Je-sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a-bove, and gives it worth:
3. King of Glo-ry, reign for-ev-er; Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown:
4. Sav-ior, has-ten Thine ap-pear-ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joi-ces; Je-sus reigns, the God of love:
Lord of life, Thy smile en-light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth:
Noth-ing from Thy love shall sev-er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
When, the aw-ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a-way:
See, He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine.
Hap-py ob-jects of Thy grace, Des-tined to be-hold Thy face.
Then, with golden harps we'll sing, "Glo-ry, glo-ry to our King."
(1.) See He sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! A-men. A-MEN.

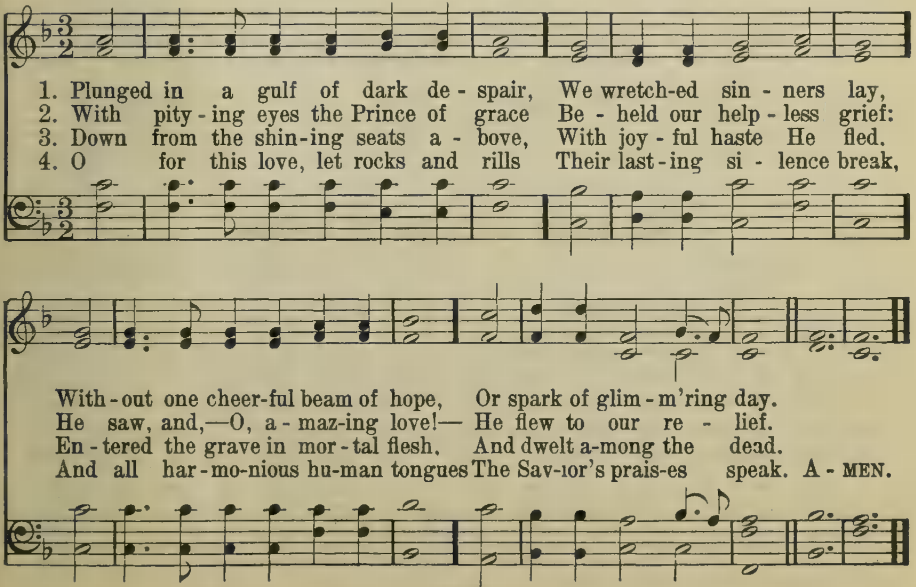
125 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

John Newton, 1779. (EVAN. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793–1870.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold the warm - est thought;
4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man - na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. A-MEN.

126 Plunged in a Gulf of Dark Despair

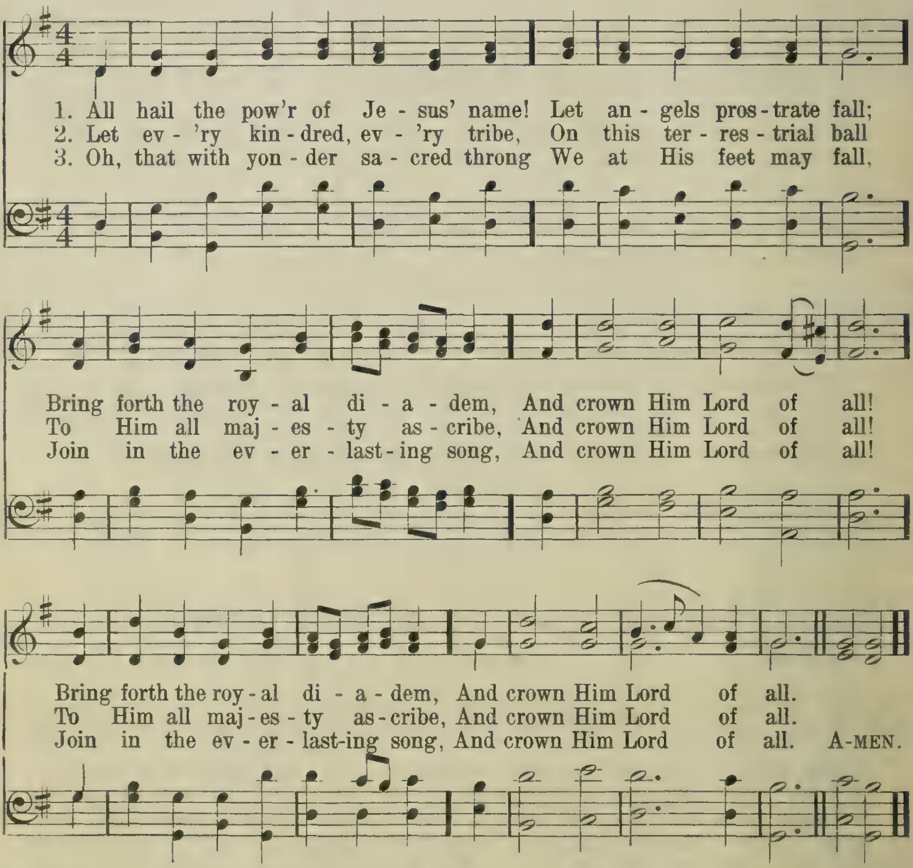
Isaac Watts, 1707. (BYEFIELD. C. M.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784–1872.


1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretch-ed sin - ners lay,
2. With pity - ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help - less grief:
3. Down from the shin-ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste He fled.
4. O for this love, let rocks and rills Their last - ing si - lence break,
With - out one cheer-ful beam of hope, Or spark of glim - m'ring day.
He saw, and,—O, a - maz-ing love!— He flew to our re - lief.
En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a-mong the dead.
And all har - mo-nious hu-man tongues The Sav-ior's prais-es speak. A - MEN.

127 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

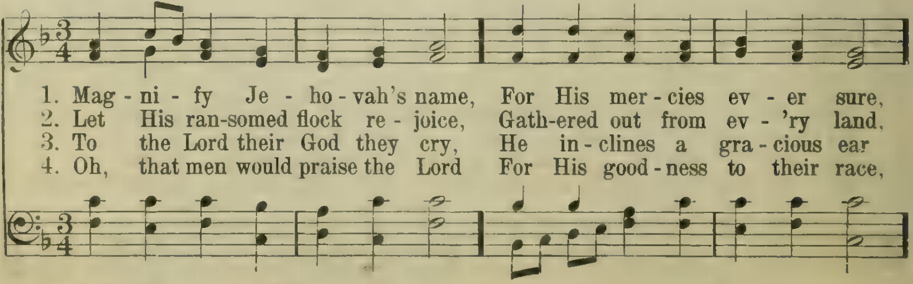
[*Second Tune*]

Edward Perronet, 1779. (Coronation. C. M.) Oliver Holden, 1793.

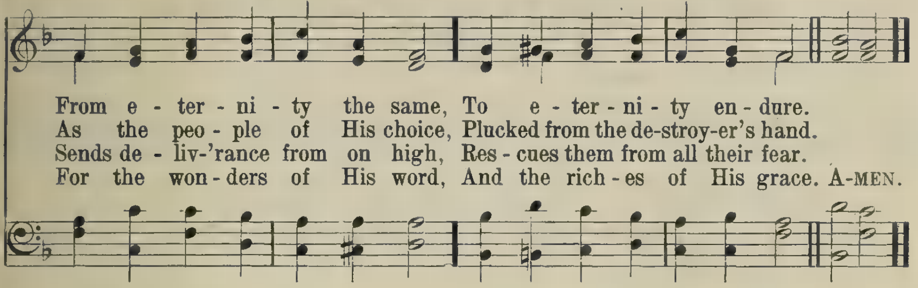

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

128 Magnify Jehovah's Name

J. Montgomery. (Sunnyside. 7s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

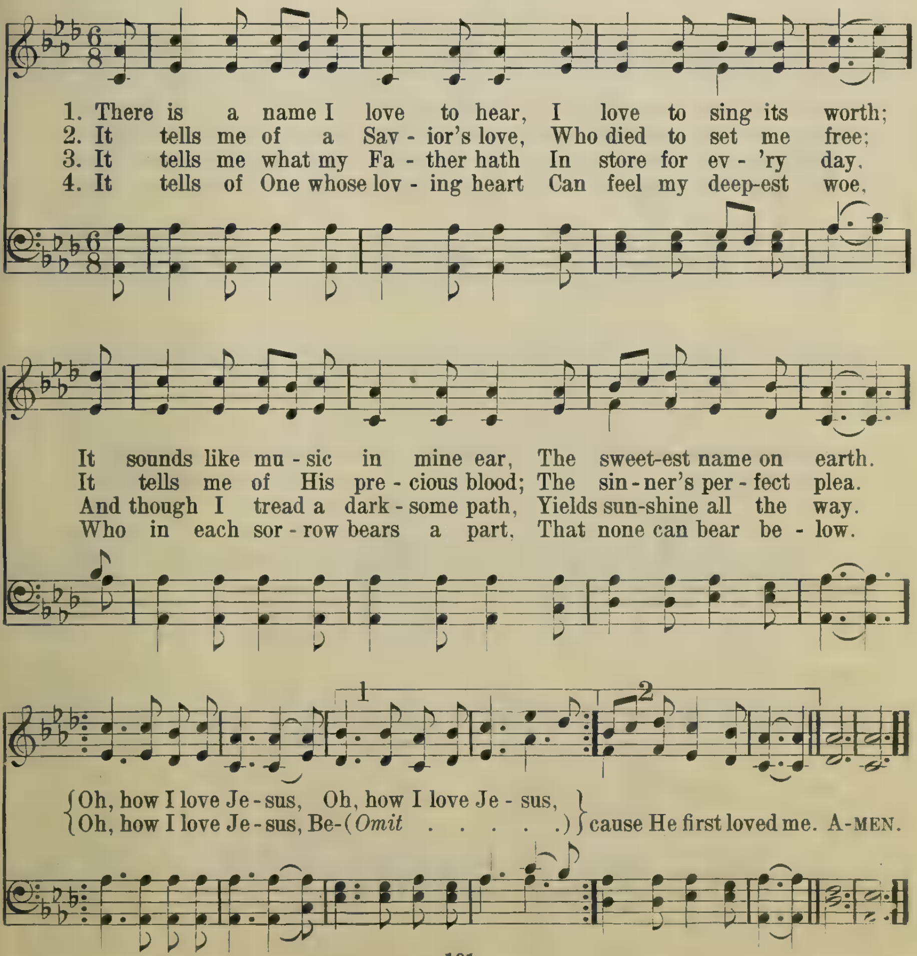

1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name, For His mer - cies ev - er sure,
2. Let His ran-somed flock re - joice, Gath-ered out from ev - 'ry land,
3. To the Lord their God they cry, He in - clines a gra - cious ear
4. Oh, that men would praise the Lord For His good - ness to their race,

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley.


From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.
As the peo - ple of His choice, Plucked from the de-stroy-er's hand.
Sends de - liv-'rance from on high, Res - cues them from all their fear.
For the won - ders of His word, And the rich - es of His grace. A-MEN.

129 Oh, How I Love Jesus

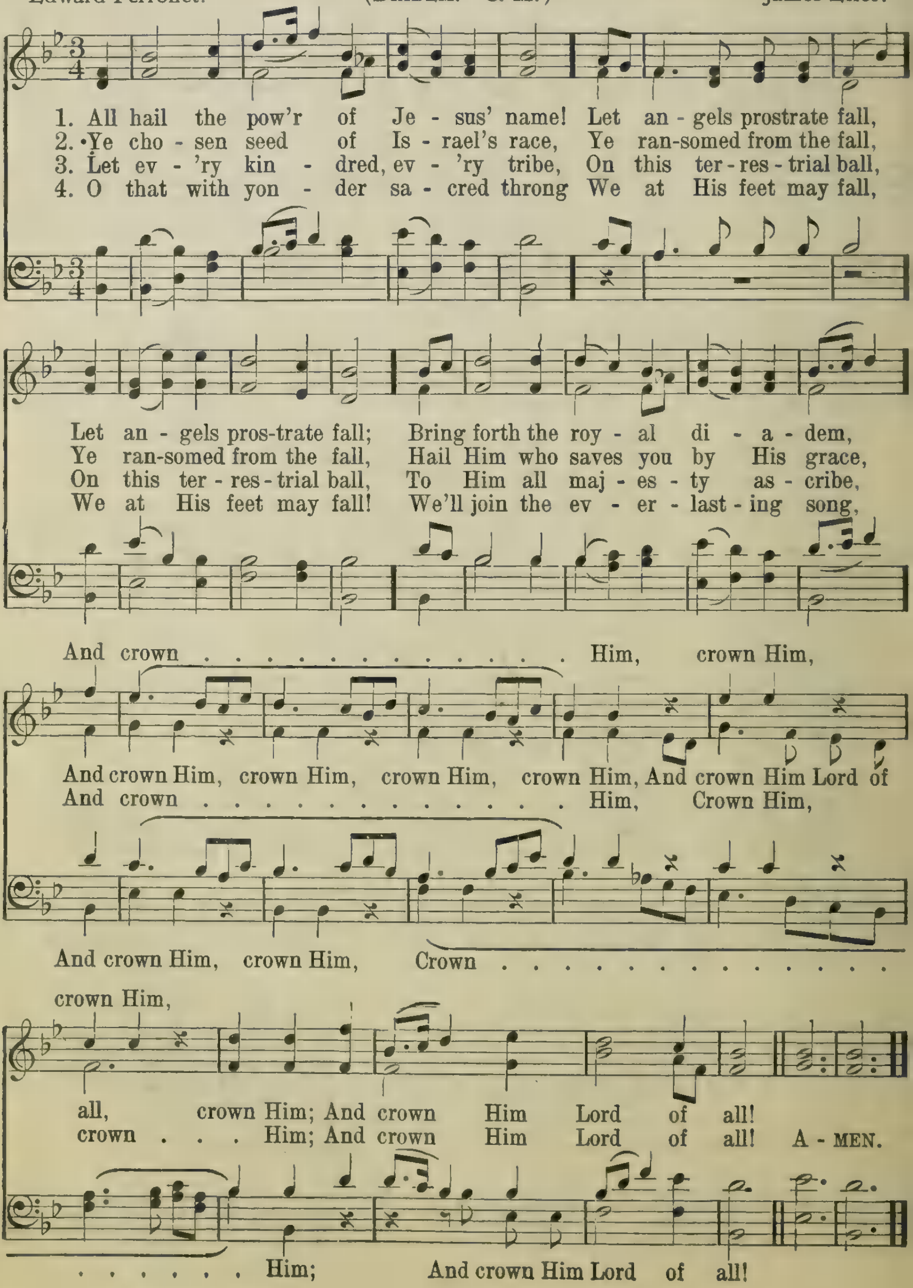
(8s, 6s.)


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre - cious blood; The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
And though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.
1
2
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be-(Omit . . . . .) cause He first loved me. A-MEN.

130 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

[*Third Tune*]

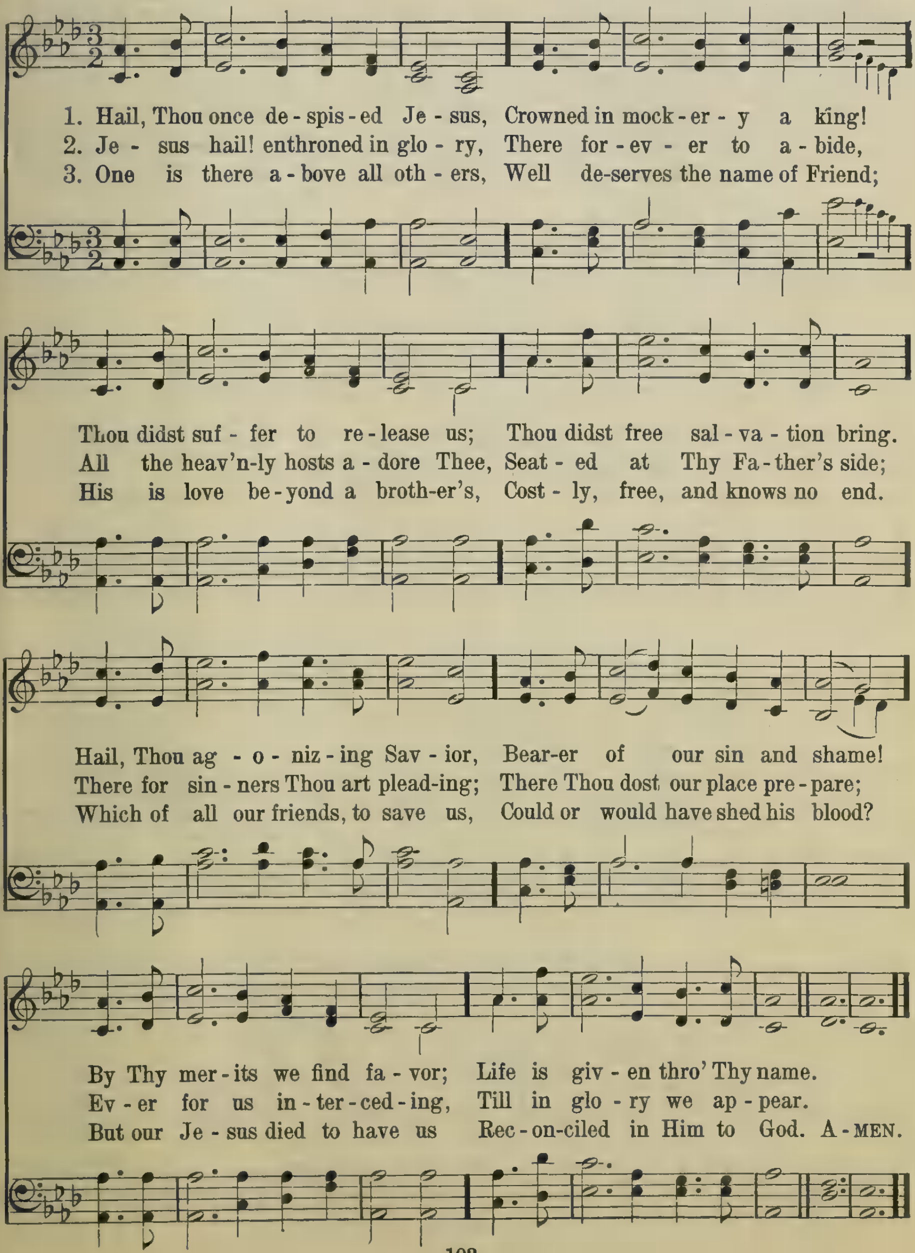
Edward Perronet. (Diadem. C. M.) James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . .
crown Him,
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
crown . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
. . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

131 Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus

(AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.)

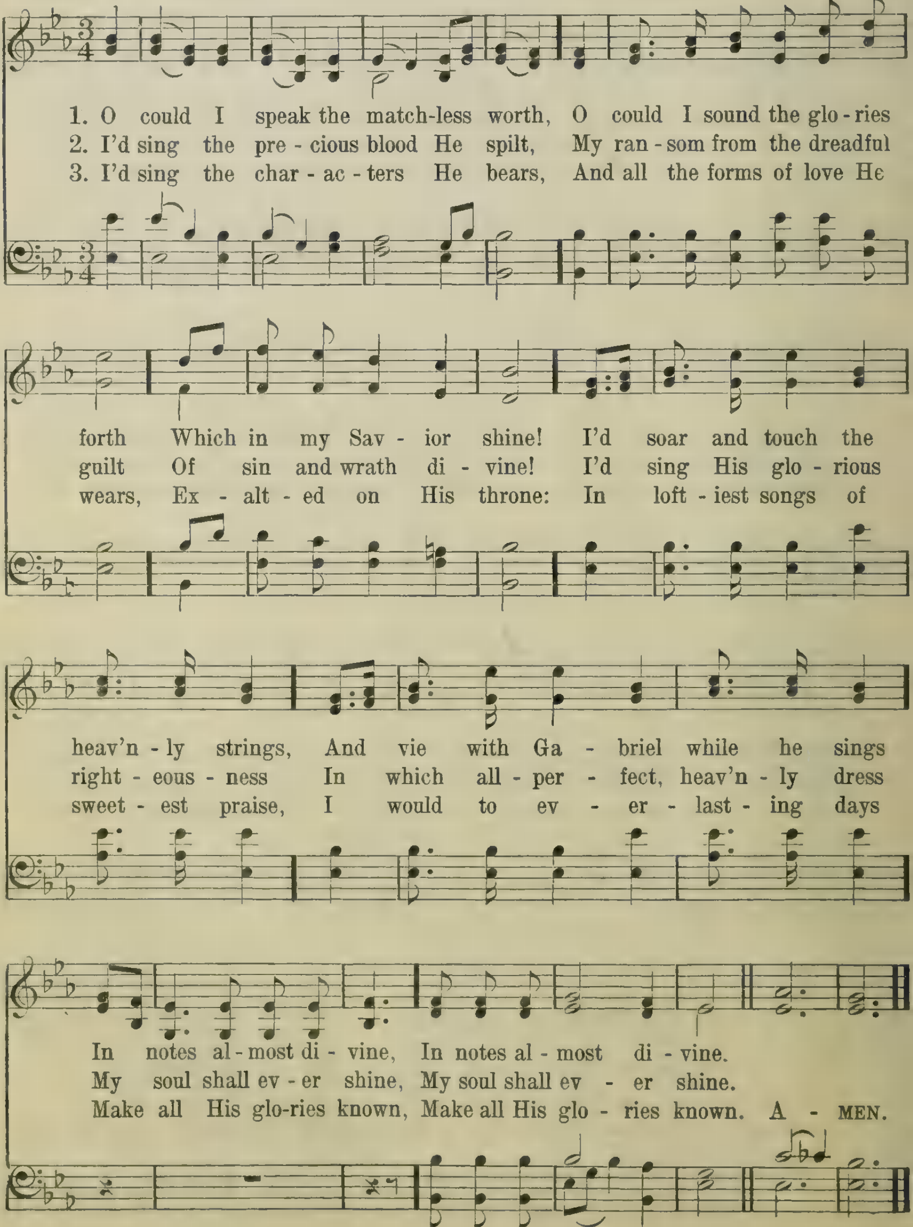
John Bakewell, 1760. Spanish Melody from Marecho.


1. Hail, Thou once despised Jesus, Crowned in mockery a king!
2. Jesus hail! enthroned in glory, There forever to abide,
3. One is there above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend;
Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst free salvation bring.
All the heav'nly hosts adore Thee, Seated at Thy Father's side;
His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.
Hail, Thou agonizing Savior, Bearer of our sin and shame!
There for sinners Thou art pleading; There Thou dost our place prepare;
Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
By Thy merits we find favor; Life is given thro' Thy name.
Ever for us interceding, Till in glory we appear.
But our Jesus died to have us Reconciled in Him to God. A-MEN.

132 O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

(Ariel. C. P. M.)

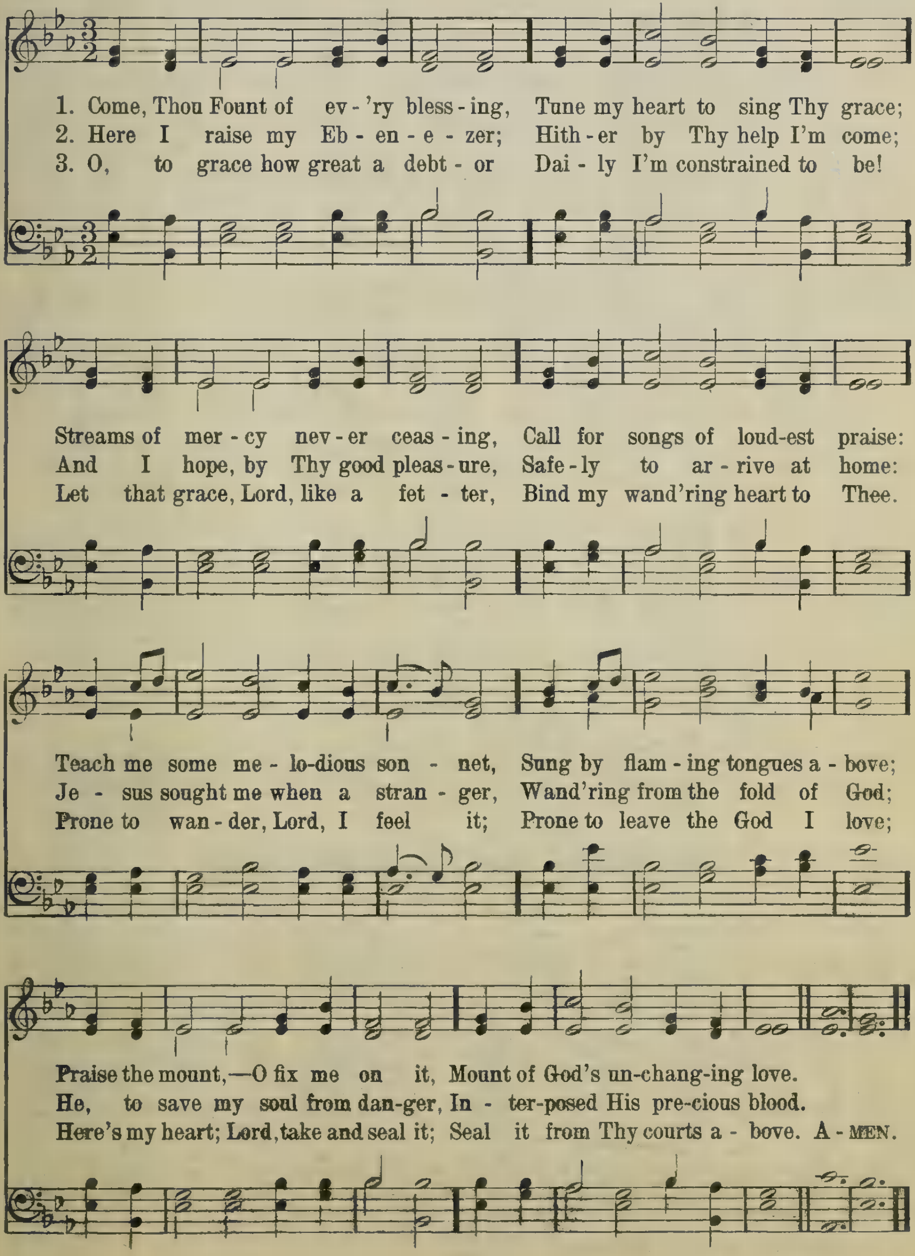
Samuel Medley, 1789. Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He
forth Which in my Sav-ior shine! I'd soar and touch the
guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing His glo-rious
wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of
heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
right-eous-ness In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress
sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days
In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known. A-MEN.

133 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing

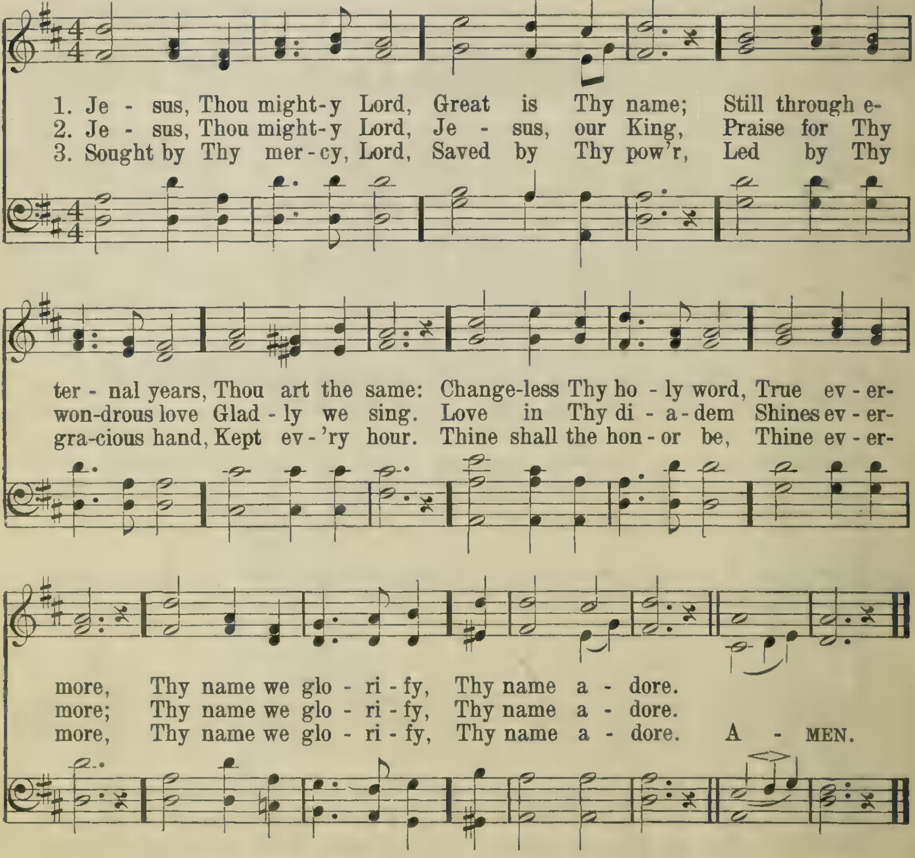
(NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.)

Robert Robinson, 1757.
J. Wyeth's Coll., 1812.


1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home:
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.
Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount,—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts a-bove. A-MEN.

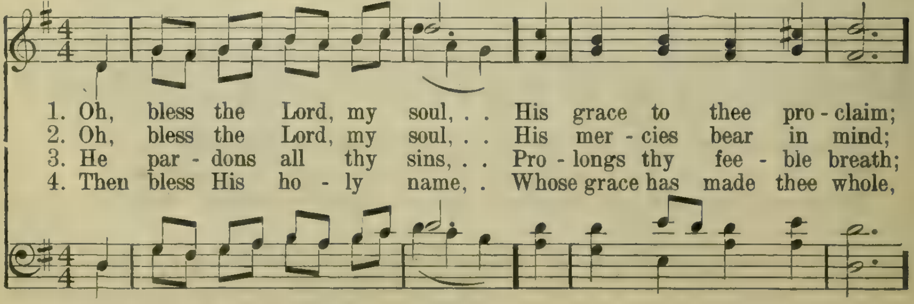
134 Jesus, Thou Mighty Lord

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1823. (6s, 4s.) W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, Thou might-y Lord, Great is Thy name; Still through e-
2. Je - sus, Thou might-y Lord, Je - sus, our King, Praise for Thy
3. Sought by Thy mer - cy, Lord, Saved by Thy pow'r, Led by Thy
ter - nal years, Thou art the same: Change-less Thy ho - ly word, True ev - er-
won-drous love Glad - ly we sing. Love in Thy di - a - dem Shines ev - er-
gra-cious hand, Kept ev - 'ry hour. Thine shall the hon - or be, Thine ev - er-
more, Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore.
more; Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore.
more, Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore. A - MEN.

135 Oh, Bless the Lord, My Soul

J. Montgomery. (MALDEN. S. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, . . His grace to thee pro - claim;
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, . . His mer - cies bear in mind;
3. He par - dons all thy sins, . . Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath;
4. Then bless His ho - ly name, . Whose grace has made thee whole,

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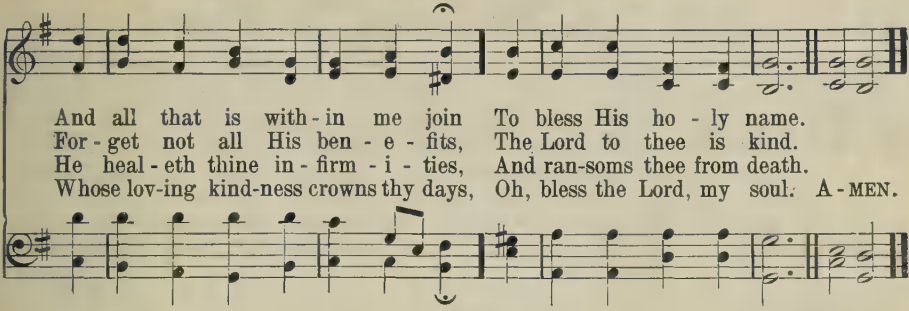
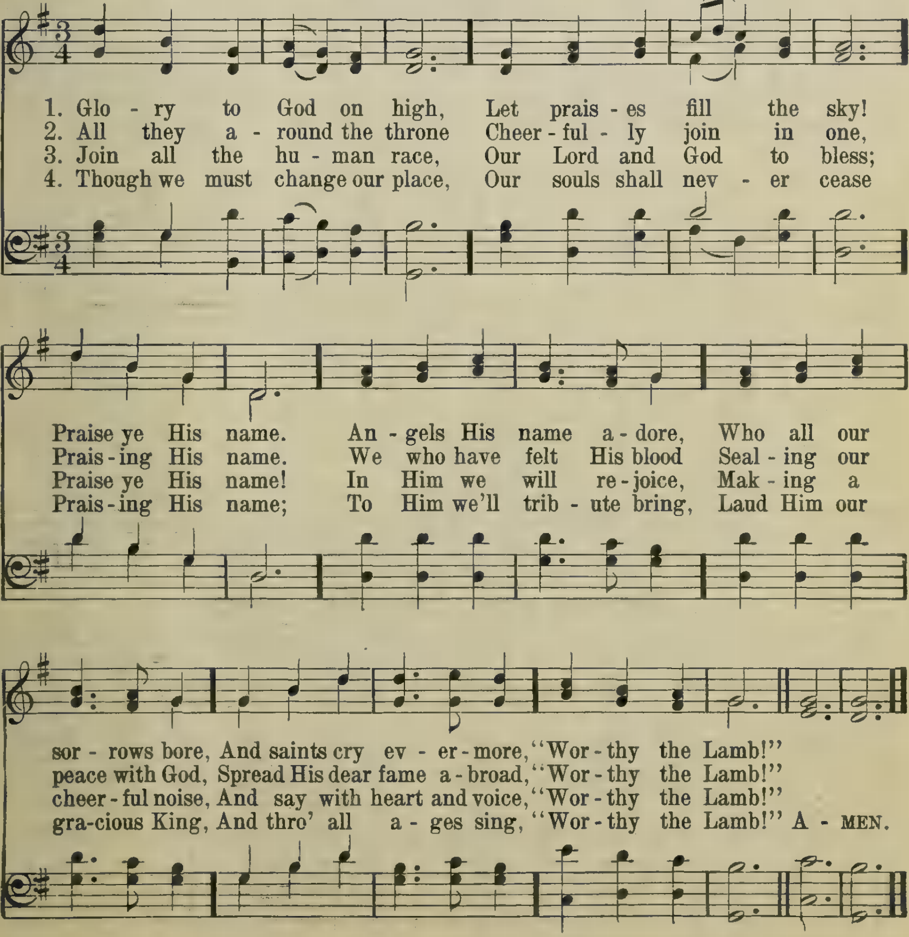

And all that is with - in me join To bless His ho - ly name.
For - get not all His ben - e - fits, The Lord to thee is kind.
He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran-soms thee from death.
Whose lov-ing kind-ness crowns thy days, Oh, bless the Lord, my soul. A - MEN.

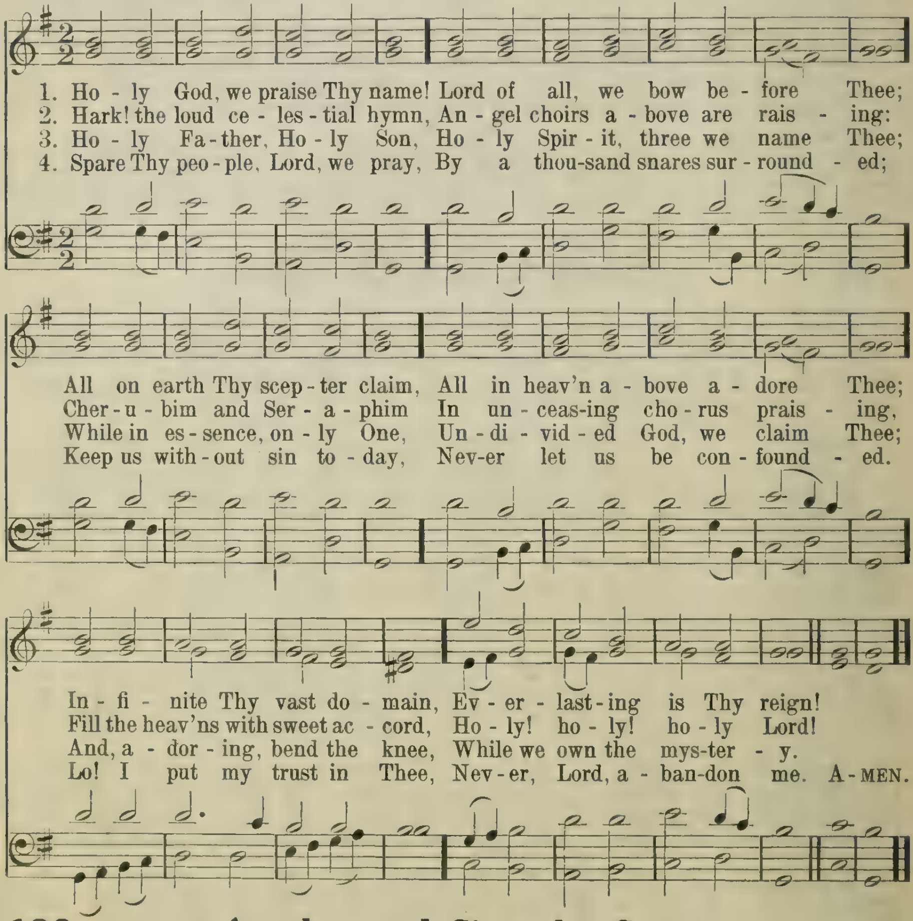
136 Glory to God On High

James Allen, 1761. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) Felici Giardini, 1716–1796.


1. Glo - ry to God on high, Let prais - es fill the sky!
2. All they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one,
3. Join all the hu - man race, Our Lord and God to bless;
4. Though we must change our place, Our souls shall nev - er cease
Praise ye His name. An - gels His name a - dore, Who all our
Prais - ing His name. We who have felt His blood Seal - ing our
Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, Mak - ing a
Prais - ing His name; To Him we'll trib - ute bring, Laud Him our
sor - rows bore, And saints cry ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
peace with God, Spread His dear fame a - broad, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
cheer - ful noise, And say with heart and voice, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
gra-cious King, And thro' all a - ges sing, "Wor - thy the Lamb!" A - MEN.

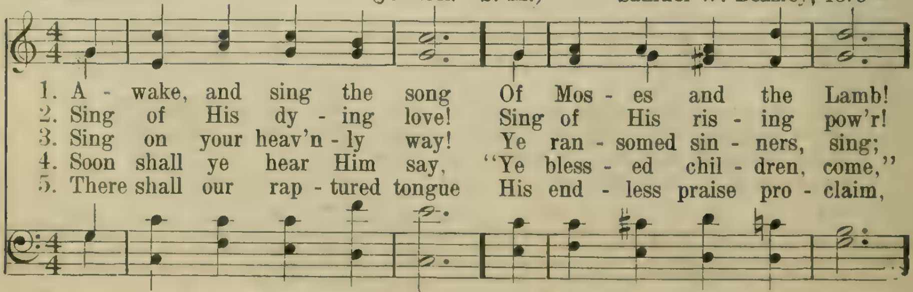
137 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name!

Tr. by C. A. Walworth, 1853. (TE DEUM. P. M.) Arr. from J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.


1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee;
2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing:
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, three we name Thee;
4. Spare Thy peo - ple, Lord, we pray, By a thou-sand snares sur - round - ed;
All on earth Thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee;
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim In un - ceas-ing cho - rus prais - ing,
While in es - sence, on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God, we claim Thee;
Keep us with - out sin to - day, Nev-er let us be con - found - ed.
In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign!
Fill the heav'ns with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly Lord!
And, a - dor - ing, bend the knee, While we own the mys-ter - y.
Lo! I put my trust in Thee, Nev - er, Lord, a - ban-don me. A - MEN.

138 Awake, and Sing the Song

W. Hammond. (JUNIOR. S. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb!
2. Sing of His dy - ing love! Sing of His ris - ing pow'r!
3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way! Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come,"
5. There shall our rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim,

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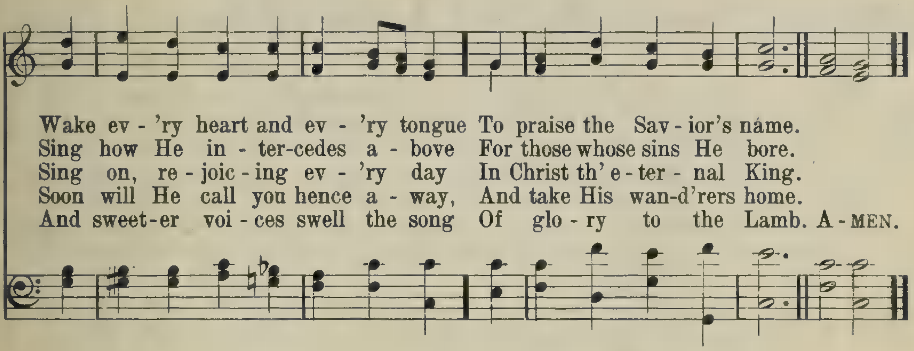
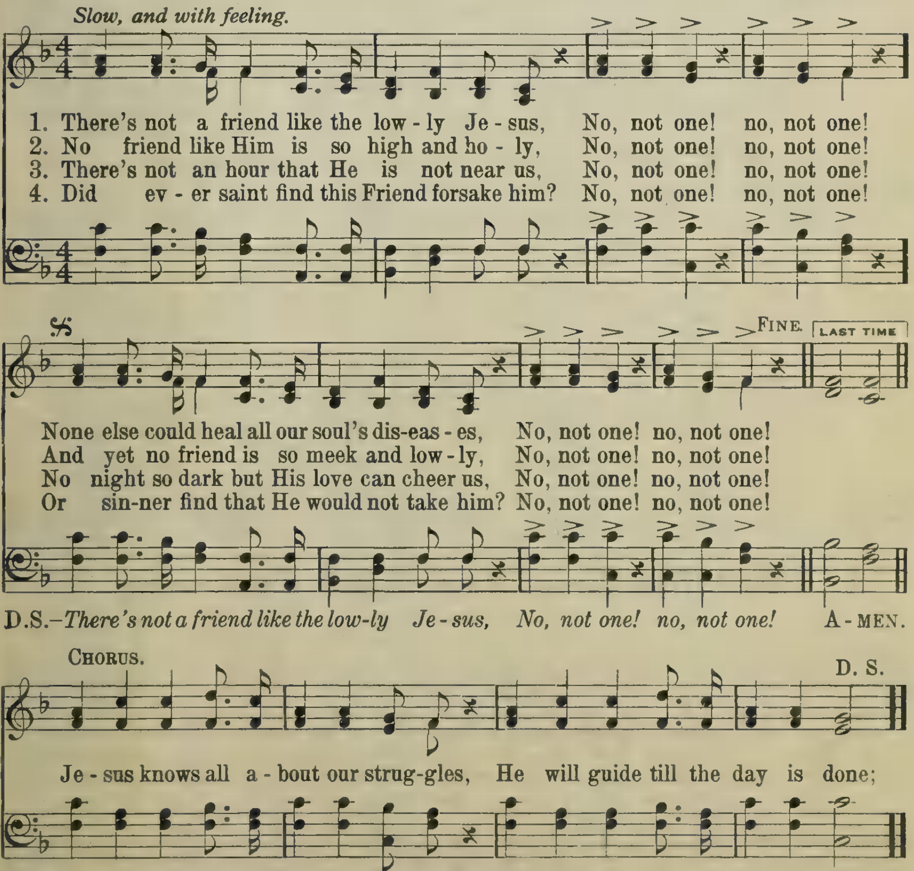

Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav - ior's náme.
Sing how He in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ th' e - ter - nal King.
Soon will He call you hence a - way, And take His wan-d'rers home.
And sweet-er voi - ces swell the song Of glo - ry to the Lamb. A - MEN.

139

No, Not One

Johnson Oatman, Jr. (10s, 6s.) Geo. C. Hugg.


Slow, and with feeling.
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
FINE.
LAST TIME
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.–There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one! A - MEN.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

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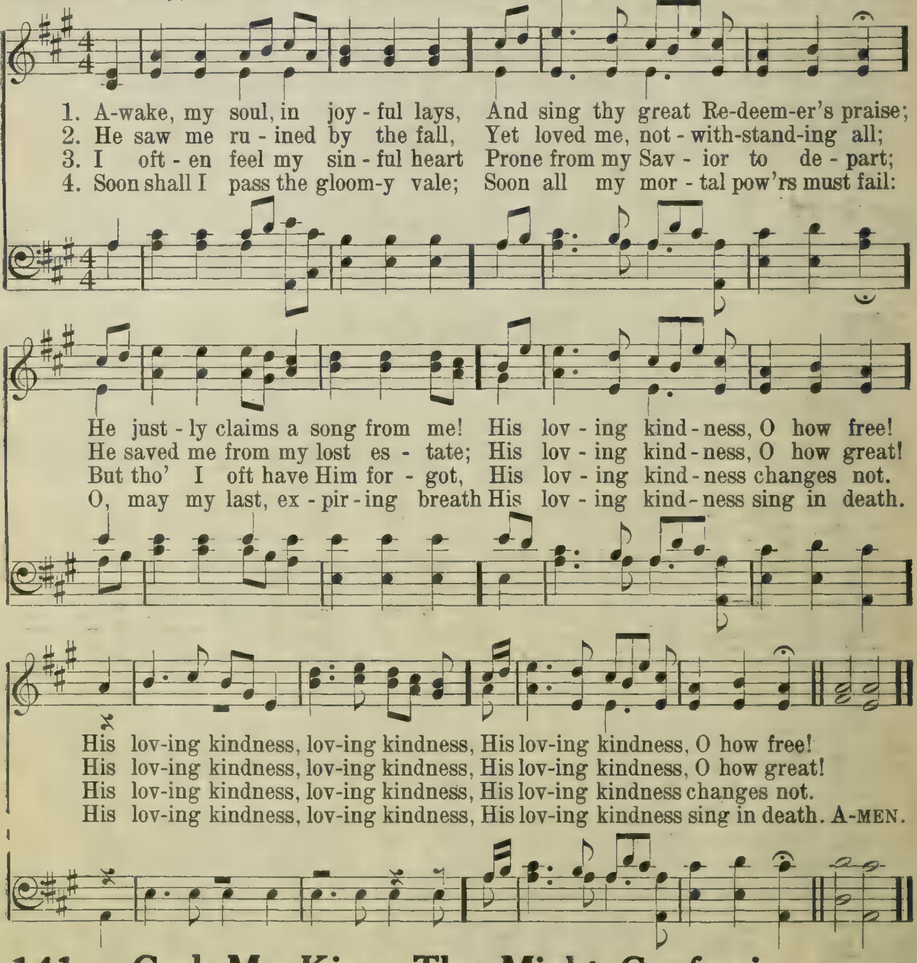
140 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

Samuel Medley, 1787. (LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.) Western Melody.



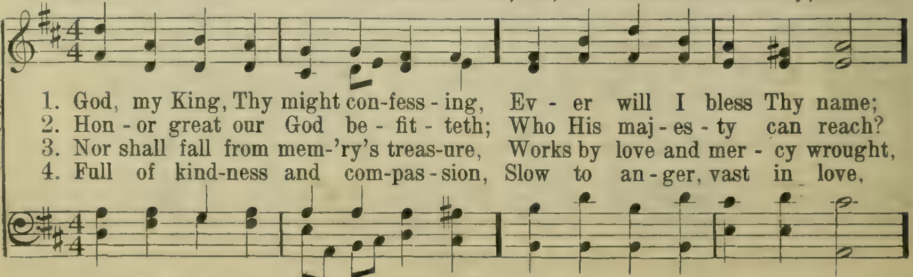
1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
3. I oft-en feel my sin-ful heart Prone from my Sav-ior to de-part;
4. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale; Soon all my mor-tal pow'rs must fail:

He just-ly claims a song from me! His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
But tho' I oft have Him for-got, His lov-ing kind-ness changes not.
O, may my last, ex-pir-ing breath His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death.

His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how free!
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how great!
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness changes not.
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness sing in death. A-MEN.

141 God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

R. Mant. (LAKESIDE. 8s, 7s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;
2. Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth; Who His maj-es-ty can reach?
3. Nor shall fall from mem-'ry's treas-ure, Works by love and mer-cy wrought,
4. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow to an-ger, vast in love,

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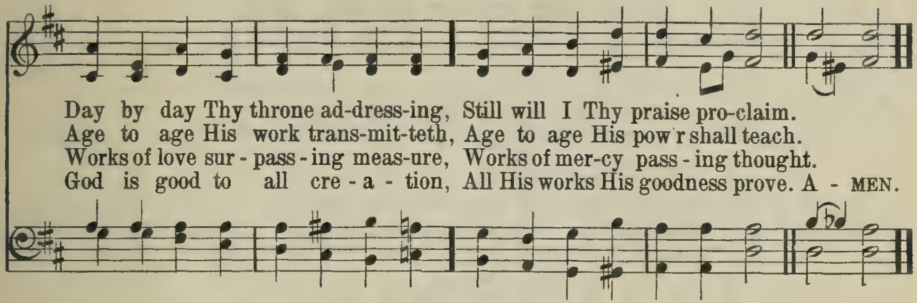
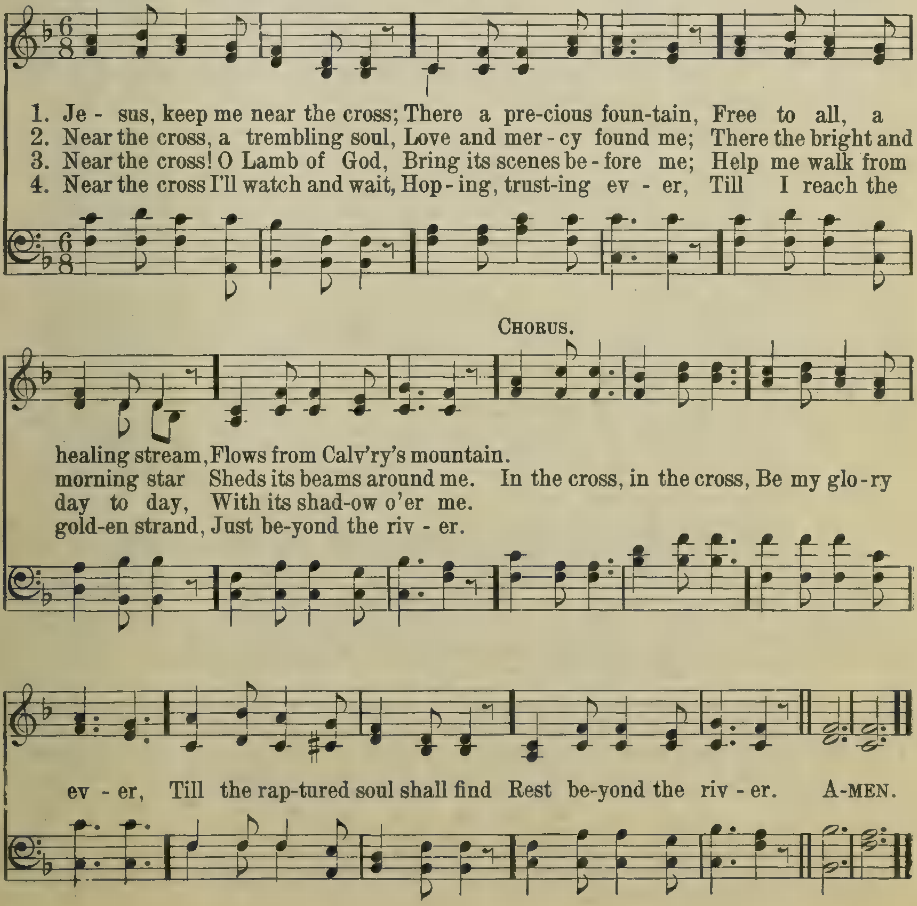

Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.
Age to age His work trans-mit-teth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
Works of love sur - pass - ing meas-ure, Works of mer-cy pass - ing thought.
God is good to all cre - a - tion, All His works His goodness prove. A - MEN.

142 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

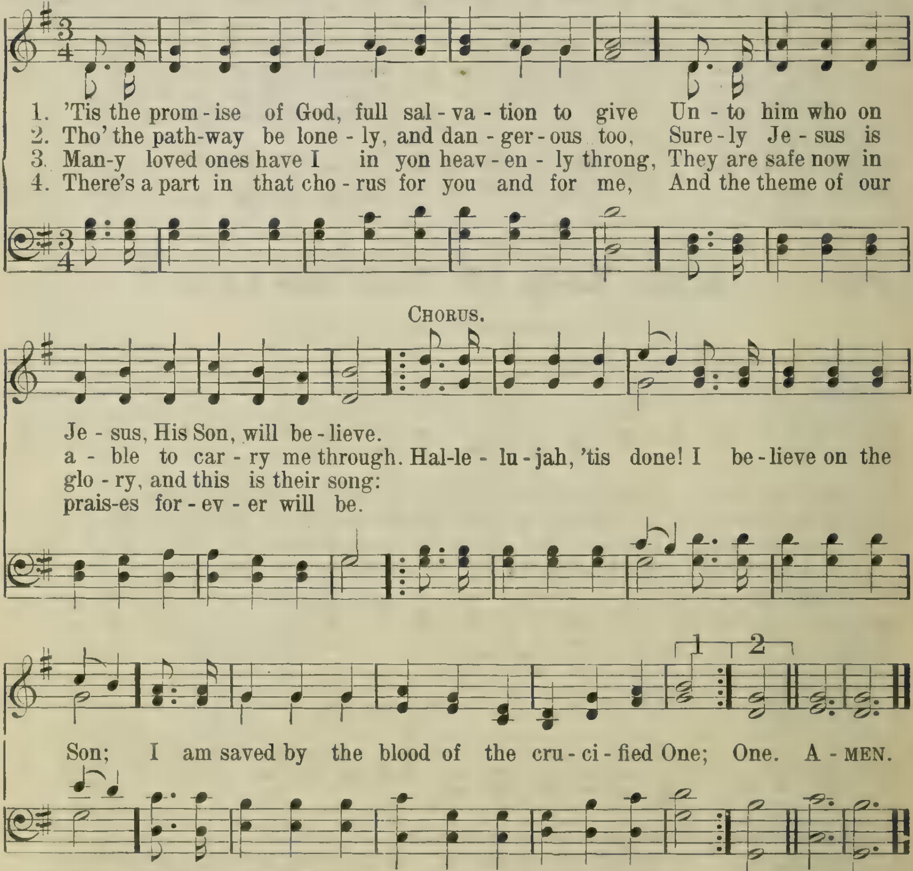
(NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1869. W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre-cious foun-tain, Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams around me.
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me; Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ow o'er me.
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.
CHORUS.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry ev - er, Till the rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er. A-MEN.

143 'Tis the Promise of God

Philip P. Bliss, 1874. (HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE! 12s.) P. P. Bliss, 1838–1877.


1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
2. Tho' the path-way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
3. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in
4. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me, And the theme of our
CHORUS.
Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
a - ble to car - ry me through. Hal-le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the
glo - ry, and this is their song:
prais-es for - ev - er will be.
1
2
Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; One. A - MEN.

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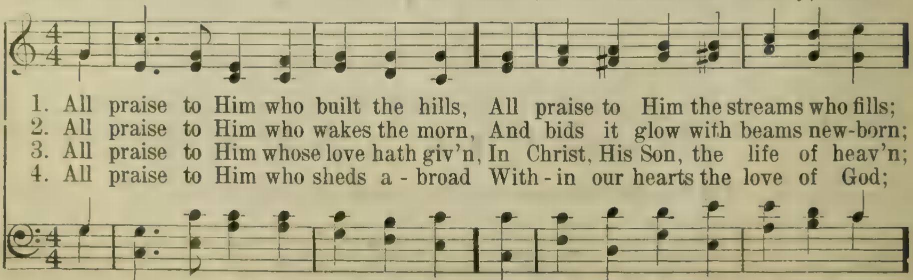
144 All Praise to Him Who Built the Hills

H. Bonar. (GAULT. L. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. All praise to Him who built the hills, All praise to Him the streams who fills;
2. All praise to Him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born;
3. All praise to Him whose love hath giv'n, In Christ, His Son, the life of heav'n;
4. All praise to Him who sheds a - broad With - in our hearts the love of God;

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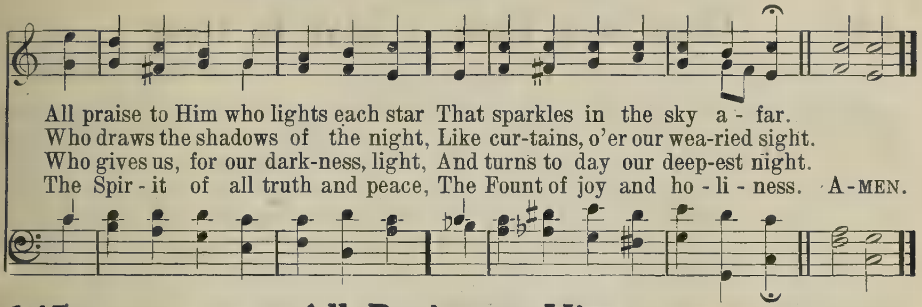
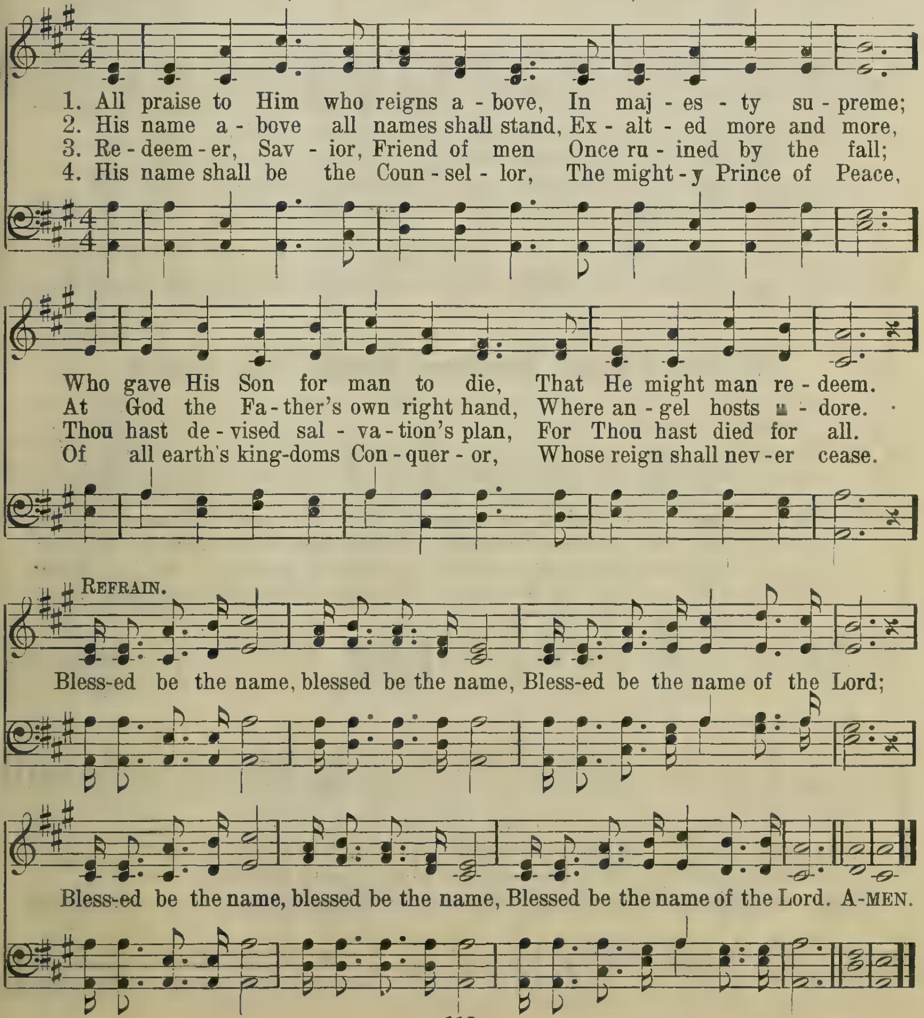

All praise to Him who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a - far.
Who draws the shadows of the night, Like cur-tains, o'er our wea-ried sight.
Who gives us, for our dark-ness, light, And turns to day our deep-est night.
The Spir - it of all truth and peace, The Fount of joy and ho - li - ness. A-MEN.

145

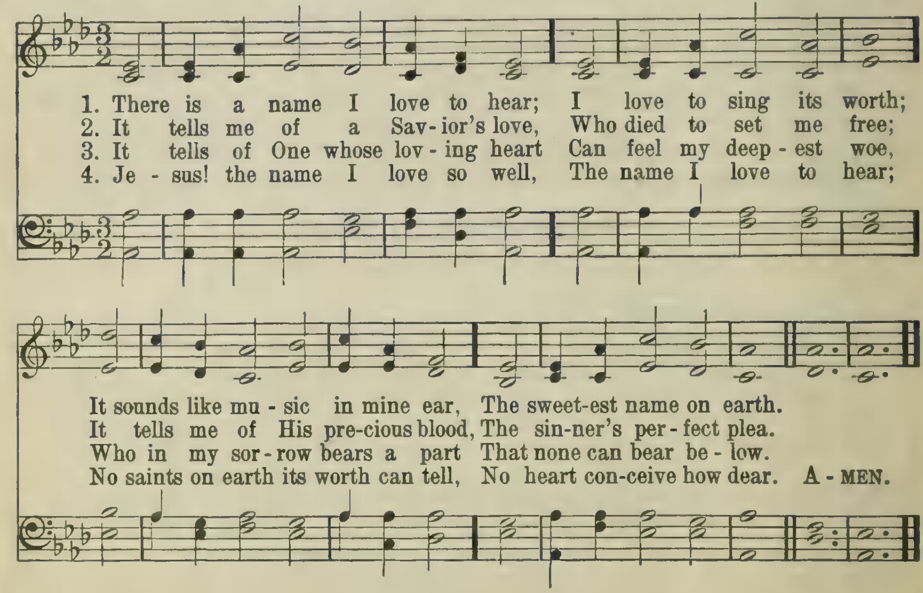
All Praise to Him

W. H. Clark. (BLESSED BE THE NAME. C. M.)


1. All praise to Him who reigns a - bove, In maj - es - ty su - preme;
2. His name a - bove all names shall stand, Ex - alt - ed more and more,
3. Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, Friend of men Once ru - ined by the fall;
4. His name shall be the Coun - sel - lor, The might - y Prince of Peace,
Who gave His Son for man to die, That He might man re - deem.
At God the Fa - ther's own right hand, Where an - gel hosts a - dore.
Thou hast de - vised sal - va - tion's plan, For Thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's king-doms Con - quer - or, Whose reign shall nev - er cease.
REFRAIN.
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Bless-ed be the name of the Lord;
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord. A-MEN.

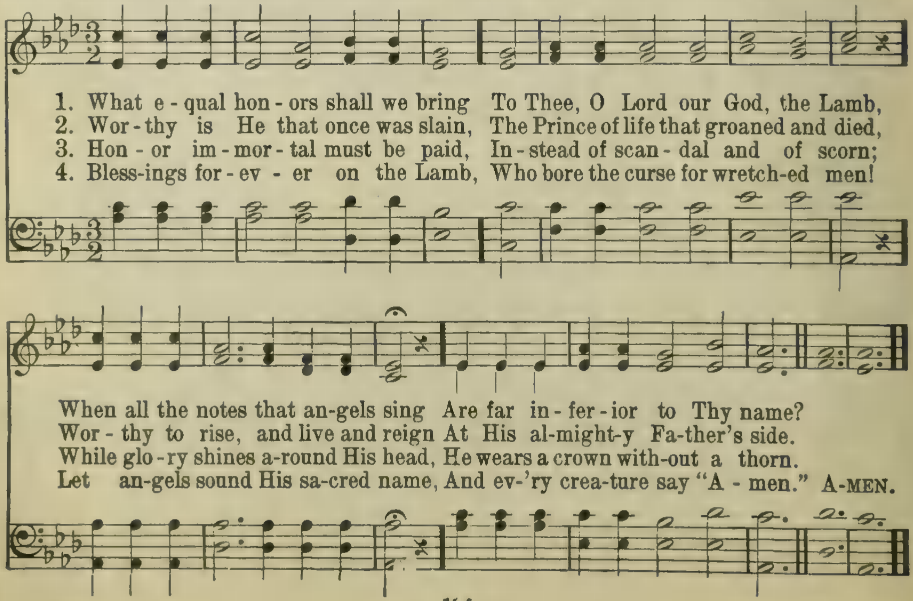
146 There Is a Name I Love to Hear

F. Whitfield. (Evan. C. M.) W. H. Havergal.


1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
4. Je-sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
Who in my sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
No saints on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear. A-MEN.

147 What Equal Honors Shall We Bring

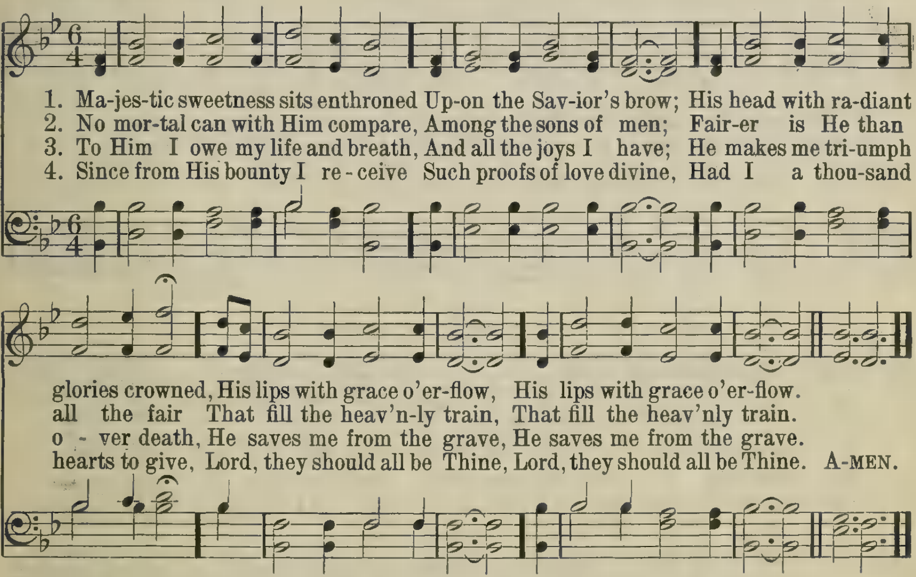
. Isaac Watts, 1707. (Missionary Chant. L. M.) H. C. Zeuner, 1795–1857.


1. What e-qual hon-ors shall we bring To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
2. Wor-thy is He that once was slain, The Prince of life that groaned and died,
3. Hon-or im-mor-tal must be paid, In-stead of scan-dal and of scorn;
4. Bless-ings for-ev-er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretch-ed men!
When all the notes that an-gels sing Are far in-fer-ior to Thy name?
Wor-thy to rise, and live and reign At His al-might-y Fa-ther's side.
While glo-ry shines a-round His head, He wears a crown with-out a thorn.
Let an-gels sound His sa-cred name, And ev-'ry crea-ture say "A-men." A-MEN.

148 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

[First Tune]

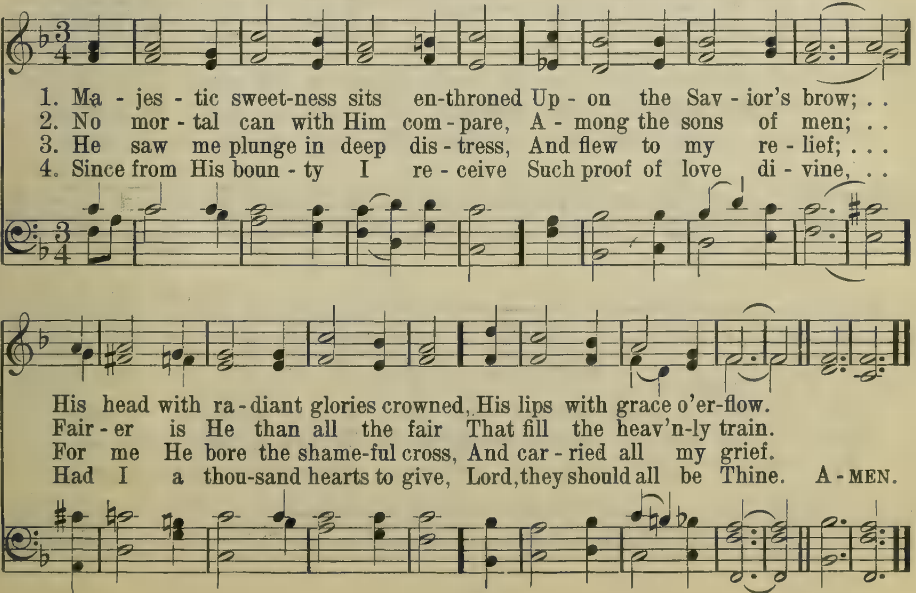
Samuel Stennett, 1787. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) Dr. T. Hastings, 1784–1872.


1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with ra-diant
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph
4. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thou-sand
glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine. A-MEN.

149 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

[Second Tune]

Samuel Stennett, 1787. (ANSLEY PARK. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

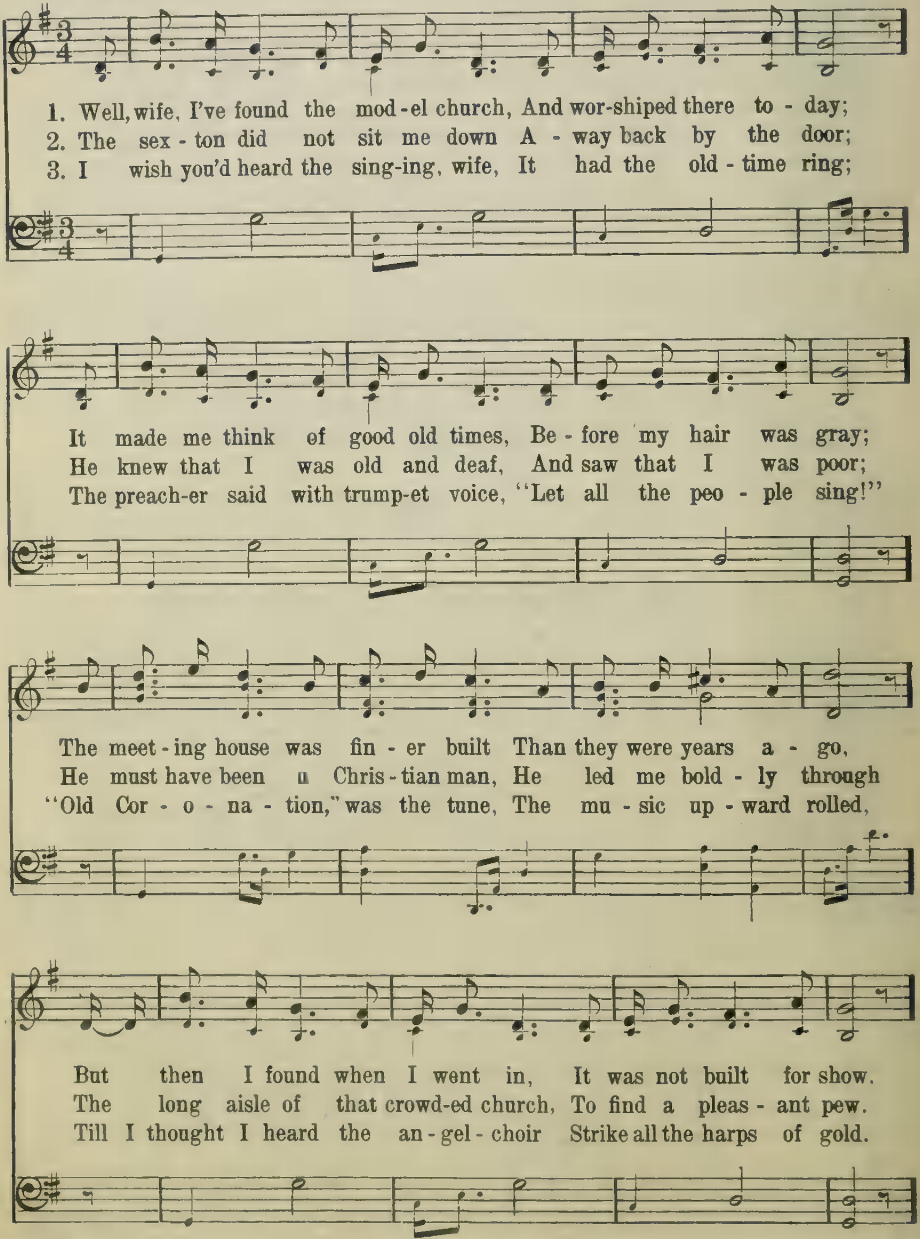

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; . .
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; . .
3. He saw me plunge in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; . . .
4. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proof of love di - vine, . .
His head with ra - diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair - er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train.
For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car - ried all my grief.
Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine. A - MEN.

150

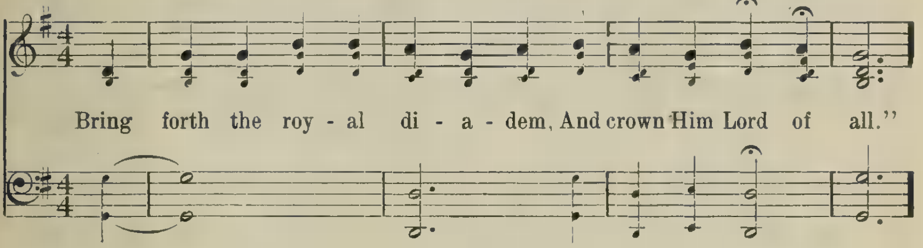
The Model Church

May be used as a reading with instrumental accompaniment.

John Yates. Arranged for this book.


1. Well, wife, I've found the mod-el church, And wor-shiped there to - day;
2. The sex - ton did not sit me down A - way back by the door;
3. I wish you'd heard the sing-ing, wife, It had the old - time ring;
It made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was gray;
He knew that I was old and deaf, And saw that I was poor;
The preach-er said with trump-et voice, "Let all the peo - ple sing!"
The meet - ing house was fin - er built Than they were years a - go,
He must have been a Chris - tian man, He led me bold - ly through
"Old Cor - o - na - tion," was the tune, The mu - sic up - ward rolled,
But then I found when I went in, It was not built for show.
The long aisle of that crowd-ed church, To find a pleas - ant pew.
Till I thought I heard the an - gel - choir Strike all the harps of gold.

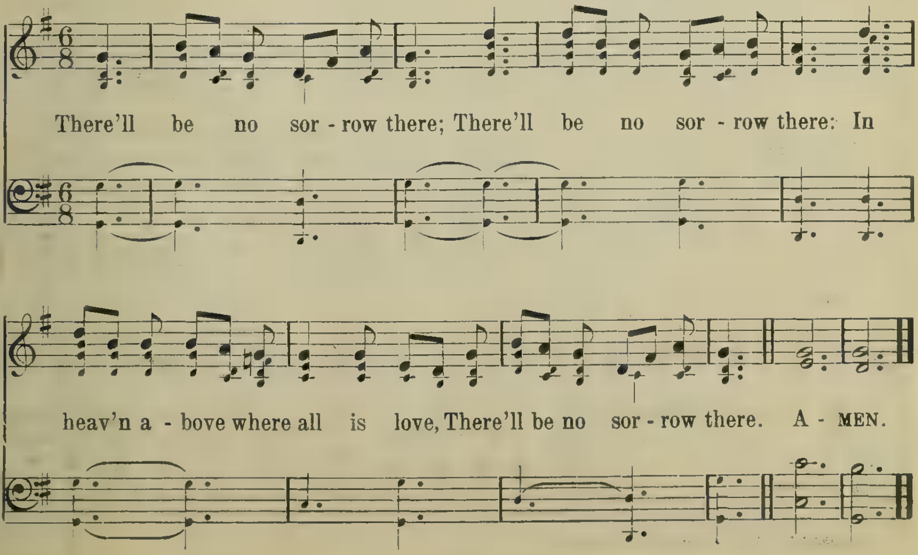
4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice
With that melodious choir,
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all."

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
Forever from the storm.

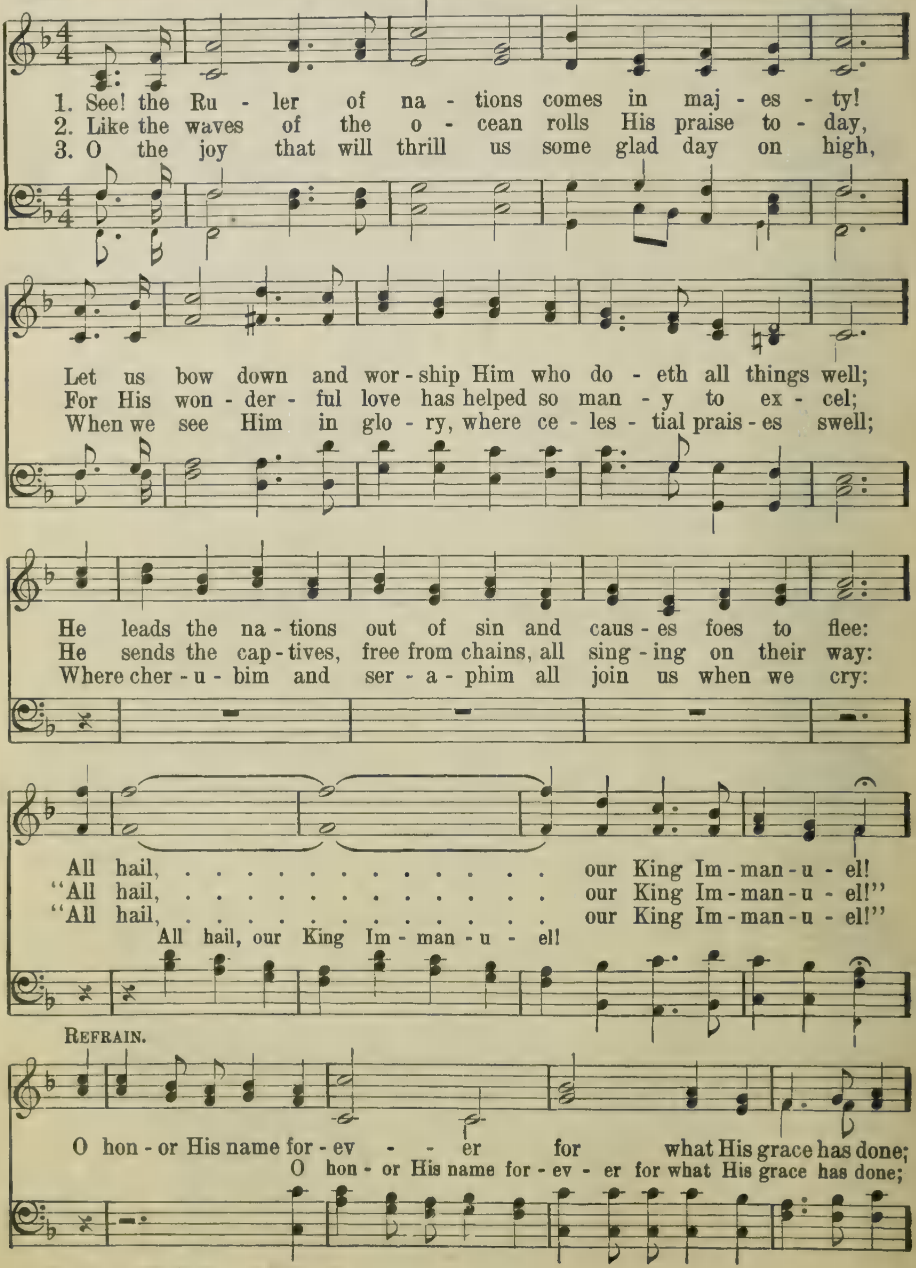
6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run;
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home so bright and fair;
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

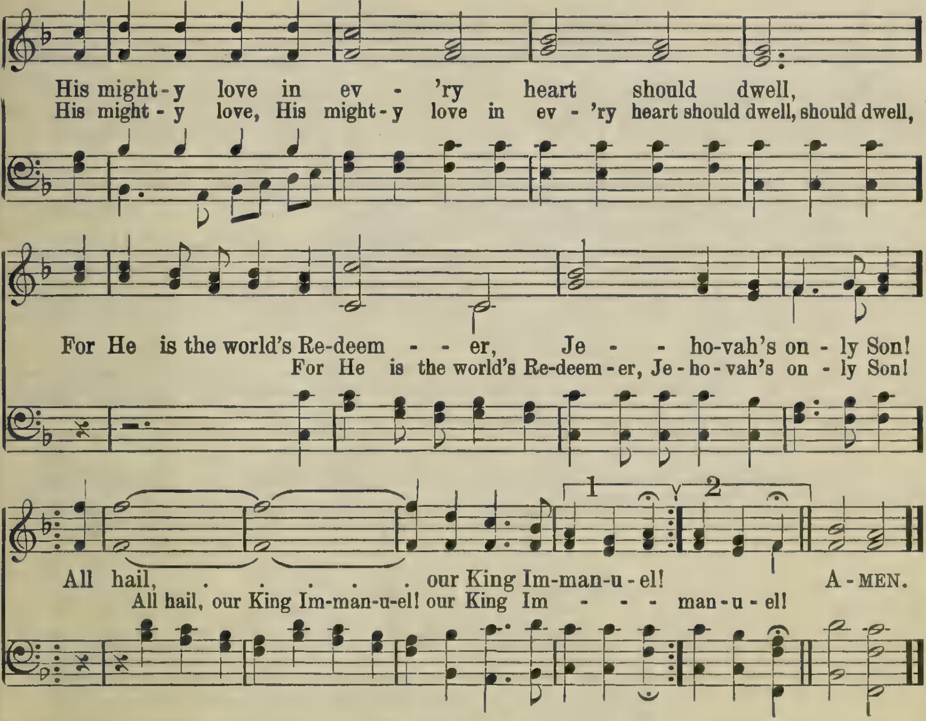

There'll be no sor - row there; There'll be no sor - row there: In
heav'n a - bove where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there. A - MEN.

151 Our King Immanuel

James Rowe. (12, 14s, 8.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. See! the Ru - ler of na - tions comes in maj - es - ty!
2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,
Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais - es swell;
He leads the na - tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
He sends the cap - tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:
All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
"All hail, ... our King Im - man - u - el!"
All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!
Refrain.
O hon - or His name for - ev - - er for what His grace has done;
O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;

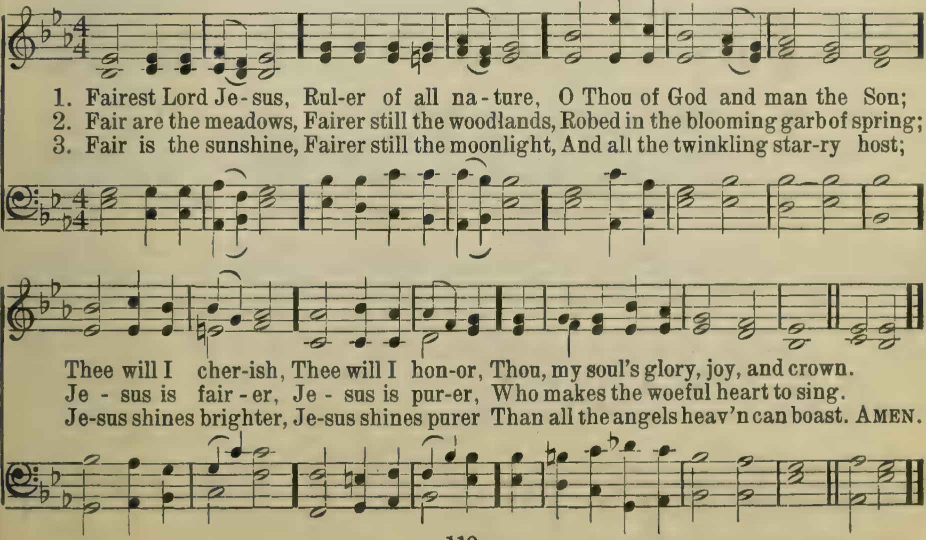
Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.


His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell,
His might - y love, His might - y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,
For He is the world's Re-deem - - er, Je - - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - ho - vah's on - ly Son!
All hail, ... our King Im-man-u - el!
1
2
A - MEN.
All hail, our King Im-man-u-el! our King Im - - - man - u - el!

152 Fairest Lord Jesus

(CRUSADER'S HYMN. Irregular.)

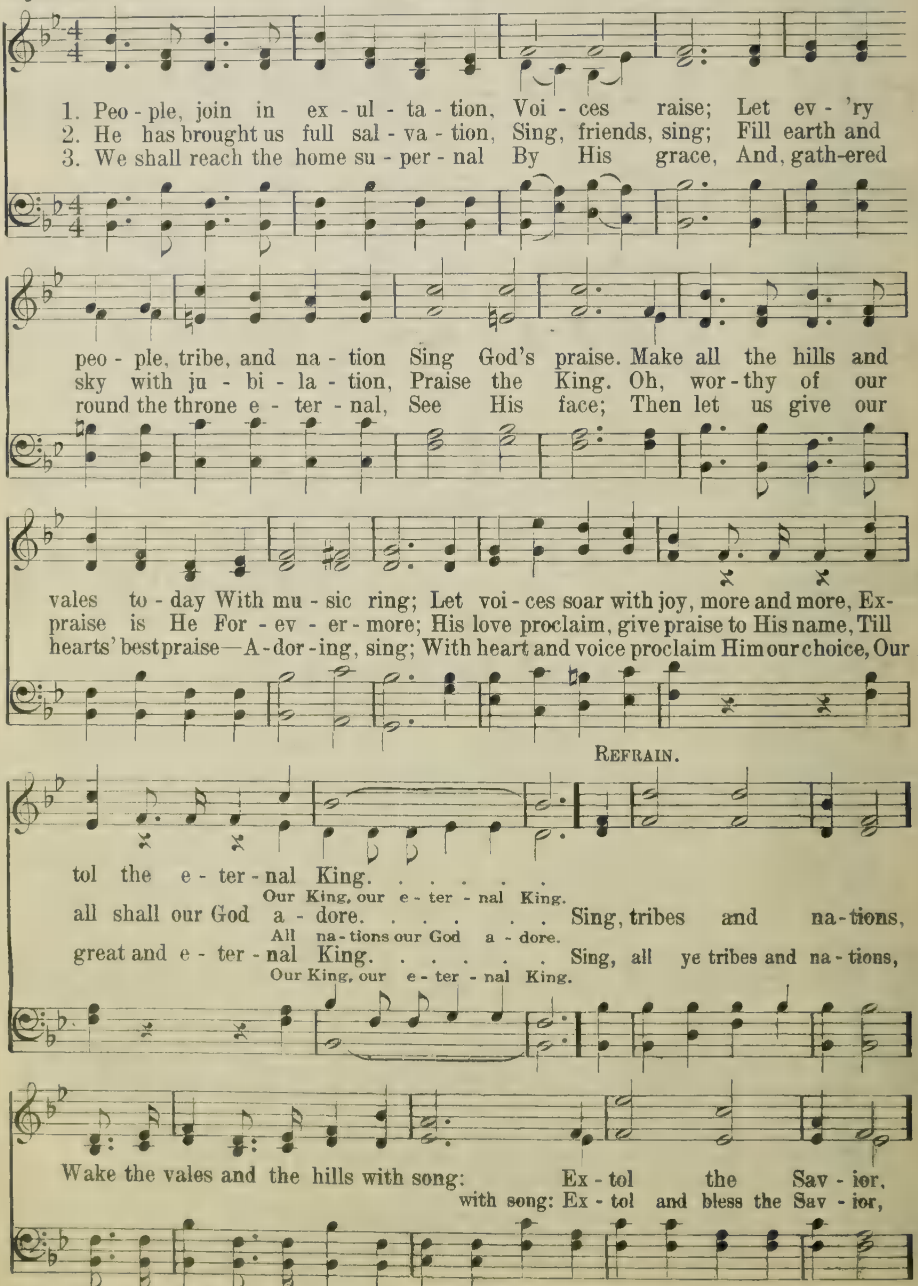
Anon. German, xvii C. Tr. Anon. 1850. Arr. by Richard Storrs Willis, 1850.


1. Fairest Lord Je - sus, Rul-er of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;
2. Fair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands, Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sunshine, Fairer still the moonlight, And all the twinkling star-ry host;
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.
Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur-er, Who makes the woeful heart to sing.
Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines purer Than all the angels heav'n can boast. AMEN.

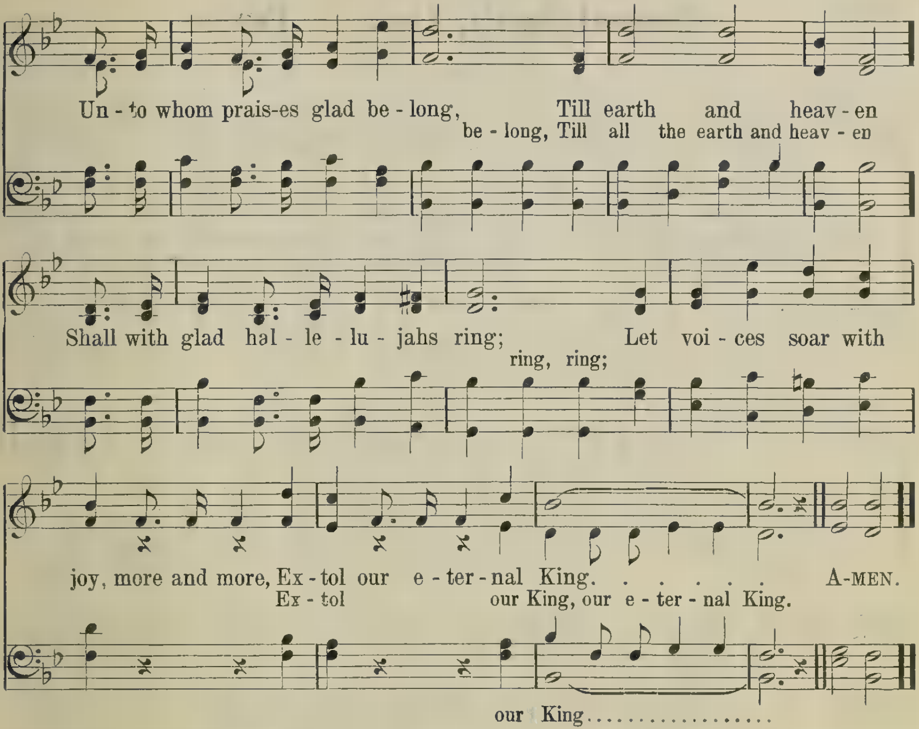
153

Join in Exultation

James Rowe. (8s, 9s, 3s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

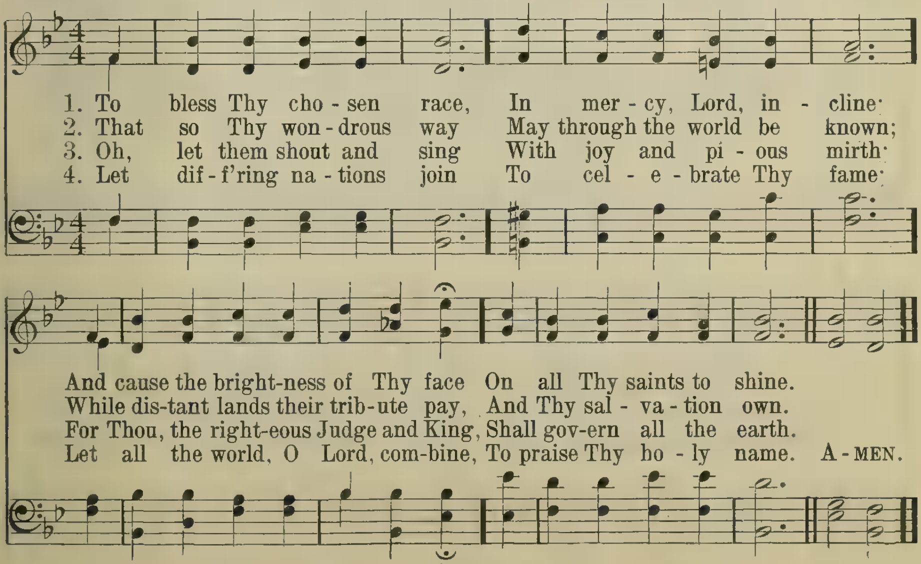

1. Peo - ple, join in ex - ul - ta - tion, Voi - ces raise; Let ev - 'ry
2. He has brought us full sal - va - tion, Sing, friends, sing; Fill earth and
3. We shall reach the home su - per - nal By His grace, And, gath-ered
peo - ple, tribe, and na - tion Sing God's praise. Make all the hills and
sky with ju - bi - la - tion, Praise the King. Oh, wor - thy of our
round the throne e - ter - nal, See His face; Then let us give our
vales to - day With mu - sic ring; Let voi - ces soar with joy, more and more, Ex-
praise is He For - ev - er - more; His love proclaim, give praise to His name, Till
hearts' best praise—A - dor - ing, sing; With heart and voice proclaim Him our choice, Our
tol the e - ter - nal King. . . . . . .
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
all shall our God a - dore. . . . . . Sing, tribes and na - tions,
All na - tions our God a - dore.
great and e - ter - nal King. . . . . . Sing, all ye tribes and na - tions,
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
Refrain.
Wake the vales and the hills with song: Ex - tol the Sav - ior,
with song: Ex - tol and bless the Sav - ior,

Copyright, 1912, by Samuel W. Beazley.


Un-to whom prais-es glad be-long, Till earth and heav-en
be-long, Till all the earth and heav-en
Shall with glad hal-le-lu-jahs ring; Let voi-ces soar with
ring, ring;
joy, more and more, Ex-tol our e-ter-nal King. . . . . . . A-MEN.
Ex-tol our King, our e-ter-nal King.
our King. . . . .

154 To Bless Thy Chosen Race

Brady. (MONTROSE. S. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. To bless Thy cho-sen race, In mer-cy, Lord, in-cline:
2. That so Thy won-drous way May through the world be known;
3. Oh, let them shout and sing With joy and pi-ous mirth:
4. Let dif-f'ring na-tions join To cel-e-brate Thy fame;
And cause the bright-ness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.
While dis-tant lands their trib-ute pay, And Thy sal-va-tion own.
For Thou, the right-eous Judge and King, Shall gov-ern all the earth.
Let all the world, O Lord, com-bine, To praise Thy ho-ly name. A-MEN.

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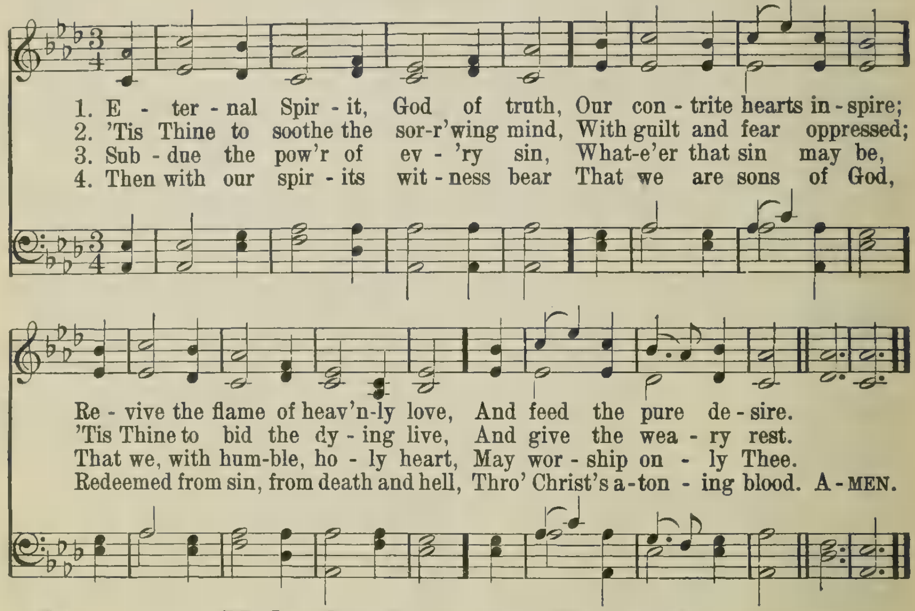
155

Eternal Spirit, God of Truth

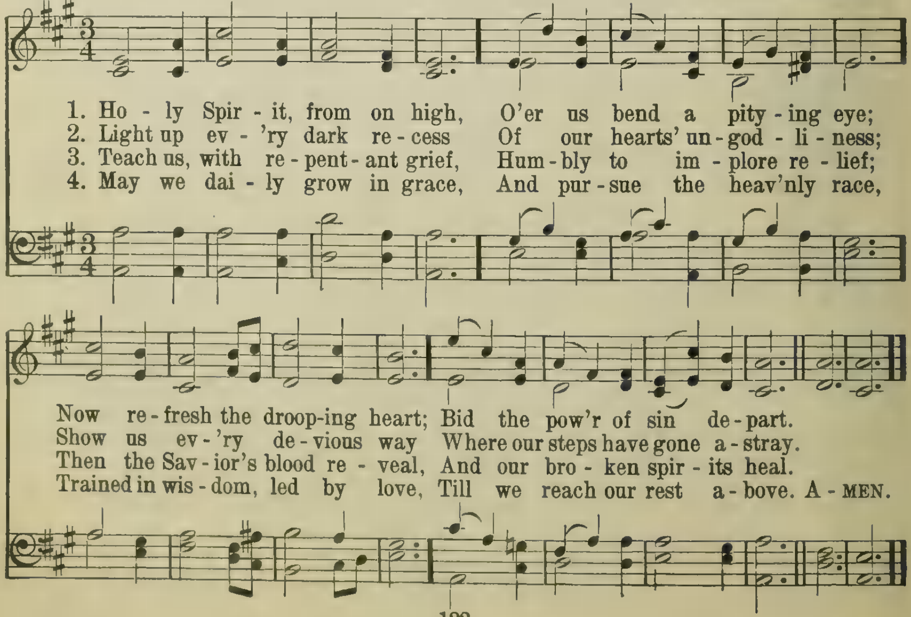
(BALERMA. C. M.) R. Simpson.


1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, God of truth, Our con - trite hearts in - spire;
2. 'Tis Thine to soothe the sor-r'wing mind, With guilt and fear oppressed;
3. Sub - due the pow'r of ev - 'ry sin, What-e'er that sin may be,
4. Then with our spir - its wit - ness bear That we are sons of God,
Re - vive the flame of heav'n-ly love, And feed the pure de - sire.
'Tis Thine to bid the dy - ing live, And give the wea - ry rest.
That we, with hum-ble, ho - ly heart, May wor - ship on - ly Thee.
Redeemed from sin, from death and hell, Thro' Christ's a - ton - ing blood. A - MEN.

156

Holy Spirit, From On High

W. H. Bathurst, 1831. (HORTON. 7s.) X. S. Von Wartensee, 1786–1868.

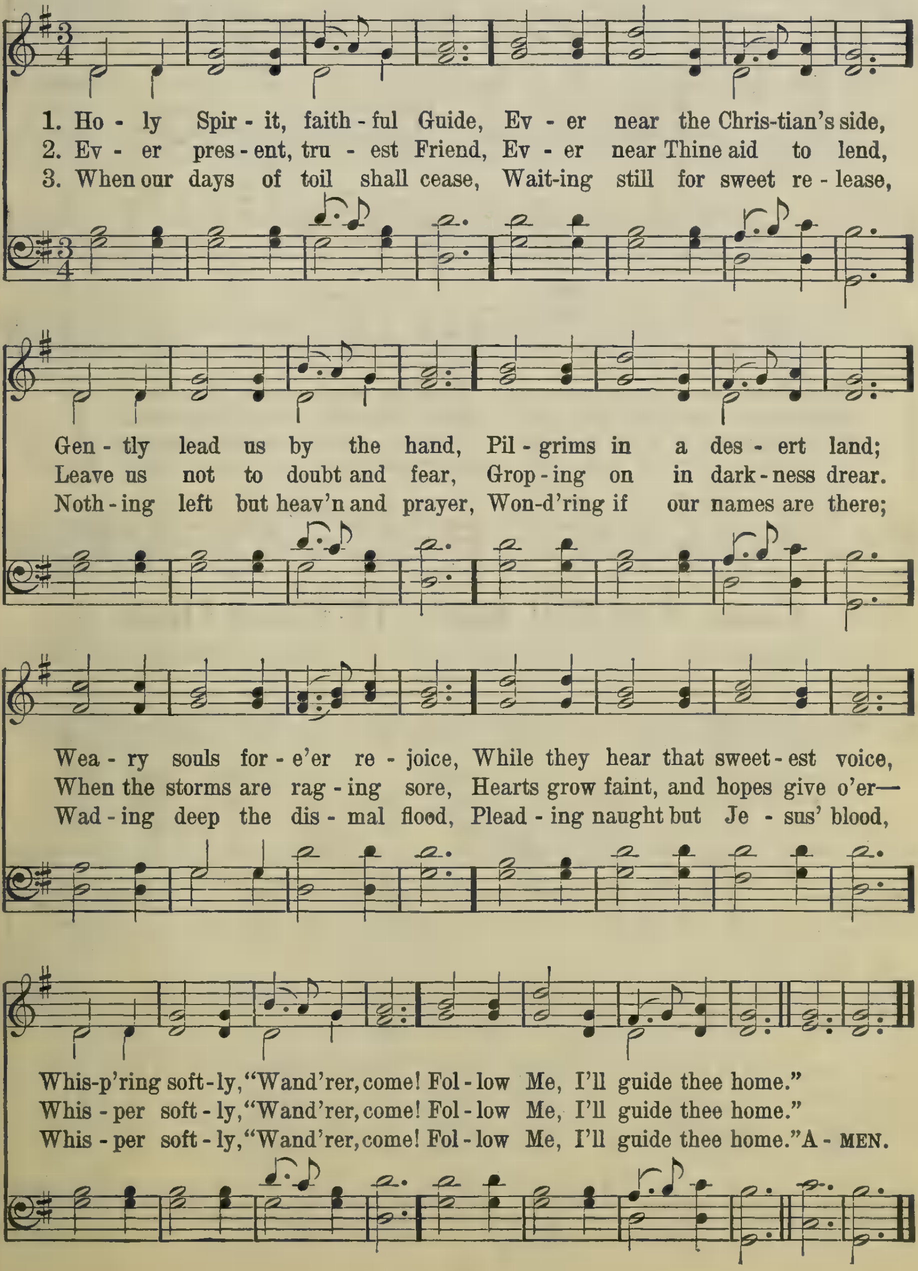

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, O'er us bend a pity - ing eye;
2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess Of our hearts' un - god - li - ness;
3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;
4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heav'nly race,
Now re - fresh the droop-ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.
Show us ev - 'ry de - vious way Where our steps have gone a - stray.
Then the Sav - ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.
Trained in wis - dom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove. A - MEN.

157

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

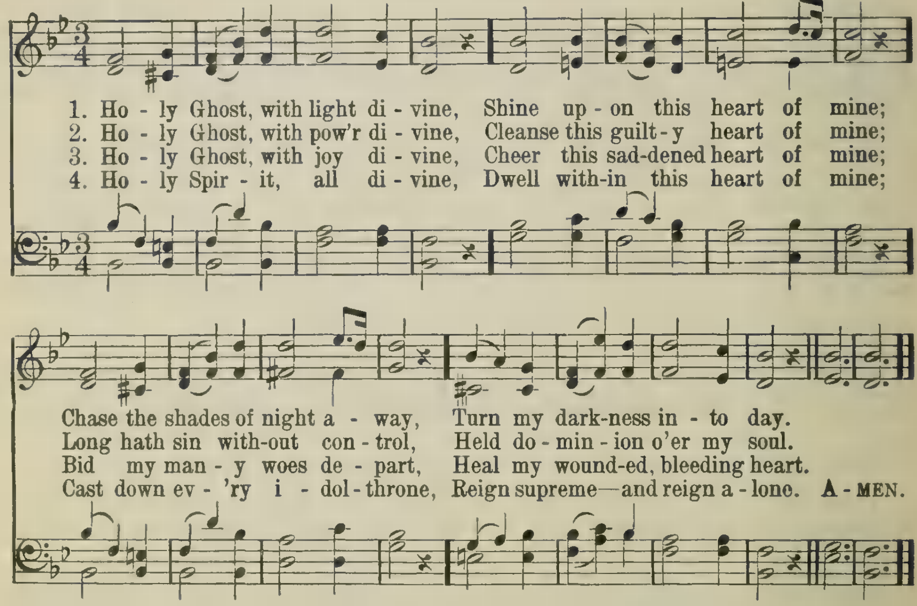
(GUIDE. 7s. D.)

M. M. Wells, 1858. M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.
Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names are there;
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er—
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,
Whis-p'ring soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home." A - MEN.

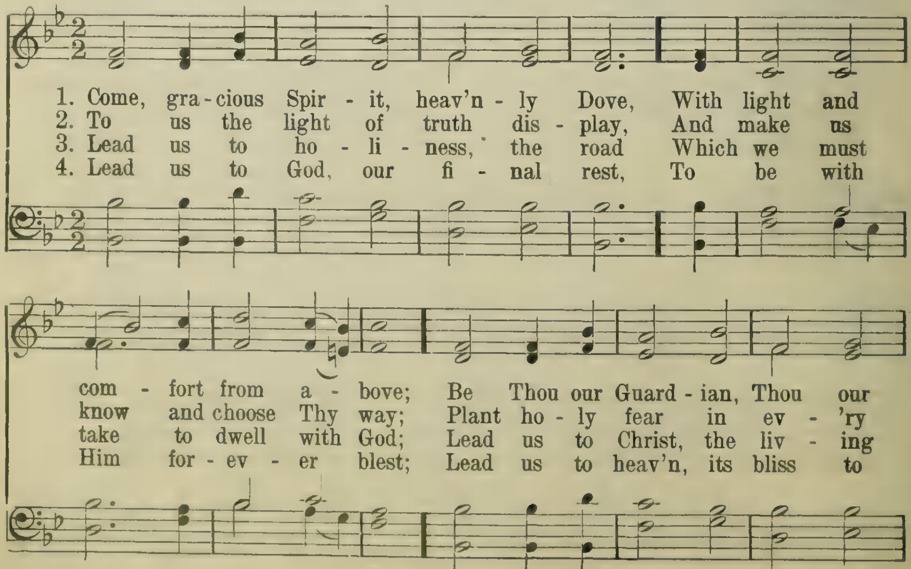
158 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

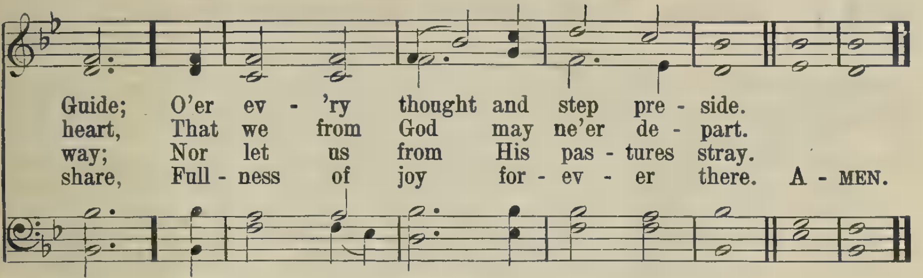
A. Reed. (MERCY. 7s.) Gottschalk.


1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound-ed, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign supreme—and reign a - lone. A - MEN.

159 Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove

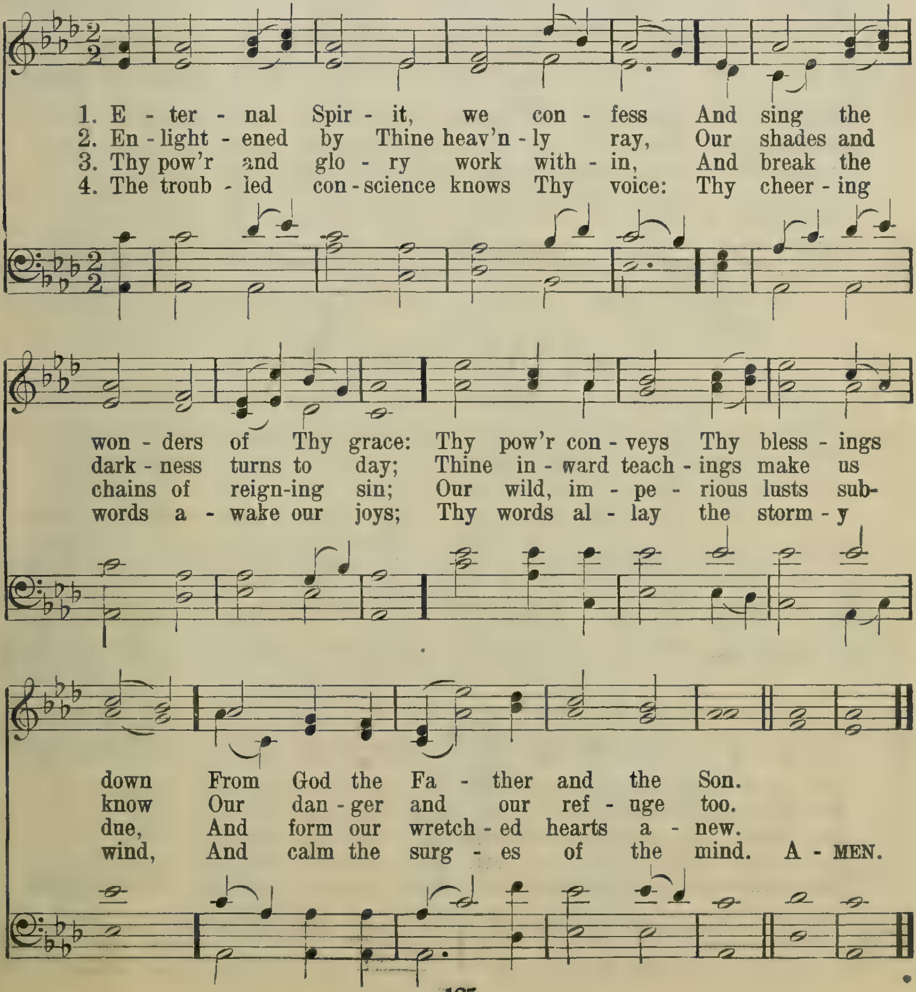
Simon Browne, 1720. (WARD. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us
3. Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road Which we must
4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with
com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guard - ian, Thou our
know and choose Thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry
take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing
Him for - ev - er blest; Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to


Guide; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.
heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
way; Nor let us from His pas - tures stray.
share, Full - ness of joy for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

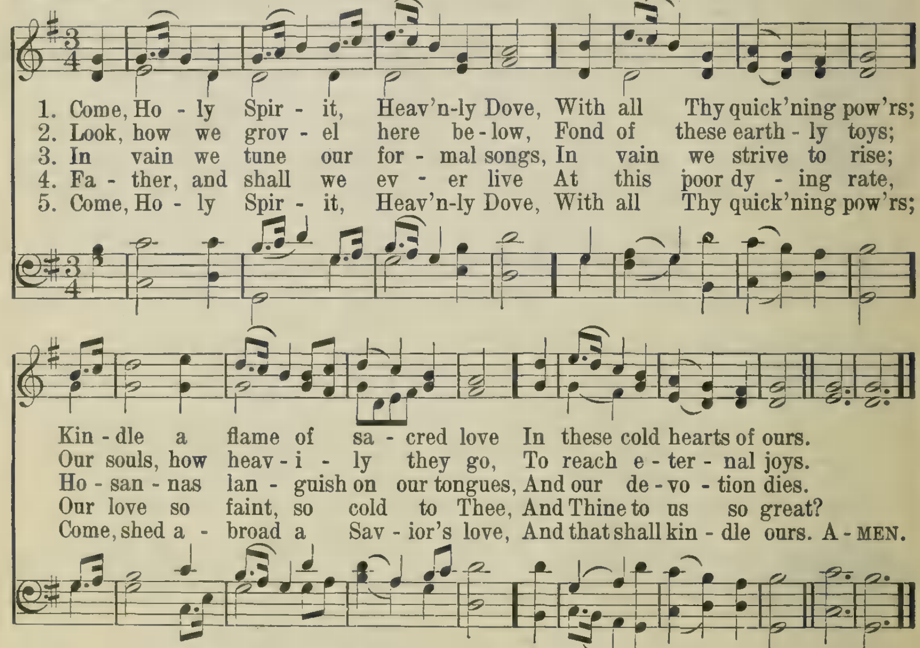
160 Eternal Spirit, We Confess

Isaac Watts, 1709. (WIMBORNE. L. M.) J. Whitaker, 1820.


1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the
2. En - light - ened by Thine heav'n - ly ray, Our shades and
3. Thy pow'r and glo - ry work with - in, And break the
4. The troub - led con - science knows Thy voice: Thy cheer - ing
won - ders of Thy grace: Thy pow'r con - veys Thy bless - ings
dark - ness turns to day; Thine in - ward teach - ings make us
chains of reign-ing sin; Our wild, im - pe - rious lusts sub-
words a - wake our joys; Thy words al - lay the storm - y
down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.
know Our dan - ger and our ref - uge too.
due, And form our wretch - ed hearts a - new.
wind, And calm the surg - es of the mind. A - MEN.

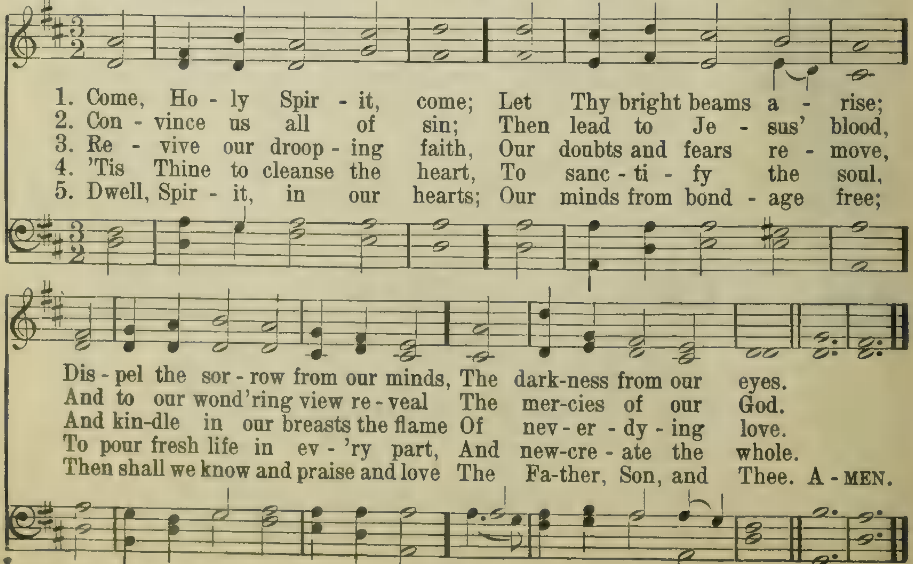
161 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

I. Watts. (ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.) Wm. Tansur.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.

162 Come, Holy Spirit, Come

Joseph Hart, 1759. (DOVER. S. M.) Aaron Williams' Coll., 1731–1776.

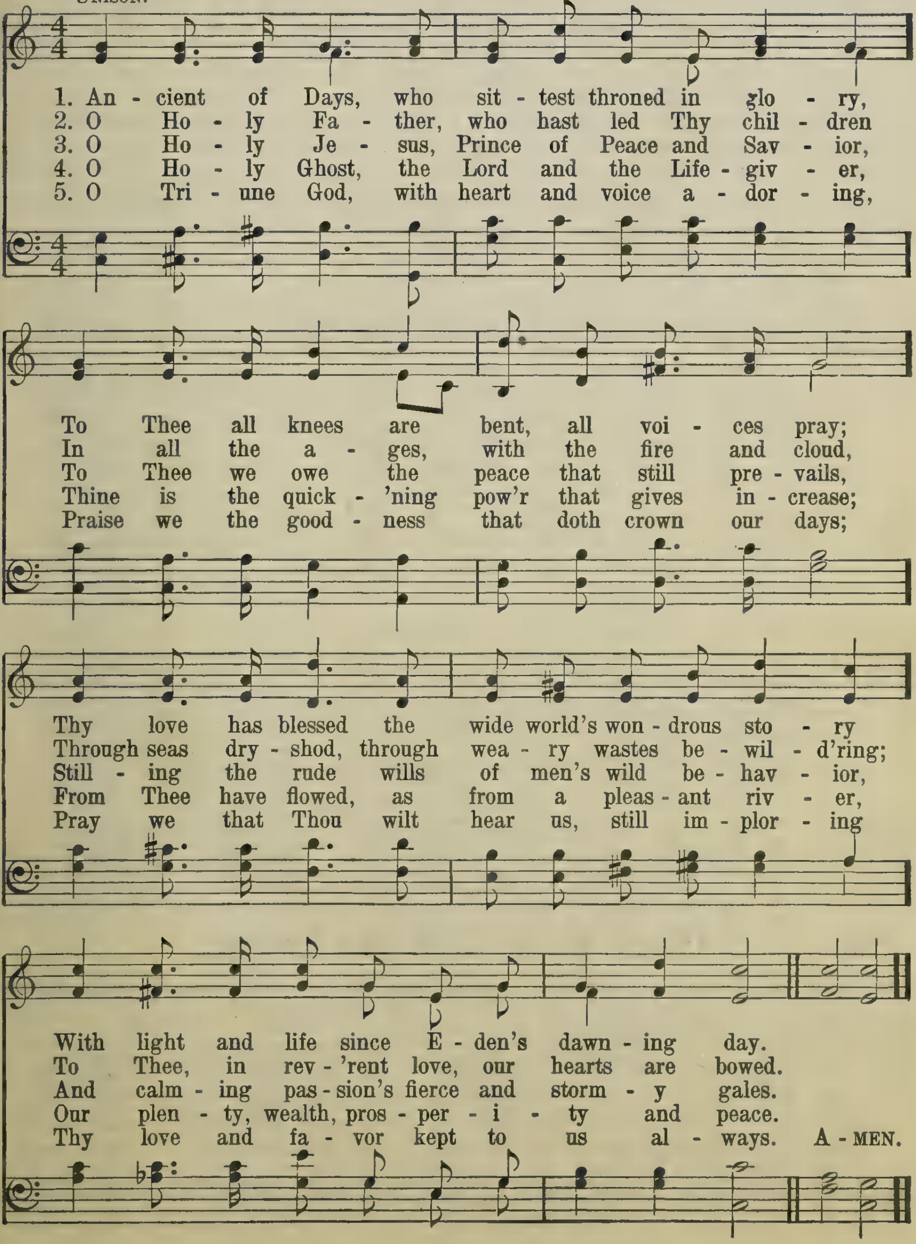

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
2. Con - vince us all of sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood,
3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,
5. Dwell, Spir - it, in our hearts; Our minds from bond - age free;
Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark-ness from our eyes.
And to our wond'ring view re - veal The mer-cies of our God.
And kin-dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part, And new-cre - ate the whole.
Then shall we know and praise and love The Fa-ther, Son, and Thee. A - MEN.

163 Ancient of Days, Who Sittest Throned in Glory

(Ancient of Days. 11, 10, 11, 10.)

William C. Doane, 1886. J. Albert Jeffery, 1886.

Unison.



1. Ancient of Days, who sittest throned in glory,
To Thee all knees are bent, all voices pray;
Thy love has blessed the wide world's wondrous story
With light and life since Eden's dawning day.

2. O Holy Father, who hast led Thy children
In all the ages, with the fire and cloud,
Through seas dry-shod, through weary wastes bewild'ring;
To Thee, in rev'rent love, our hearts are bowed.

3. O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Savior,
To Thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude wills of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

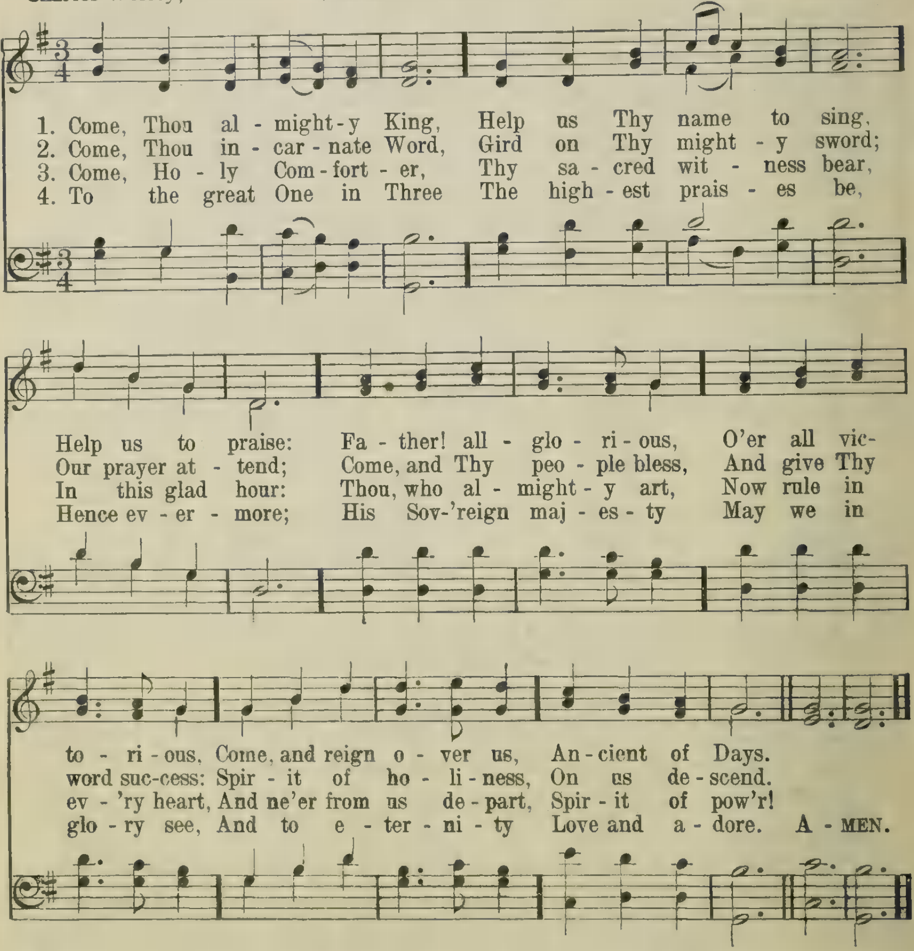
4. O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-giver,
Thine is the quick'ning pow'r that gives increase;
From Thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity and peace.

5. O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that doth crown our days;
Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor kept to us always.

A-MEN.

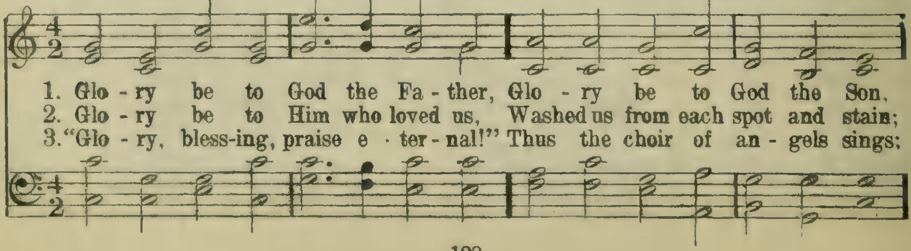
164 Come, Thou Almighty King

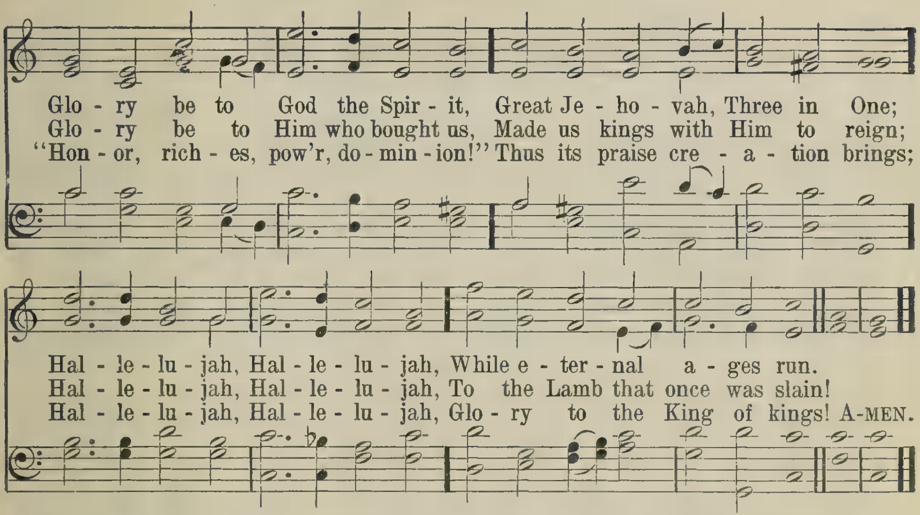
Charles Wesley, 1757. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) F. Giardini, 1716–1796.


1. Come, Thou al - might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
4. To the great One in Three The high - est prais - es be,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more; His Sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

165 Glory Be to God the Father

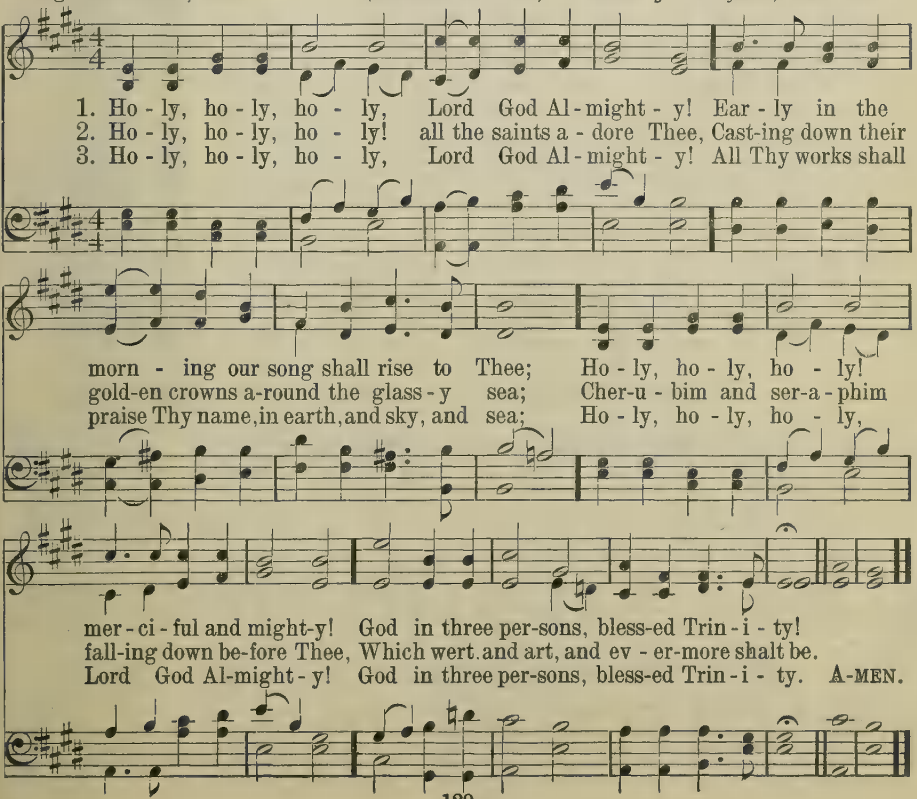
Horatius Bonar, 1868. (REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s.) H. Smart, 1812–1879.


1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
2. Glo - ry be to Him who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain;
3. "Glo - ry, bless-ing, praise e - ter - nal!" Thus the choir of an - gels sings;


Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One;
Glo - ry be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign;
"Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion!" Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings;
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb that once was slain!
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry to the King of kings! A-MEN.

166 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

Reginald Heber, 1827. (NICAEA. P. M.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.

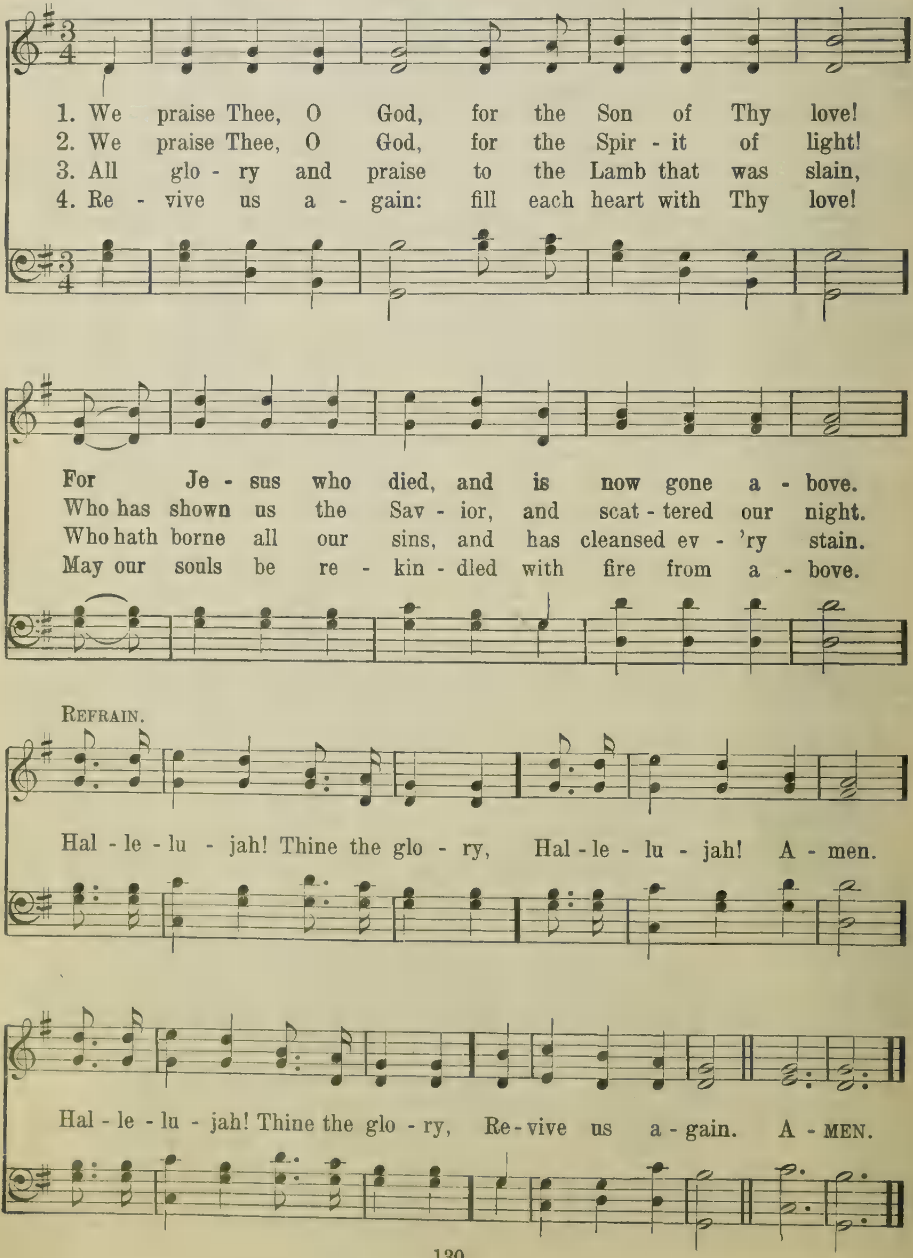

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass - y sea; Cher-u - bim and ser-a - phim
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might-y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
Lord God Al-might - y! God in three per-sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.

167

We Praise Thee, O God

(REVIVE US AGAIN. 11s, 12s.)

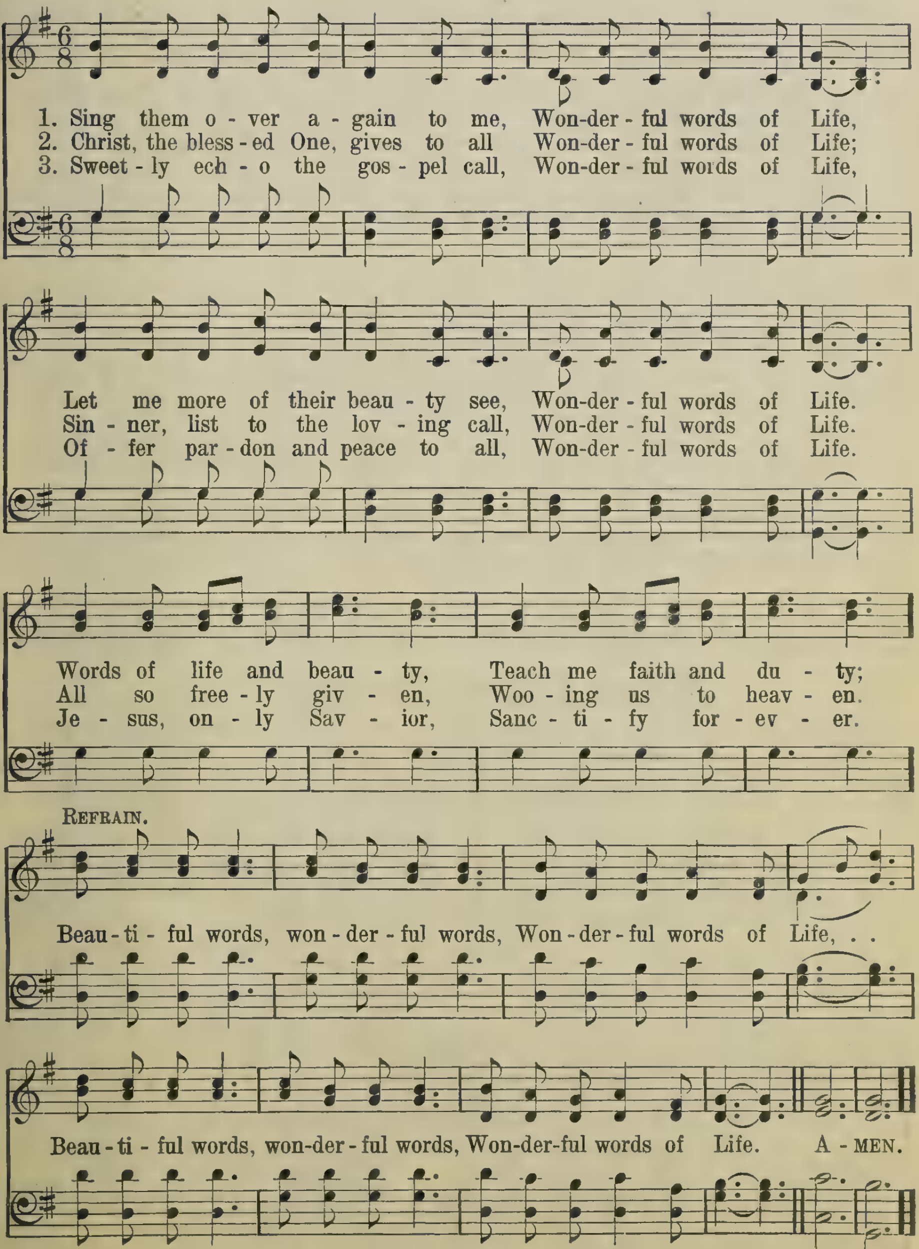
W. P. Mackay, 1863. J. J. Husband, 1798—


1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love! For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
2. We praise Thee, O God, for the Spirit of light! Who has shown us the Savior, and scattered our night.
3. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Revive us again: fill each heart with Thy love! May our souls be rekindled with fire from above.
REFRAIN.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, Re-vive us a-gain. A-MEN.

168

Wonderful Words of Life

P. P. B.	(8s, 6s.)	P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life,
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life,
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
Refrain.
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, . .
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der - ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. A - men.

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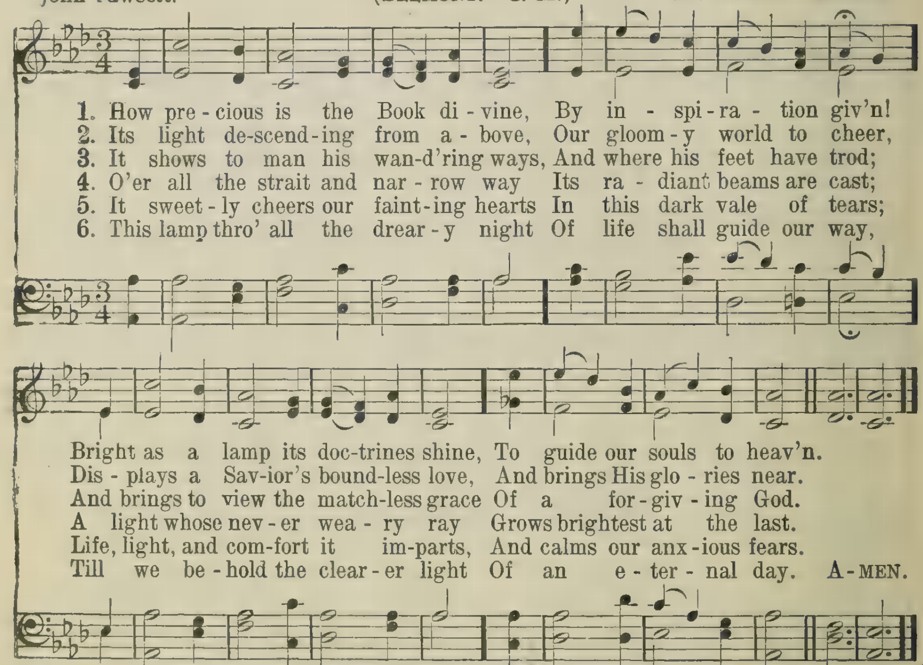
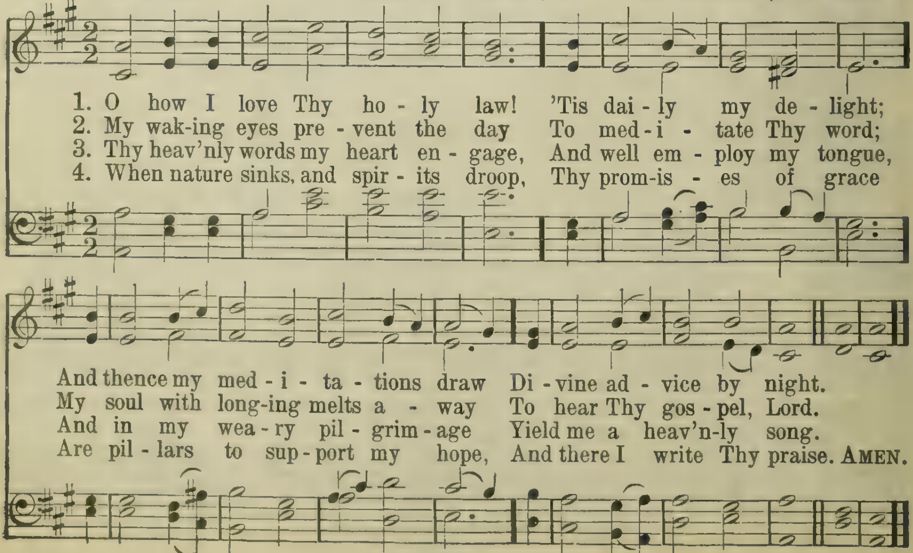
169 How Precious is the Book Divine

John Fawcett. (BELMONT. C. M.) Fr. William Gardiner.


1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
2. Its light de-scend-ing from a-bove, Our gloom-y world to cheer,
Dis-plays a Sav-ior's bound-less love, And brings His glo-ries near.
3. It shows to man his wan-d'ring ways, And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the match-less grace Of a for-giv-ing God.
4. O'er all the strait and nar-row way Its ra-diant beams are cast;
A light whose nev-er wea-ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
5. It sweet-ly cheers our faint-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and com-fort it im-parts, And calms our anx-ious fears.
6. This lamp thro' all the drear-y night Of life shall guide our way,
Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day. A-MEN.

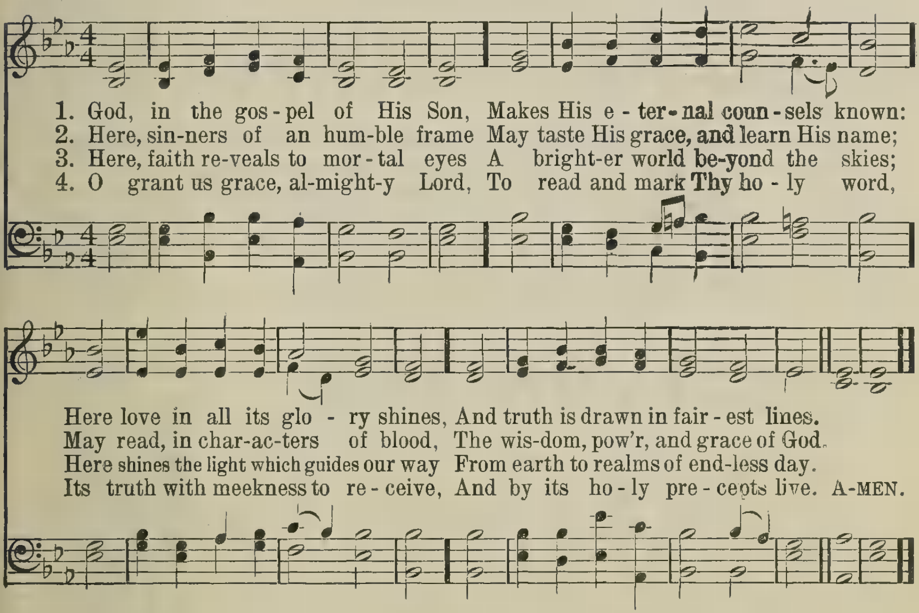
170 O How I Love Thy Holy Law

Isaac Watts, 1719. (DEDHAM. C. M.) W. Gardiner, 1766–1853.


1. O how I love Thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light;
And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night.
2. My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day To med-i-tate Thy word;
My soul with long-ing melts a-way To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord.
3. Thy heav'nly words my heart en-gage, And well em-ploy my tongue,
And in my wea-ry pil-grim-age Yield me a heav'n-ly song.
4. When nature sinks, and spir-its droop, Thy prom-is-es of grace
Are pil-lars to sup-port my hope, And there I write Thy praise. AMEN.

171 God, In the Gospel of His Son

Benjamin Beddome, 1787. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

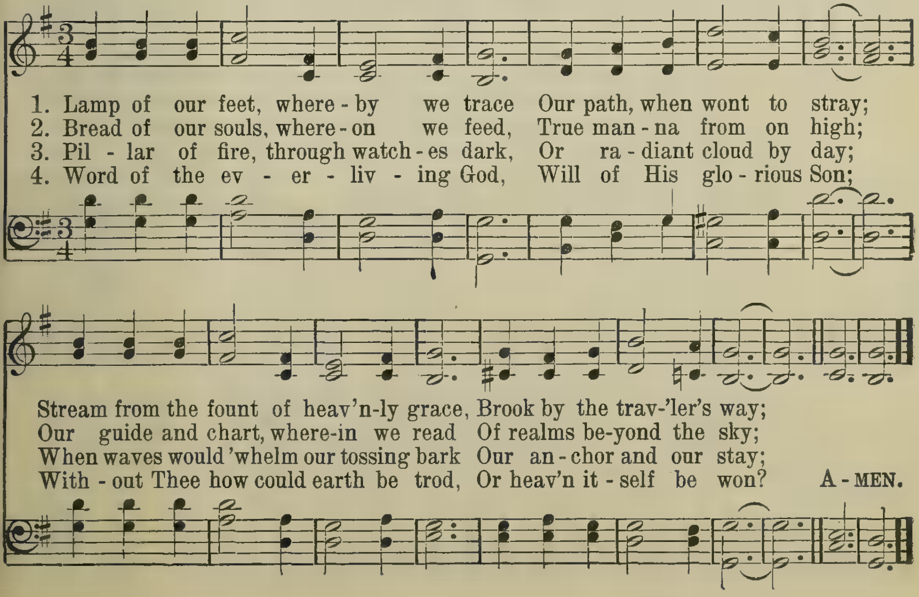


1. God, in the gos - pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known:
2. Here, sin-ners of an hum-ble frame May taste His grace, and learn His name;
3. Here, faith re-veals to mor - tal eyes A bright-er world be-yond the skies;
4. O grant us grace, al-might-y Lord, To read and mark Thy ho - ly word,

Here love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
May read, in char-ac-ters of blood, The wis-dom, pow'r, and grace of God.
Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of end-less day.
Its truth with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live. A-MEN.

172 Lamp of Our Feet, Whereby We Trace

Bernard D. Barton, 1836. (LAMBETH. C. M.) A. Schulthes, 1871.



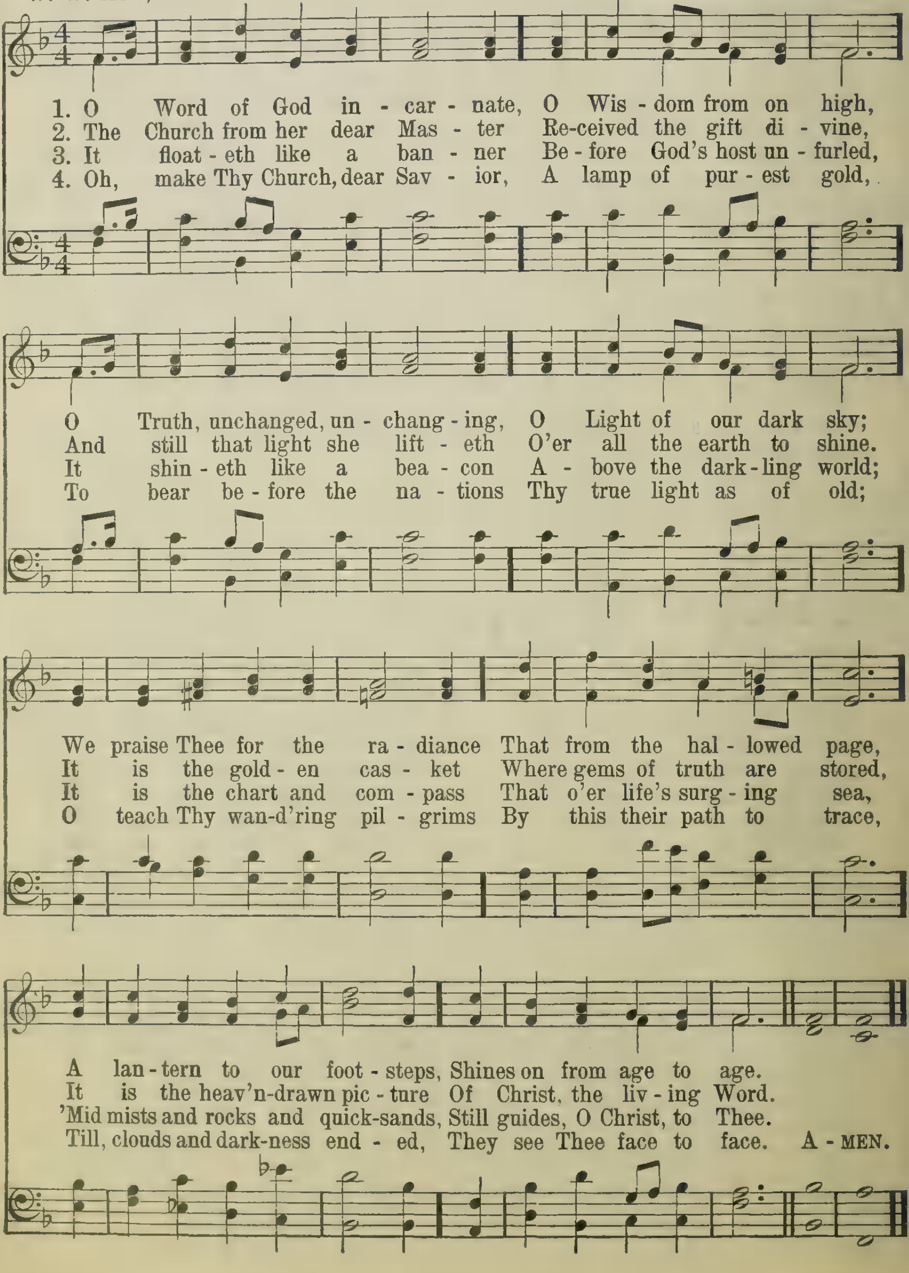
1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path, when wont to stray;
2. Bread of our souls, where - on we feed, True man - na from on high;
3. Pil - lar of fire, through watch - es dark, Or ra - diant cloud by day;
4. Word of the ev - er - liv - ing God, Will of His glo - rious Son;

Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way;
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky;
When waves would 'whelm our tossing bark Our an - chor and our stay;
With - out Thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it - self be won? A - MEN.

O Word of God Incarnate

(MUNICH. 7s, 6s, 8 l.)

W. W. How, 1867. J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710.

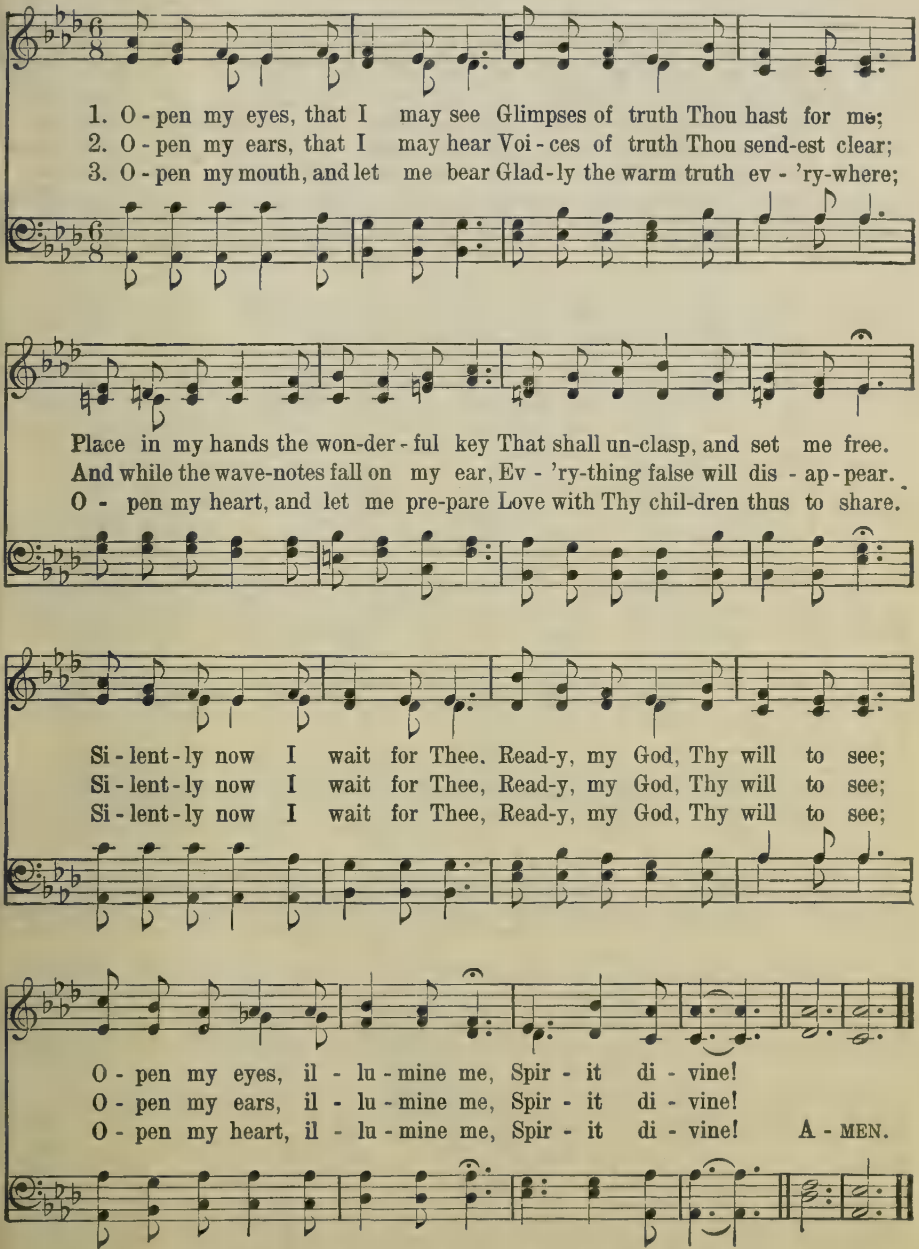

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re-ceived the gift di - vine,
3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled,
4. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of pur - est gold,
O Truth, unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;
To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old;
We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored,
It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
O teach Thy wan-d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,
A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
It is the heav'n-drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
'Mid mists and rocks and quick-sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
Till, clouds and dark-ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A - MEN.

174

Open My Eyes, That I May See

C. H. S.

Chas. H. Scott.


1. O-pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O-pen my ears, that I may hear Voi-ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O-pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev-'ry-thing false will dis-ap-pear.
O-pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.
Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee. Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O-pen my eyes, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!
O-pen my ears, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine!
O-pen my heart, il-lu-mine me, Spir-it di-vine! A-MEN.

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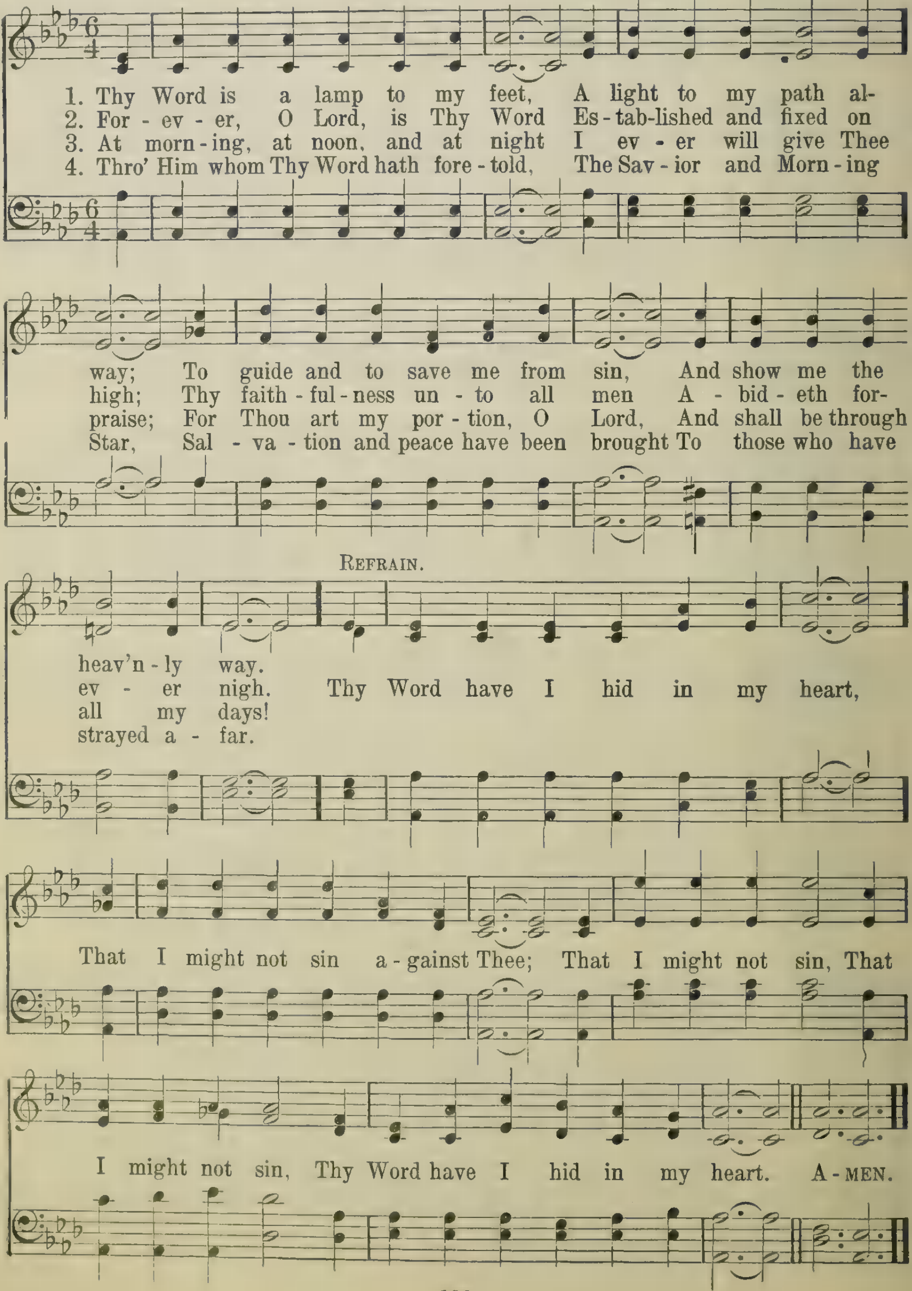
175 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

(8s, 7s.)

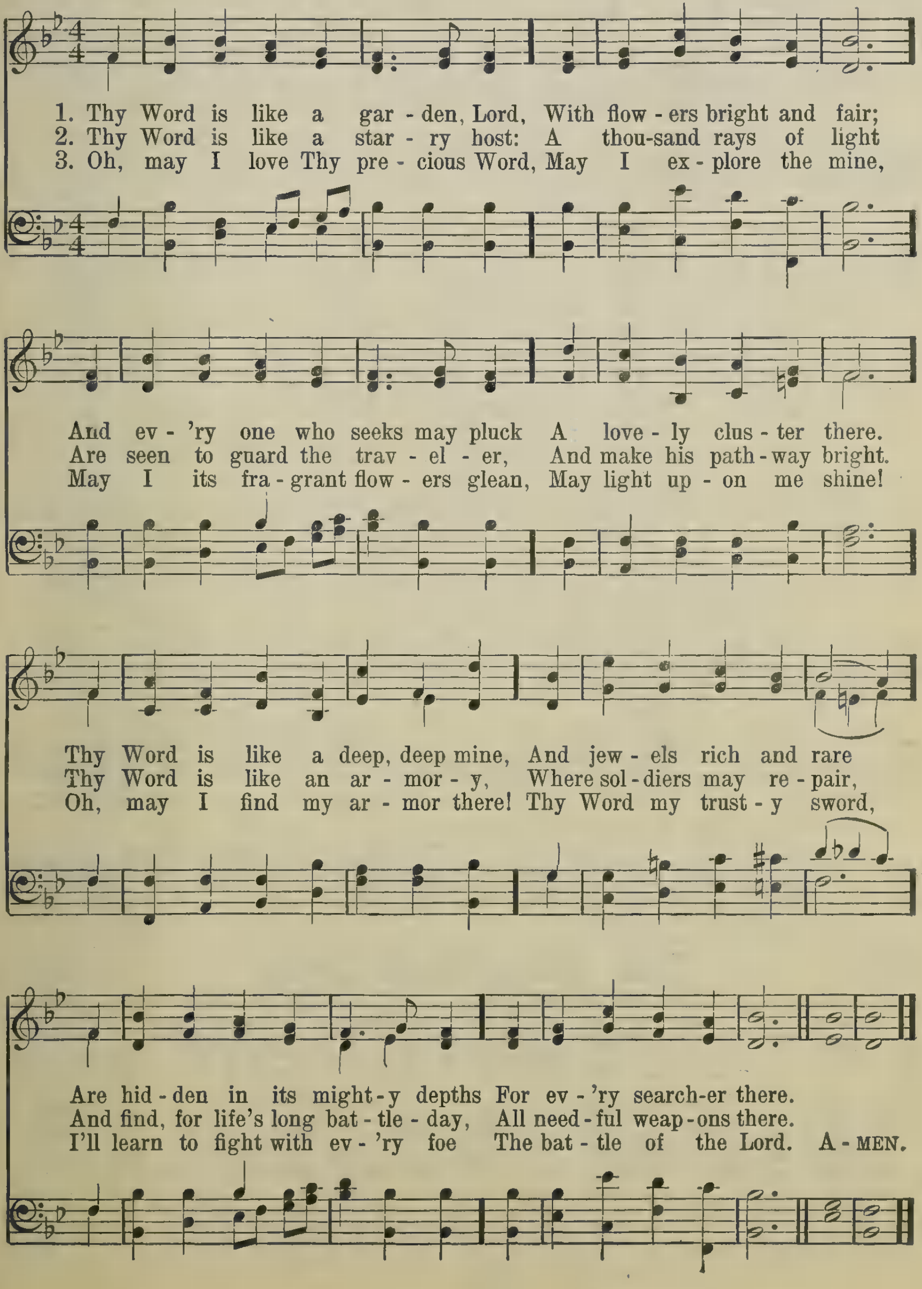

1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path alway; To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the heav'nly way.
2. For-ever, O Lord, is Thy Word Established and fixed on high; Thy faithfulness unto all men Abideth forever nigh.
3. At morning, at noon, and at night I ever will give Thee praise; For Thou art my portion, O Lord, And shall be through all my days!
4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath foretold, The Savior and Morning Star, Salvation and peace have been brought To those who have strayed afar.
REFRAIN.
Thy Word have I hid in my heart, That I might not sin against Thee; That I might not sin, That I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart. A-MEN.

176

Thy Word is Like a Garden, Lord

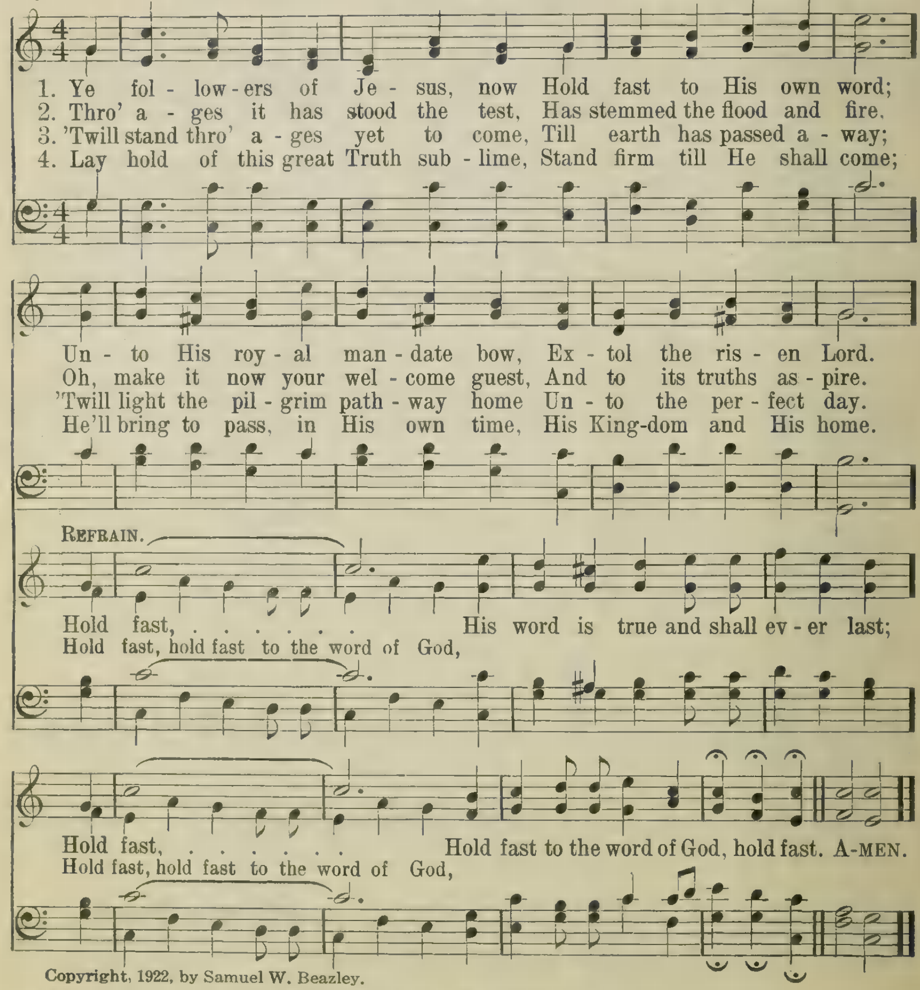
(Seraph. C. M. D.)

T. H. Gill, 1819— Old Melody.


1. Thy Word is like a gar - den, Lord, With flow - ers bright and fair;
2. Thy Word is like a star - ry host: A thou-sand rays of light
3. Oh, may I love Thy pre - cious Word, May I ex - plore the mine,
And ev - 'ry one who seeks may pluck A love - ly clus - ter there.
Are seen to guard the trav - el - er, And make his path - way bright.
May I its fra - grant flow - ers glean, May light up - on me shine!
Thy Word is like a deep, deep mine, And jew - els rich and rare
Thy Word is like an ar - mor - y, Where sol - diers may re - pair,
Oh, may I find my ar - mor there! Thy Word my trust - y sword,
Are hid - den in its might - y depths For ev - 'ry search-er there.
And find, for life's long bat - tle - day, All need - ful weap - ons there.
I'll learn to fight with ev - 'ry foe The bat - tle of the Lord. A - MEN.

177 Hold Fast to the Word

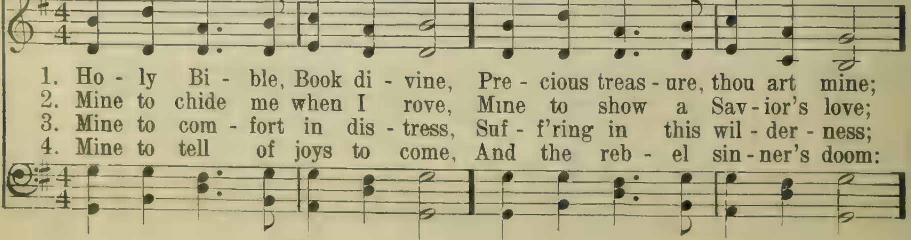
J. M. Henson. (C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

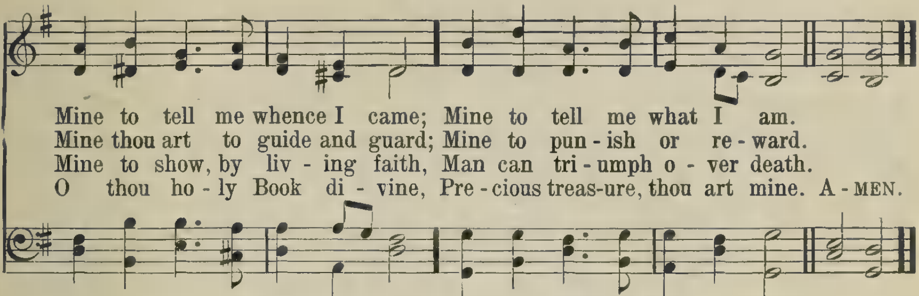

1. Ye fol-low-ers of Je-sus, now Hold fast to His own word; Un-to His roy-al man-date bow, Ex-tol the ris-en Lord.
2. Thro' a-ges it has stood the test, Has stemmed the flood and fire. Oh, make it now your wel-come guest, And to its truths as-pire.
3. 'Twill stand thro' a-ges yet to come, Till earth has passed a-way; 'Twill light the pil-grim path-way home Un-to the per-fect day.
4. Lay hold of this great Truth sub-lime, Stand firm till He shall come; He'll bring to pass, in His own time, His King-dom and His home.
REFRAIN.
Hold fast, ... His word is true and shall ev-er last;
Hold fast, hold fast to the word of God,
Hold fast, ... Hold fast to the word of God, hold fast. A-MEN.
Hold fast, hold fast to the word of God,

Copyright, 1922, by Samuel W. Beazley.

178 Holy Bible, Book Divine

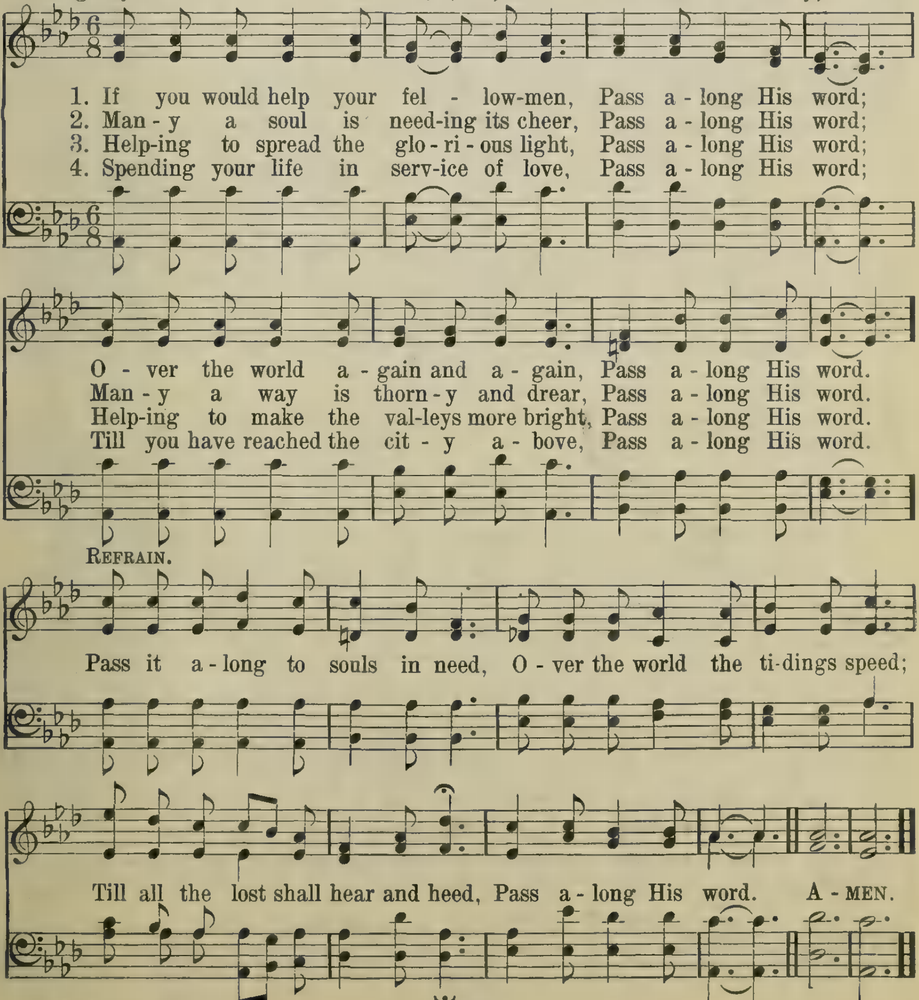
John Burton. (PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7.) Arr. fr. Ignace Pleyel, 1790.


1. Ho-ly Bi-ble, Book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil-der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb-el sin-ner's doom:


Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun-ish or re-ward.
Mine to show, by liv-ing faith, Man can tri-umph o-ver death.
O thou ho-ly Book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine. A-MEN.

179 Pass Along the Word

George Lytton. (9s, 5s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

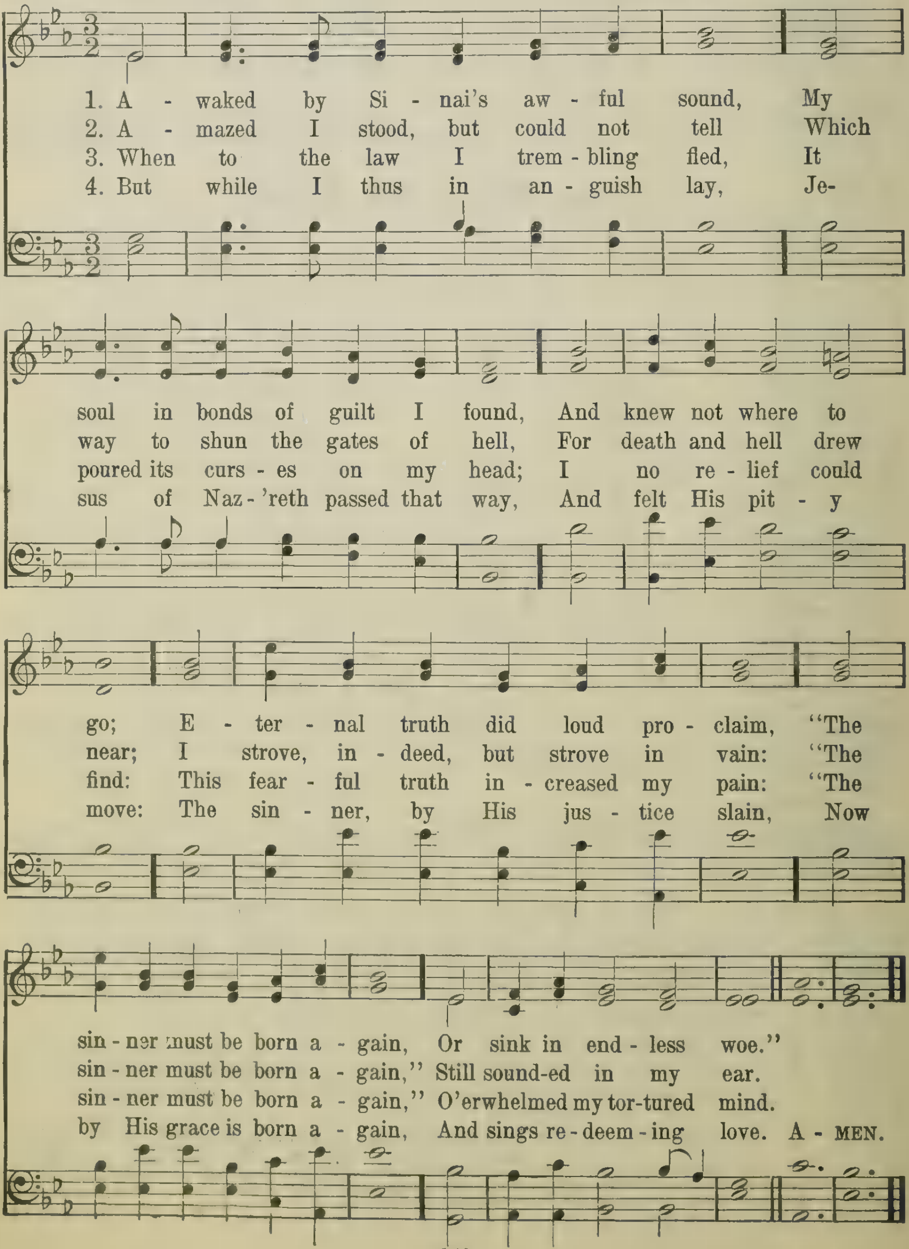

1. If you would help your fel-low-men, Pass a-long His word;
2. Man-y a soul is need-ing its cheer, Pass a-long His word;
3. Help-ing to spread the glo-ri-ous light, Pass a-long His word;
4. Spending your life in serv-ice of love, Pass a-long His word;
O-ver the world a-gain and a-gain, Pass a-long His word.
Man-y a way is thorn-y and drear, Pass a-long His word.
Help-ing to make the val-leys more bright, Pass a-long His word.
Till you have reached the cit-y a-bove, Pass a-long His word.
REFRAIN.
Pass it a-long to souls in need, O-ver the world the ti-dings speed;
Till all the lost shall hear and heed, Pass a-long His word. A-MEN.

S. W. Beazley, owner.

180 Awaked By Sinai's Awful Sound

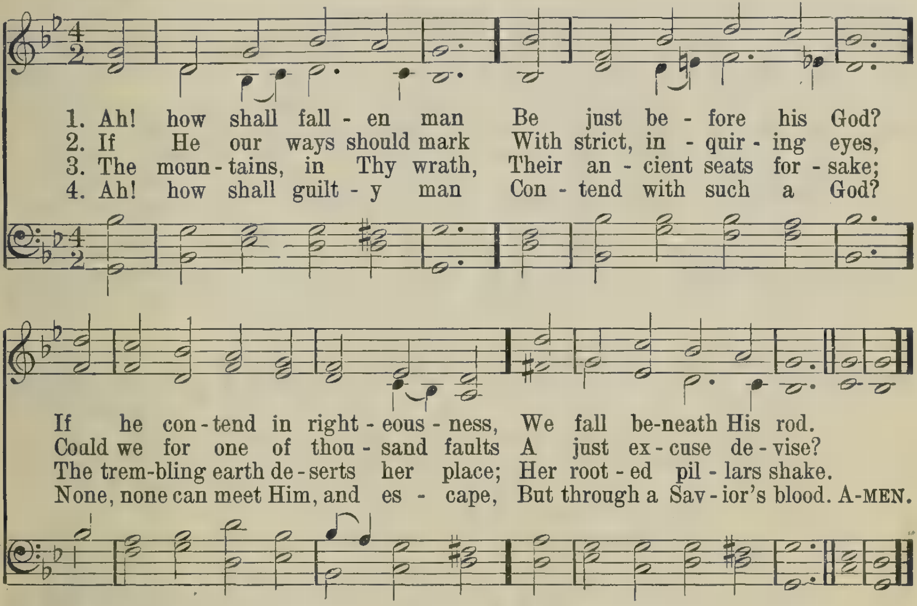
(MERIBAH. C. P. M.)

Samson Occum, 1760. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My
2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which
3. When to the law I trem - bling fled, It
4. But while I thus in an - guish lay, Je-
soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to
way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew
poured its curs - es on my head; I no re - lief could
sus of Naz - 'reth passed that way, And felt His pit - y
go; E - ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The
near; I strove, in - deed, but strove in vain: "The
find: This fear - ful truth in - creased my pain: "The
move: The sin - ner, by His jus - tice slain, Now
sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink in end - less woe."
sin - ner must be born a - gain," Still sound-ed in my ear.
sin - ner must be born a - gain," O'erwhelmed my tor-tured mind.
by His grace is born a - gain, And sings re - deem - ing love. A - MEN.

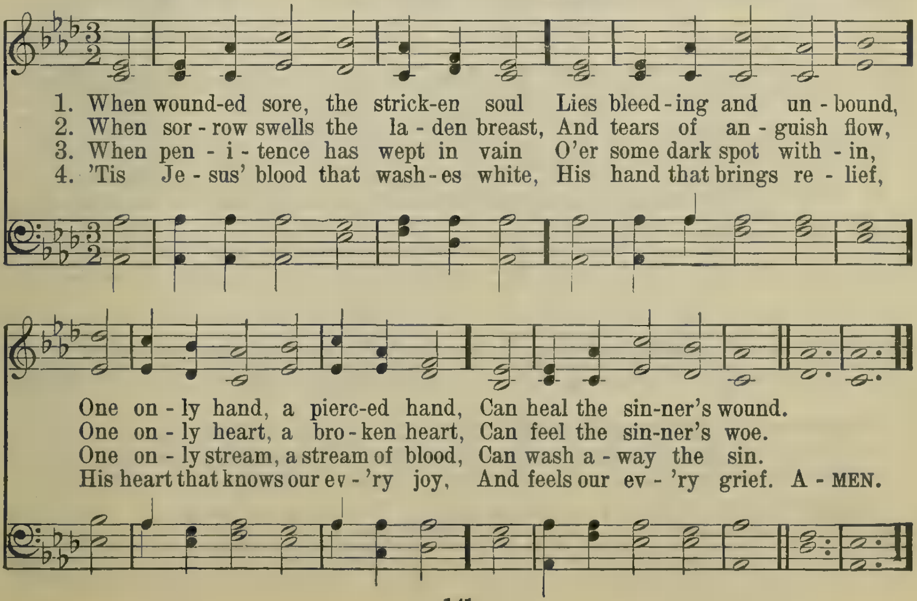
181 Ah! How Shall Fallen Man

Isaac Watts, 1720. (St. Bride. S. M.) S. Howard, 1720–1782.


1. Ah! how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God?
2. If He our ways should mark With strict, in - quir - ing eyes,
3. The moun - tains, in Thy wrath, Their an - cient seats for - sake;
4. Ah! how shall guilt - y man Con - tend with such a God?
If he con - tend in right - eous - ness, We fall be-neath His rod.
Could we for one of thou - sand faults A just ex - cuse de - vise?
The trem-bling earth de - serts her place; Her root - ed pil - lars shake.
None, none can meet Him, and es - cape, But through a Sav - ior's blood. A-MEN.

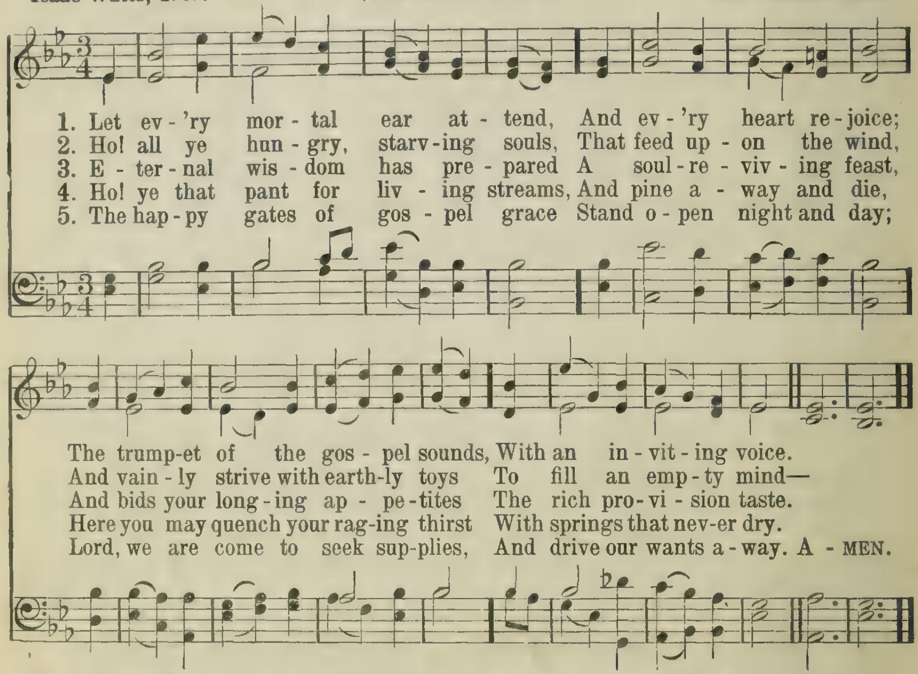
182 When Wounded Sore, the Stricken Soul

C. F. Alexander, 1858. (Evan. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793–1870.


1. When wound-ed sore, the strick-en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
2. When sor - row swells the la - den breast, And tears of an - guish flow,
3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O'er some dark spot with - in,
4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash - es white, His hand that brings re - lief,
One on - ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can heal the sin-ner's wound.
One on - ly heart, a bro - ken heart, Can feel the sin-ner's woe.
One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the sin.
His heart that knows our ev - 'ry joy, And feels our ev - 'ry grief. A - MEN.

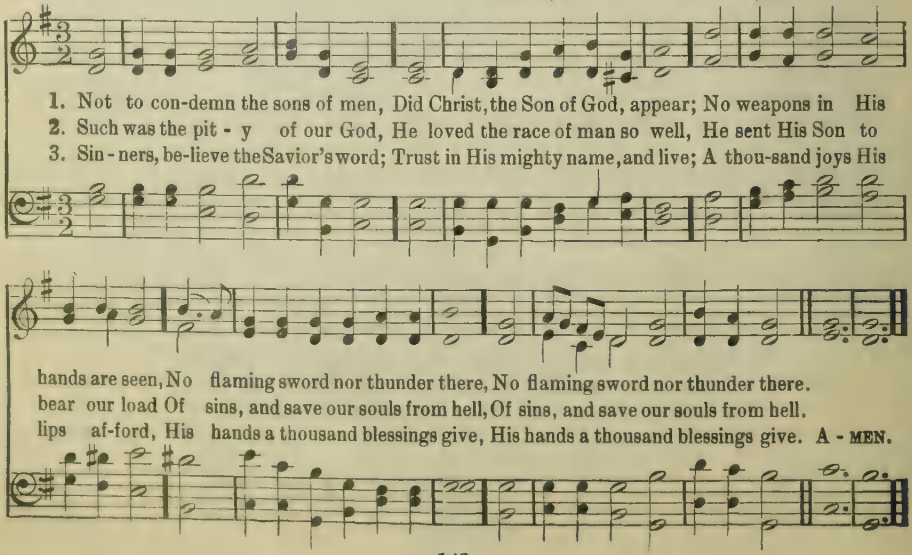
183 Let Every Mortal Ear Attend

Isaac Watts, 1707. (ABRIDGE. C. M.) Isaac Smith, 1800.


1. Let ev - 'ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - 'ry heart re - joice;
2. Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind,
3. E - ter - nal wis - dom has pre - pared A soul - re - viv - ing feast,
4. Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die,
5. The hap - py gates of gos - pel grace Stand o - pen night and day;
The trump-et of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vit - ing voice.
And vain - ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp - ty mind—
And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites The rich pro - vi - sion taste.
Here you may quench your rag-ing thirst With springs that nev-er dry.
Lord, we are come to seek sup-plies, And drive our wants a - way. A - MEN.

184 Not to Condemn the Sons of Men

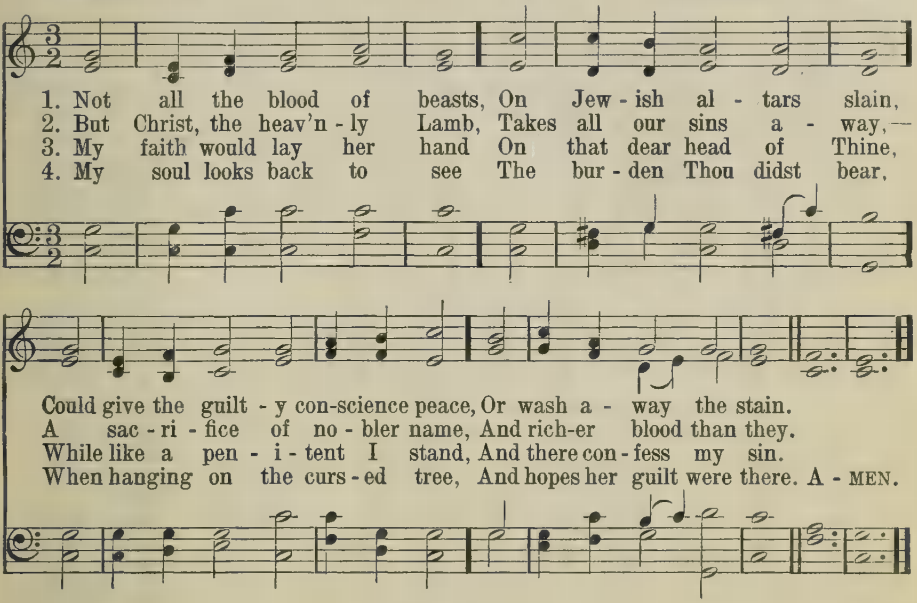
Isaac Watts, 1709. (ROLLAND. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, appear; No weapons in His
2. Such was the pit - y of our God, He loved the race of man so well, He sent His Son to
3. Sin - ners, be-lieve the Savior's word; Trust in His mighty name, and live; A thou-sand joys His
hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there, No flaming sword nor thunder there.
bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell, Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
lips af-ford, His hands a thousand blessings give, His hands a thousand blessings give. A - MEN.

185

Not All the Blood of Beasts

Isaac Watts, 1709. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

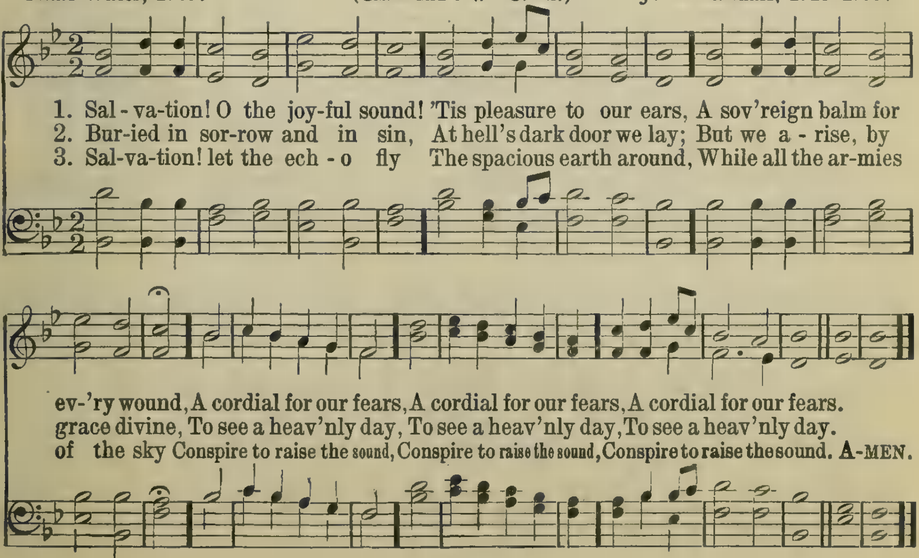

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way,—
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur-den Thou didst bear,
Could give the guilt - y con-science peace, Or wash a - way the stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich-er blood than they.
While like a pen - i - tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
When hanging on the curs - ed tree, And hopes her guilt were there. A - MEN.

186

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound

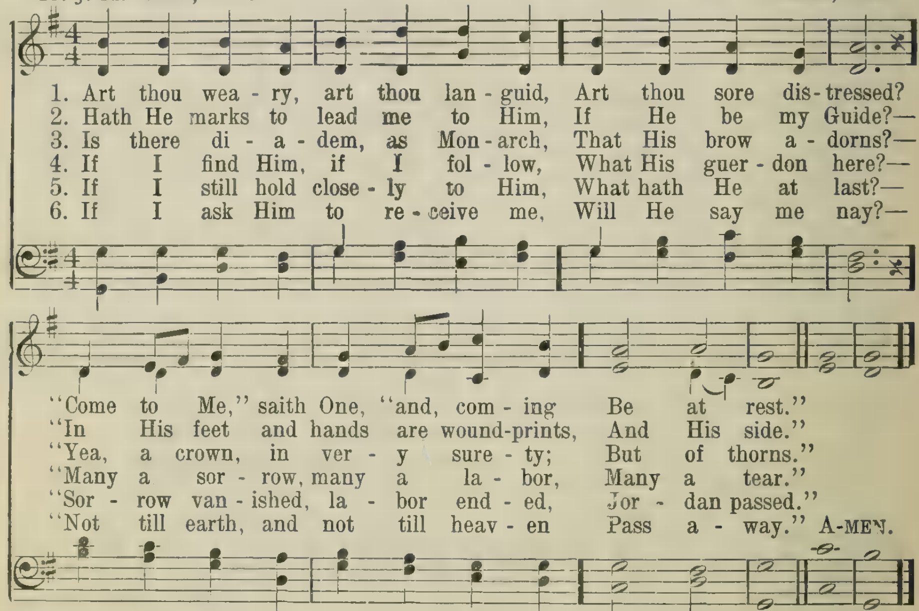
[*Second Tune*]

Isaac Watts, 1709. (CAMBRIDGE. C. M.) John Randall, 1715–1799.


1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sov'reign balm for
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise, by
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth around, While all the ar-mies
ev-'ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.
grace divine, To see a heav'nly day, To see a heav'nly day, To see a heav'nly day.
of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound. A-MEN.

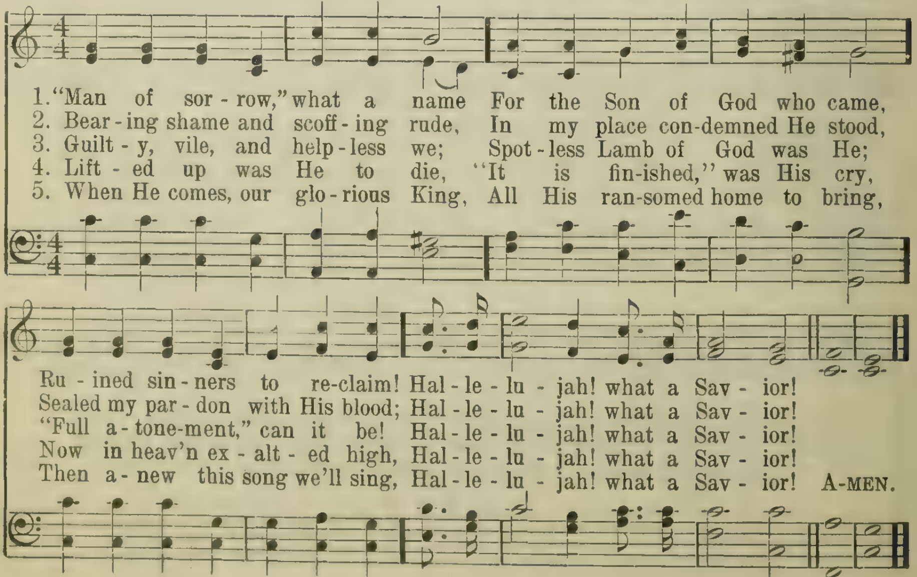
187 Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

Stephen the Sabaite, 725–794. (STEPHANOS. P. M.)
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851. H. W. Baker, 1801.


1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?—
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?—
6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?—
"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty; But of thorns."
"Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear."
"Sor - row van - ished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
"Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way." A-MEN.

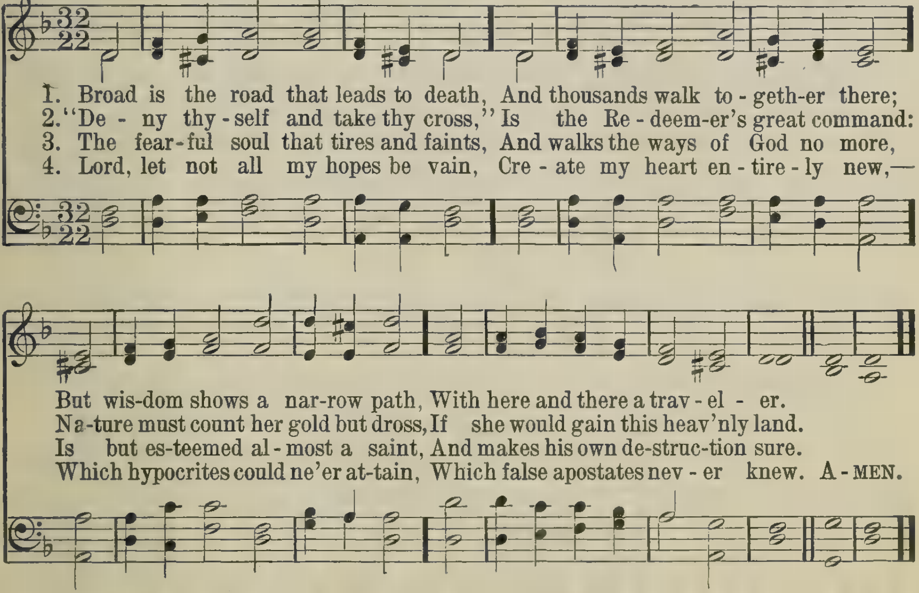
188 "Man of Sorrow," What a Name

P. P. B. (HALLELUJAH, WHAT A SAVIOR! 7, 7, 7, 8.) P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.


1. "Man of sor - row," what a name For the Son of God who came,
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile, and help - less we; Spot - less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry,
5. When He comes, our glo - rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,
Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment," can it be! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior! A-MEN.

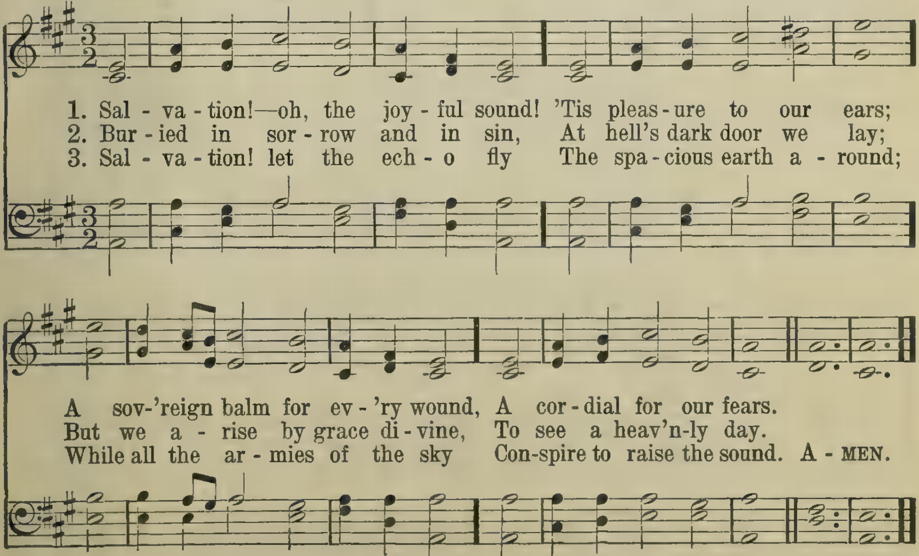
189 Broad is the Road That Leads to Death

Isaac Watts, 1709. (WINDHAM. L. M.) Daniel Read, 1757-1836.


1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. "De-ny thy-self and take thy cross," Is the Re-deem-er's great command:
3. The fear-ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre-ate my heart en-tire-ly new,—
But wis-dom shows a nar-row path, With here and there a trav-el-er.
Na-ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
Is but es-teemed al-most a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.
Which hypocrites could ne'er at-tain, Which false apostates nev-er knew. A-MEN.

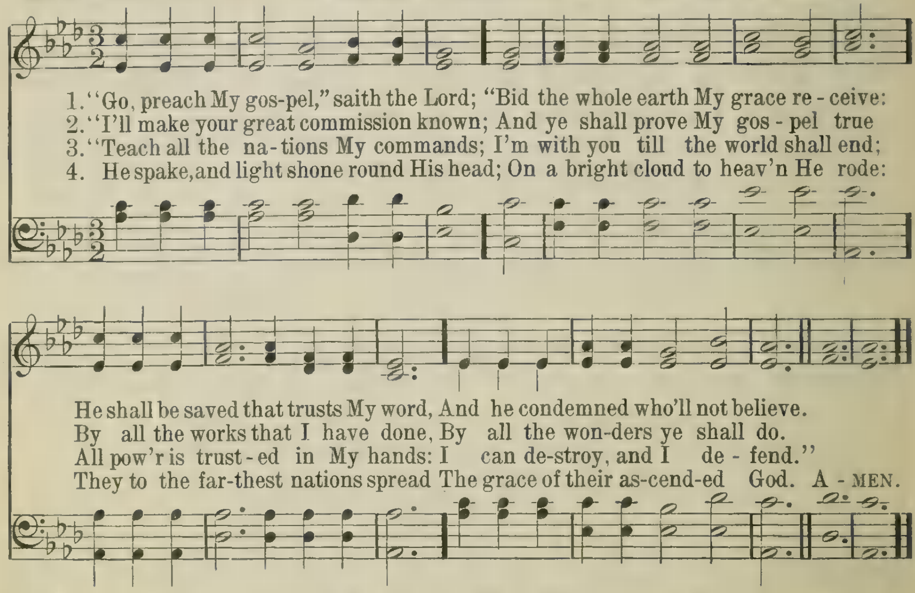
190 Salvation

Rev. I. Watts. (EVAN. C. M.) Arr. by D. E. Dortch.


1. Sal-va-tion!—oh, the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleas-ure to our ears;
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spa-cious earth a-round;
A sov-'reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
But we a-rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound. A-MEN.

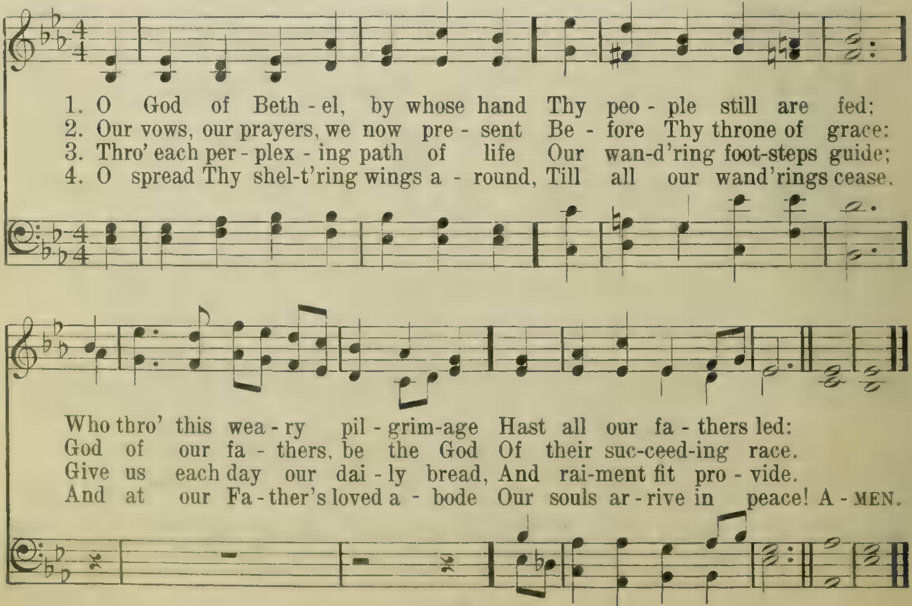
191 "Go Preach My Gospel," Saith the Lord

Isaac Watts 1707. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. Zeuner, 1795–1857.


1. "Go, preach My gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth My grace re-ceive:
2. "I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove My gos-pel true
3. "Teach all the na-tions My commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;
4. He spake, and light shone round His head; On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode:
He shall be saved that trusts My word, And he condemned who'll not believe.
By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
All pow'r is trust-ed in My hands: I can de-stroy, and I de-fend."
They to the far-thest nations spread The grace of their as-cend-ed God. A-MEN.

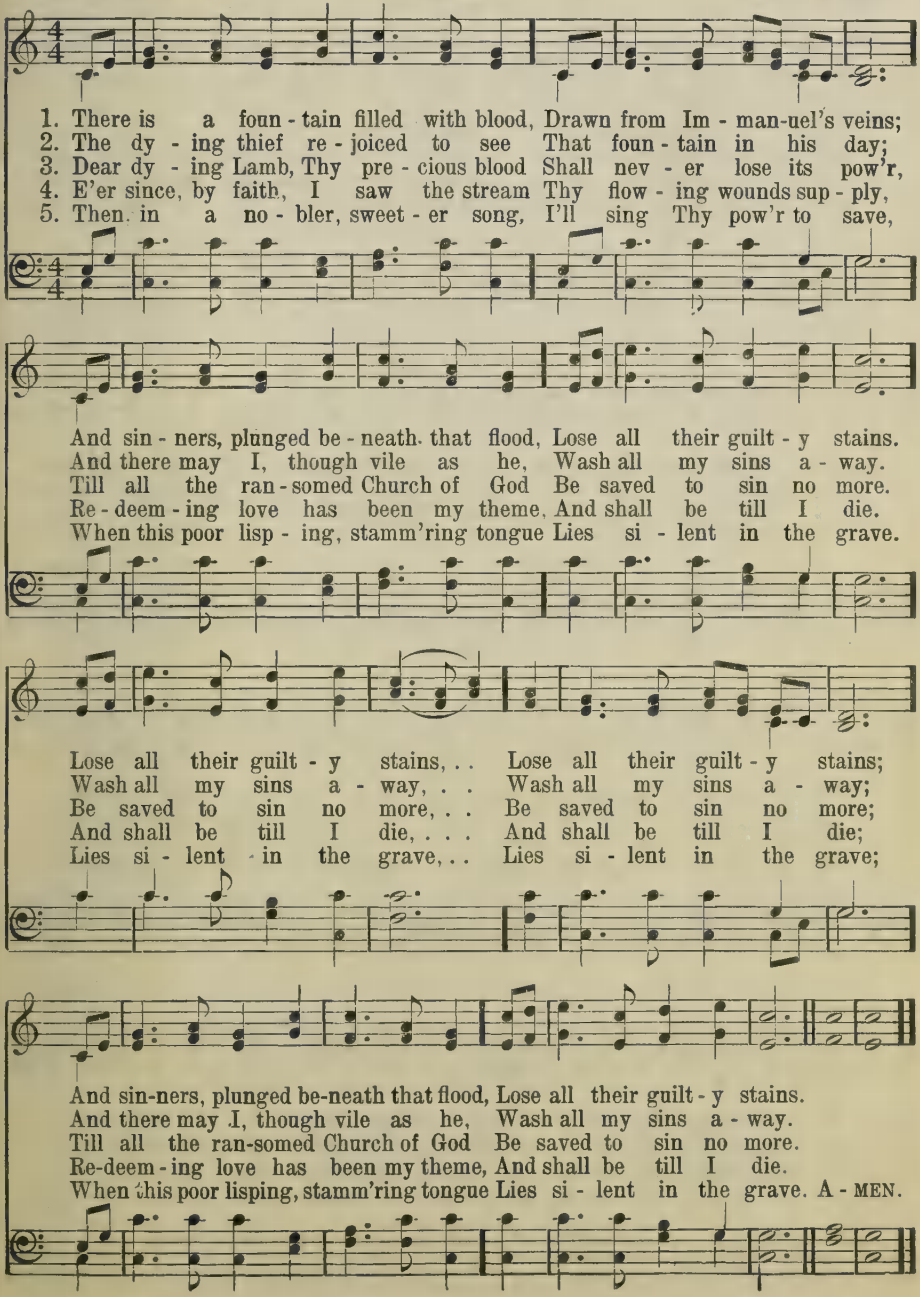
192 O God of Bethel, By Whose Hand

P. Doddridge. (HALSTED. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be-fore Thy throne of grace:
3. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
4. O spread Thy shel-t'ring wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,
Who thro' this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led:
God of our fa-thers, be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
Give us each day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
And at our Fa-ther's loved a-bode Our souls ar-rive in peace! A-MEN.

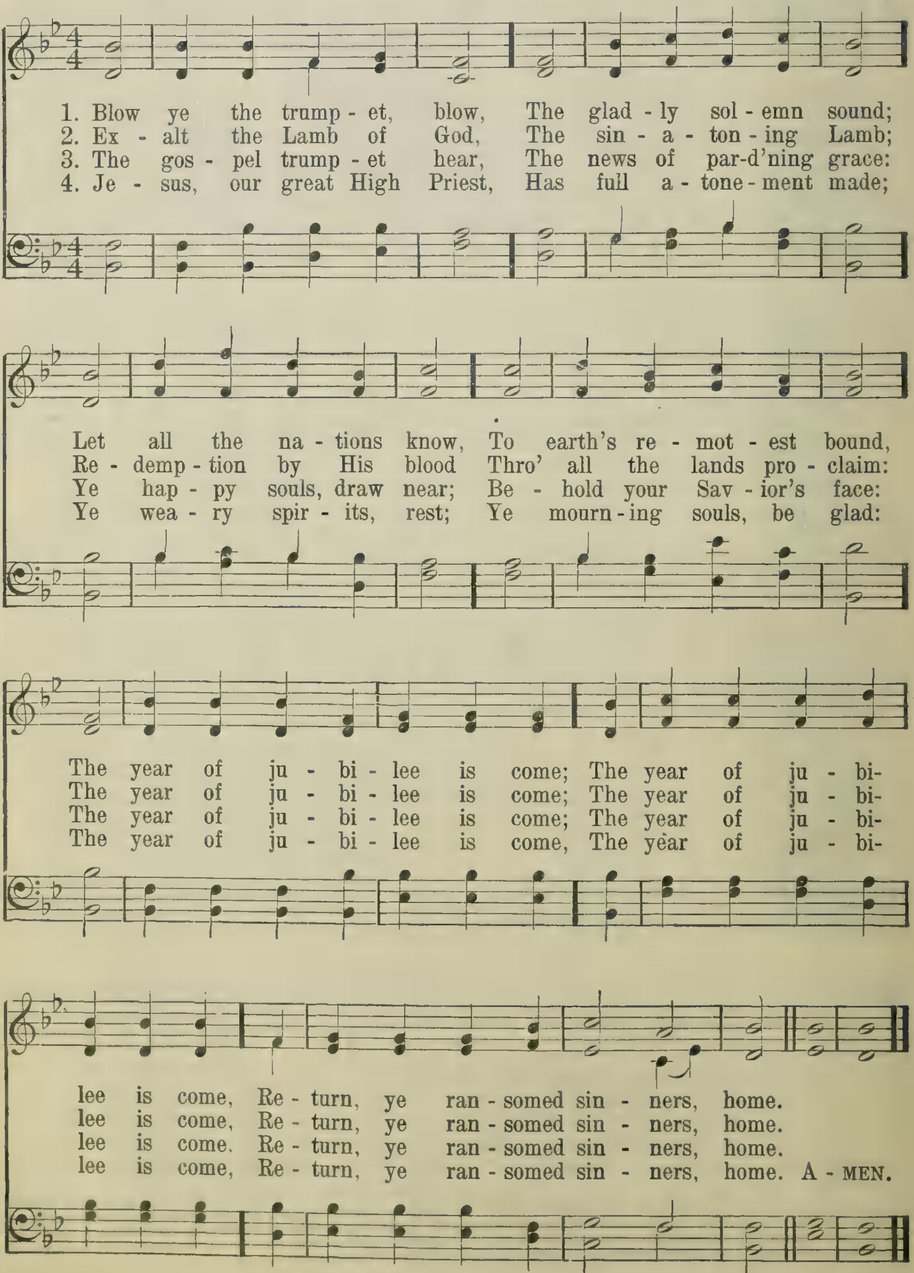
193 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Wm. Cowper. C. M. Western Melody.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran - somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave.
Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
Wash all my sins a - way, . . Wash all my sins a - way;
Be saved to sin no more, . . Be saved to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
Lies si - lent in the grave, . . Lies si - lent in the grave;
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
Till all the ran-somed Church of God Be saved to sin no more.
Re-deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A - MEN.

194 Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow

Charles Wesley, 1750. (LENOX. H. M.) Lewis Edson, 1748-1820.

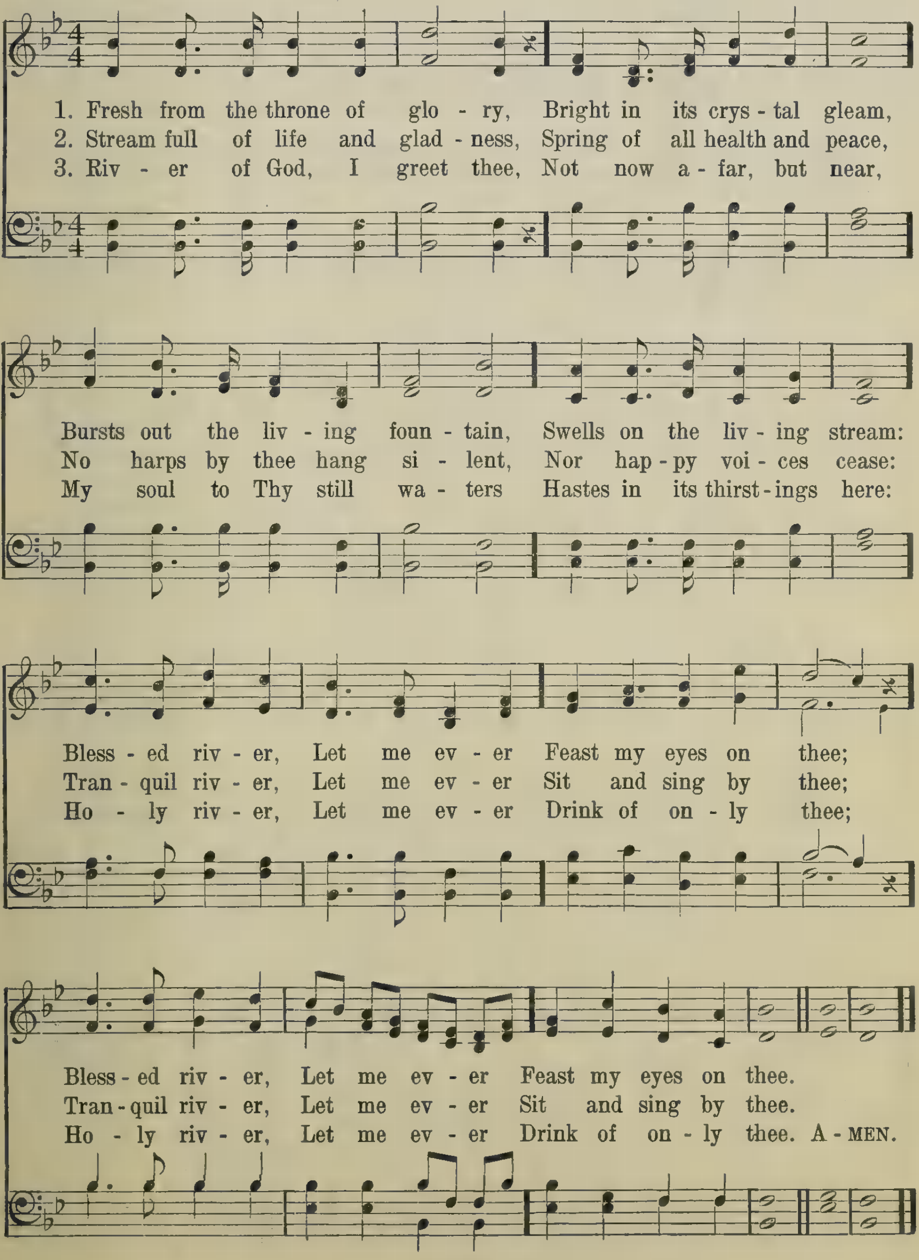

1. Blow ye the trump - et, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound;
2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb;
3. The gos - pel trump - et hear, The news of par-d'ning grace:
4. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Has full a - tone - ment made;
Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
Re - demp - tion by His blood Thro' all the lands pro - claim:
Ye hap - py souls, draw near; Be - hold your Sav - ior's face:
Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ing souls, be glad:
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi-
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi-
The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi-
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, The year of ju - bi-
lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
lee is come. Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home. A - MEN.

195

Fresh From the Throne of Glory

(River of Life. P. M.)

Horatius Bonar, 1868. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near,
Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream:
No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease:
My soul to Thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirst - ings here:
Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee;
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee;
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee;
Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee. A - MEN.

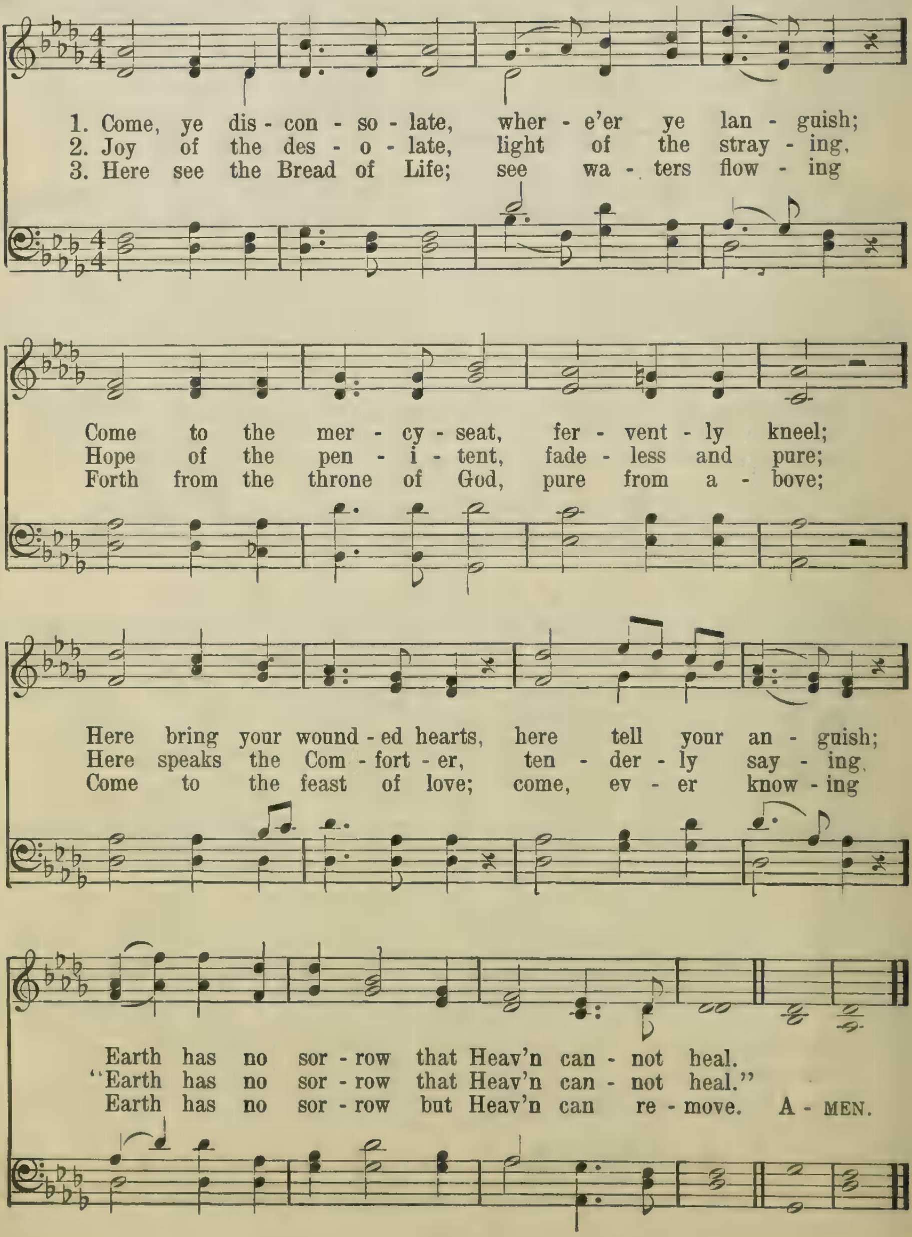
196

Come, Ye Disconsolate

(Come, Ye Disconsolate. 11s, 10s.)

V. 1 and 2, Thomas Moore, 1816.
V. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1830.

S. Webbe, 1740–1816.

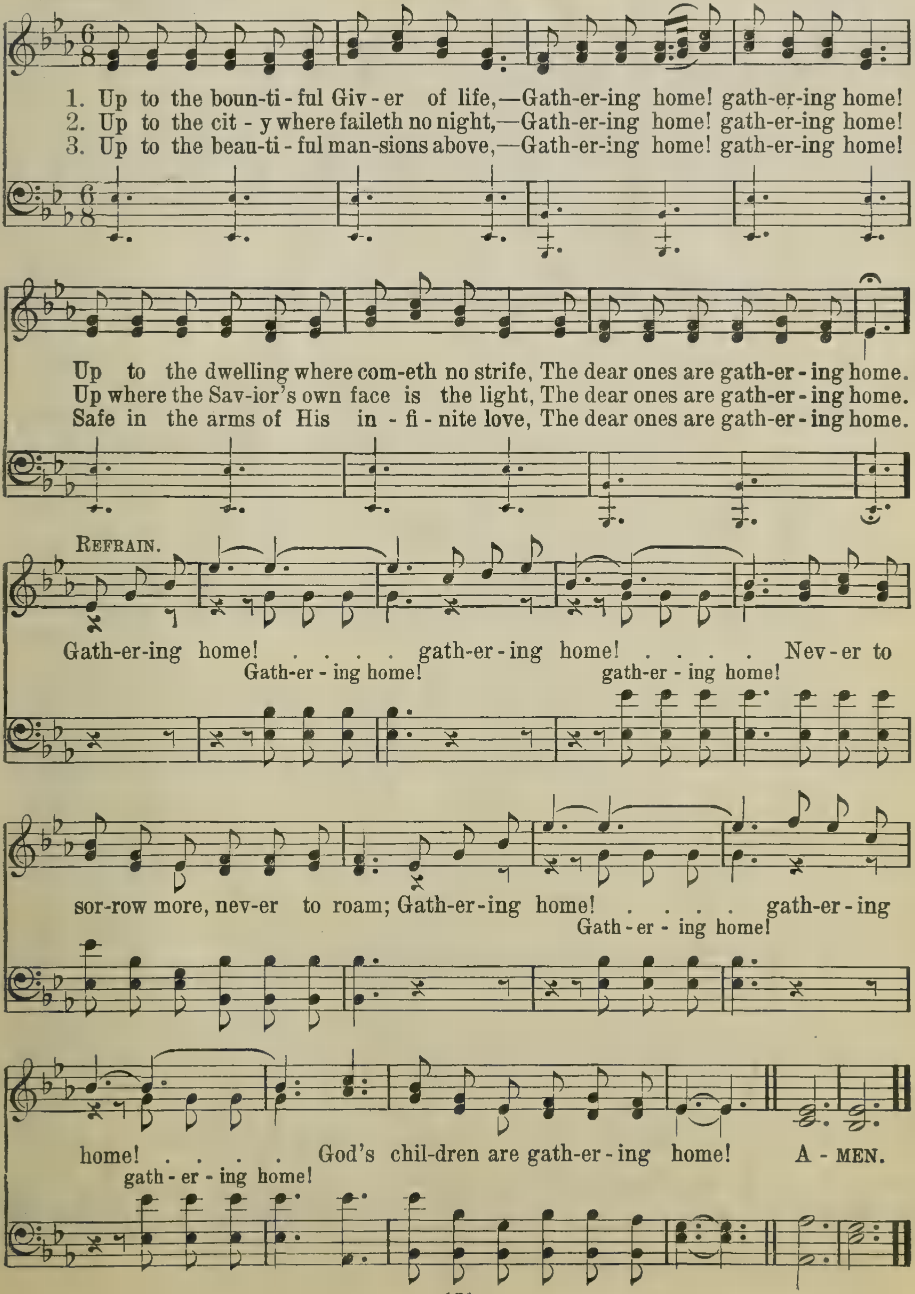

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish;
2. Joy of the des-o-late, light of the stray-ing,
3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa-ters flow-ing
Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
Hope of the pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish;
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing,
Come to the feast of love; come, ev-er know-ing
Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal.
"Earth has no sor-row that Heav'n can-not heal."
Earth has no sor-row but Heav'n can re-move. A-men.

197

Gathering Home

Mrs. Mariana B. Slade.

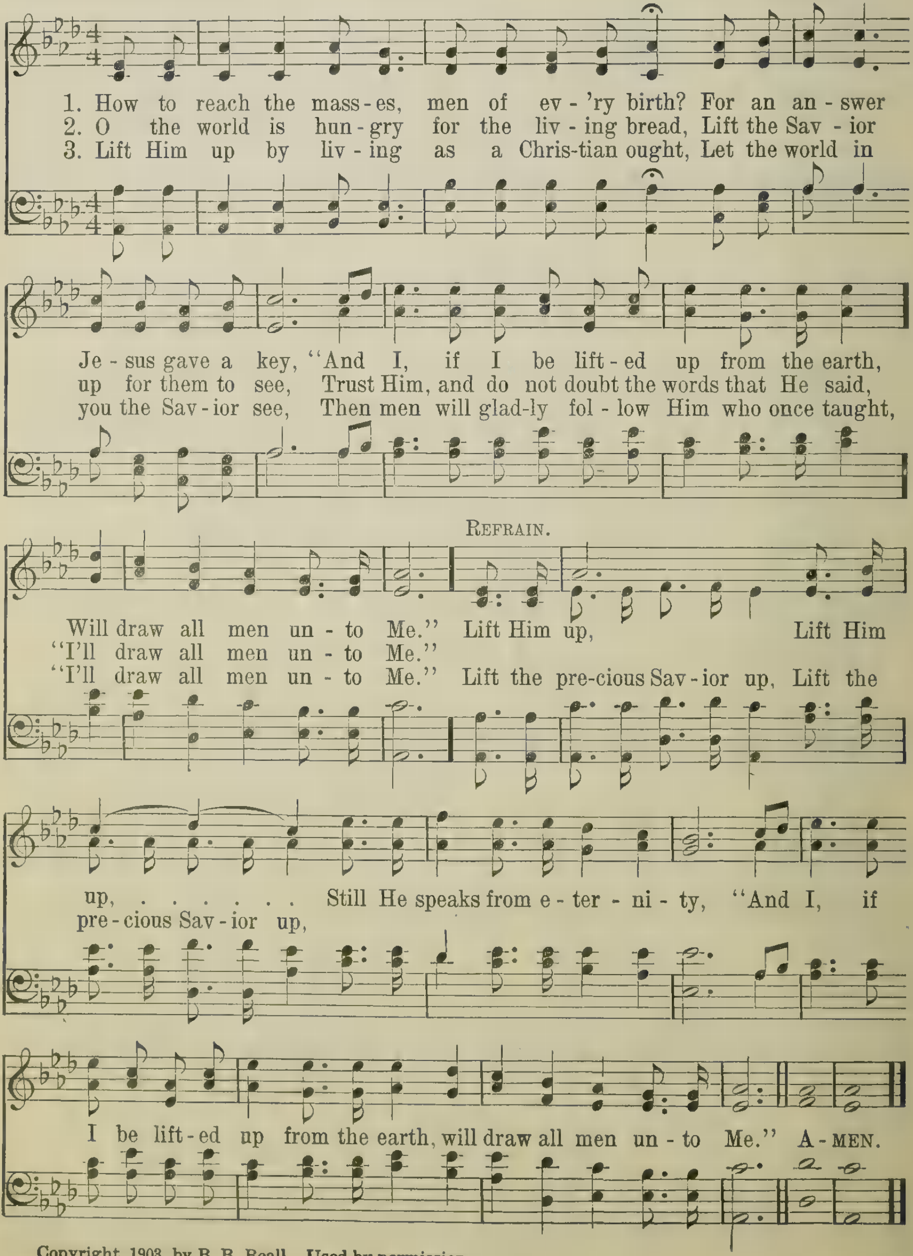
R. M. M'Intosh.


1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
2. Up to the cit-y where faileth no night,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions above,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
Up to the dwelling where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
REFRAIN.
Gath-er-ing home! . . . . gath-er-ing home! . . . . Nev-er to
Gath-er-ing home!
gath-er-ing home!
sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home! . . . . gath-er-ing
Gath-er-ing home!
home! . . . . God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home! A-MEN.
gath-er-ing home!

198

Lift Him Up

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. (11s, 9s, 7s.) B. B. Beall.


1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, Will draw all men un-to Me."
2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-ior up for them to see, Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said, "I'll draw all men un-to Me."
3. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in you the Sav-ior see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught, "I'll draw all men un-to Me."
REFRAIN.
Lift Him up, Lift Him up, ...
Lift the pre-cious Sav-ior up, Lift the pre-cious Sav-ior up,
Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to Me." A-MEN.

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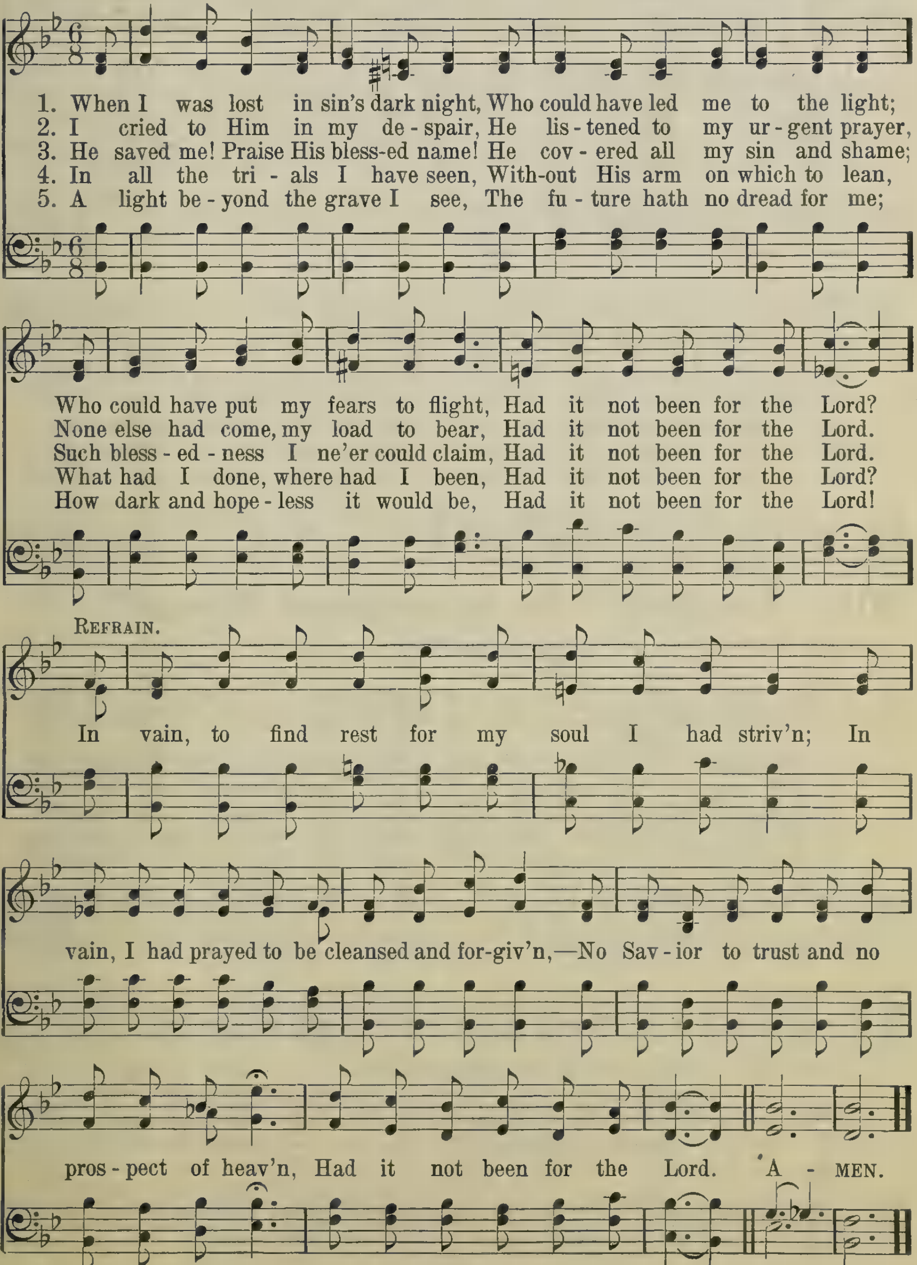
199

Had It Not Been For the Lord

"Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had quickly dwelt in silence."—PSALM 94: 17.

T. O. Chisholm.

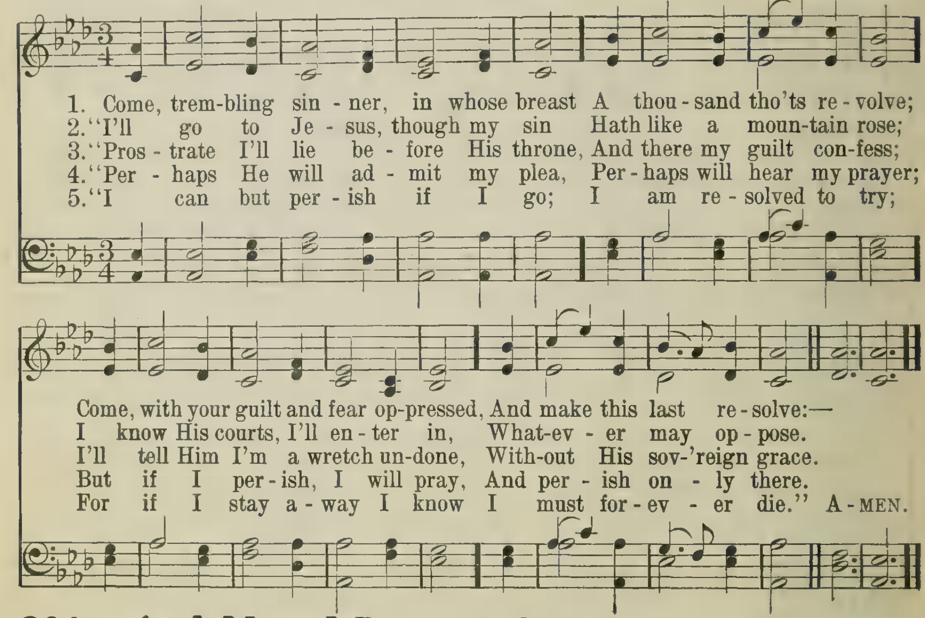
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. When I was lost in sin's dark night, Who could have led me to the light;
2. I cried to Him in my de - spair, He lis - tened to my ur - gent prayer,
3. He saved me! Praise His bless-ed name! He cov - ered all my sin and shame;
4. In all the tri - als I have seen, With-out His arm on which to lean,
5. A light be - yond the grave I see, The fu - ture hath no dread for me;
Who could have put my fears to flight, Had it not been for the Lord?
None else had come, my load to bear, Had it not been for the Lord.
Such bless - ed - ness I ne'er could claim, Had it not been for the Lord.
What had I done, where had I been, Had it not been for the Lord?
How dark and hope - less it would be, Had it not been for the Lord!
REFRAIN.
In vain, to find rest for my soul I had striv'n; In
vain, I had prayed to be cleansed and for-giv'n,—No Sav - ior to trust and no
pros - pect of heav'n, Had it not been for the Lord. A - MEN.

S. W. Beazley, owner.

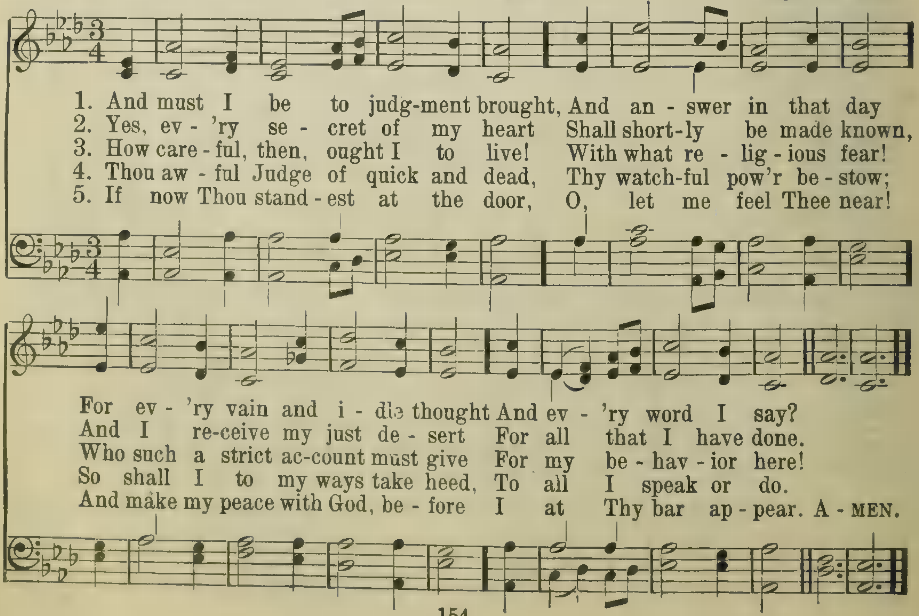
200 Come, Trembling Sinner, in Whose Breast

Edmund Jones, 1787. (BALERMA. C. M.) R. Simpson.


1. Come, trem-bling sin - ner, in whose breast A thou - sand tho'ts re - volve;
2. "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
3. "Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
4. "Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
5. "I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re - solve:—
I know His courts, I'll en - ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov-'reign grace.
But if I per - ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
For if I stay a - way I know I must for - ev - er die." A - MEN.

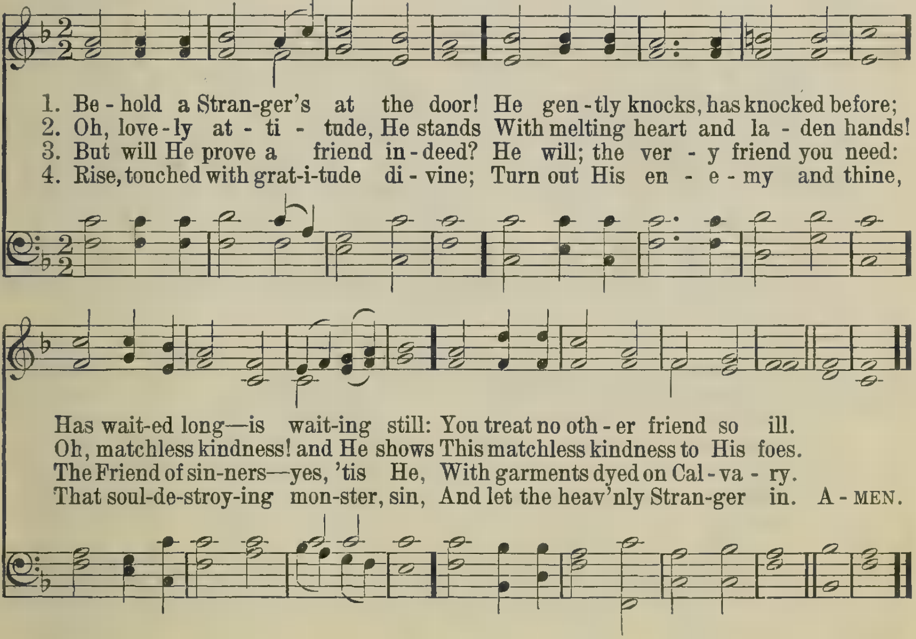
201 And Must I Be to Judgment Brought?

Charles Wesley. (AVON. C. M.) Hugh Wilson.


1. And must I be to judg-ment brought, And an - swer in that day
2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short-ly be made known,
3. How care - ful, then, ought I to live! With what re - lig - ious fear!
4. Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, Thy watch-ful pow'r be - stow;
5. If now Thou stand - est at the door, O, let me feel Thee near!
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought And ev - 'ry word I say?
And I re-ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.
Who such a strict ac-count must give For my be - hav - ior here!
So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
And make my peace with God, be - fore I at Thy bar ap - pear. A - MEN.

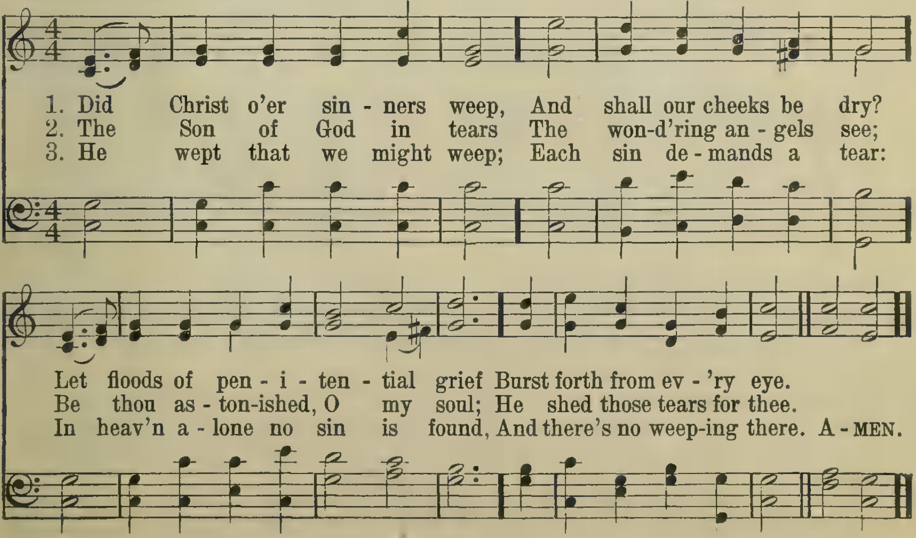
202 Behold a Stranger's At the Door

Joseph Grigg. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) Henry K. Oliver.


1. Be-hold a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;
2. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and la-den hands!
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en-e-my and thine,
Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stran-ger in. A-MEN.

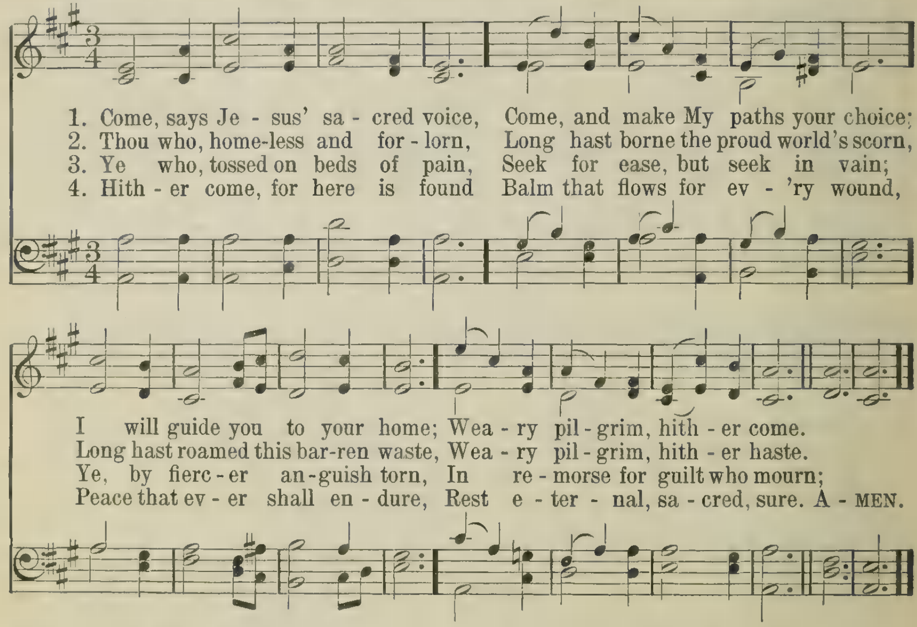
203 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benjamin Beddome, 1818. (LABAN. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won-d'ring an-gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de-mands a tear:
Let floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev-'ry eye.
Be thou as-ton-ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
In heav'n a-lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A-MEN.

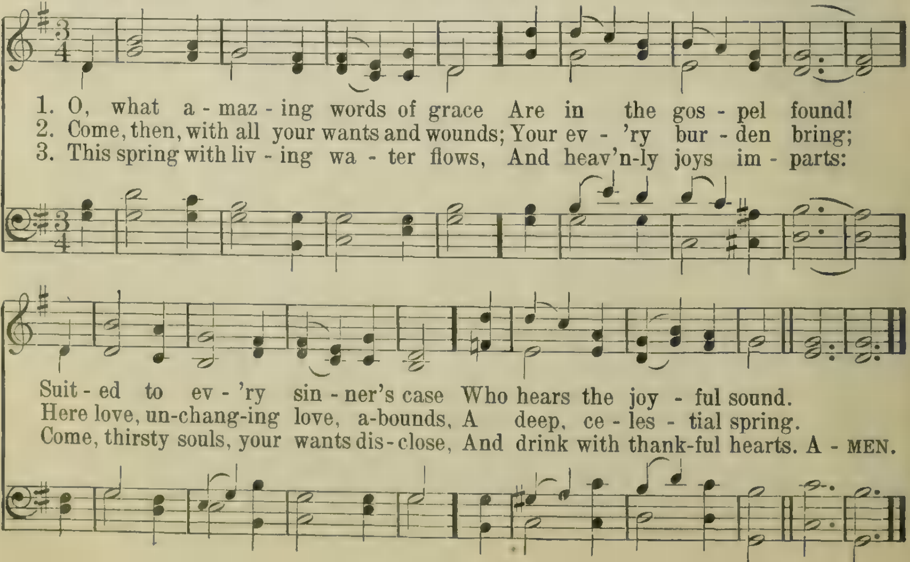
204 Come, Says Jesus' Sacred Voice

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1825. (HORTON. 7s.) X. S. Von Wartensee, 1786–1868.


1. Come, says Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
2. Thou who, home-less and for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,
I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
Long hast roamed this bar-ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
Ye, by fierc - er an-guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn;
Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A - MEN.

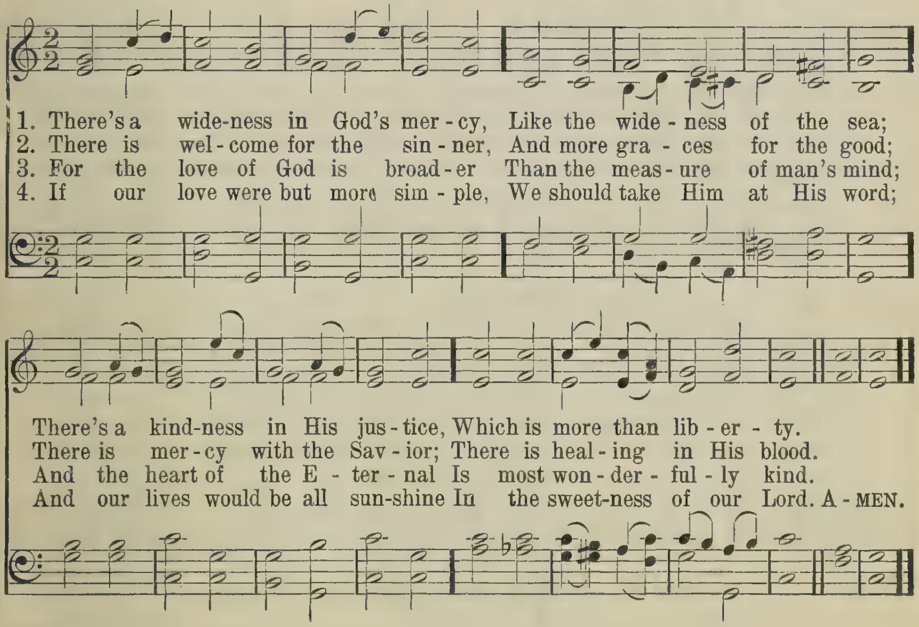
205 O, What Amazing Words of Grace

Samuel Medley, 1789. (VIGILS. C. M.) S. Webbe, 1740–1816.


1. O, what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found!
2. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; Your ev - 'ry bur - den bring;
3. This spring with liv - ing wa - ter flows, And heav'n-ly joys im - parts:
Suit - ed to ev - 'ry sin - ner's case Who hears the joy - ful sound.
Here love, un-chang-ing love, a-bounds, A deep, ce - les - tial spring.
Come, thirsty souls, your wants dis - close, And drink with thank-ful hearts. A - MEN.

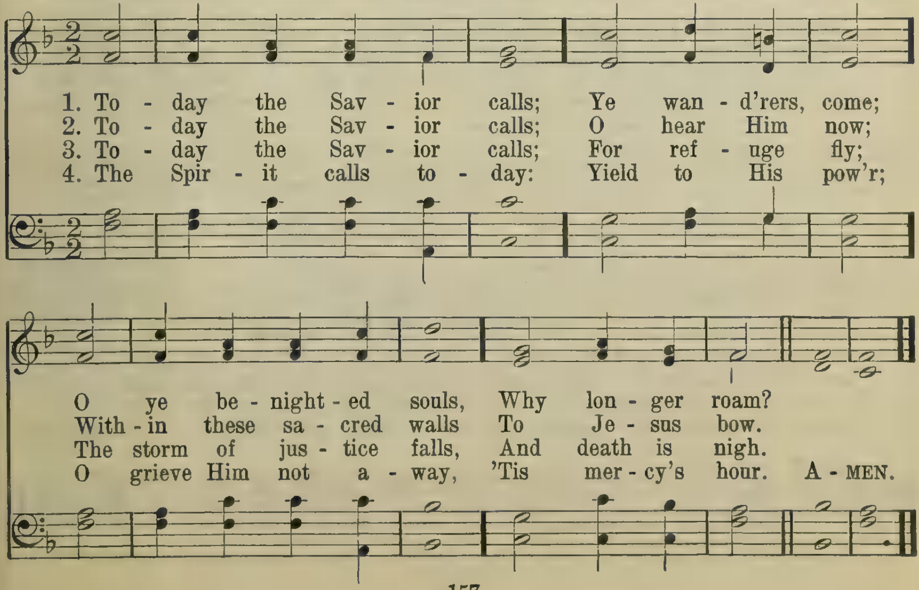
206 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

Frederick W. Faber. (WELLESLEY. 8s, 7s.) Lizzie S. Tourjee.


1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

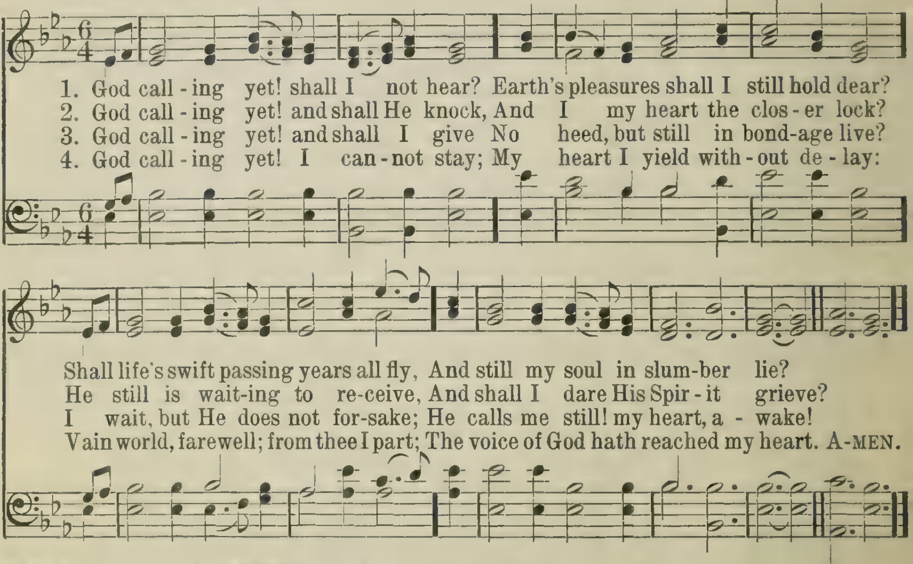
207 To-day the Savior Calls.

S. F. Smith, 1832. (TO-DAY. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. To-day the Sav-ior calls; Ye wan-d'rers, come;
2. To-day the Sav-ior calls; O hear Him now;
3. To-day the Sav-ior calls; For ref-uge fly;
4. The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to His pow'r;
O ye be-night-ed souls, Why lon-ger roam?
With-in these sa-cred walls To Je-sus bow.
The storm of jus-tice falls, And death is nigh.
O grieve Him not a-way, 'Tis mer-cy's hour. A-MEN.

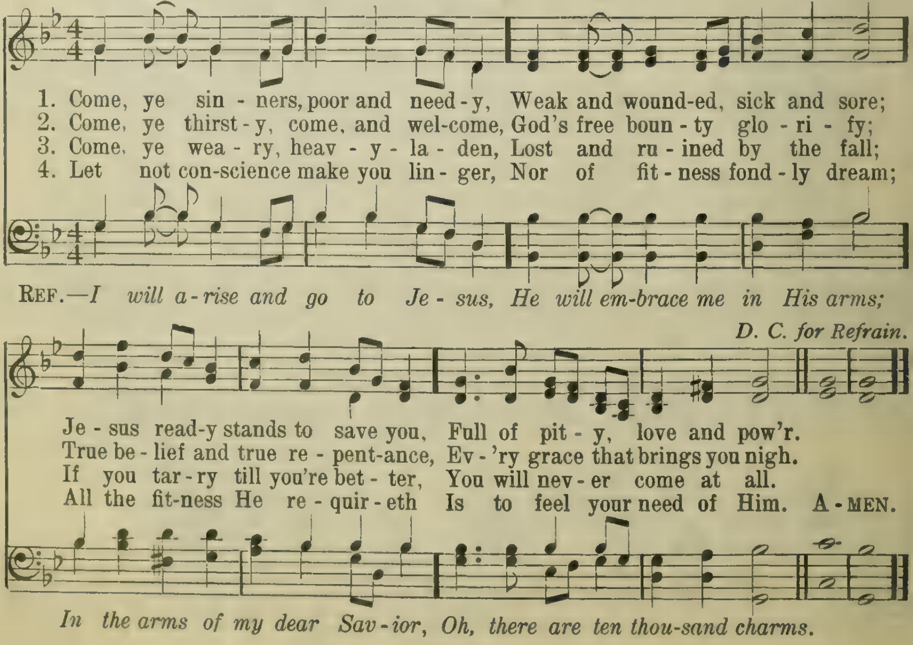
208 God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

G. Tersteegen, 1750. (WOODWORTH. L. M.)
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853. W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.


1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie?
He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still! my heart, a-wake!
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-MEN.

209 I Will Arise and Go to Jesus

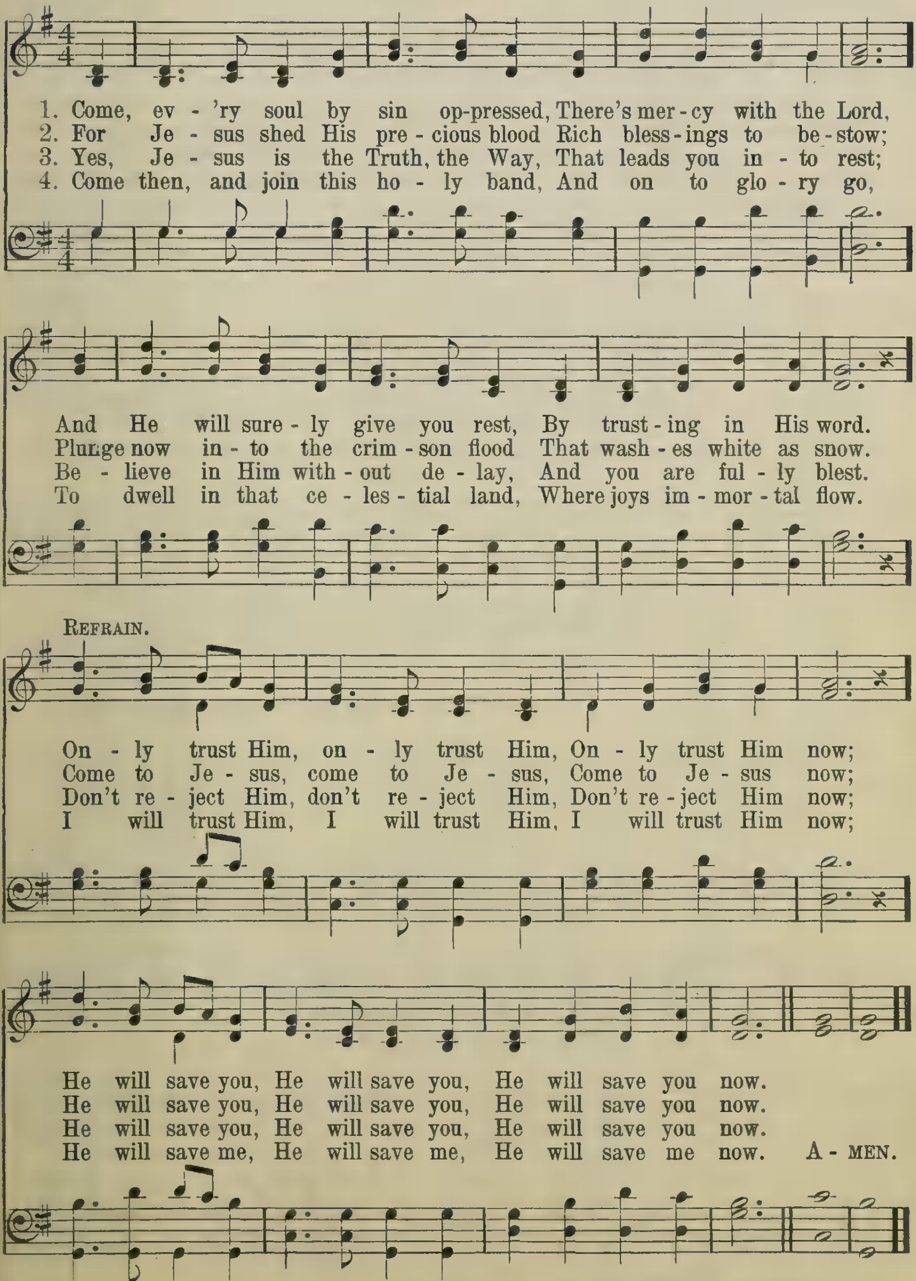
J. Hart, 1712-1768. (8s, 7s.) Traditional.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Come, ye thirst-y, come, and wel-come, God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Lost and ru-ined by the fall;
4. Let not con-science make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
REF.—I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
D. C. for Refrain.
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love and pow'r.
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh.
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all.
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him. A-MEN.
In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

210

Only Trust Him

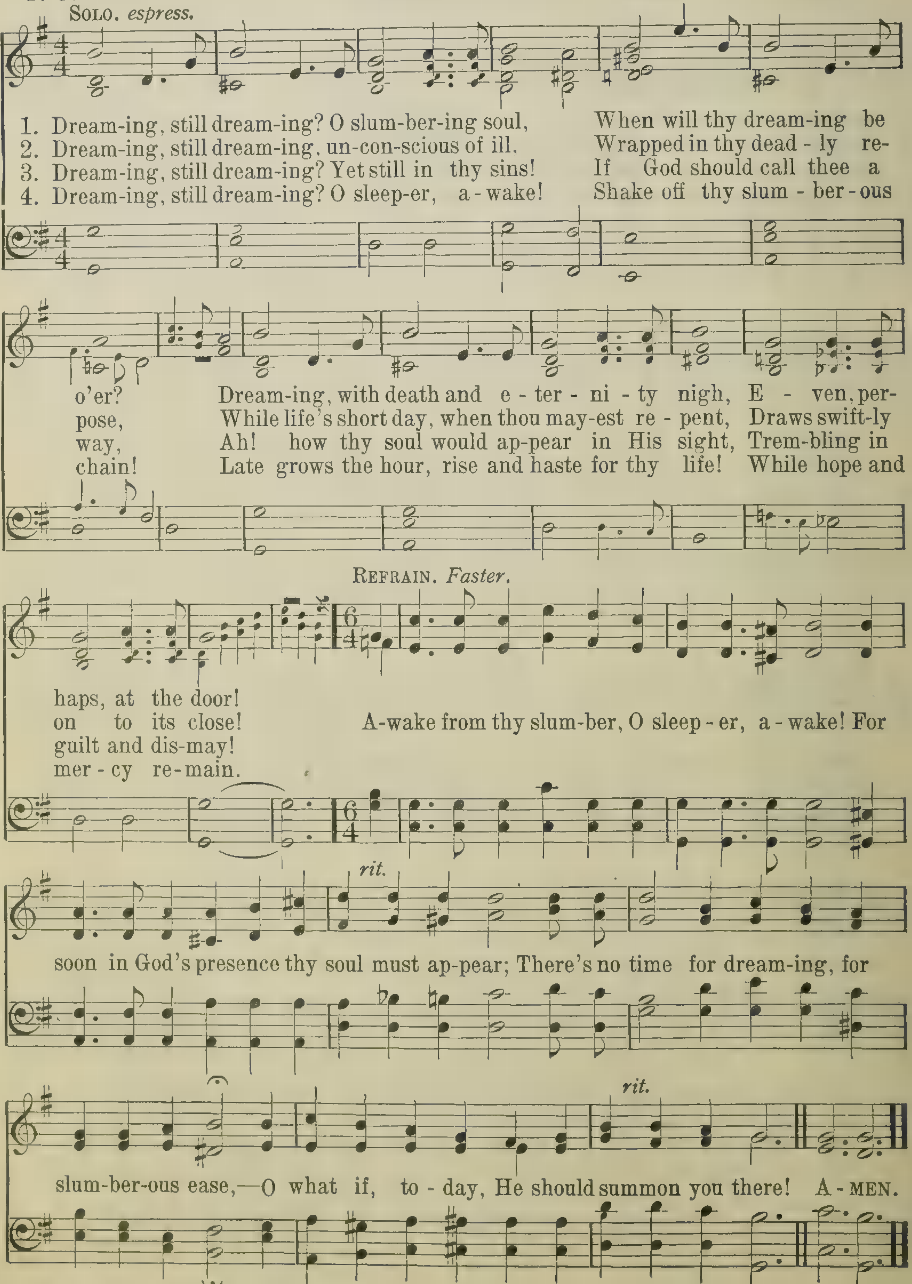
J. H. S. (Stockton. 8s, 6s.) J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,
And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.
Refrain.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now. A - men.

211

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

T. O. Chisholm. (DREAMING. 10s, 7s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


SOLO. espress.
1. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? O slum-ber-ing soul, When will thy dream-ing be o'er? Dream-ing, with death and e - ter - ni - ty nigh, E - ven, per-haps, at the door!
2. Dream-ing, still dream-ing, un-con-scious of ill, Wrapped in thy dead - ly re-pose, While life's short day, when thou may-est re - pent, Draws swift-ly on to its close!
3. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? Yet still in thy sins! If God should call thee a way, Ah! how thy soul would ap-pear in His sight, Trem-bling in guilt and dis-may!
4. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? O sleep-er, a - wake! Shake off thy slum - ber - ous chain! Late grows the hour, rise and haste for thy life! While hope and mer - cy re-main.
REFRAIN. Faster.
A-wake from thy slum-ber, O sleep - er, a - wake! For soon in God's presence thy soul must ap-pear; There's no time for dream-ing, for slum-ber-ous ease,—O what if, to - day, He should summon you there!
rit.
rit.
A - MEN.

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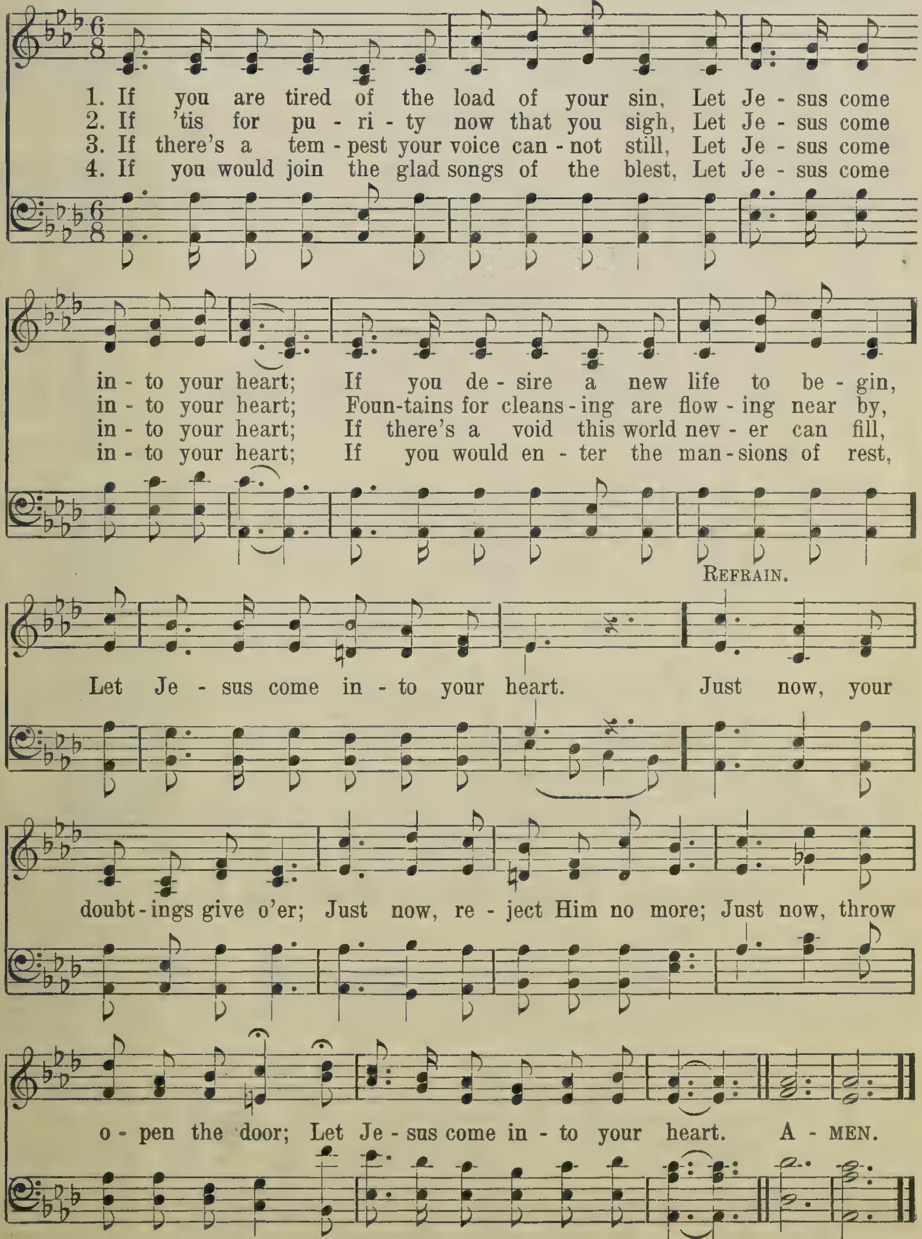
212

If You Are Tired of the Load

(Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart. 10s, 8s.)

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Foun-tains for cleans - ing are flow - ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man - sions of rest,
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
REFRAIN.
Just now, your
doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.

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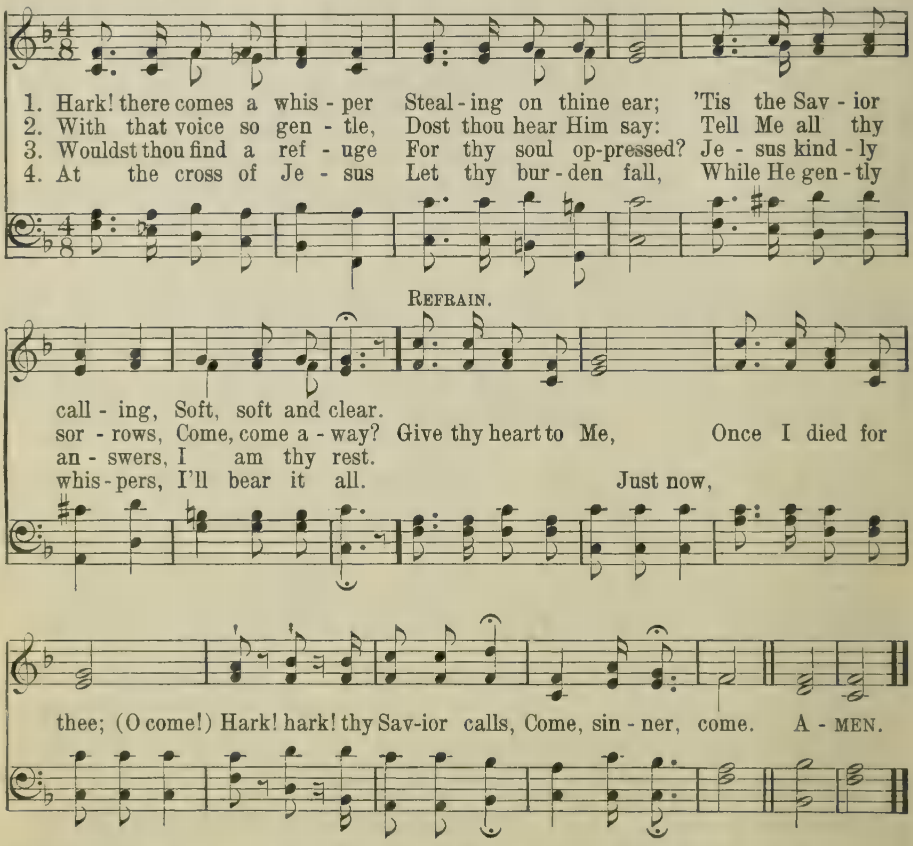
213 Hark! There Comes a Whisper

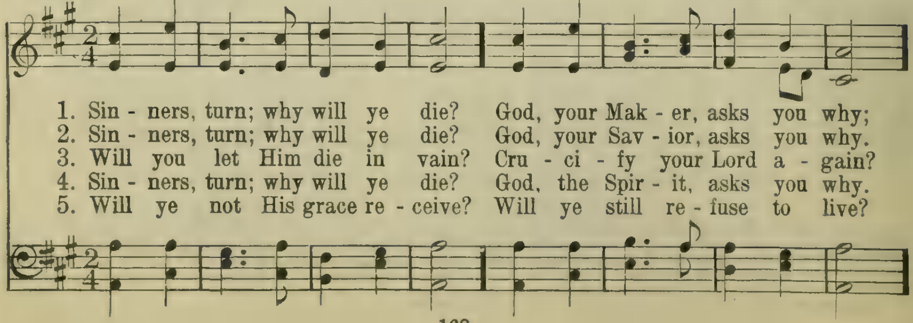
(GIVE THY HEART TO ME. P. M.)

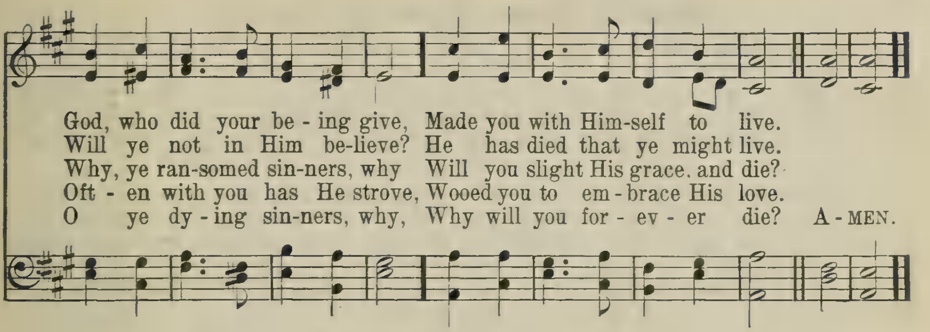
F. J. Van Alstyne, 1875. W. H. Doane.


REFRAIN.
1. Hark! there comes a whis - per Steal - ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sav - ior call - ing, Soft, soft and clear.
2. With that voice so gen - tle, Dost thou hear Him say: Tell Me all thy sor - rows, Come, come a - way?
3. Wouldst thou find a ref - uge For thy soul op-pressed? Je - sus kind - ly an - swers, I am thy rest.
4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur - den fall, While He gen - tly whis - pers, I'll bear it all.
Give thy heart to Me, Just now, Once I died for thee; (O come!) Hark! hark! thy Sav-ior calls, Come, sin - ner, come. A - MEN.

214 Sinners, Turn; Why Will Ye Die?

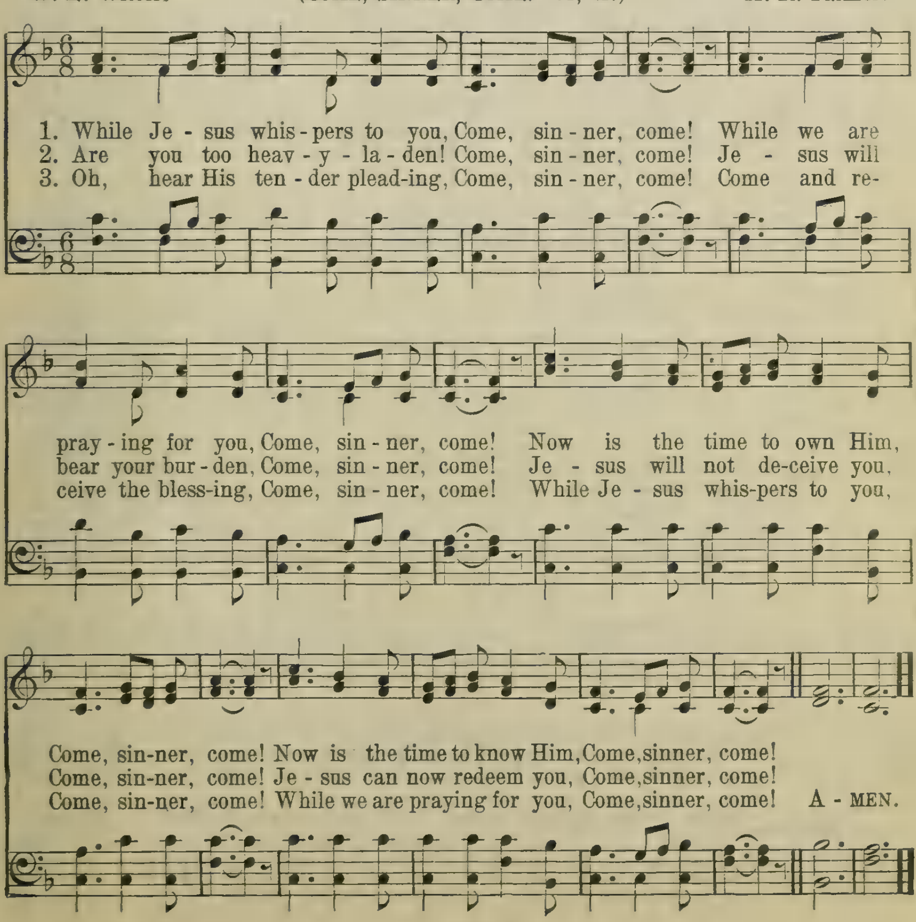
Charles Wesley, 1741. (PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.) I. Pleyel, 1757–1831.


1. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;
2. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Sav - ior, asks you why.
3. Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
4. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why.
5. Will ye not His grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?


God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live.
Will ye not in Him be-lieve? He has died that ye might live.
Why, ye ran-somed sin-ners, why Will you slight His grace. and die?
Oft - en with you has He strove, Wooed you to em - brace His love.
O ye dy - ing sin-ners, why, Why will you for - ev - er die? A - MEN.

215 While Jesus Whispers to You

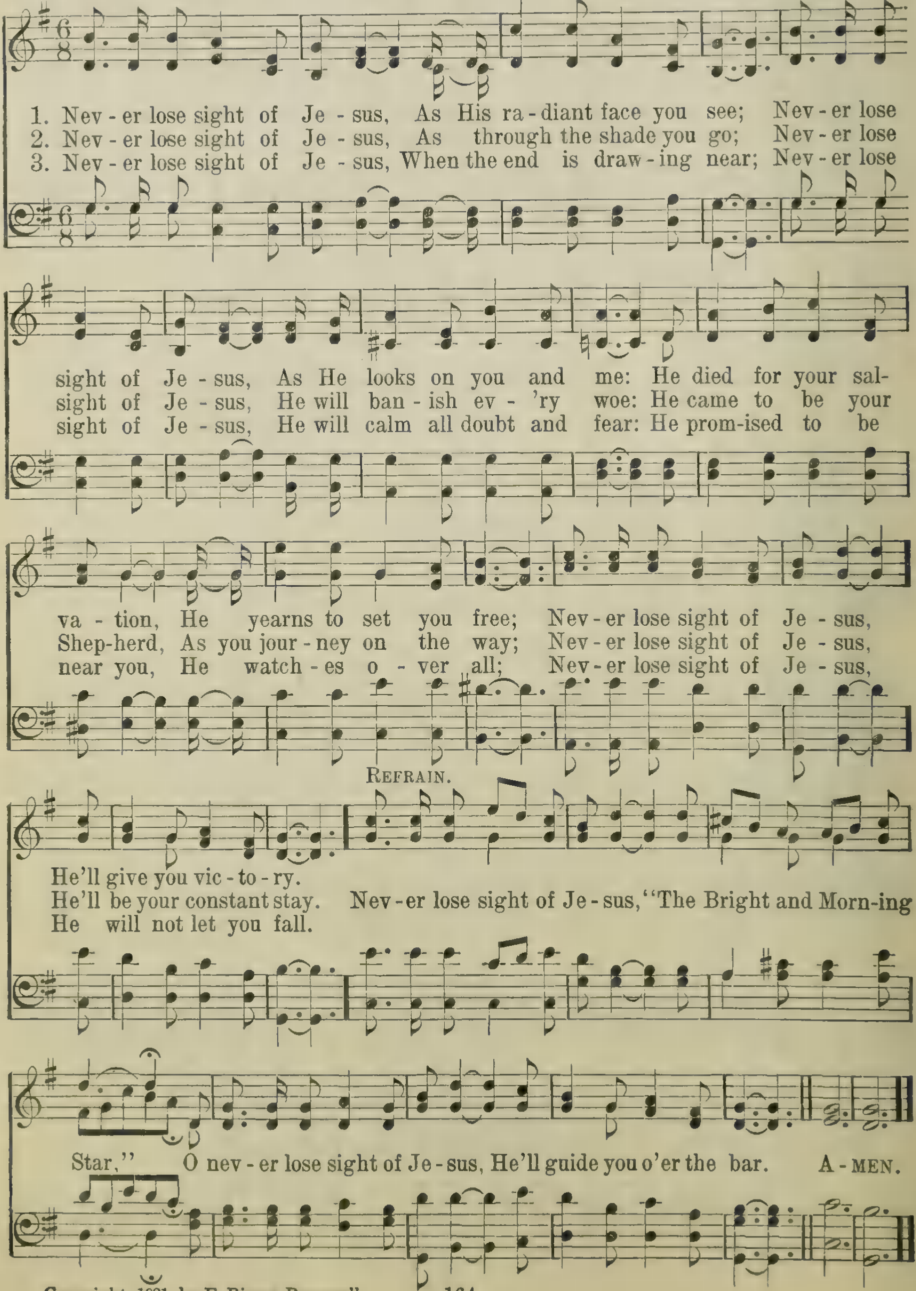
W. E. Witter. (COME, SINNER, COME! 7s, 4s.) H. R. Palmer.


1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den! Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you, Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re- ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! A - MEN.

216 Never Lose Sight of Jesus

Affectionately dedicated to my friend, Rev. L. G. Farley, and my beloved wife, Mrs. M. M. Barnwell.

Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell. (7s, 6s.) B. B. McKinney.


1. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, As His ra - diant face you see; Nev - er lose
2. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, As through the shade you go; Nev - er lose
3. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, When the end is draw - ing near; Nev - er lose
sight of Je - sus, As He looks on you and me: He died for your sal-
sight of Je - sus, He will ban - ish ev - 'ry woe: He came to be your
sight of Je - sus, He will calm all doubt and fear: He prom-ised to be
va - tion, He yearns to set you free; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
Shep-herd, As you jour - ney on the way; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
near you, He watch - es o - ver all; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
He'll give you vic - to - ry.
He'll be your constant stay.
He will not let you fall.
REFRAIN.
Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, "The Bright and Morn-ing
Star," O nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, He'll guide you o'er the bar. A - MEN.

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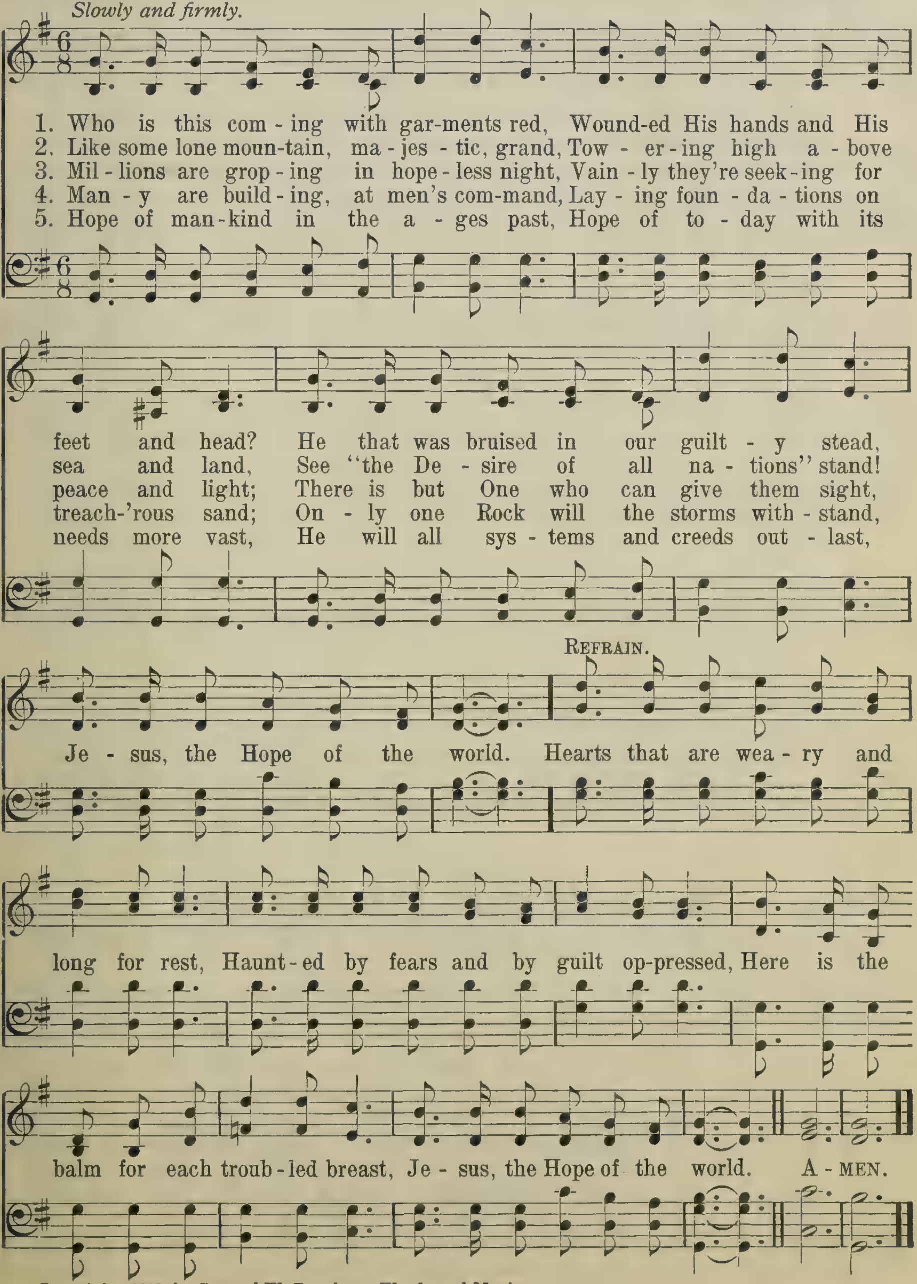
217 Jesus, the Hope of the World

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


Slowly and firmly.
1. Who is this com - ing with gar-ments red, Wound-ed His hands and His
2. Like some lone moun-tain, ma - jes - tic, grand, Tow - er - ing high a - bove
3. Mil - lions are grop - ing in hope - less night, Vain - ly they're seek - ing for
4. Man - y are build - ing, at men's com-mand, Lay - ing foun - da - tions on
5. Hope of man - kind in the a - ges past, Hope of to - day with its
feet and head? He that was bruised in our guilt - y stead,
sea and land, See "the De - sire of all na - tions" stand!
peace and light; There is but One who can give them sight,
treach-'rous sand; On - ly one Rock will the storms with - stand,
needs more vast, He will all sys - tems and creeds out - last,
Je - sus, the Hope of the world.
Refrain.
Hearts that are wea - ry and
long for rest, Haunt - ed by fears and by guilt op-pressed, Here is the
balm for each troub - led breast, Je - sus, the Hope of the world.
A - men.

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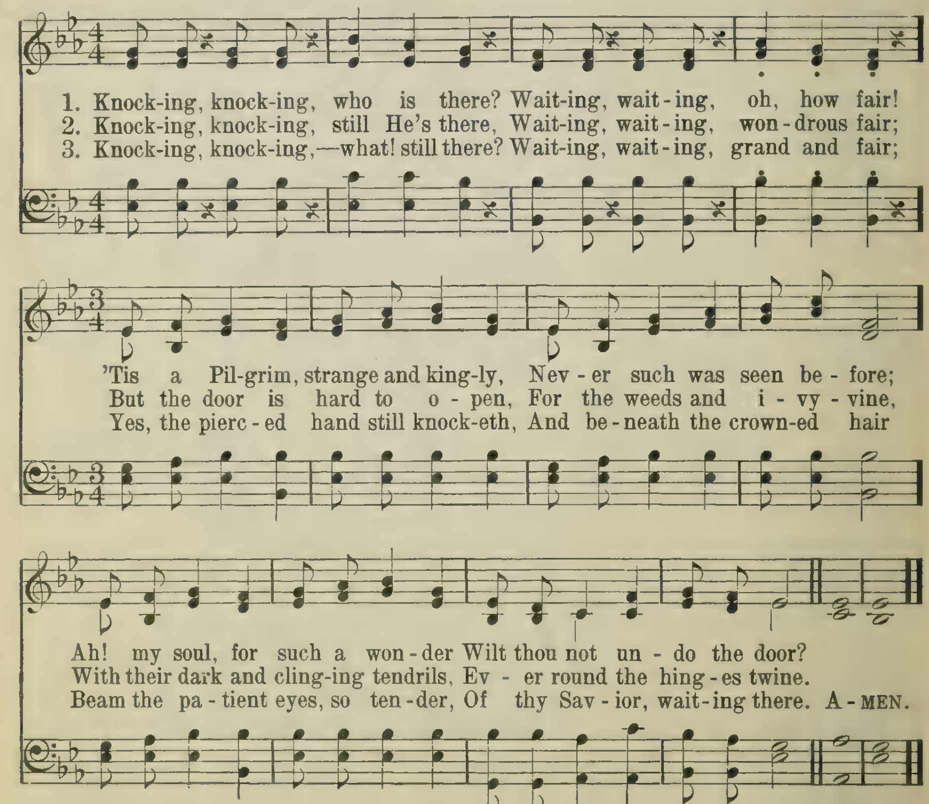
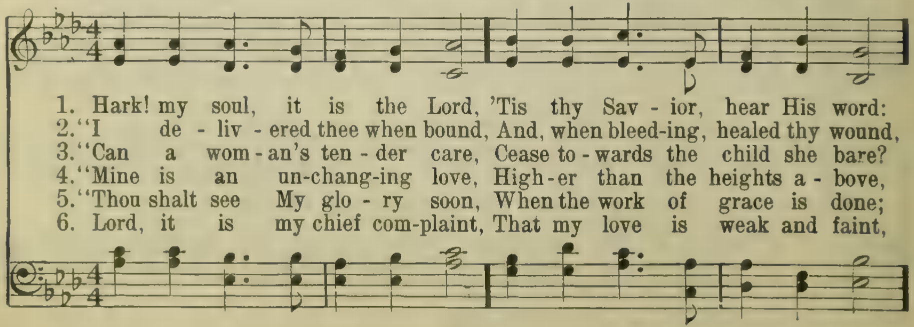
218 Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

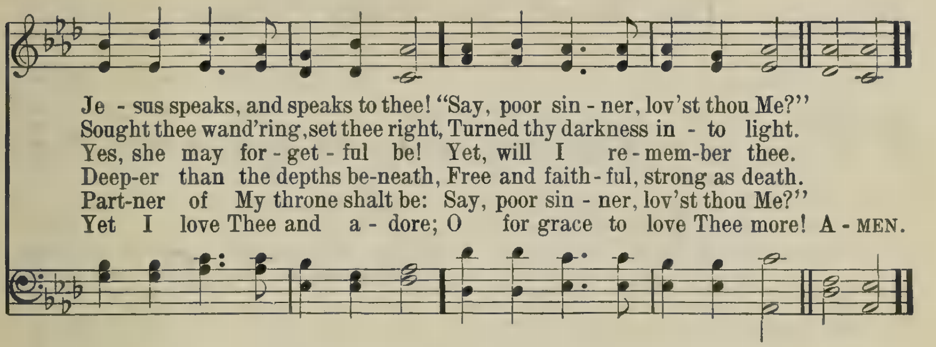
Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. (KNOCKING, KNOCKING.) Geo. F. Root.


1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;
3. Knock-ing, knock-ing,—what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;
'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,
Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed hair
Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
With their dark and cling-ing tendrils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-ior, wait-ing there. A-MEN.

219 Hark! My Soul, It is the Lord

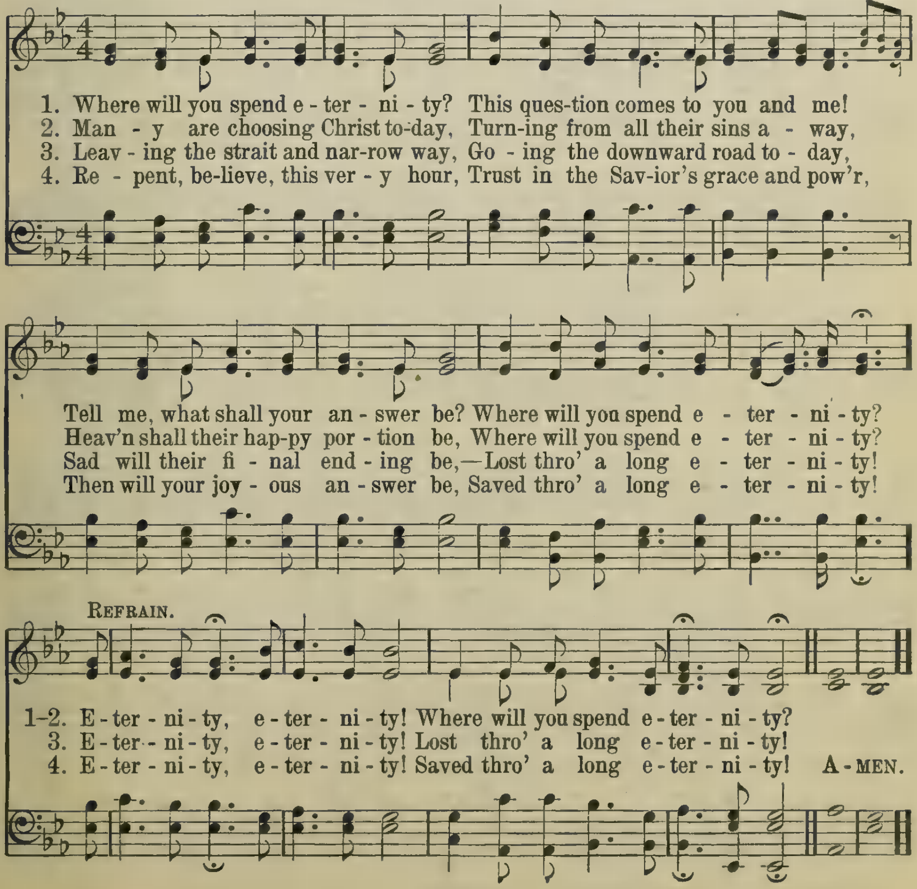
William Cowper, 1768. (ST. BEES. 7, 7, 7, 7.) Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.


1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-ior, hear His word:
2. "I de-liv-ered thee when bound, And, when bleed-ing, healed thy wound,
3. "Can a wom-an's ten-der care, Cease to-wards the child she bare?
4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High-er than the heights a-bove,
5. "Thou shalt see My glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done;
6. Lord, it is my chief com-plaint, That my love is weak and faint,


Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee! "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.
Yes, she may for - get - ful be! Yet, will I re - mem-ber thee.
Deep-er than the depths be-neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.
Part-ner of My throne shalt be: Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
Yet I love Thee and a - dore; O for grace to love Thee more! A - MEN.

220 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

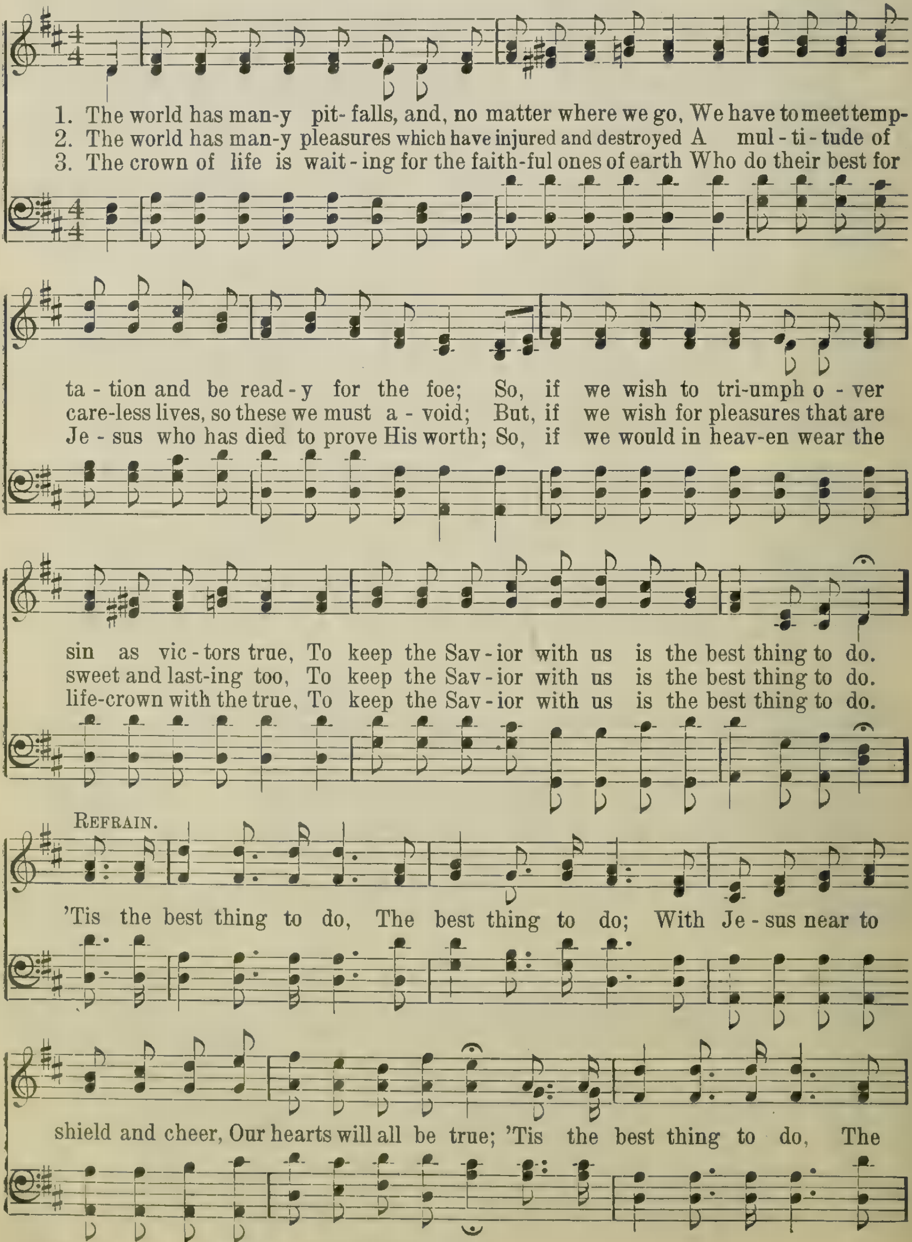
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. (TENNEY. L. M.) J. H. Tenney.


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques-tion comes to you and me!
2. Man - y are choosing Christ to-day, Turn-ing from all their sins a - way,
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar-row way, Go - ing the downward road to - day,
4. Re - pent, be-lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav-ior's grace and pow'r,
Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap-py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
REFRAIN.
1-2. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty! A - MEN.

221 The World Has Many Pitfalls

('TIS THE BEST THING TO DO.)

George Lytton. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. The world has man-y pit-falls, and, no matter where we go, We have to meet temp-
2. The world has man-y pleasures which have injured and destroyed A mul-ti-tude of
3. The crown of life is wait-ing for the faith-ful ones of earth Who do their best for
ta-tion and be read-y for the foe; So, if we wish to tri-umph o-ver
care-less lives, so these we must a-void; But, if we wish for pleasures that are
Je-sus who has died to prove His worth; So, if we would in heav-en wear the
sin as vic-tors true, To keep the Sav-ior with us is the best thing to do.
sweet and last-ing too, To keep the Sav-ior with us is the best thing to do.
life-crown with the true, To keep the Sav-ior with us is the best thing to do.
REFRAIN.
'Tis the best thing to do, The best thing to do; With Je-sus near to
shield and cheer, Our hearts will all be true; 'Tis the best thing to do, The

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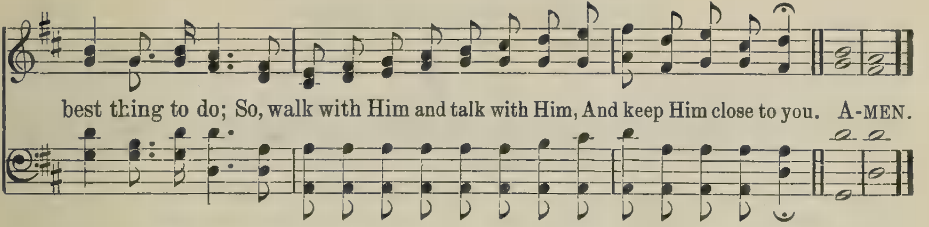
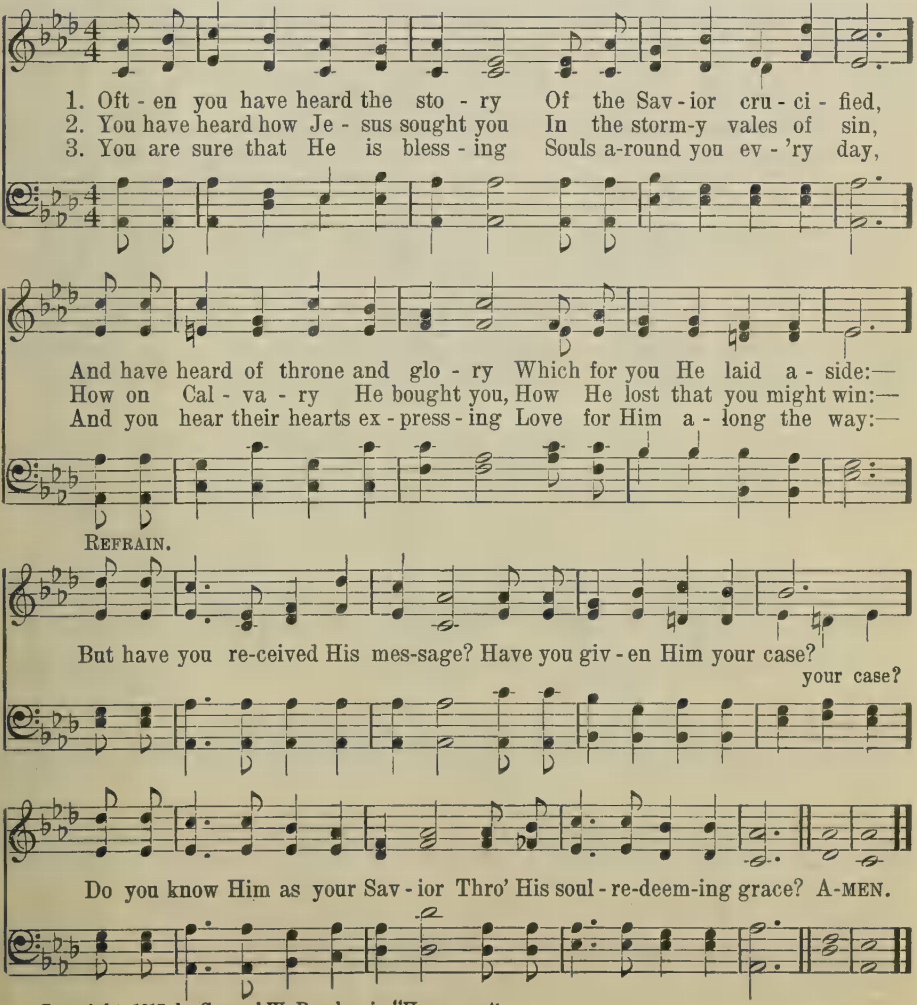

best thing to do; So, walk with Him and talk with Him, And keep Him close to you. A-MEN.

222 Often You Have Heard the Story

(DO YOU KNOW HIM AS YOUR SAVIOR?)

John Grayson. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Oft - en you have heard the sto - ry Of the Sav - ior cru - ci - fied,
2. You have heard how Je - sus sought you In the storm-y vales of sin,
3. You are sure that He is bless - ing Souls a-round you ev - 'ry day,
And have heard of throne and glo - ry Which for you He laid a - side:—
How on Cal - va - ry He bought you, How He lost that you might win:—
And you hear their hearts ex - press - ing Love for Him a - long the way:—
REFRAIN.
But have you re-ceived His mes-sage? Have you giv - en Him your case?
your case?
Do you know Him as your Sav - ior Thro' His soul - re-deem-ing grace? A-MEN.

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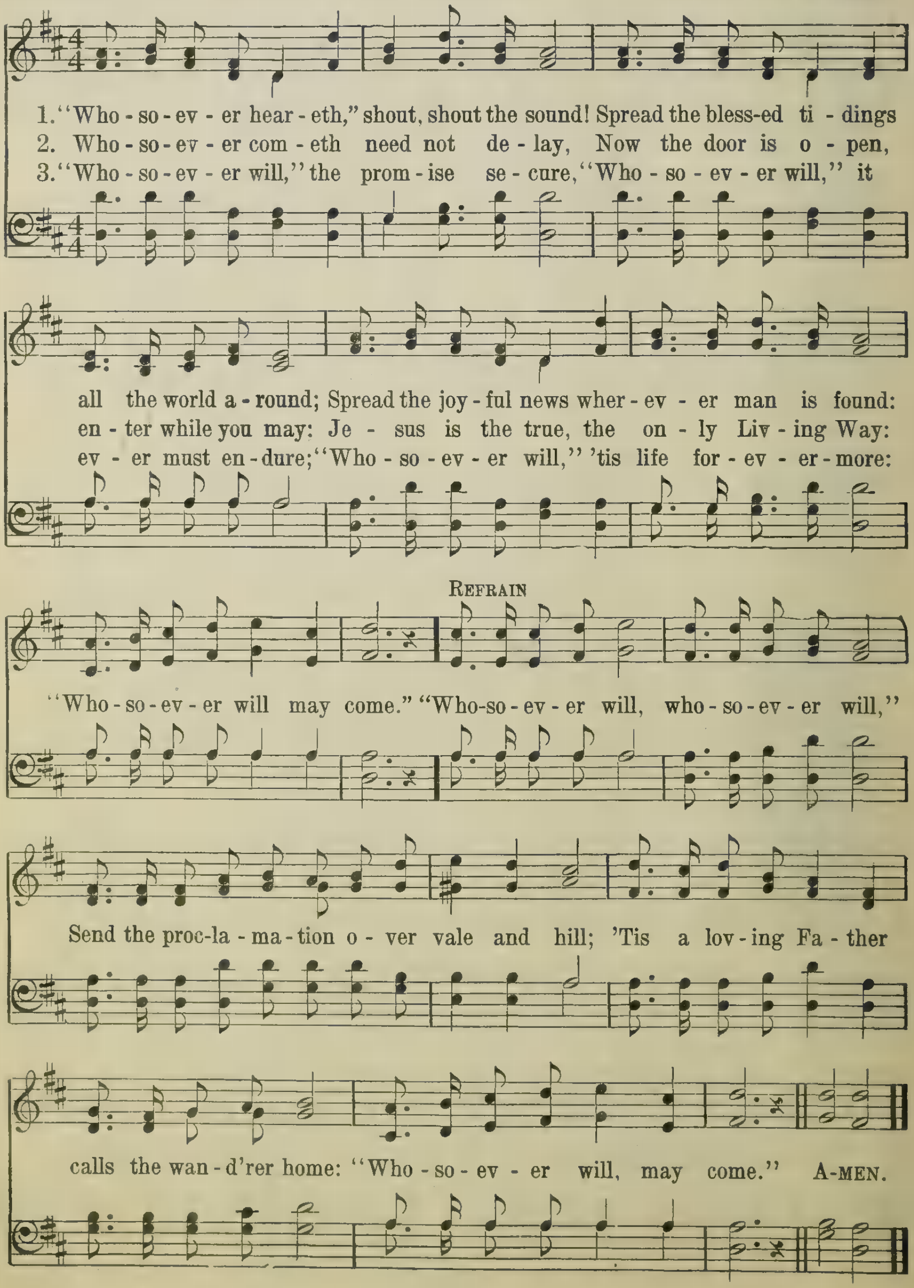
223

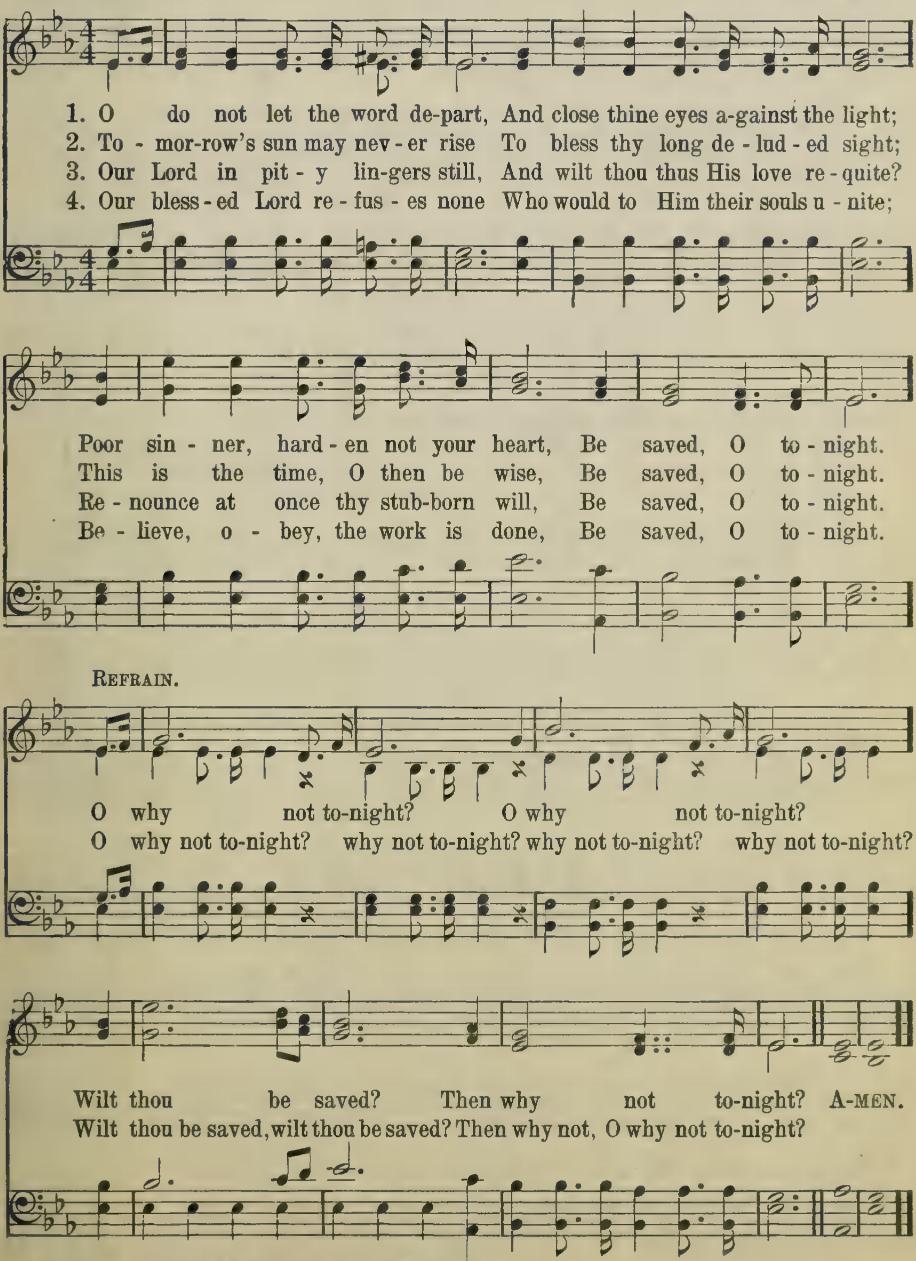
"Whosoever Will"

P. P. B. | P. P. Bliss.


1. "Who-so-ev-er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti-dings all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may: Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the prom-ise se-cure, "Who-so-ev-er will," it ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for-ev-er-more:
Refrain
"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will," Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Fa-ther calls the wan-d'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come." A-MEN.

224 O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed. (8s, 5.) J. Calvin Bushey.


1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-gainst the light;
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
REFRAIN.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night? A-MEN.
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

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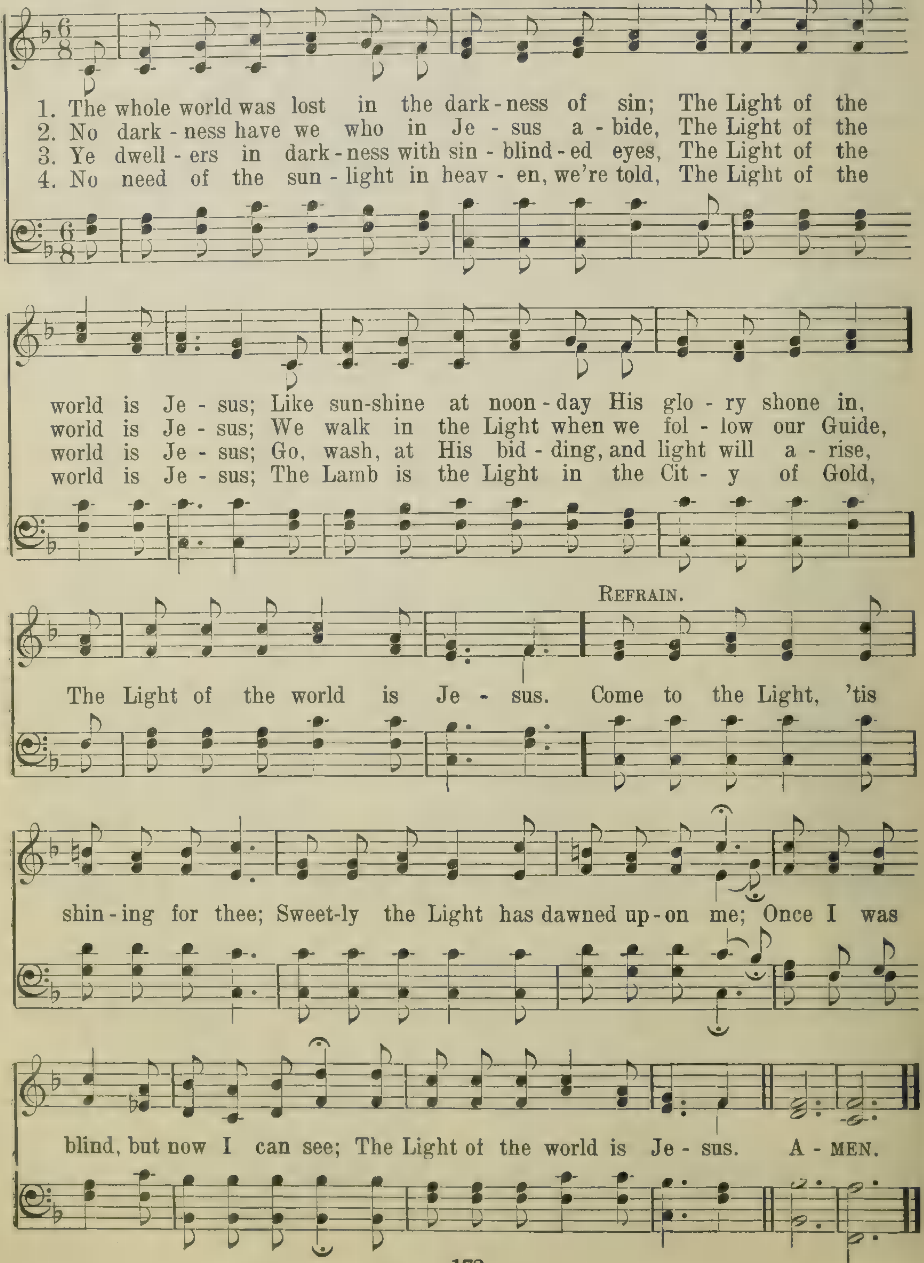
225

The Whole World Was Lost

(The Light of the World is Jesus.)

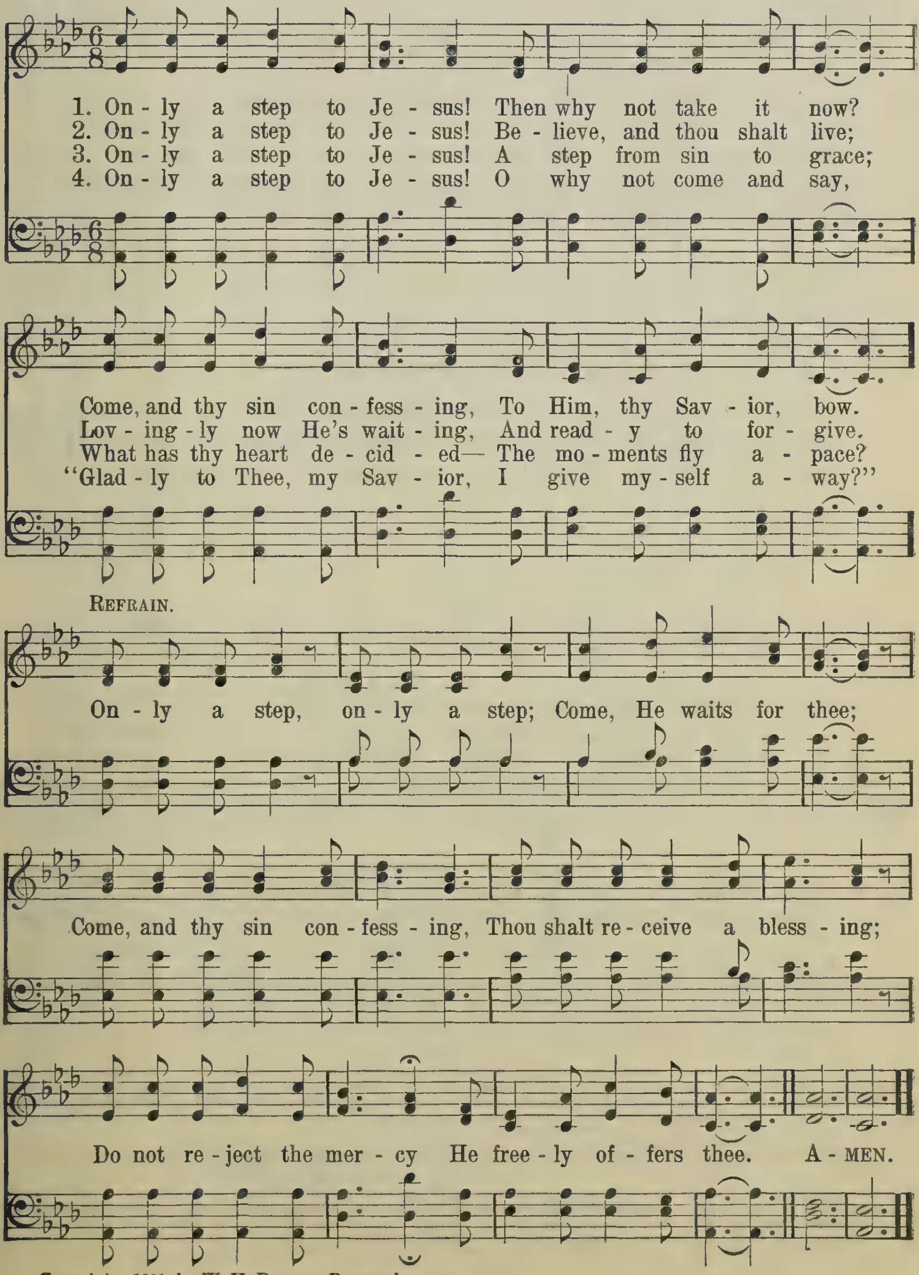
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.


1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The Light of the
2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The Light of the
3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The Light of the
4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The Light of the
world is Je-sus; Like sun-shine at noon-day His glo-ry shone in,
world is Je-sus; We walk in the Light when we fol-low our Guide,
world is Je-sus; Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and light will a-rise,
world is Je-sus; The Lamb is the Light in the Cit-y of Gold,
The Light of the world is Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
Come to the Light, 'tis shin-ing for thee; Sweet-ly the Light has dawned up-on me; Once I was blind, but now I can see; The Light of the world is Je-sus.
A-MEN.

226

Only a Step

Fanny J. Crosby. (7s, 6s.) W. H. Doane.


1. Only a step to Jesus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy sin confessing, To Him, thy Savior, bow.
2. Only a step to Jesus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lovingly now He's waiting, And ready to forgive.
3. Only a step to Jesus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy heart decided— The moments fly apace?
4. Only a step to Jesus! O why not come and say, "Gladly to Thee, my Savior, I give myself away?"
REFRAIN.
Only a step, only a step; Come, He waits for thee;
Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a blessing;
Do not reject the mercy He freely offers thee.
A-MEN.

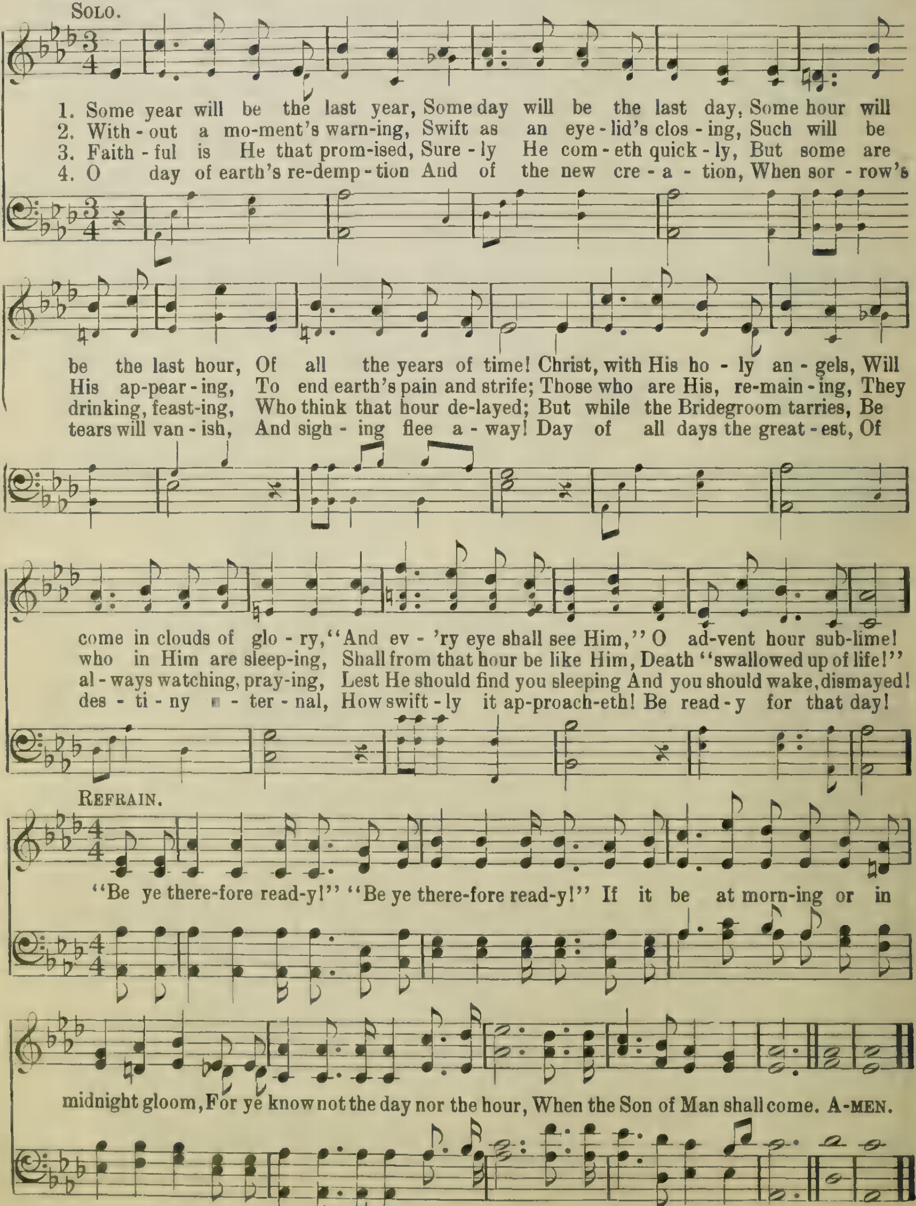
Copyright, 1901, by W. H. Doane. Renewal.

227

Be Ye Therefore Ready

Inscribed to the memory of Homer V. Secrist, a young evangelistic worker, who was fatally hurt at a railroad crossing a few minutes after having taken part in a students' meeting at Winona Lake, Ind. The title of this hymn was found underscored in his Bible.

T. O. Chisholm. (7s, 6s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


SOLO.
1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will
2. With - out a mo-ment's warn-ing, Swift as an eye - lid's clos - ing, Such will be
3. Faith - ful is He that prom-ised, Sure - ly He com - eth quick - ly, But some are
4. O day of earth's re-demp - tion And of the new cre - a - tion, When sor - row's
be the last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho - ly an - gels, Will
His ap-pear - ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, re-main - ing, They
drinking, feast-ing, Who think that hour de-layed; But while the Bridegroom tarries, Be
tears will van - ish, And sigh - ing flee a - way! Day of all days the great - est, Of
come in clouds of glo - ry, "And ev - 'ry eye shall see Him," O ad-vent hour sub-lime!
who in Him are sleep-ing, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
al - ways watching, pray-ing, Lest He should find you sleeping And you should wake, dismayed!
des - ti - ny e - ter - nal, How swift - ly it ap-proach-eth! Be read - y for that day!
REFRAIN.
"Be ye there-fore read-y!" "Be ye there-fore read-y!" If it be at morn-ing or in
midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come. A-MEN.

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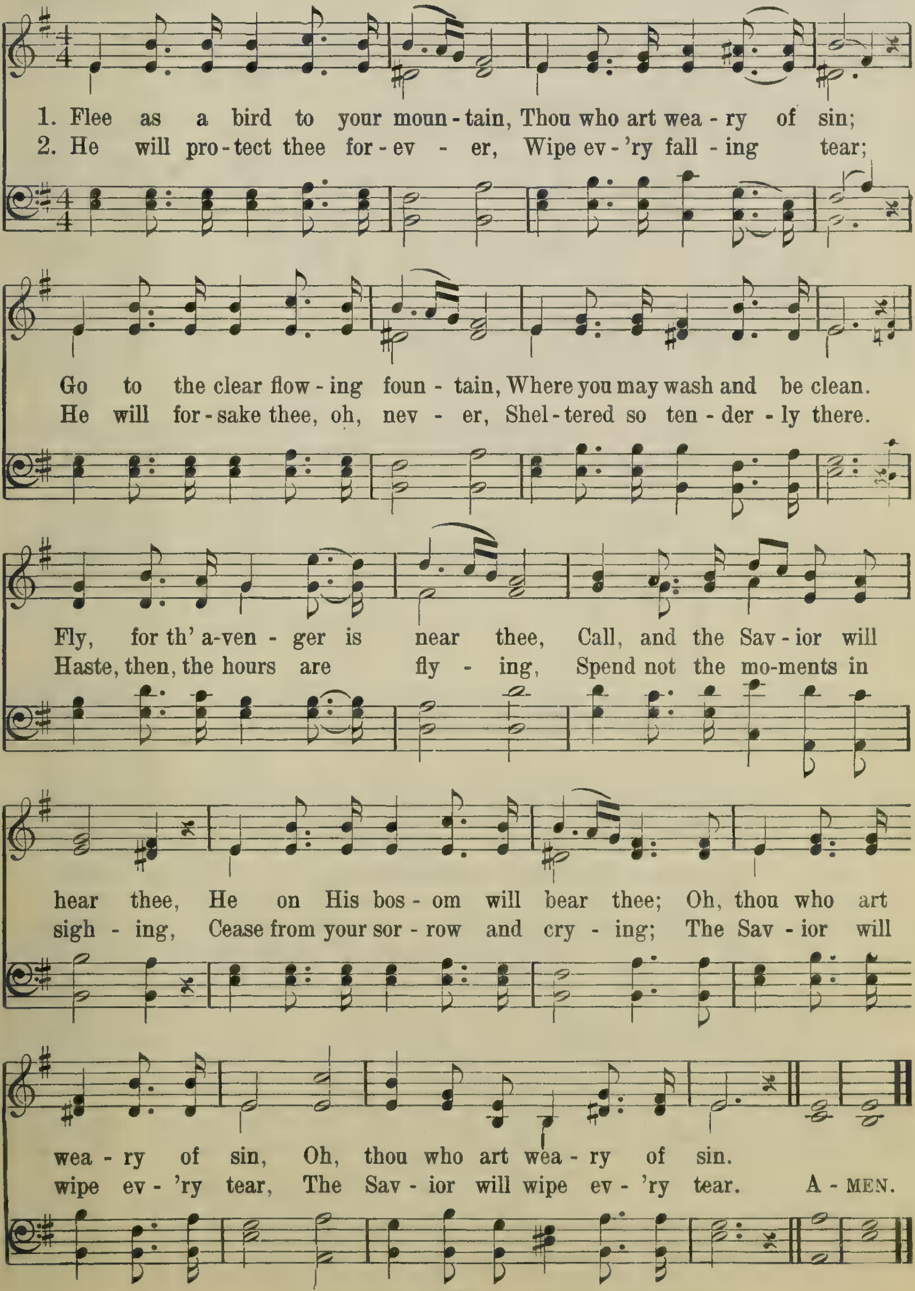
228

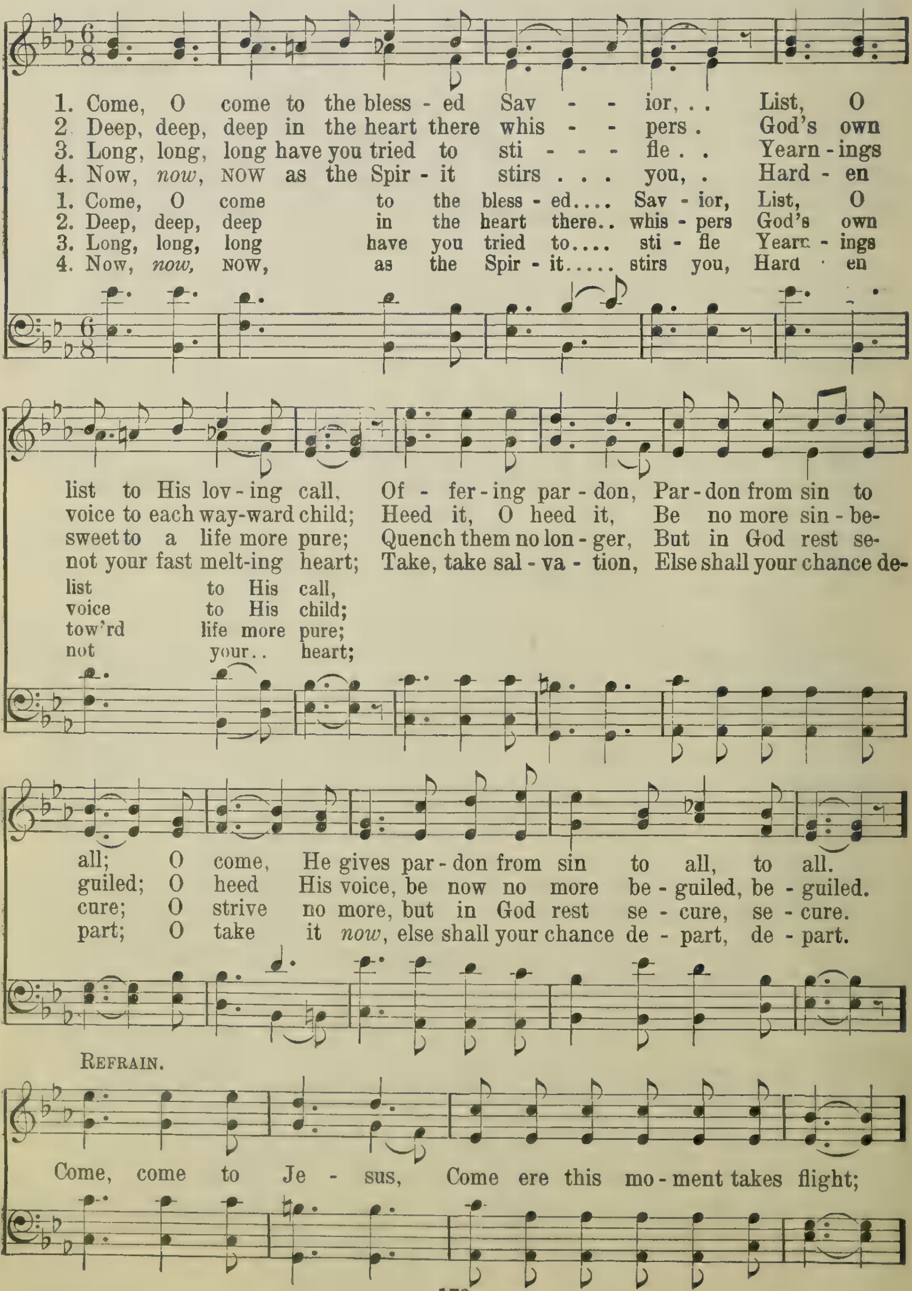
Flee as a Bird

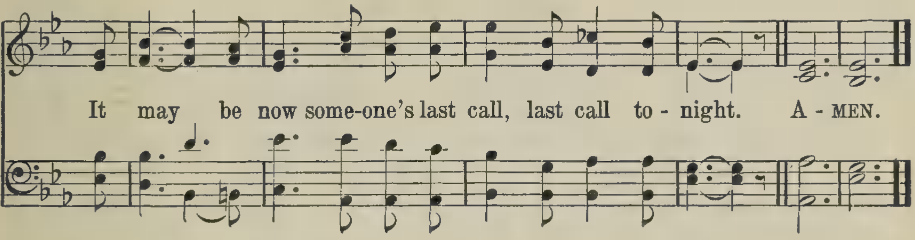
Mary S. B. Dana. Spanish.


1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - 'ry fall - ing tear;
Go to the clear flow - ing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean.
He will for - sake thee, oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there.
Fly, for th' a-ven - ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - ior will
Haste, then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo-ments in
hear thee, He on His bos - om will bear thee; Oh, thou who art
sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing; The Sav - ior will
wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - ior will wipe ev - 'ry tear. A - MEN.

229 Someone's Last Call

Edna R. Worrell. Arranged from Verdi.

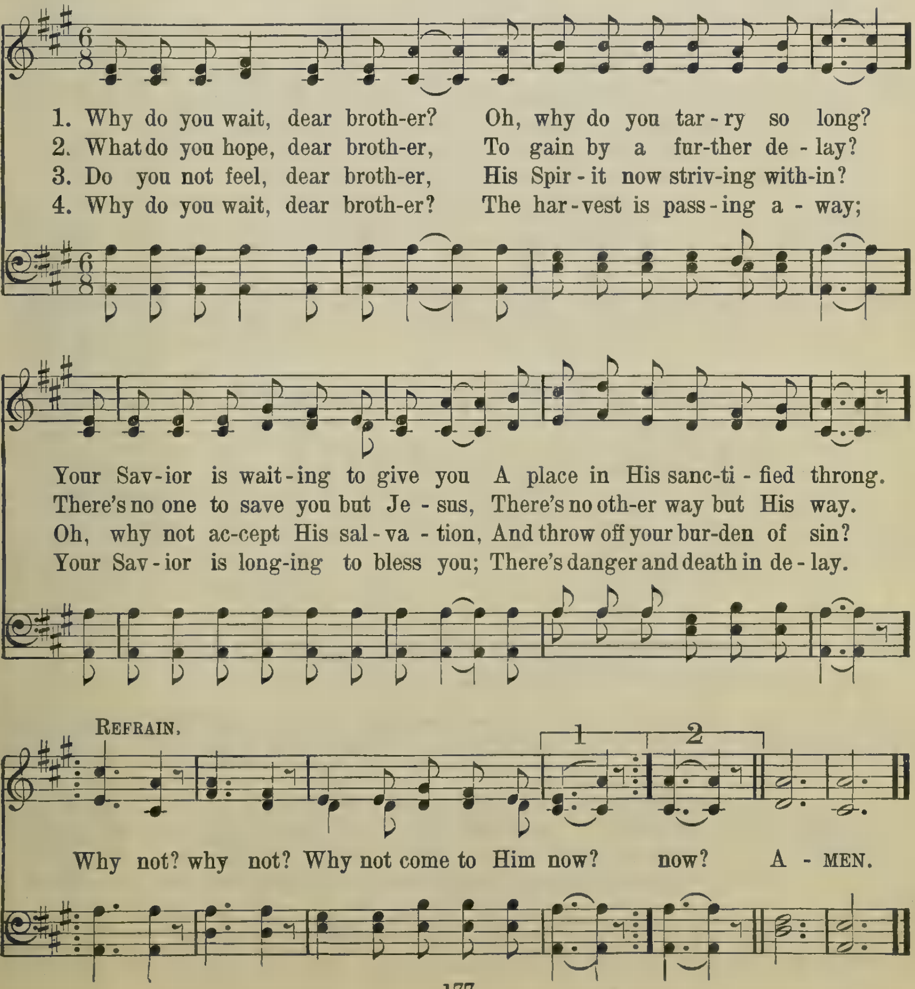

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior, . . List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers . God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - - fle . . Yearn - ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs . . . you, . Hard - en
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed.... Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there.. whis - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to.... sti - fle Yearn - ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW, as the Spir - it..... stirs you, Hard - en
list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par - don from sin to
voice to each way-ward child; Heed it, O heed it, Be no more sin - be-
sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se-
not your fast melt-ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion, Else shall your chance de-
list to His call,
voice to His child;
tow'rd life more pure;
not your.. heart;
all; O come, He gives par - don from sin to all, to all.
guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be - guiled, be - guiled.
cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance de - part, de - part.
REFRAIN.
Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;


It may be now some-one's last call, last call to-night. A-MEN.

230

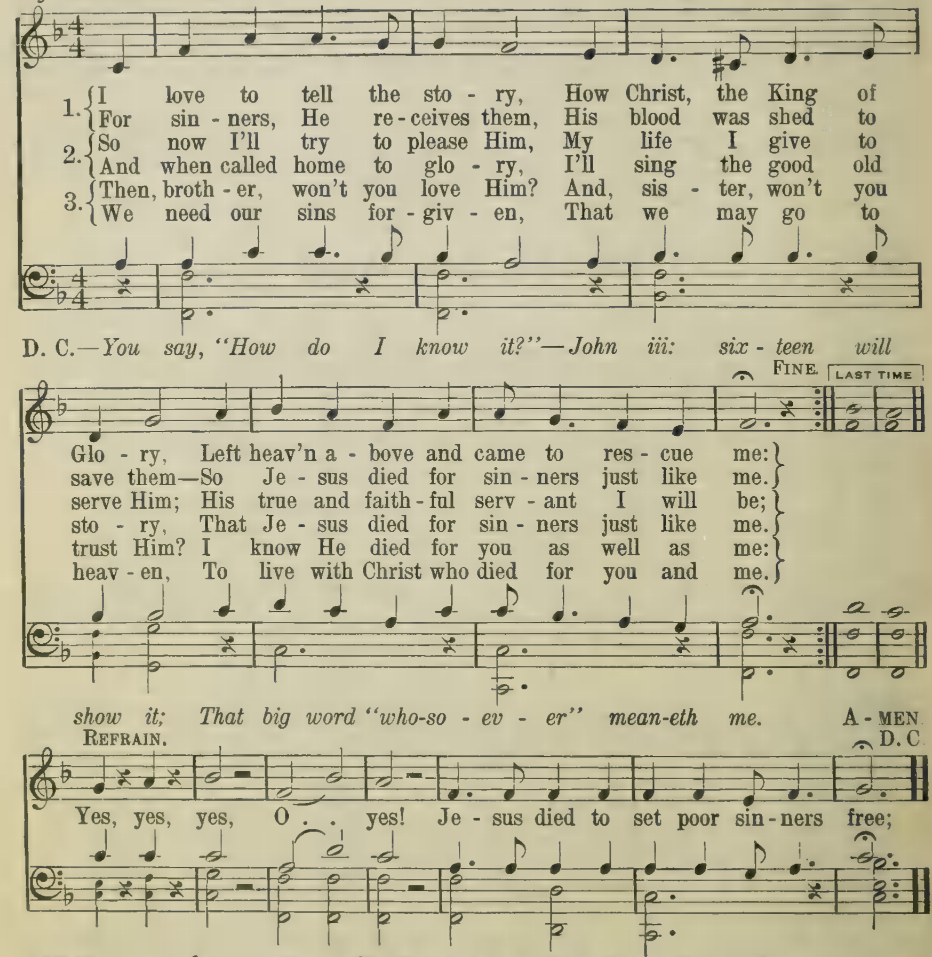
Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.
(7, 8, 9, 8.)
Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;
Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac-cept His sal-va-tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de-lay.
Refrain.
Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A-MEN.
1
2

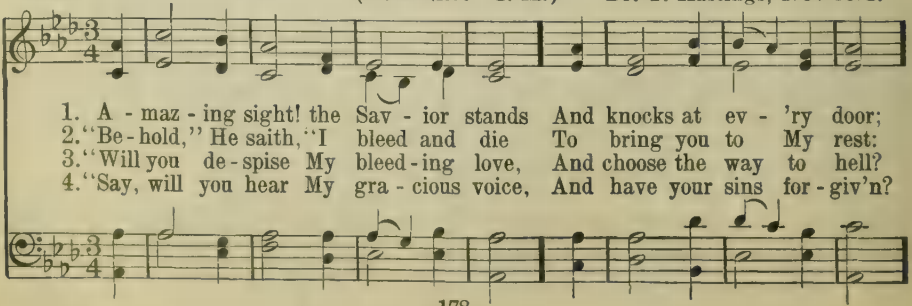
231 John iii: 16

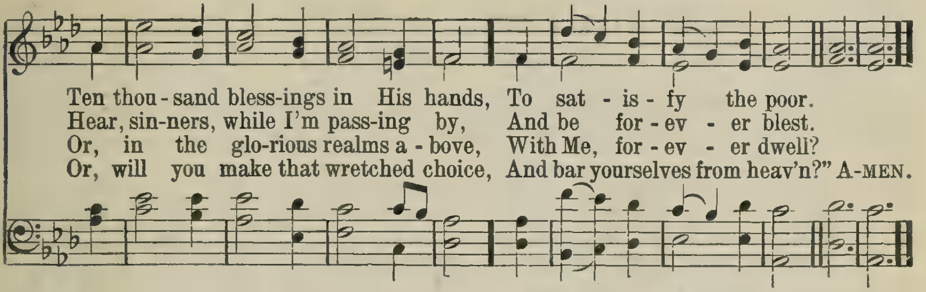
J. Manton Smith. W. H. Harper.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove and came to res - cue me:
For sin - ners, He re - ceives them, His blood was shed to save them—So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me.
2. So now I'll try to please Him, My life I give to serve Him; His true and faith - ful serv - ant I will be;
And when called home to glo - ry, I'll sing the good old sto - ry, That Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me.
3. Then, broth - er, won't you love Him? And, sis - ter, won't you trust Him? I know He died for you as well as me:
We need our sins for - giv - en, That we may go to heav - en, To live with Christ who died for you and me.
D. C.—You say, "How do I know it?"—John iii: six - teen will show it; That big word "who-so - ev - er" mean-eth me.
FINE.
LAST TIME
A - MEN
REFRAIN.
Yes, yes, yes, O . . yes! Je - sus died to set poor sin - ners free;
D. C.

232 Amazing Sight! the Savior Stands

Anon. (ROMBERG. C. M.) Dr. T. Hastings, 1784–1872.

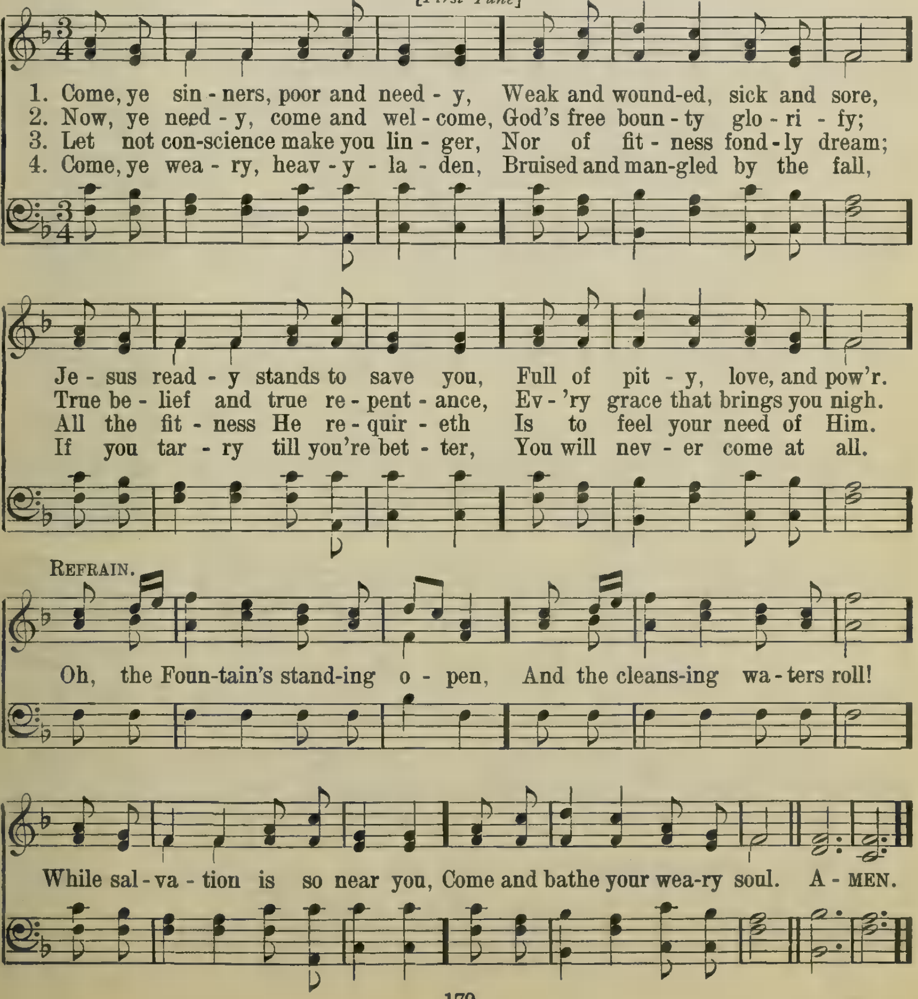

1. A - maz - ing sight! the Sav - ior stands And knocks at ev - 'ry door;
2. "Be - hold," He saith, "I bleed and die To bring you to My rest:
3. "Will you de - spise My bleed - ing love, And choose the way to hell?
4. "Say, will you hear My gra - cious voice, And have your sins for - giv'n?


Ten thou-sand bless-ings in His hands, To sat - is - fy the poor.
Hear, sin-ners, while I'm pass-ing by, And be for - ev - er blest.
Or, in the glo-rious realms a - bove, With Me, for - ev - er dwell?
Or, will you make that wretched choice, And bar yourselves from heav'n?" A-MEN.

233 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

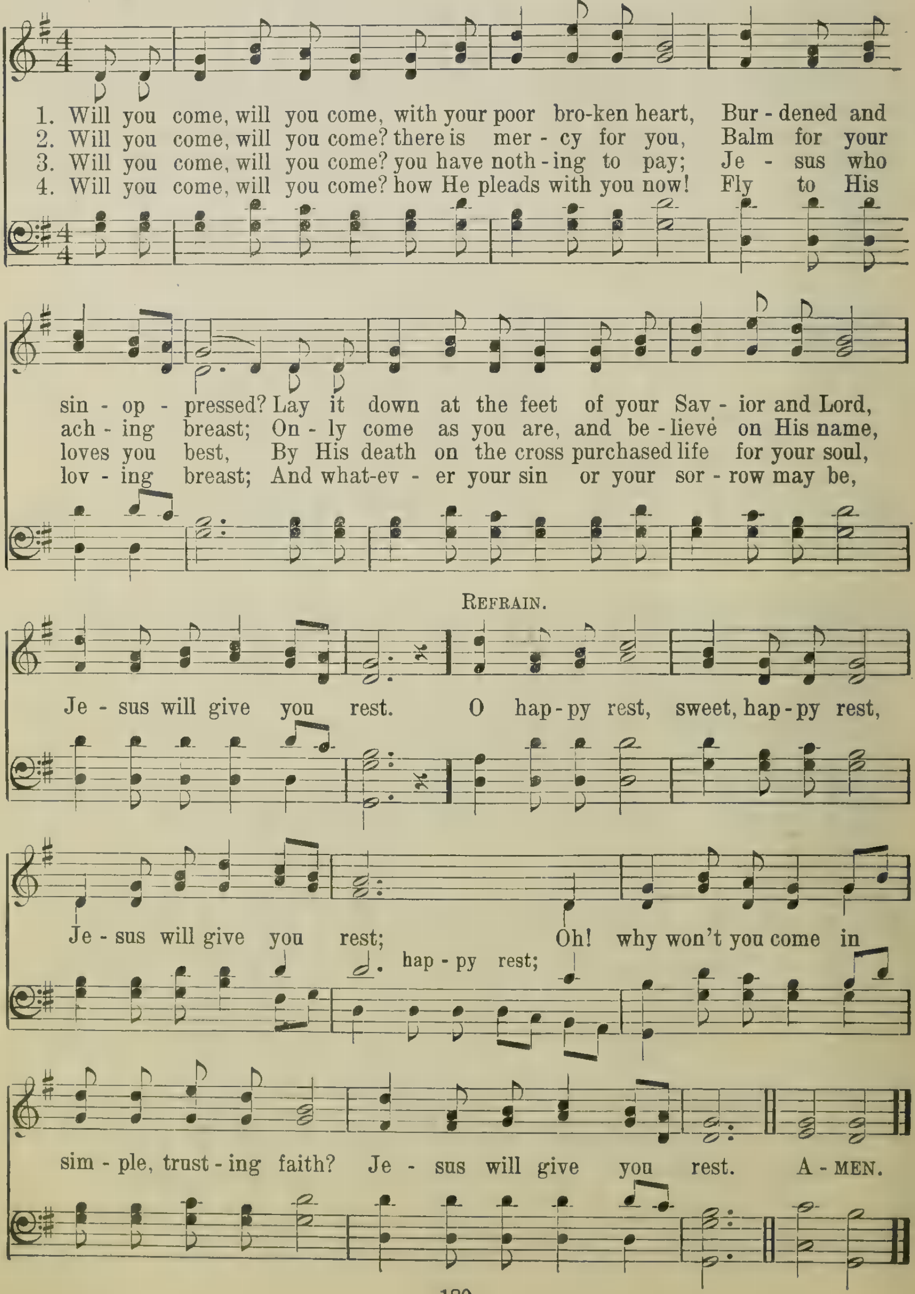
(THE FOUNTAIN STANDS OPEN. 8s, 7s.)

[First Tune]


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not con-science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.
REFRAIN.
Oh, the Foun-tain's stand-ing o - pen, And the cleans-ing wa - ters roll!
While sal - va - tion is so near you, Come and bathe your wea-ry soul. A - MEN.

234 Will You Come, Will You Come?

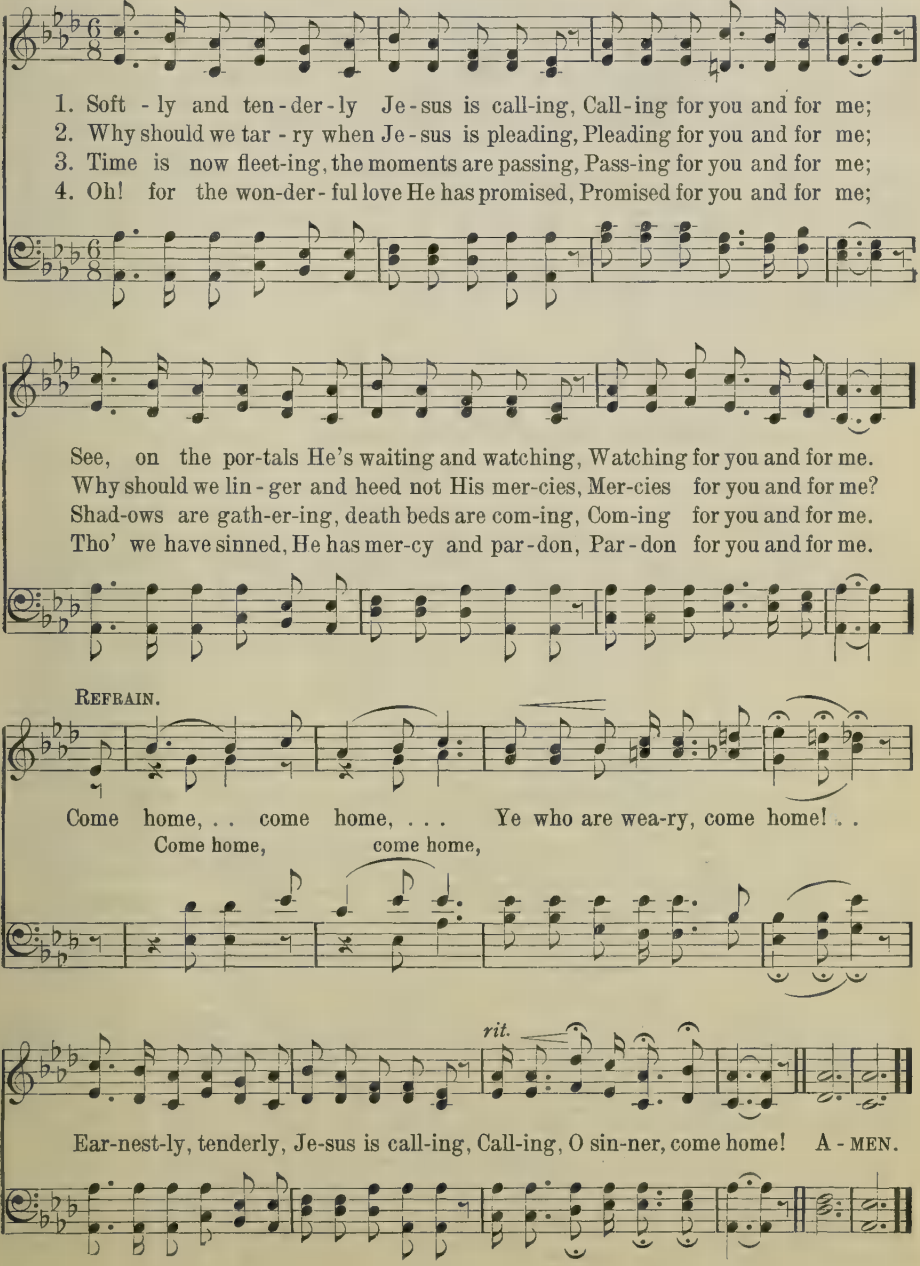
Fanny J. Crosby 1823. (JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.) Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor bro-ken heart, Bur - dened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth - ing to pay; Je - sus who
4. Will you come, will you come? how He pleads with you now! Fly to His
sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav - ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on His name,
loves you best, By His death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
lov - ing breast; And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest,
Je - sus will give you rest; hap - py rest; Oh! why won't you come in
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest. A - MEN.

235

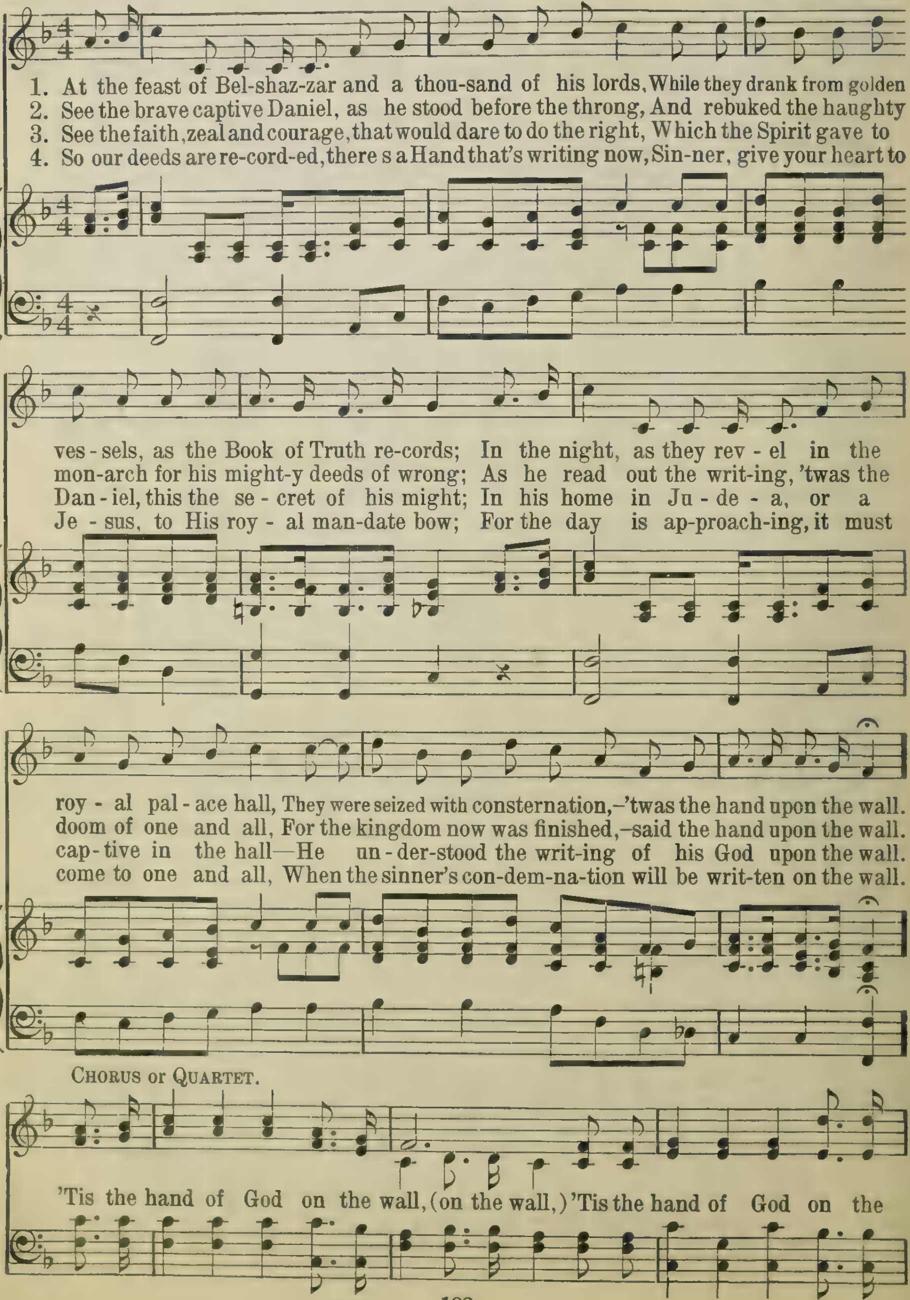
Softly and Tenderly

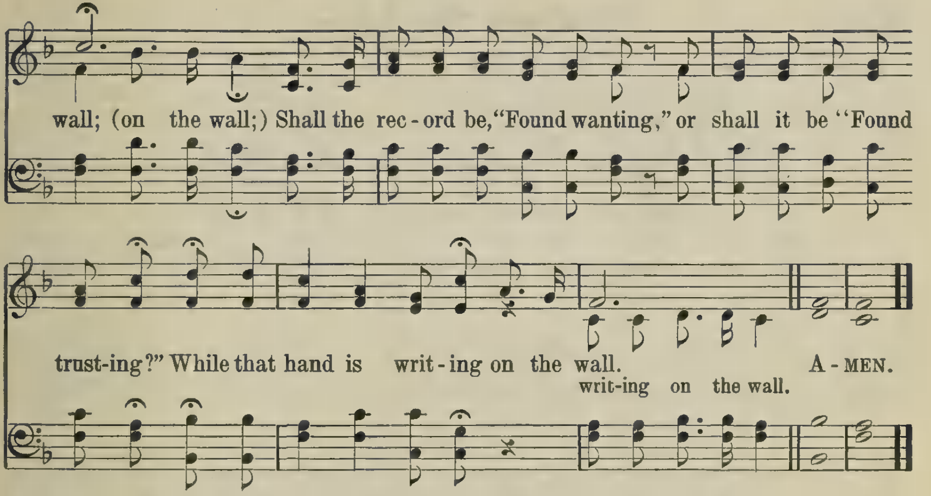
W. L. T. (11s, 7s.) Will L. Thompson.


1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar - ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me;
3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are passing, Pass-ing for you and for me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the por-tals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shad-ows are gath-er-ing, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.
REFRAIN.
Come home, . . come home, . . . Ye who are wea-ry, come home! . .
Come home, come home,
rit.
Ear-nest-ly, tenderly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home! A - MEN.

236 The Handwriting On the Wall

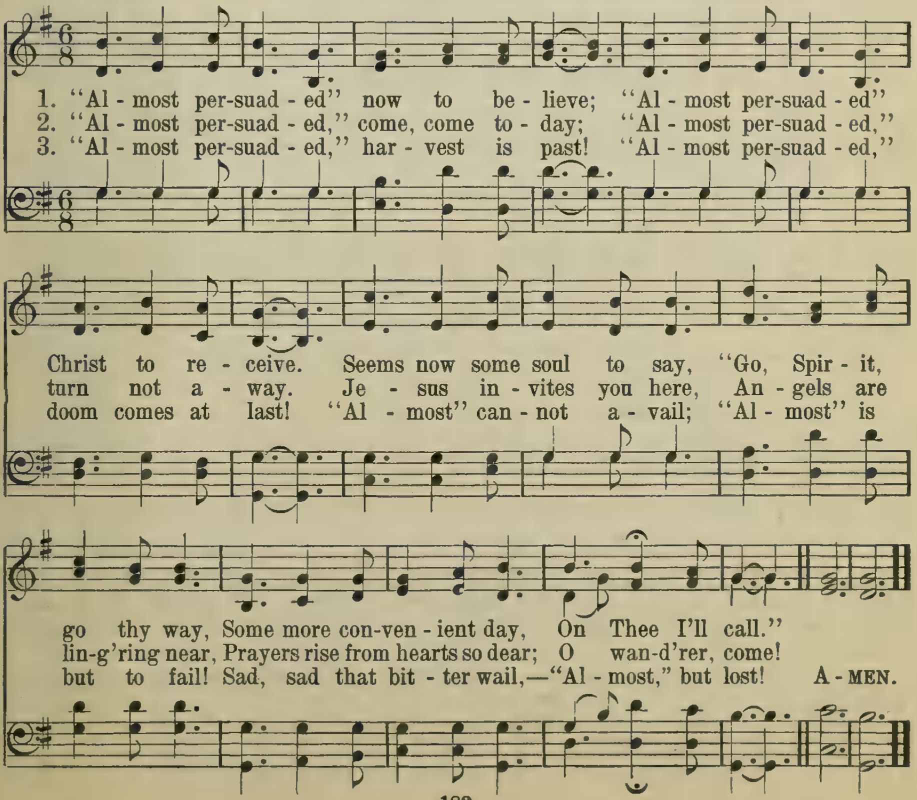
K. Shaw. (14s, 15s.) Knowles Shaw.


1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden
2. See the brave captive Daniel, as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there s a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to
ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the
mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the
Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a
Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must
roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with consternation,–'twas the hand upon the wall.
doom of one and all, For the kingdom now was finished,–said the hand upon the wall.
cap-tive in the hall—He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God upon the wall.
come to one and all, When the sinner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.
CHORUS OR QUARTET.
'Tis the hand of God on the wall, (on the wall,) 'Tis the hand of God on the


wall; (on the wall;) Shall the rec - ord be, “Found wanting,” or shall it be “Found
trust-ing?” While that hand is writ - ing on the wall. A - MEN.
writ-ing on the wall.

237 “Almost Persuaded” Now to Believe

P. P. Bliss, 1852. (ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.) P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.

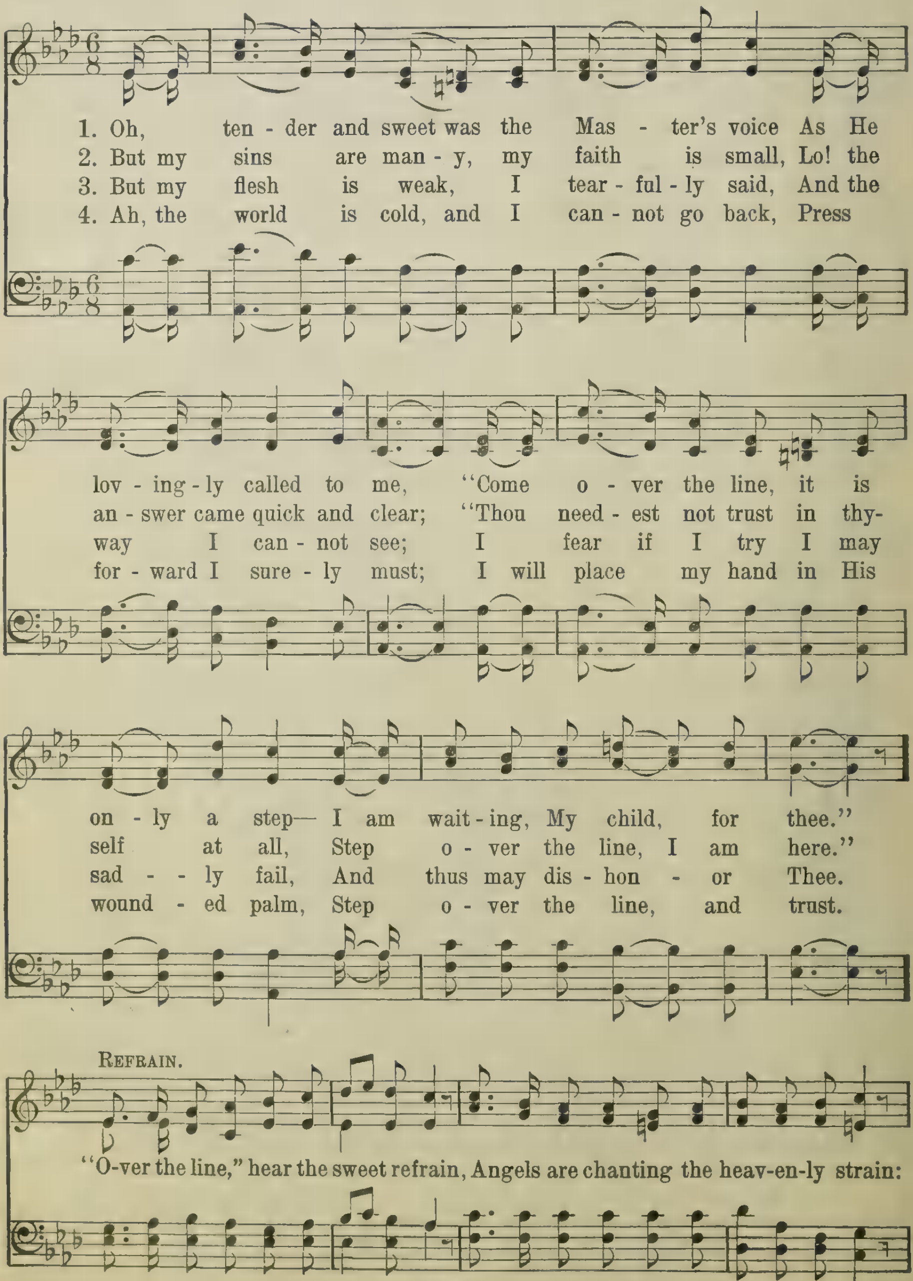

1. “Al - most per-suad - ed” now to be - lieve; “Al - most per-suad - ed”
2. “Al - most per-suad - ed,” come, come to - day; “Al - most per-suad - ed,”
3. “Al - most per-suad - ed,” har - vest is past! “Al - most per-suad - ed,”
Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, “Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! “Al - most” can - not a - vail; “Al - most” is
go thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day, On Thee I’ll call.”
lin-g’ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan-d’rer, come!
but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—“Al - most,” but lost! A - MEN.

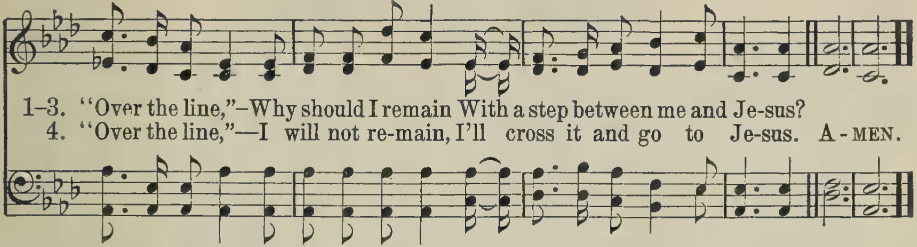
238

Over the Line

Ellen K. Bradford.

E. H. Phelps.


1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He
2. But my sins are man - y, my faith is small, Lo! the
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press
lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is
an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou need - est not trust in thy-
way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may
for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His
on - ly a step— I am wait - ing, My child, for thee."
self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here."
sad - - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line, and trust.
REFRAIN.
"O-ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heav-en-ly strain:

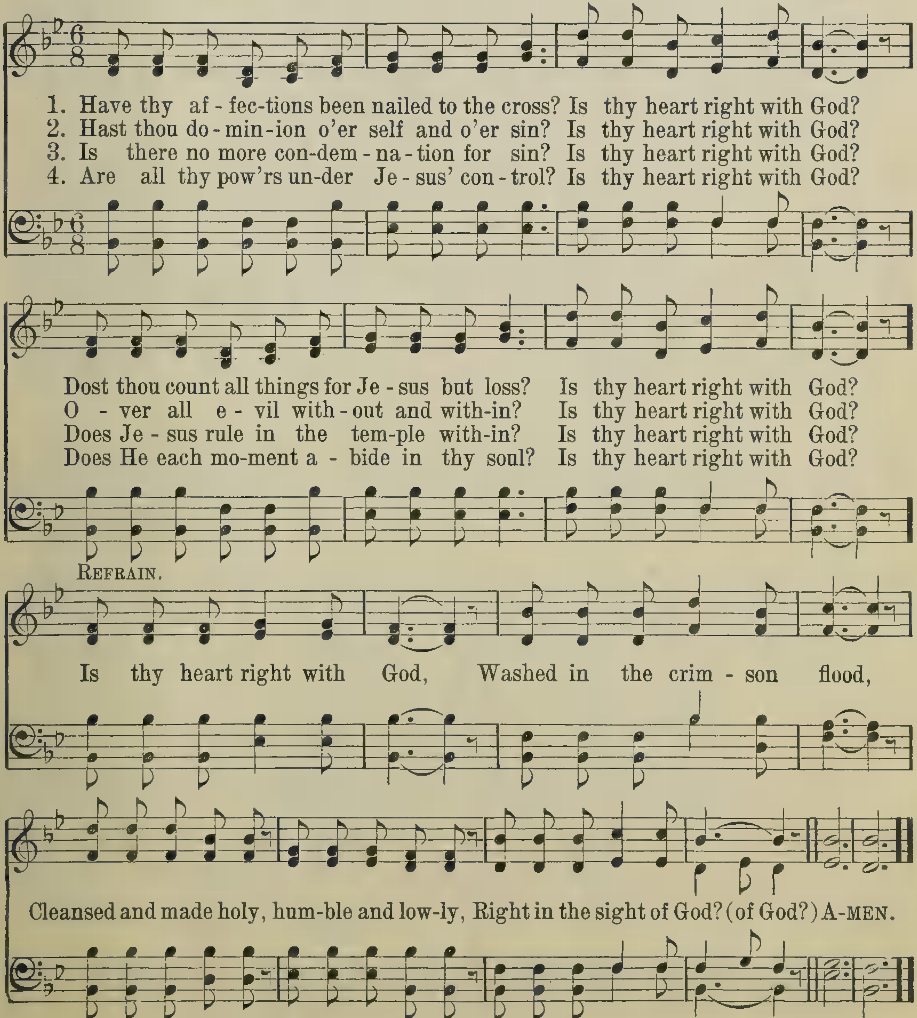

1–3. "Over the line,"–Why should I remain With a step between me and Je-sus?
4. "Over the line,"—I will not re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je-sus. A-MEN.

239

Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. Have thy af-fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
Dost thou count all things for Je-sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O-ver all e-vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
REFRAIN.
Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim-son flood,
Cleansed and made holy, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? (of God?) A-MEN.

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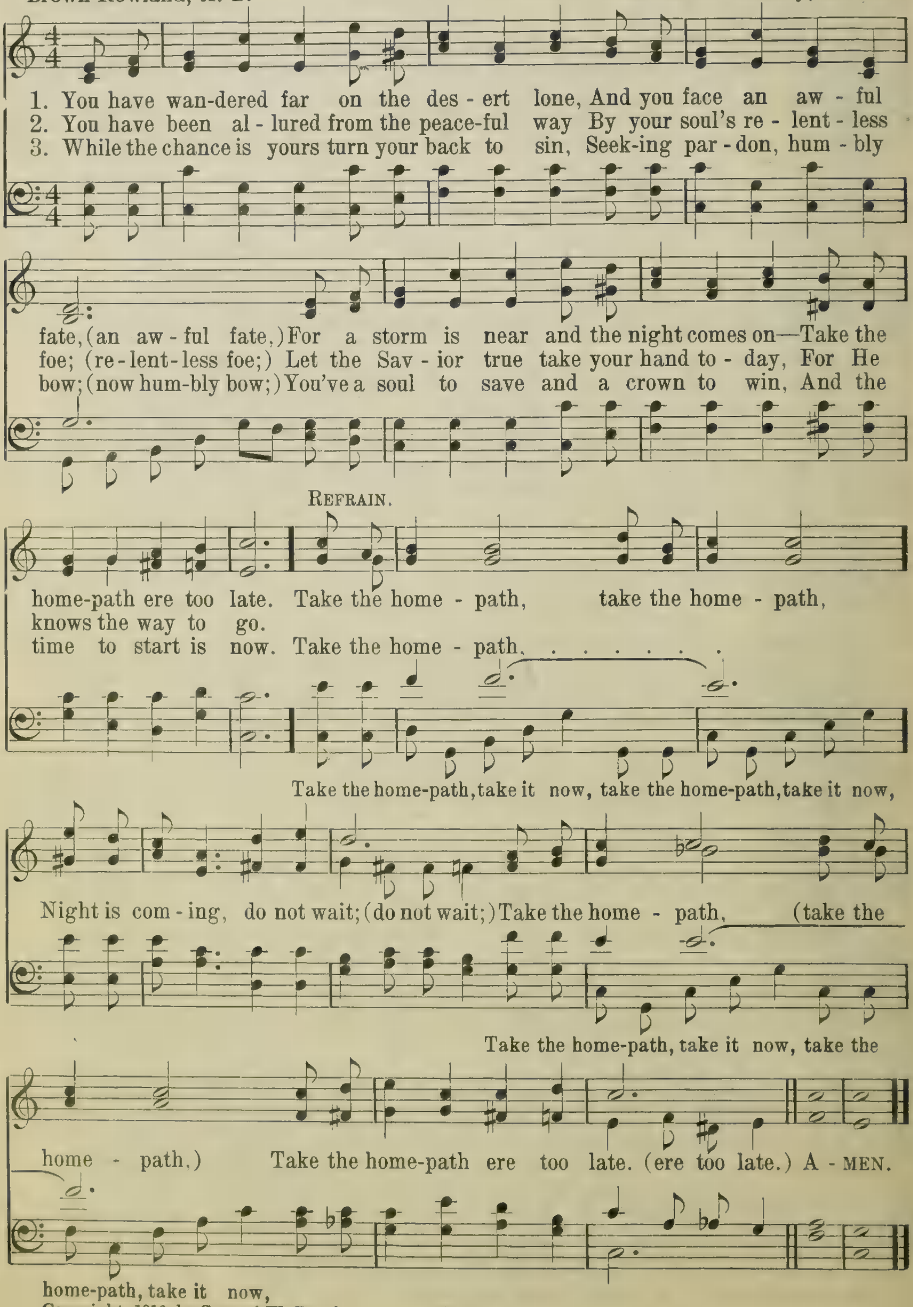
240

Take the Home-Path

Brown Rowland, A. B.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. You have wan-dered far on the des - ert lone, And you face an aw - ful
2. You have been al - lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re - lent - less
3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par - don, hum - bly
fate, (an aw - ful fate,) For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
foe; (re - lent - less foe;) Let the Sav - ior true take your hand to - day, For He
bow; (now hum-bly bow;) You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the
home-path ere too late.
knows the way to go.
time to start is now.
REFRAIN.
Take the home - path, take the home - path,
Take the home - path, ...
Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,
Night is com - ing, do not wait; (do not wait;) Take the home - path, (take the
Take the home-path, take it now, take the
home - path,) Take the home-path ere too late. (ere too late.) A - MEN.
home-path, take it now,

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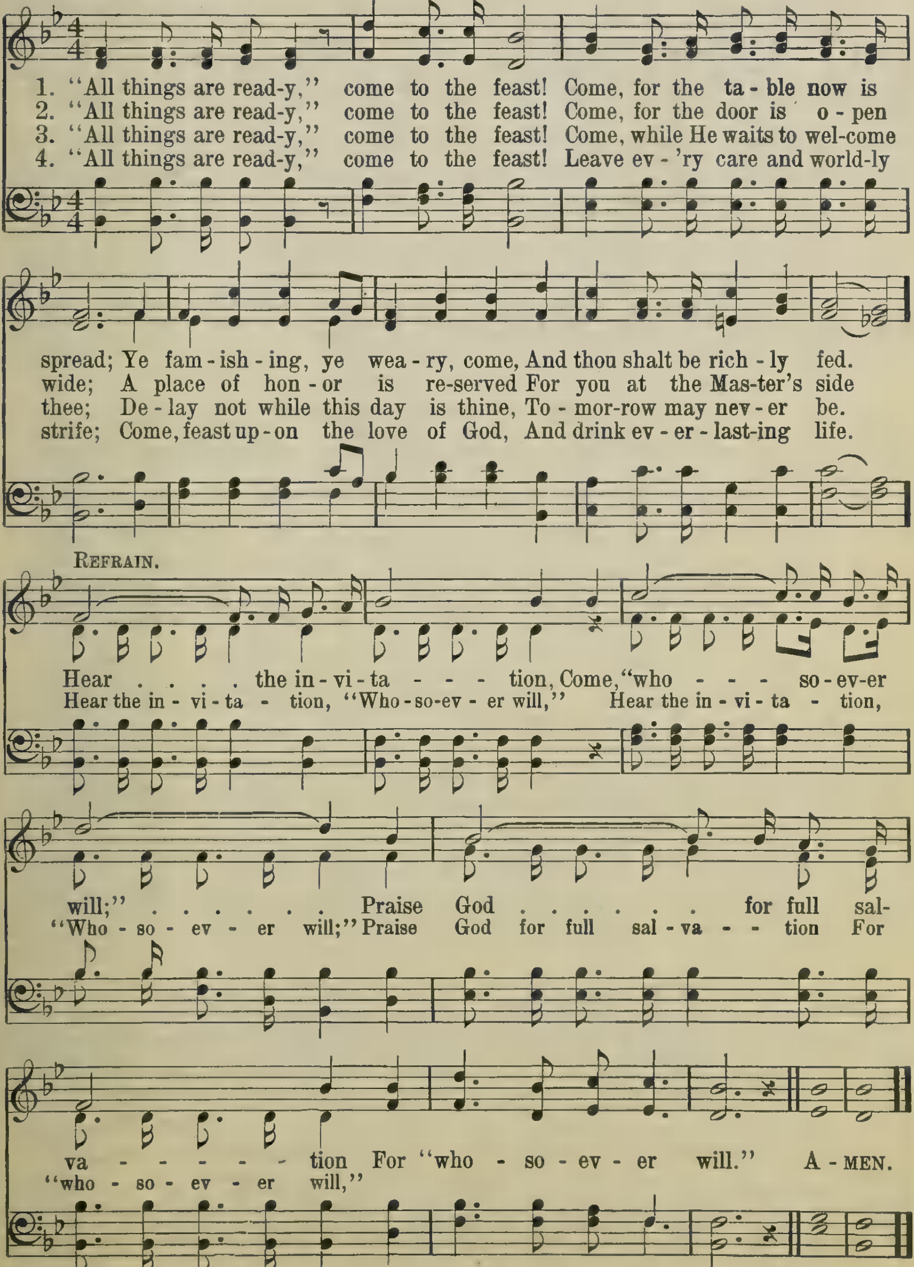
241

Come to the Feast

Charlotte G. Homer. W. A. Ogden.


1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta-ble now is spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich-ly fed.
2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o-pen wide; A place of hon-or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side
3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To-mor-row may nev-er be.
4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev-'ry care and world-ly strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev-er-last-ing life.
REFRAIN.
Hear . . . . . the in-vi-ta - - - tion, Come, "who - - - so-ev-er will;" . . . . Praise God . . . . for full sal-va - - - - - - tion For "who-so-ev-er will."
Hear the in-vi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will," Hear the in-vi-ta-tion, "Who-so-ev-er will;" Praise God for full sal-va - - tion For "who-so-ev-er will,"
A-MEN.

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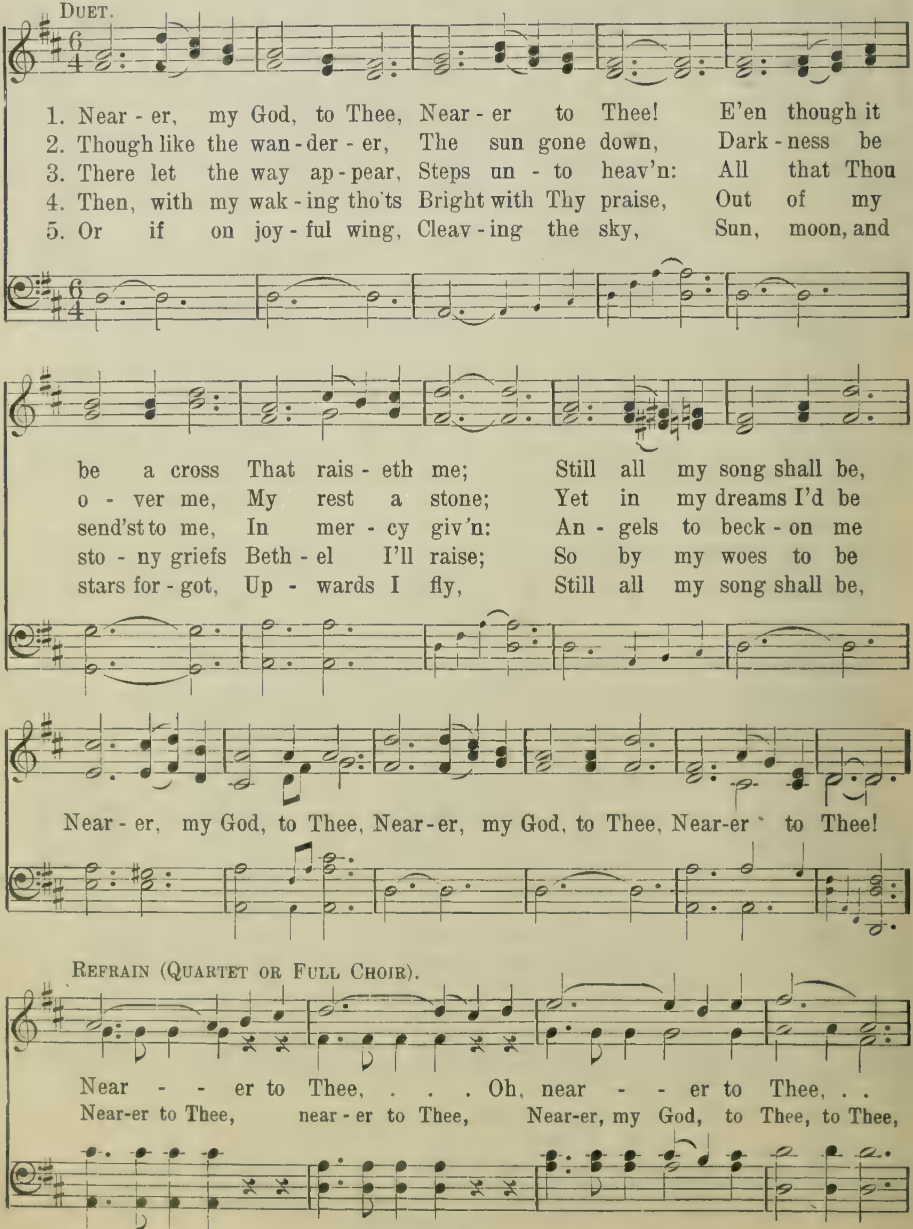
242 Nearer, My God, to Thee

(WHISPERING HOPE.)

Sarah F. Adams. Arr. by Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


DUET.
1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
send'st to me, In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me
sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
stars for - got, Up - wards I fly, Still all my song shall be,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
REFRAIN (QUARTET OR FULL CHOIR).
Near - - er to Thee, . . . Oh, near - - er to Thee, . .
Near-er to Thee, near - er to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, to Thee,

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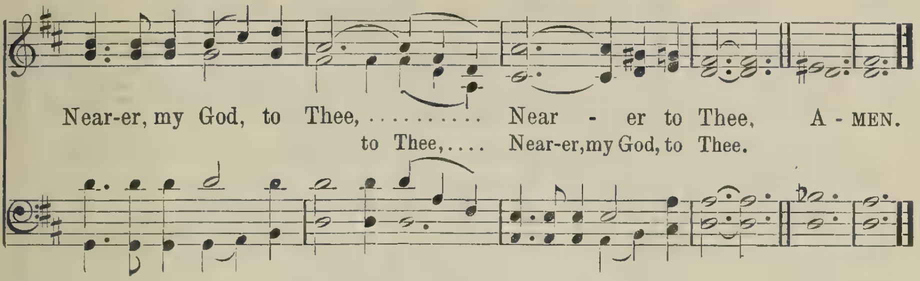
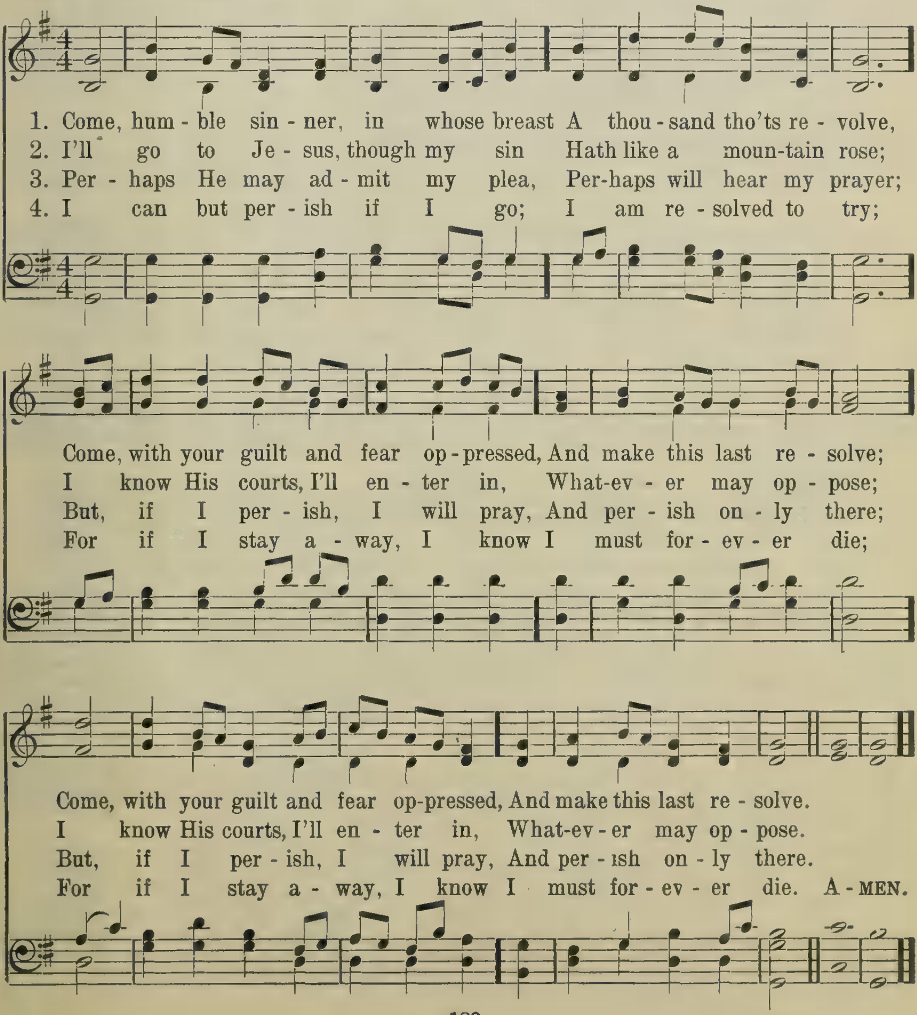

Near-er, my God, to Thee, ... Near-er to Thee, A-MEN.
to Thee,.... Near-er, my God, to Thee.

243 Come, Humble Sinner

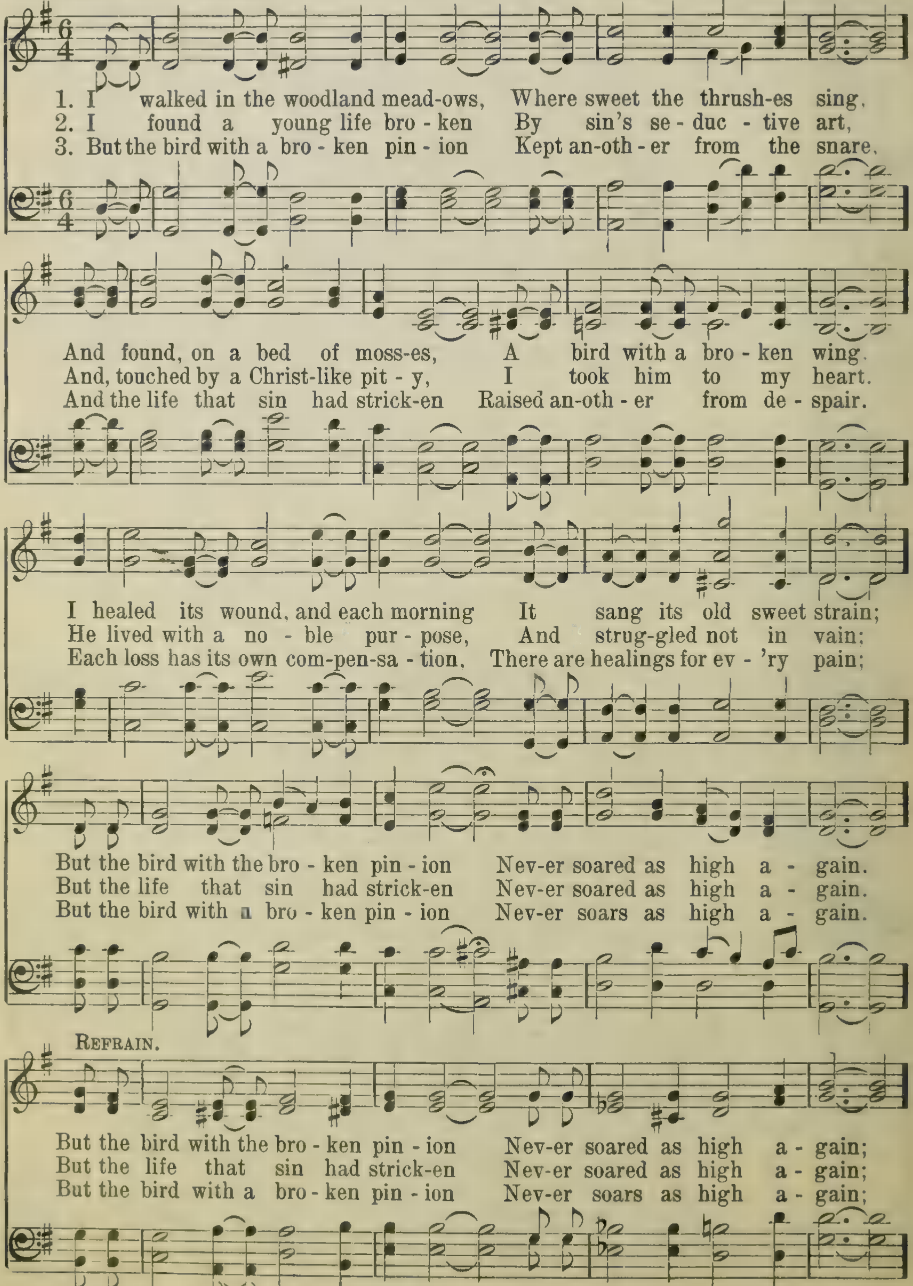
Rev. Edmund Jones.

Traditional


1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand tho'ts revolve,
2. I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose;
3. Perhaps He may admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer;
4. I can but perish if I go; I am resolved to try;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve;
I know His courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose;
But, if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there;
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve.
I know His courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.
But, if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
For if I stay away, I know I must forever die. A-MEN.

244 The Bird With the Broken Pinion

Hezekiah Butterworth.
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


6
4
1. I walked in the woodland mead-ows, Where sweet the thrush-es sing,
2. I found a young life bro - ken By sin's se - duc - tive art,
3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an-oth - er from the snare,
And found, on a bed of moss-es, A bird with a bro - ken wing.
And, touched by a Christ-like pit - y, I took him to my heart.
And the life that sin had strick-en Raised an-oth - er from de - spair.
I healed its wound, and each morning It sang its old sweet strain;
He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And strug-gled not in vain;
Each loss has its own com-pen-sa - tion, There are healings for ev - 'ry pain;
But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev-er soars as high a - gain.
Refrain.
But the bird with the bro - ken pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a - gain;
But the life that sin had strick-en Nev-er soared as high a - gain;
But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev-er soars as high a - gain;

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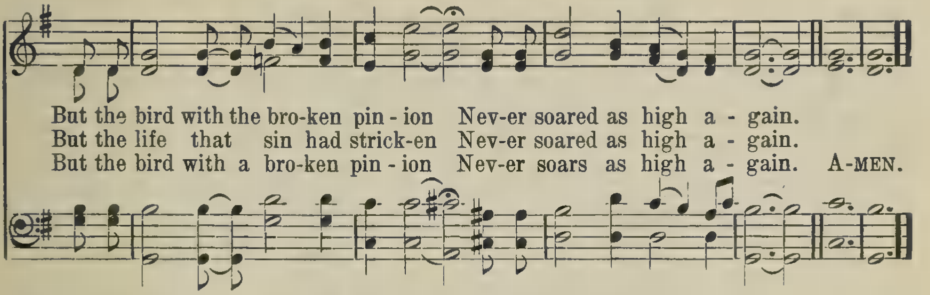
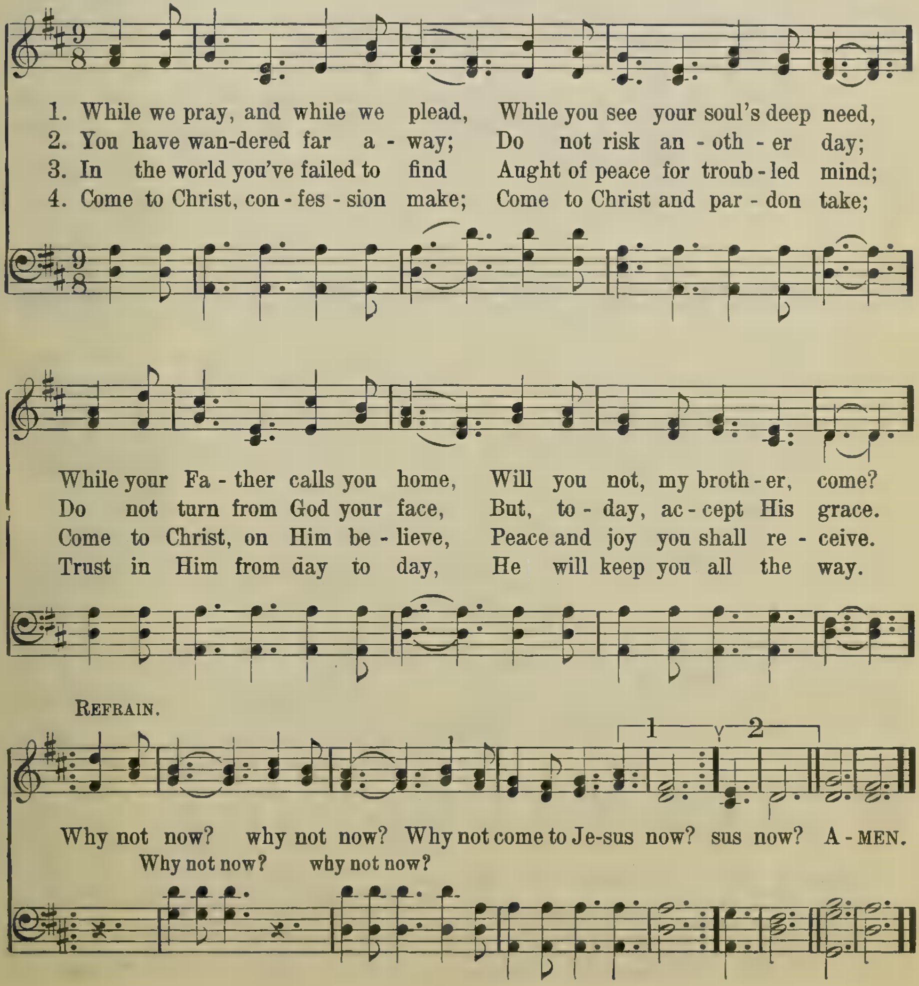

But the bird with the bro-ken pin - ion Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the life that sin had strick-en Nev-er soared as high a - gain.
But the bird with a bro-ken pin - ion Nev-er soars as high a - gain. A-MEN.

245

Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

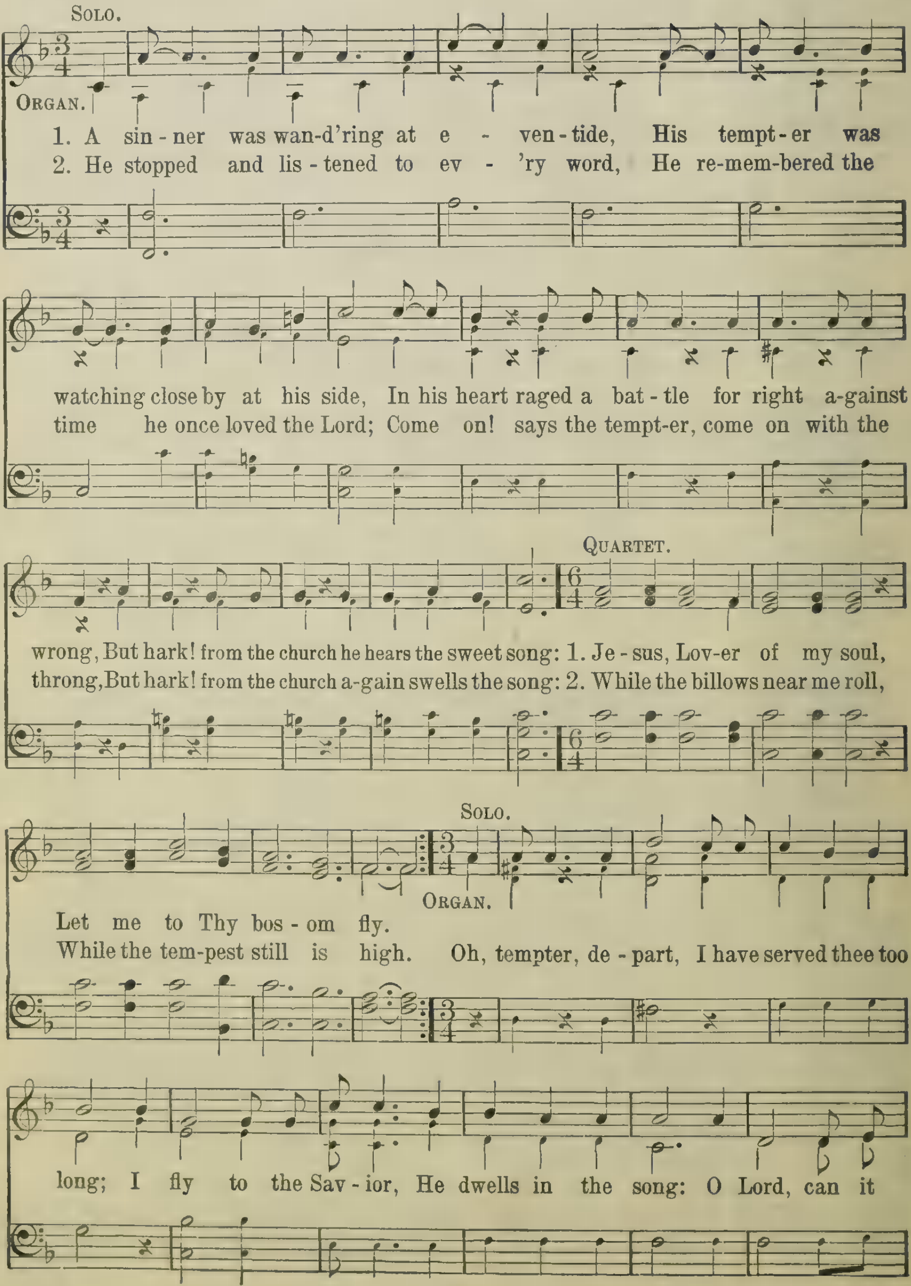
C. C. Case.

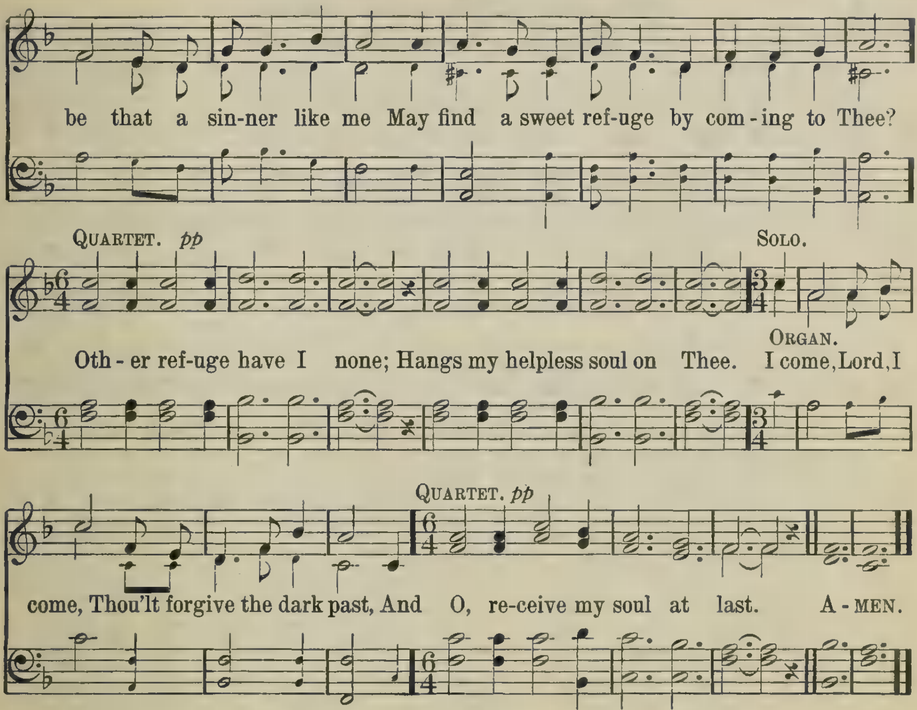

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub - led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fes - sion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;
While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
REFRAIN.
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?
1
2

246

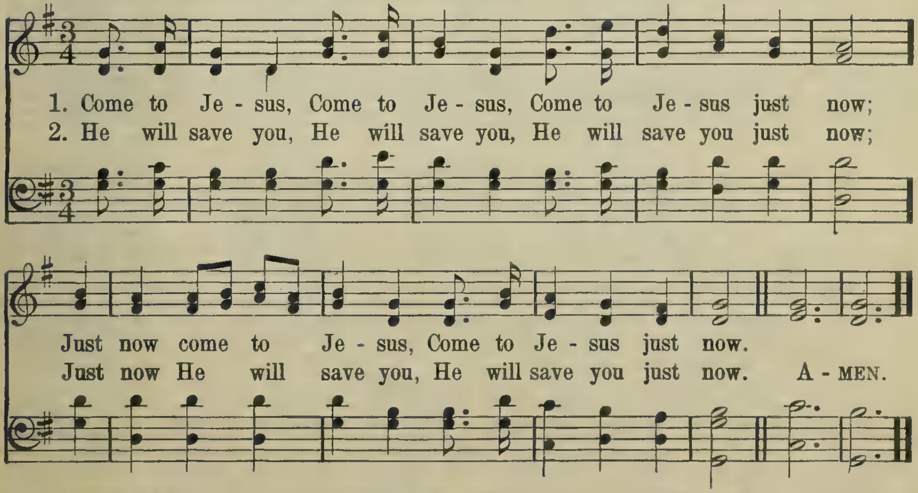
The Sinner and the Song

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


SOLO.
ORGAN.
1. A sin - ner was wan-d'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempt - er was
2. He stopped and lis - tened to ev - 'ry word, He re-mem-bered the
watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right a-gainst
time he once loved the Lord; Come on! says the tempt-er, come on with the
QUARTET.
wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song: 1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul,
throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song: 2. While the billows near me roll,
SOLO.
Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
While the tem-pest still is high.
ORGAN.
Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too
long; I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in the song: O Lord, can it


be that a sin-ner like me May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?
QUARTET. pp
Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.
SOLO.
ORGAN.
I come, Lord, I come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And
QUARTET. pp
O, re-ceive my soul at last.
A-MEN.

247 Come to Jesus


1. Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now;
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;
Just now come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus just now.
Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.
A-MEN.

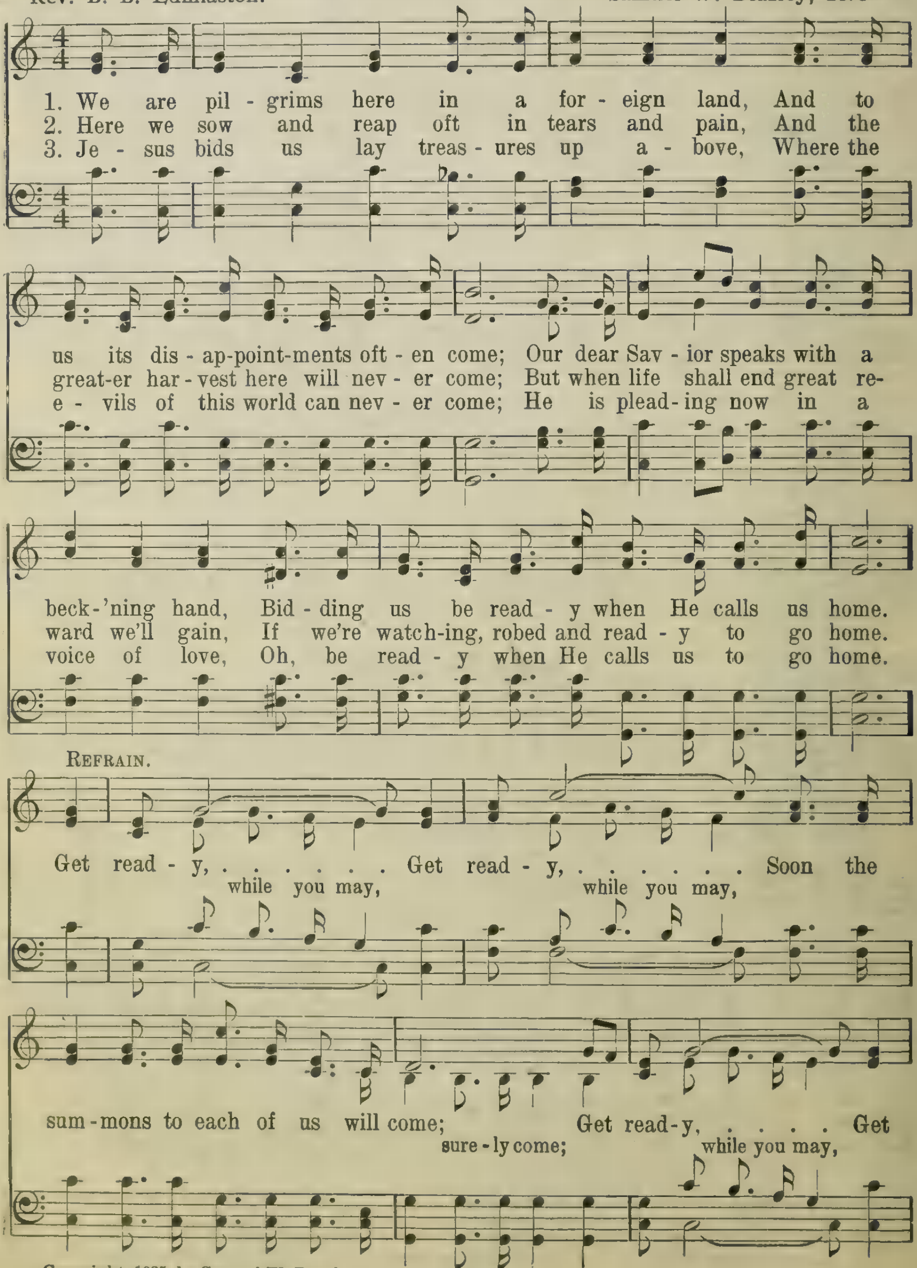
3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Come, confess Him.
6 Come, obey Him.
7 He will hear you.
8 He'll forgive you.
9 He will cleanse you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

248

We Are Pilgrims Here

(GET READY WHILE YOU MAY.)

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. We are pil - grims here in a for - eign land, And to
2. Here we sow and reap oft in tears and pain, And the
3. Je - sus bids us lay treas - ures up a - bove, Where the
us its dis - ap-point-ments oft - en come; Our dear Sav - ior speaks with a
great-er har - vest here will nev - er come; But when life shall end great re-
e - vils of this world can nev - er come; He is plead - ing now in a
beck-'ning hand, Bid - ding us be read - y when He calls us home.
ward we'll gain, If we're watch-ing, robed and read - y to go home.
voice of love, Oh, be read - y when He calls us to go home.
REFRAIN.
Get read - y, ... Get read - y, ... Soon the
while you may, while you may,
sum - mons to each of us will come; Get read - y, ... Get
sure - ly come; while you may,

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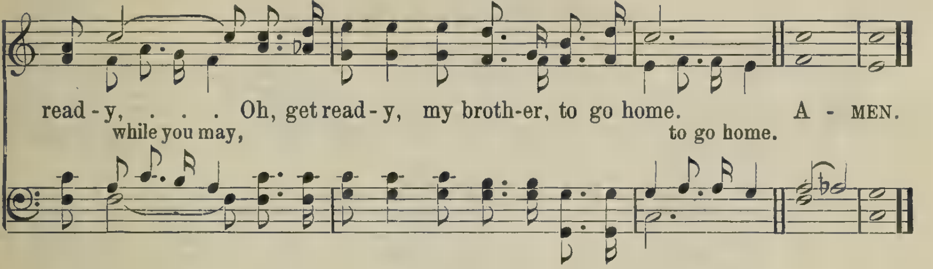
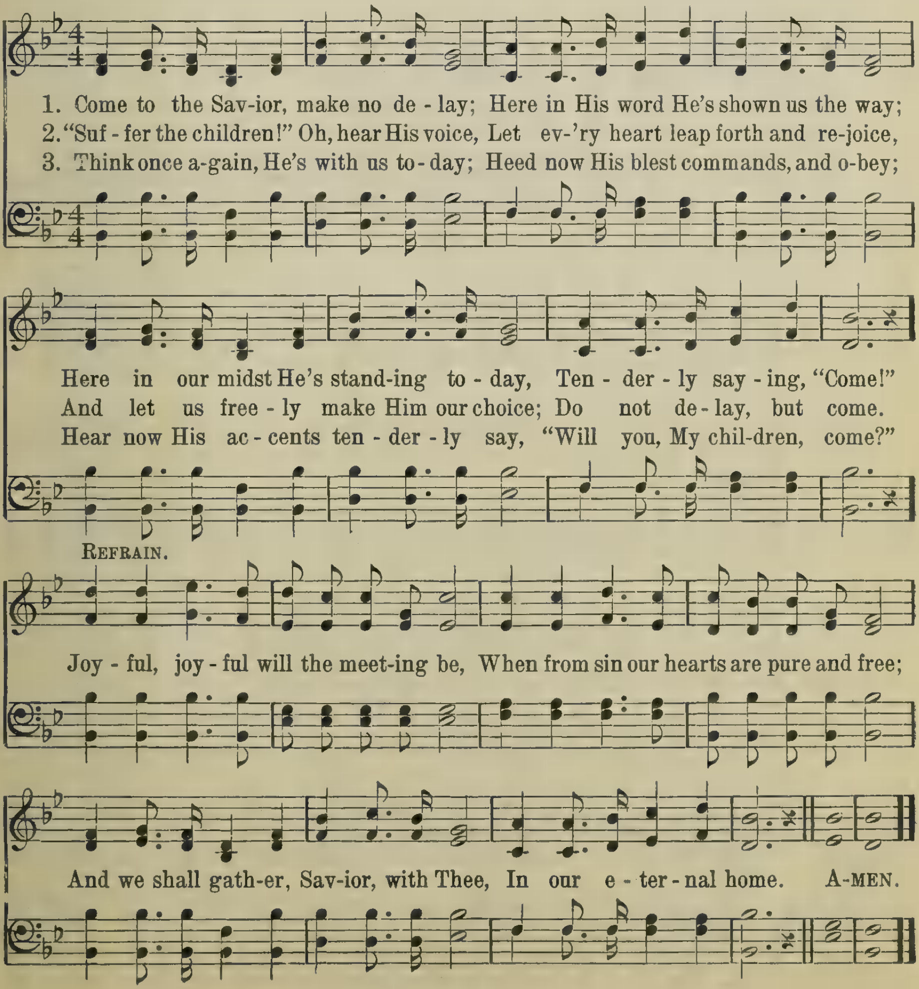

read - y, . . . Oh, get read - y, my broth-er, to go home. A - MEN.
while you may, to go home.

249 Come to the Savior

G. F. R. Dr. Geo. F. Root, 1820.

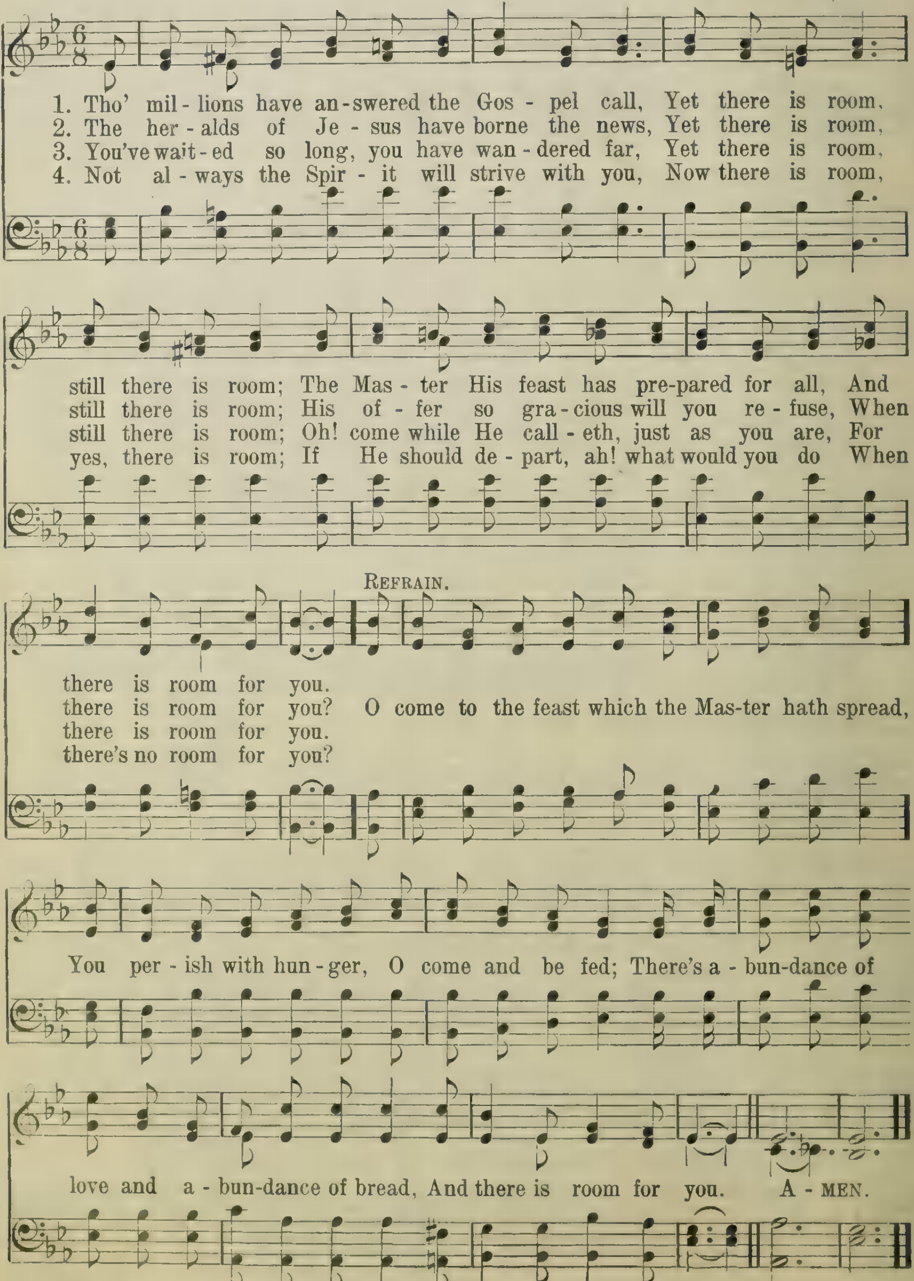

1. Come to the Sav-ior, make no de - lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Suf - fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice,
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to - day; Heed now His blest commands, and o-bey;
Here in our midst He's stand-ing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
And let us free - ly make Him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.
Hear now His ac - cents ten - der - ly say, "Will you, My chil-dren, come?"
REFRAIN.
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meet-ing be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;
And we shall gath-er, Sav-ior, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home. A-MEN.

250

Yet There Is Room

"Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." Luke 14: 22.

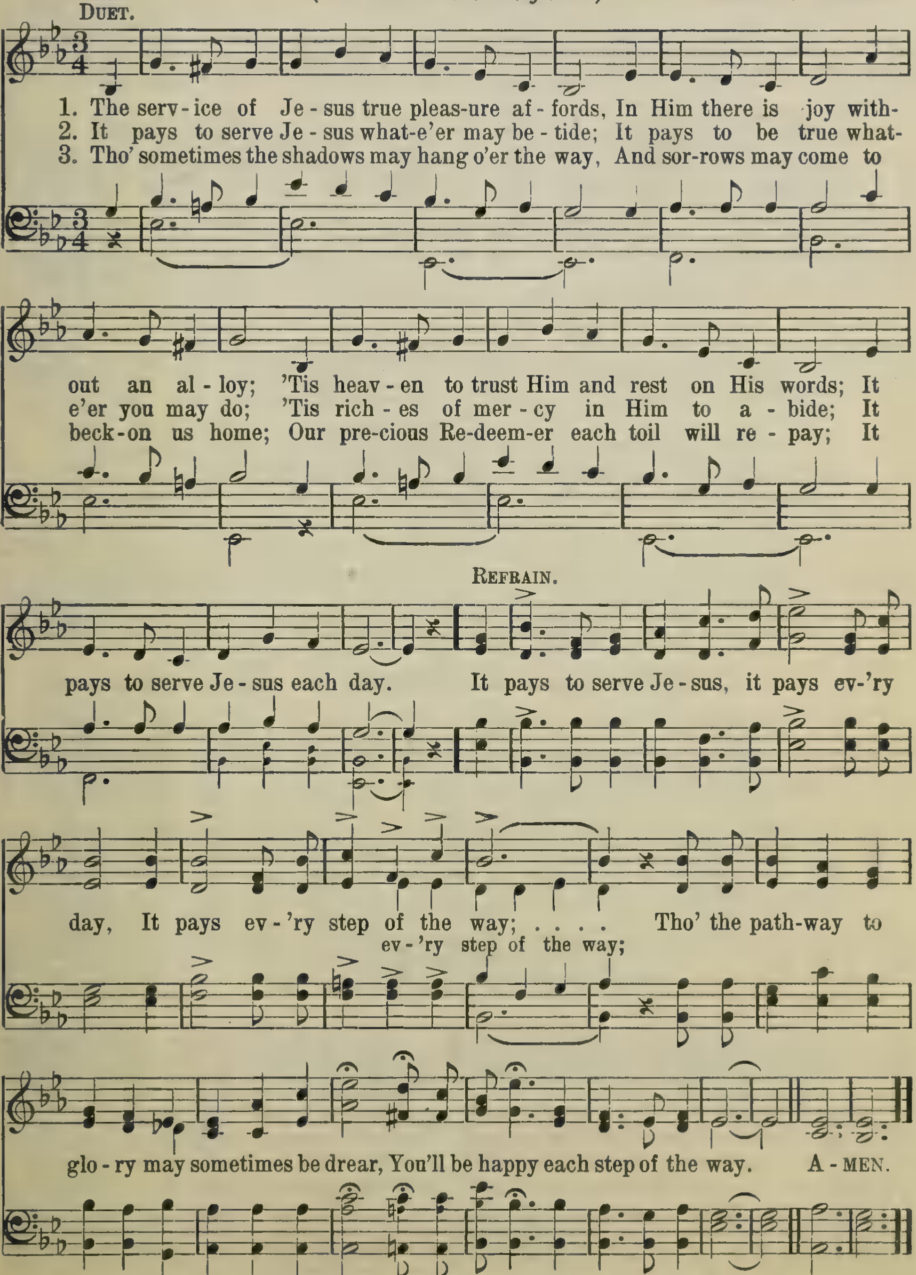
T. O. Chisholm. (10s, 4s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Tho' mil-lions have an-swered the Gos-pel call, Yet there is room,
2. The her-alds of Je-sus have borne the news, Yet there is room,
3. You've wait-ed so long, you have wan-dered far, Yet there is room,
4. Not al-ways the Spir-it will strive with you, Now there is room,
still there is room; The Mas-ter His feast has pre-pared for all, And
still there is room; His of-fer so gra-cious will you re-fuse, When
still there is room; Oh! come while He call-eth, just as you are, For
yes, there is room; If He should de-part, ah! what would you do When
there is room for you.
there is room for you?
there is room for you.
there's no room for you?
REFRAIN.
O come to the feast which the Mas-ter hath spread,
You per-ish with hun-ger, O come and be fed; There's a-bun-dance of
love and a-bun-dance of bread, And there is room for you.
A-MEN.

S. W. Beazley, owner.

251 The Service of Jesus

F. C. H. (IT PAYS TO SERVE JESUS.) Frank C. Huston.


DUET.
1. The serv-ice of Je-sus true pleas-ure af-fords, In Him there is joy with-
2. It pays to serve Je-sus what-e'er may be-tide; It pays to be true what-
3. Tho' sometimes the shadows may hang o'er the way, And sor-rows may come to
out an al-loy; 'Tis heav-en to trust Him and rest on His words; It
e'er you may do; 'Tis rich-es of mer-cy in Him to a-bide; It
beck-on us home; Our pre-cious Re-deem-er each toil will re-pay; It
pays to serve Je-sus each day.
REFRAIN.
It pays to serve Je-sus, it pays ev-'ry
day, It pays ev-'ry step of the way; . . . . Tho' the path-way to
ev-'ry step of the way;
glo-ry may sometimes be drear, You'll be happy each step of the way.
A-MEN.

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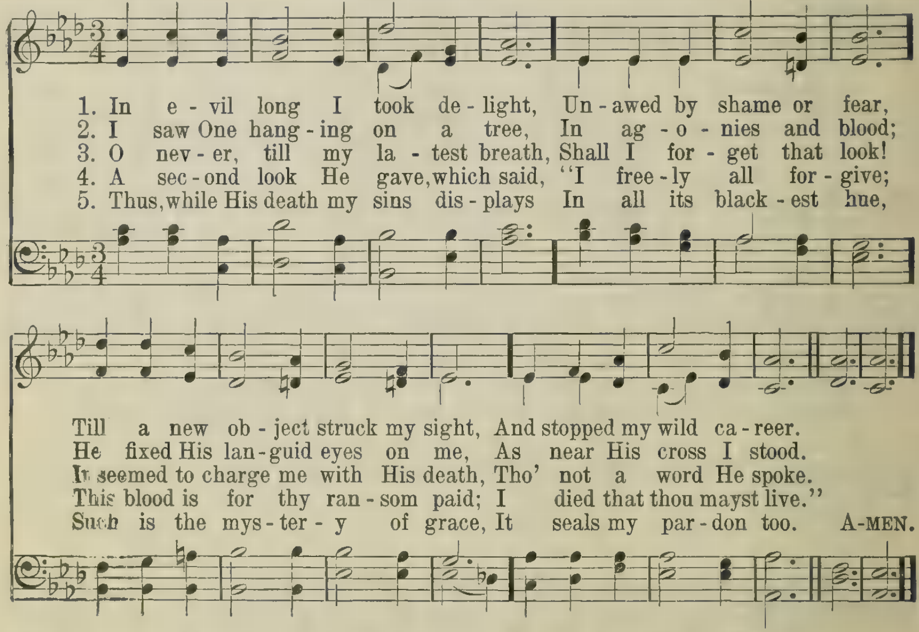
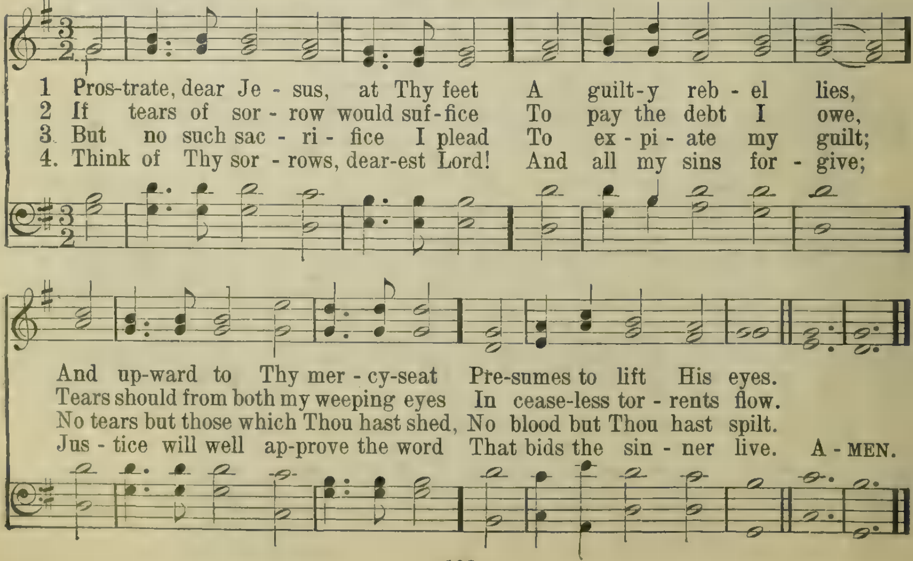
252 In Evil Long I Took Delight

John Newton, 1779. (St. Agnes. C. M.) Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. In evil long I took delight, Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight, And stopped my wild career.
2. I saw One hanging on a tree, In agonies and blood;
He fixed His languid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
3. O never, till my latest breath, Shall I forget that look!
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
4. A second look He gave, which said, "I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid; I died that thou mayst live."
5. Thus, while His death my sins displays In all its blackest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace, It seals my pardon too.
A-men.

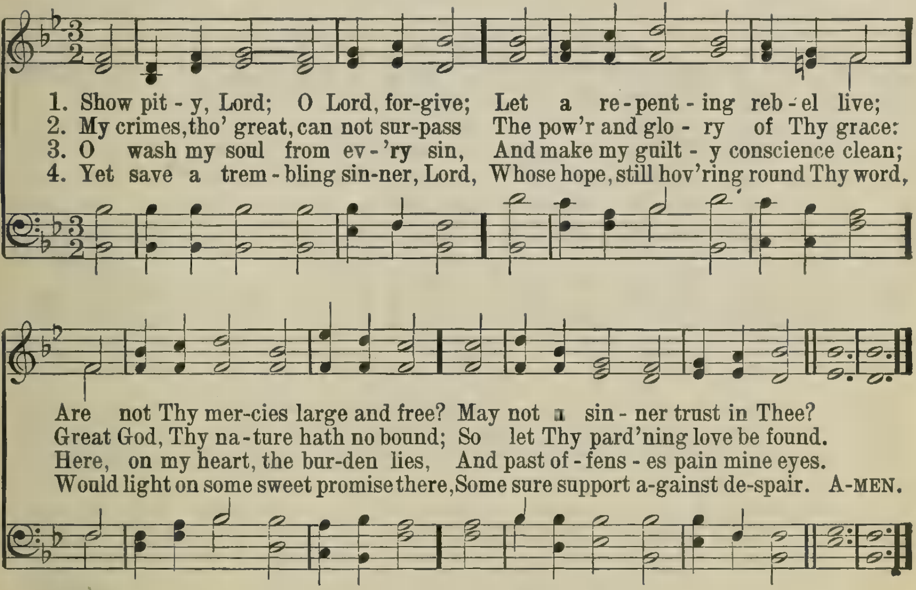
253 Prostrate, Dear Jesus, At Thy Feet

Samuel Stennett, 1787. (Arlington. C. M.) Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710–1778.


1 Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy feet A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to Thy mercy-seat Presumes to lift His eyes.
2 If tears of sorrow would suffice To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes In ceaseless torrents flow.
3. But no such sacrifice I plead To expiate my guilt;
No tears but those which Thou hast shed, No blood but Thou hast spilt.
4. Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord! And all my sins forgive;
Justice will well approve the word That bids the sinner live.
A-men.

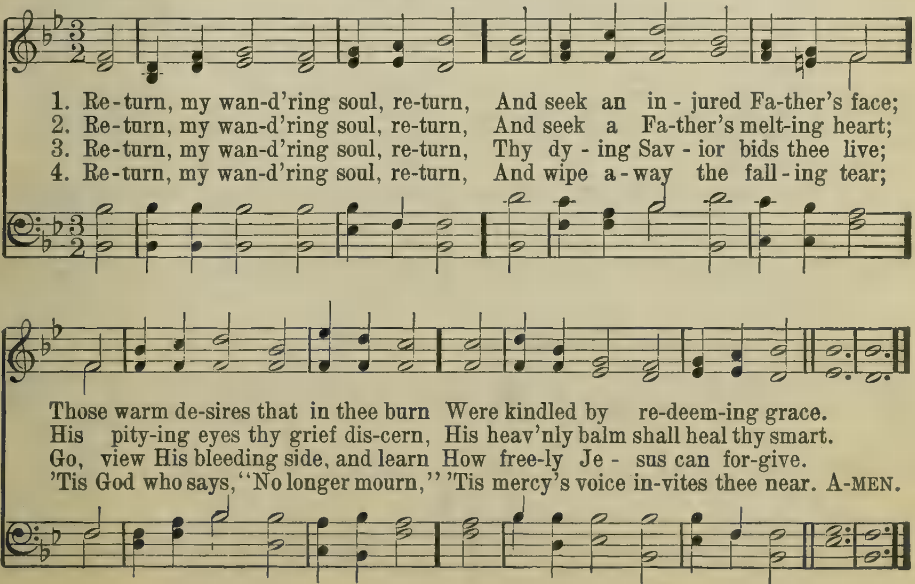
254 Show Pity, Lord; O Lord, Forgive

Isaac Watts, 1719. (HEBRON. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent-ing reb-el live;
2. My crimes, tho' great, can not sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace:
3. O wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;
4. Yet save a trem-bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,
Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound; So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
Here, on my heart, the bur-den lies, And past of-fens-es pain mine eyes.
Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a-gainst de-spair. A-MEN.

255 Return, My Wandering Soul, Return

Wm. B. Collyer, 1812. (HEBRON. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

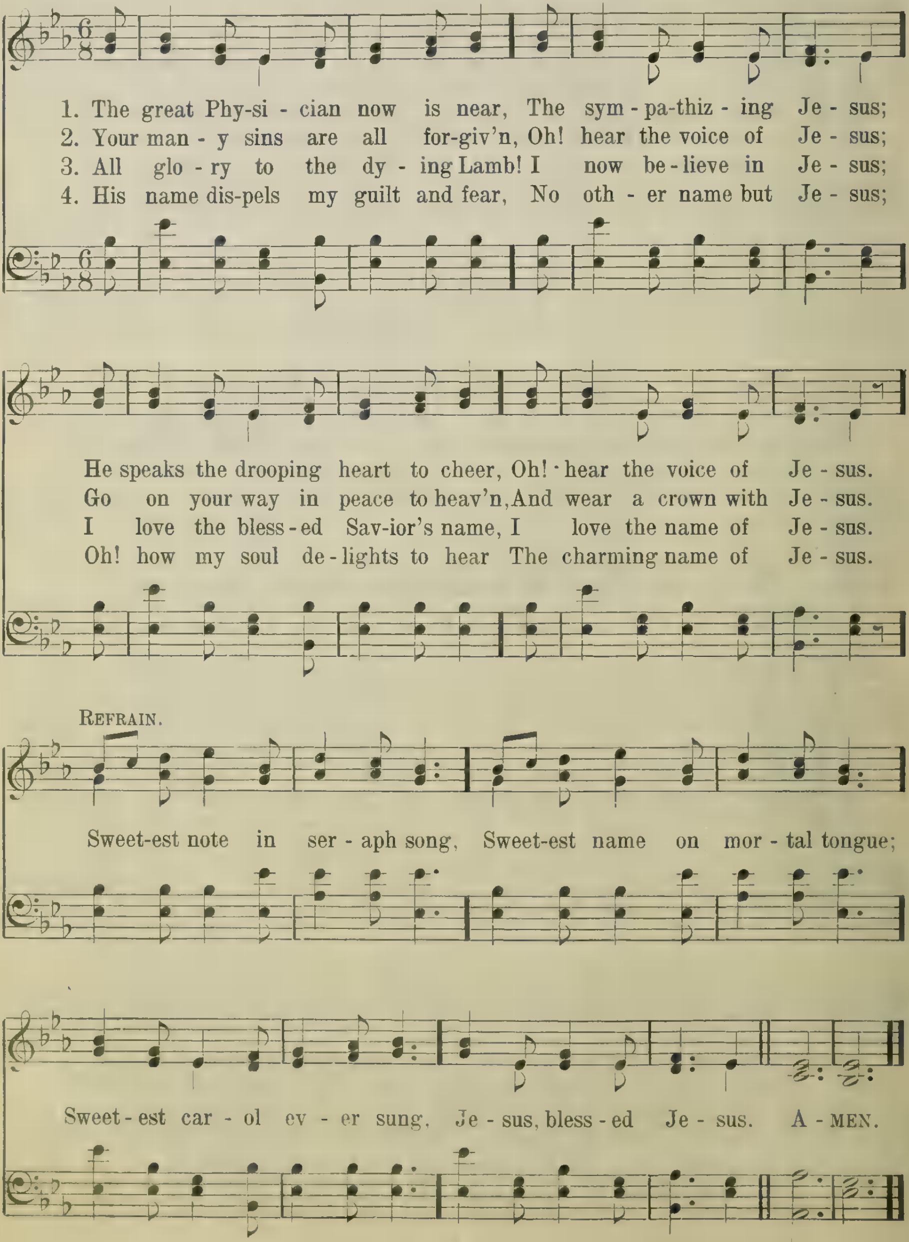

1. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And seek an in - jured Fa-ther's face;
2. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And seek a Fa-ther's melt-ing heart;
3. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, Thy dy - ing Sav - ior bids thee live;
4. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And wipe a-way the fall-ing tear;
Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-deem-ing grace.
His pity-ing eyes thy grief dis-cern, His heav'nly balm shall heal thy smart.
Go, view His bleeding side, and learn How free-ly Je - sus can for-give.
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn," 'Tis mercy's voice in-vites thee near. A-MEN.

256 The Great Physician Now Is Near

(The Great Physician.)

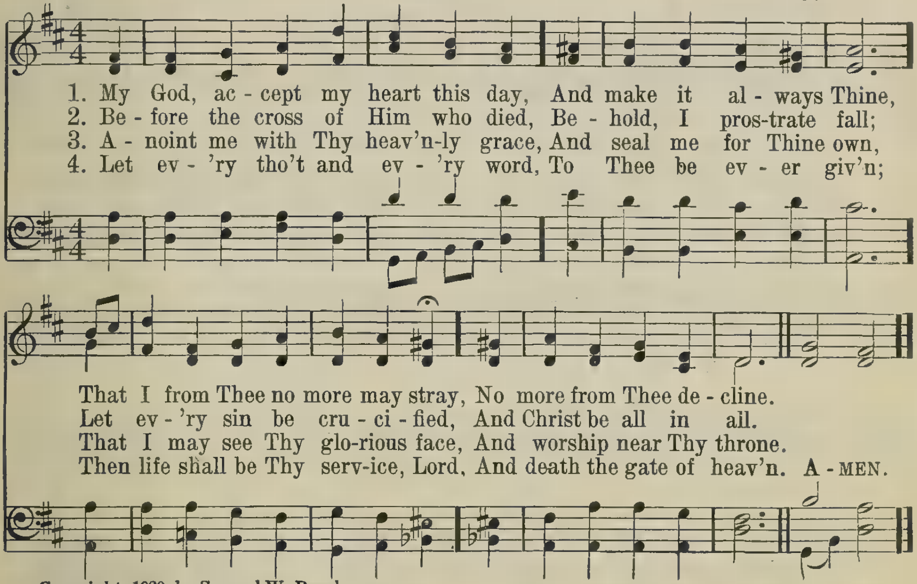
Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de - lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.
Refrain.
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus. A - men.

257 My God, Accept My Heart This Day

M. Bridges. (WILSON. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. My God, accept my heart this day, And make it always Thine,
2. Before the cross of Him who died, Behold, I prostrate fall;
3. Anoint me with Thy heav'nly grace, And seal me for Thine own,
4. Let ev'ry tho't and ev'ry word, To Thee be ever giv'n;
That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee decline.
Let ev'ry sin be crucified, And Christ be all in all.
That I may see Thy glorious face, And worship near Thy throne.
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n. A-MEN.

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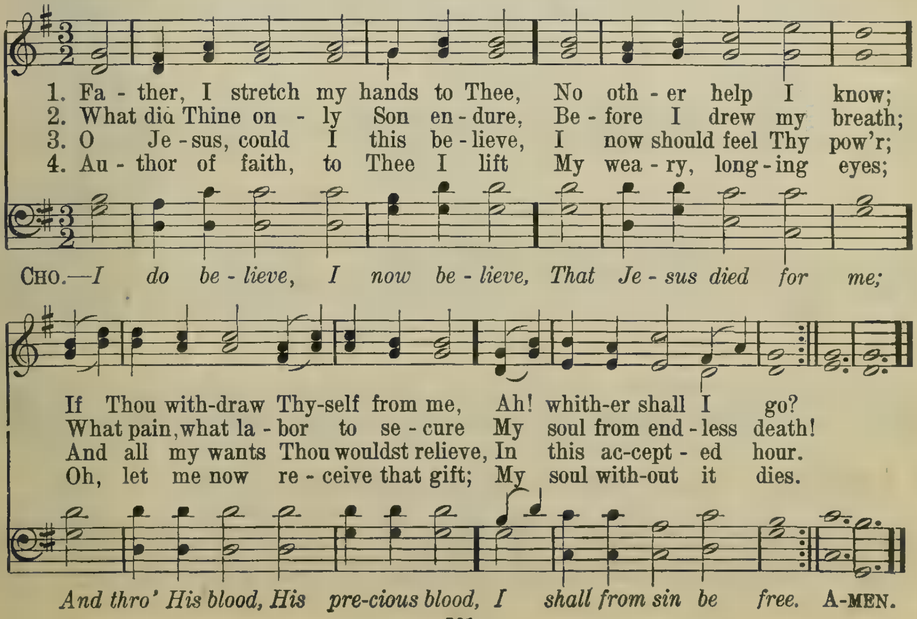
258 Father, I Stretch My Hands To Thee

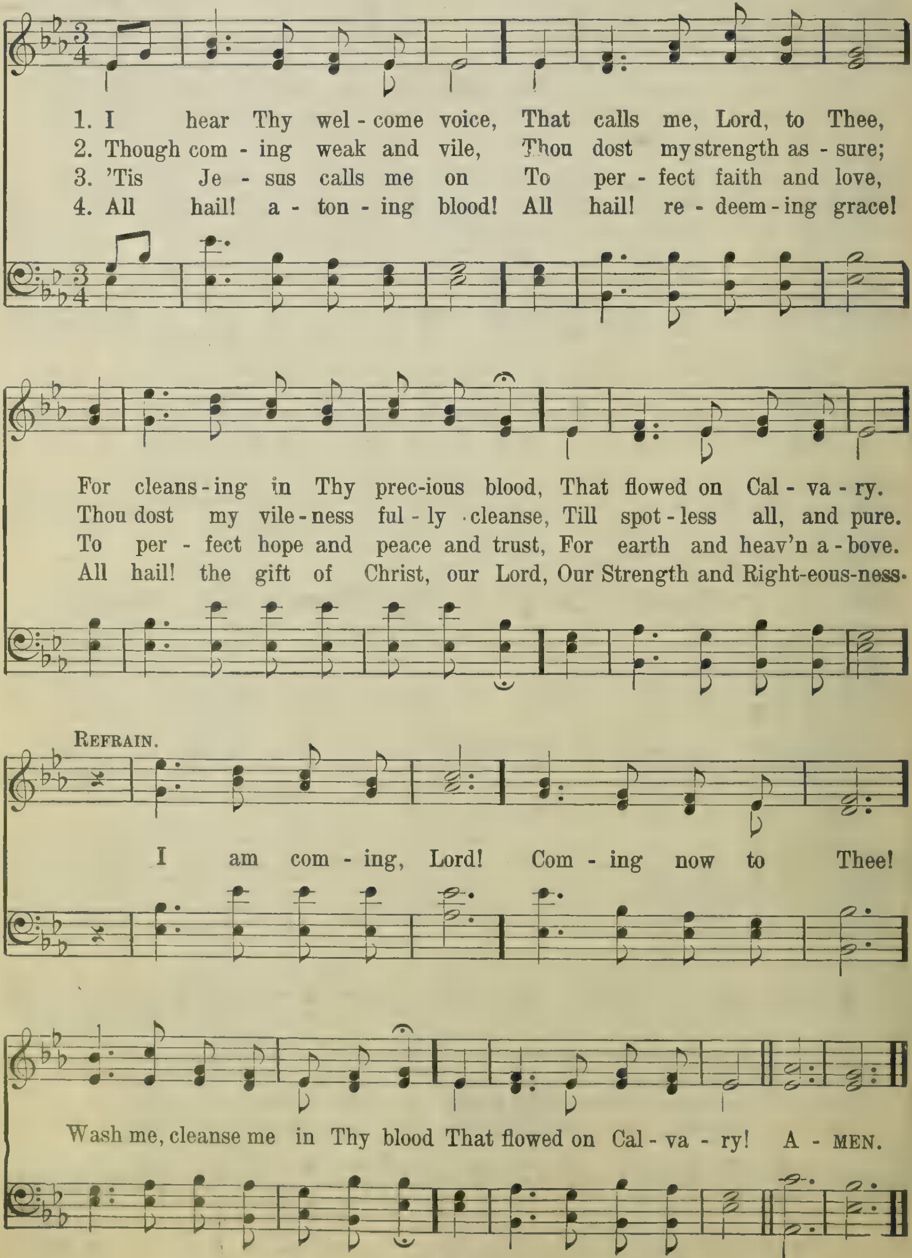
C. Wesley. (I DO BELIEVE. C. M.) Unknown.


1. Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know;
2. What did Thine only Son endure, Before I drew my breath;
3. O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
4. Author of faith, to Thee I lift My weary, longing eyes;
CHO.—I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus died for me;
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
What pain, what labor to secure My soul from endless death!
And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this accepted hour.
Oh, let me now receive that gift; My soul without it dies.
And thro' His blood, His precious blood, I shall from sin be free. A-MEN.

259 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

(WELCOME VOICE. P. M.)

Louis Hartsough, 1828. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure;
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail! re - deem - ing grace!
For cleans - ing in Thy prec-ious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
To per - fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right-eous-ness.
REFRAIN.
I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.

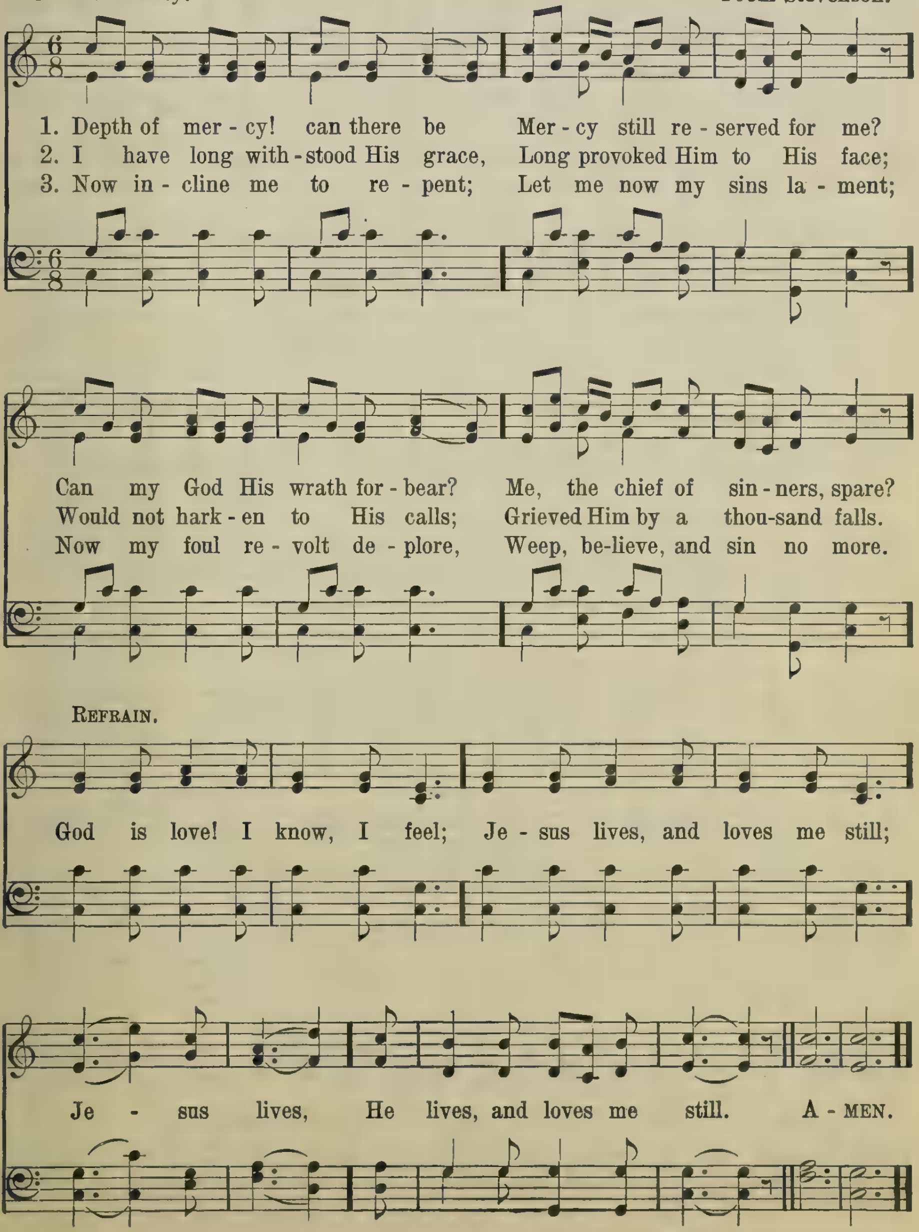
260 Depth of Mercy! Can There Be

"God is Love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

(DEPTH OF MERCY.)

Charles Wesley.

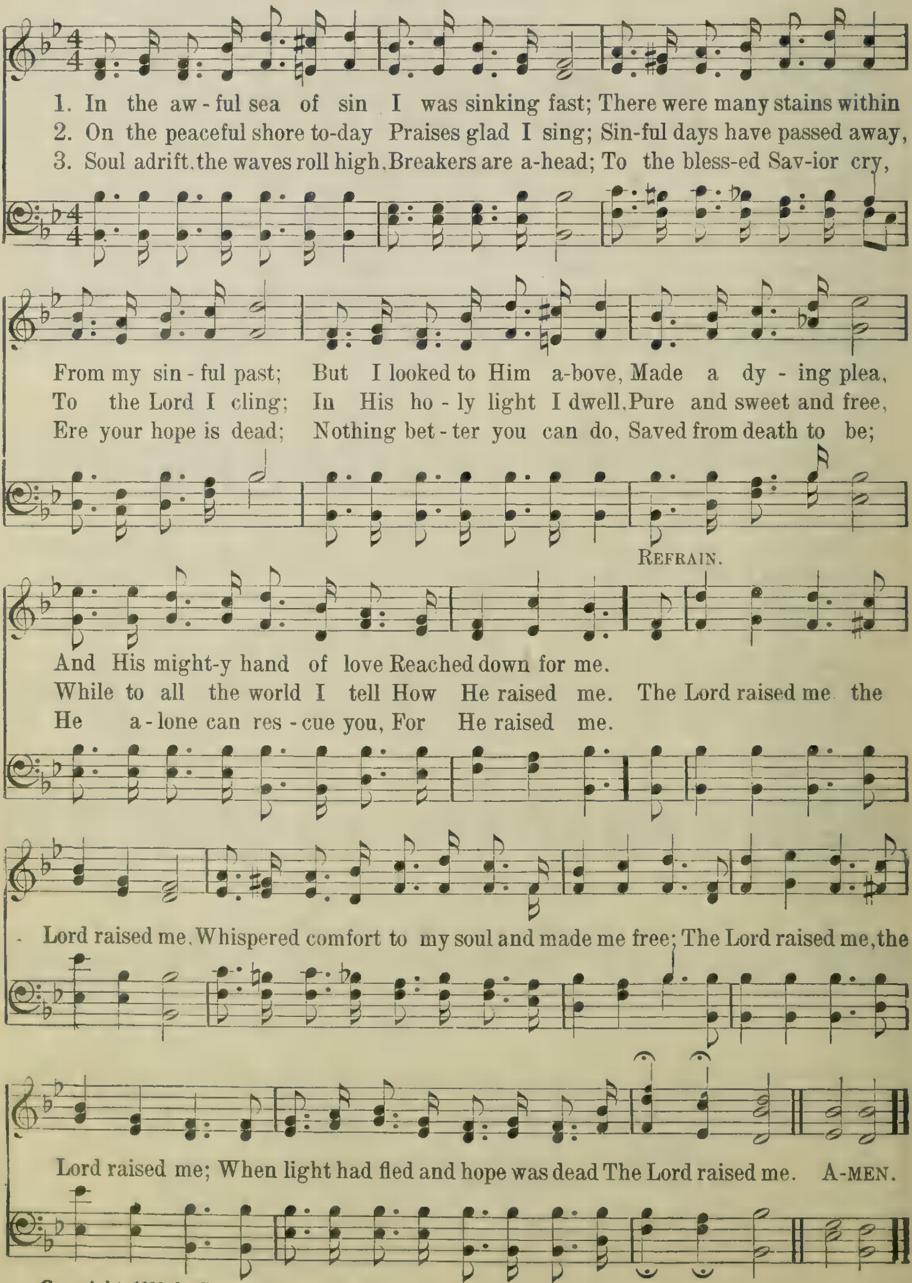
From Stevenson.


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;
Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not hark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.
Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.
REFRAIN.
God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus lives, and loves me still;
Je - sus lives, He lives, and loves me still. A - MEN.

261

The Lord Raised Me

James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.


1. In the aw-ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sin-ful days have passed away,
3. Soul adrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are a-head; To the bless-ed Sav-ior cry,
From my sin-ful past; But I looked to Him a-bove, Made a dy-ing plea,
To the Lord I cling; In His ho-ly light I dwell, Pure and sweet and free,
Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet-ter you can do, Saved from death to be;
REFRAIN.
And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me the
He a-lone can res-cue you, For He raised me.
Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised me, the
Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me. A-MEN.

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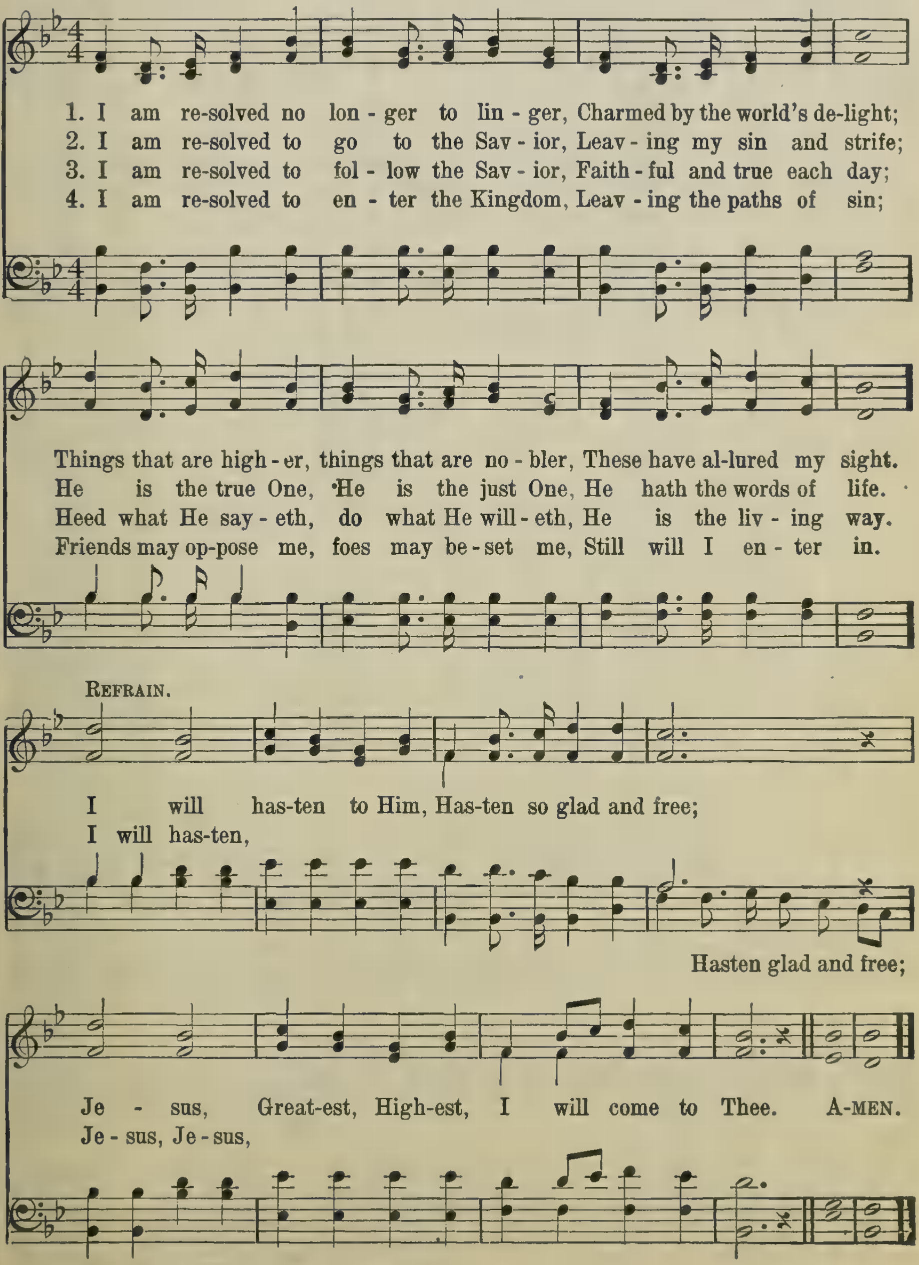
262 I Am Resolved No Longer to Linger

Palmer Hartsough. J. H. Fillmore.


1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day;
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;
Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op-pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.
Refrain.
I will has-ten to Him, Has-ten so glad and free;
I will has-ten,
Hasten glad and free;
Je - sus, Great-est, High-est, I will come to Thee. A-men.
Je - sus, Je - sus,

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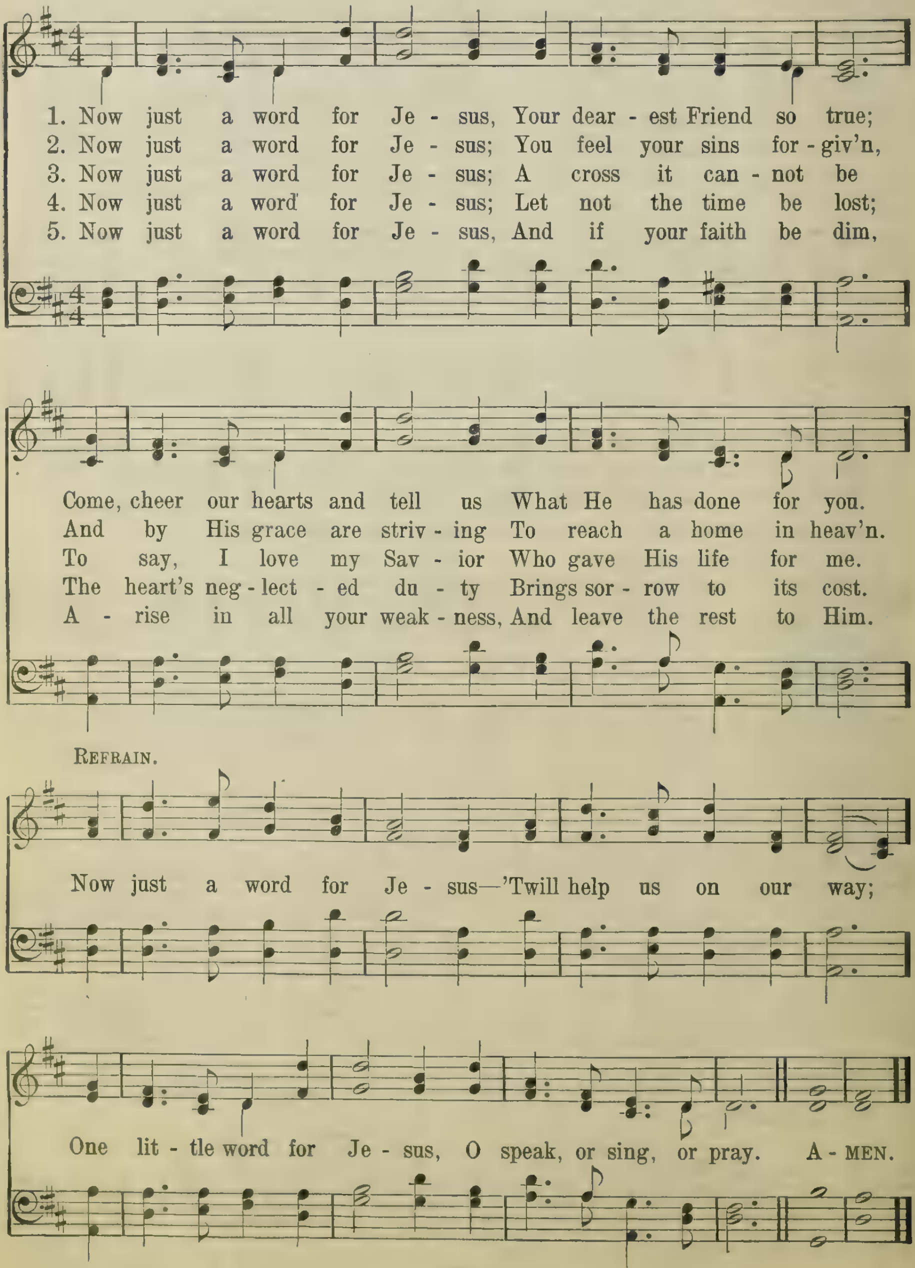
263

Just a Word for Jesus

"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

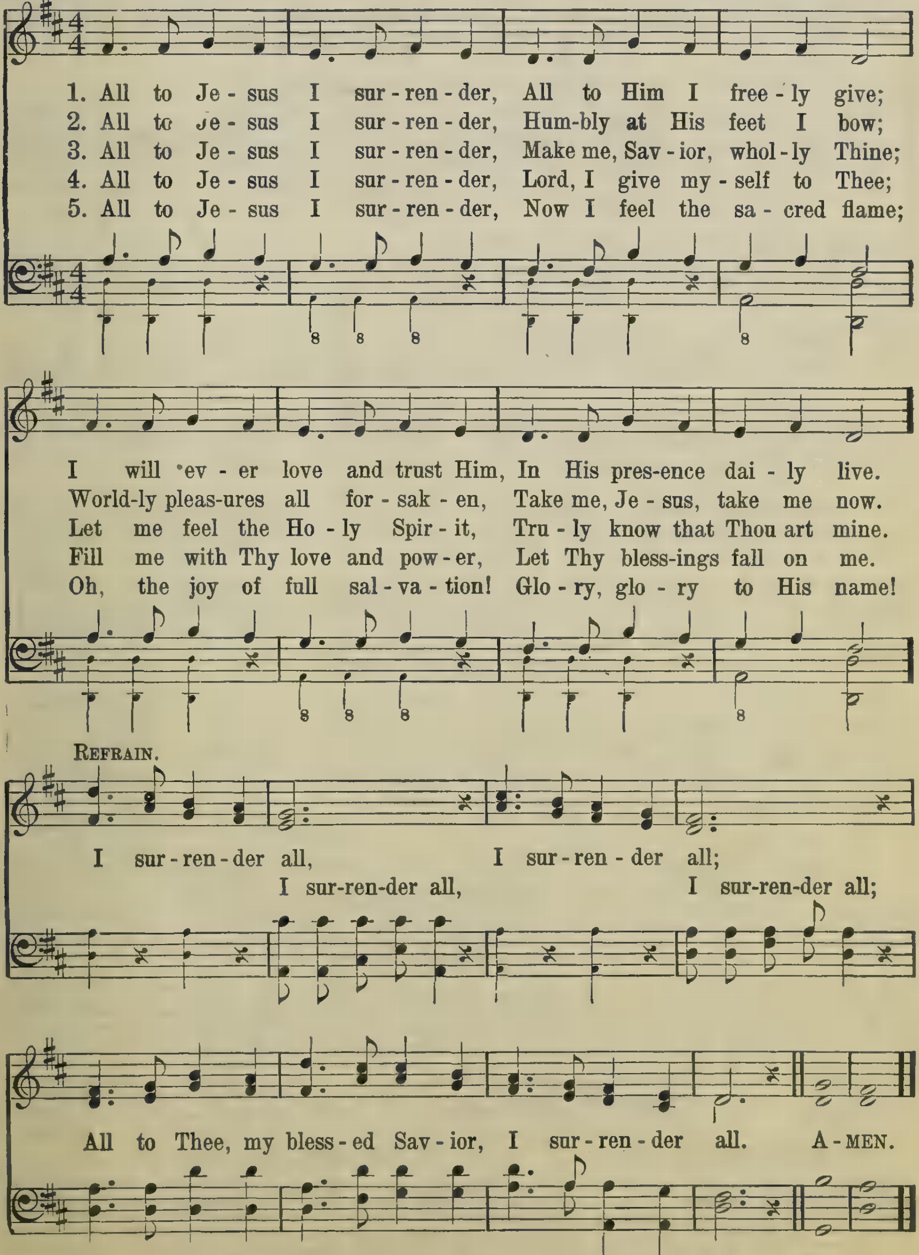
Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane, by per.


1. Now just a word for Jesus, Your dearest Friend so true;
2. Now just a word for Jesus; You feel your sins forgiv'n,
3. Now just a word for Jesus; A cross it cannot be
4. Now just a word for Jesus; Let not the time be lost;
5. Now just a word for Jesus, And if your faith be dim,
Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
And by His grace are striving To reach a home in heav'n.
To say, I love my Saviour Who gave His life for me.
The heart's neglected duty Brings sorrow to its cost.
Arise in all your weakness, And leave the rest to Him.
REFRAIN.
Now just a word for Jesus—'Twill help us on our way;
One little word for Jesus, O speak, or sing, or pray.
AMEN.

264

I Surrender All

J. W. Van De Venter. W. S. Weeden.


1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow;
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless-ings fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!
REFRAIN.
I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all. A - MEN.

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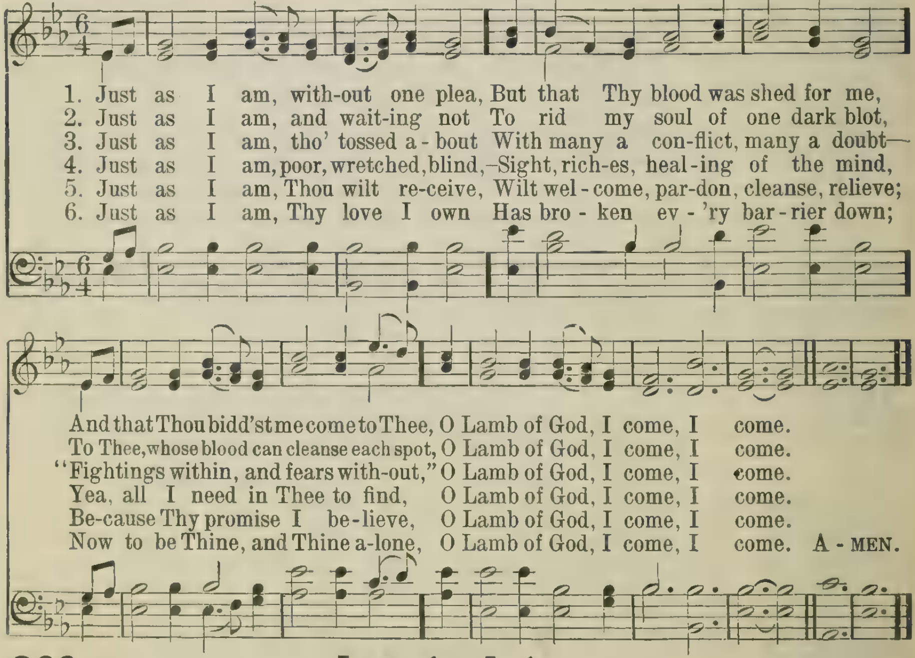
265

Just As I Am

[First Tune]

Charlotte Elliott. (WOODWORTH. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury.

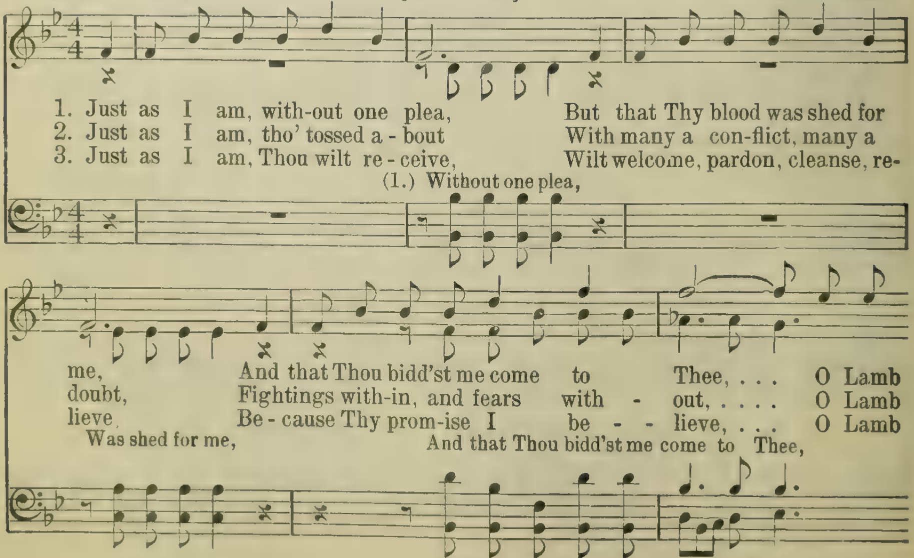

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt—
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
"Fightings within, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-MEN.

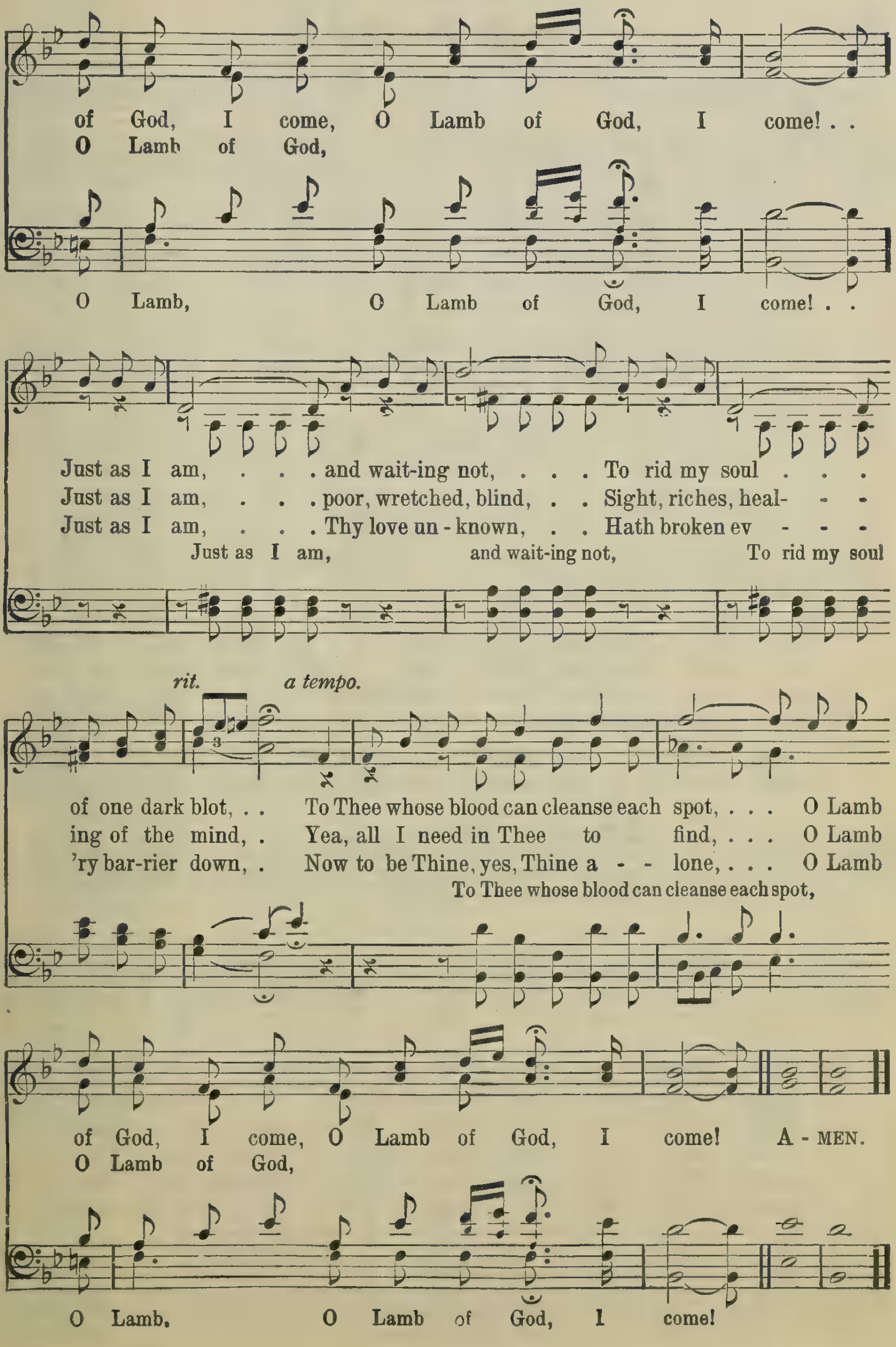
266

Just As I Am

[Second Tune]

Charlotte Elliott. Arr. from Verdi.


1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
(1.) Without one plea,
me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, . . . O Lamb
doubt, Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, ... O Lamb
lieve, Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, . . . O Lamb
Was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

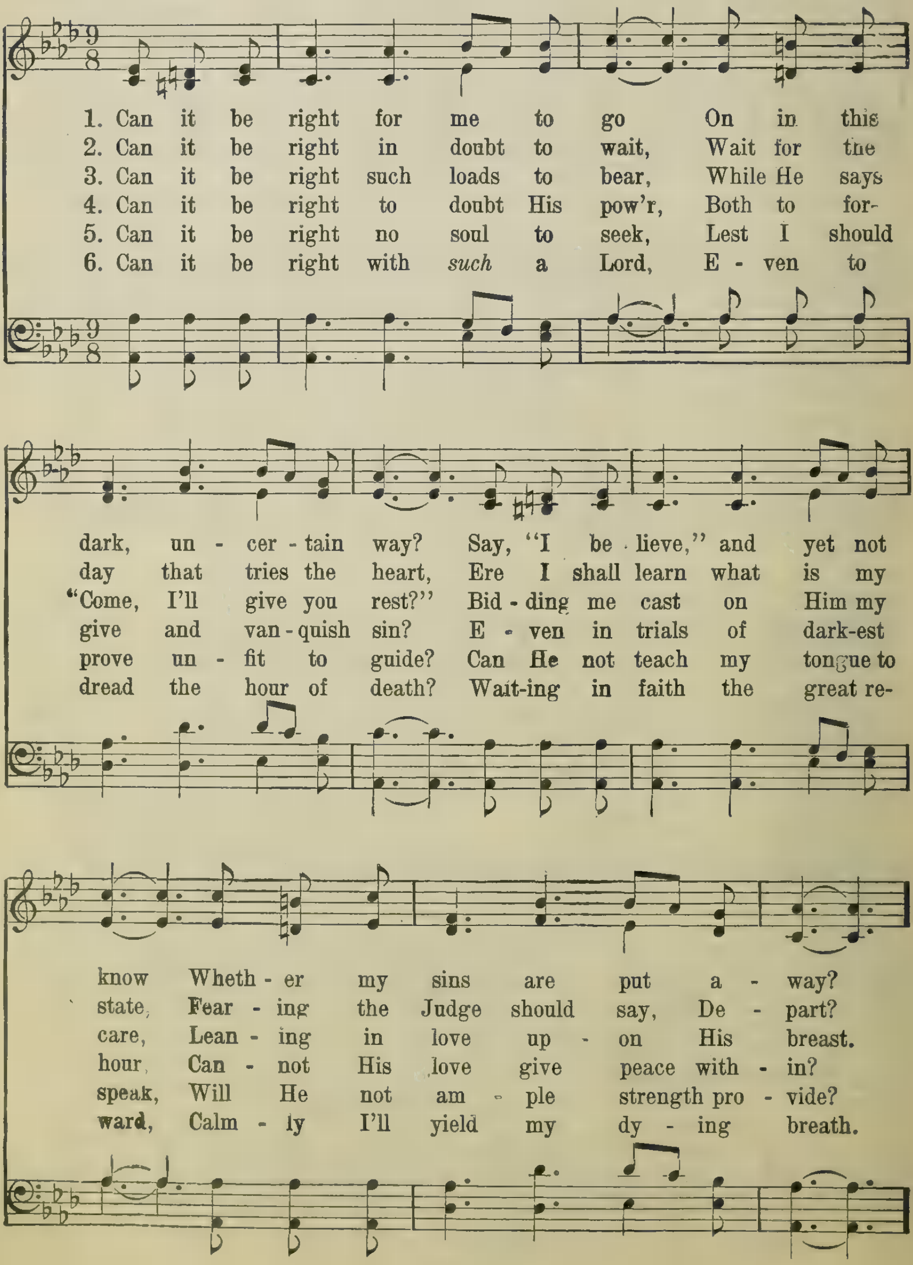

of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! . .
O Lamb of God,
O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come! . .
Just as I am, . . . and wait-ing not, . . . To rid my soul . . .
Just as I am, . . . poor, wretched, blind, . . Sight, riches, heal- - -
Just as I am, . . . Thy love un-known, . . Hath broken ev - - -
Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul
rit.
a tempo.
of one dark blot, . . To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, . . . O Lamb
ing of the mind, . Yea, all I need in Thee to find, . . . O Lamb
'ry bar-rier down, . Now to be Thine, yes, Thine a - - lone, . . . O Lamb
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! A-MEN.
O Lamb of God,
O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come!

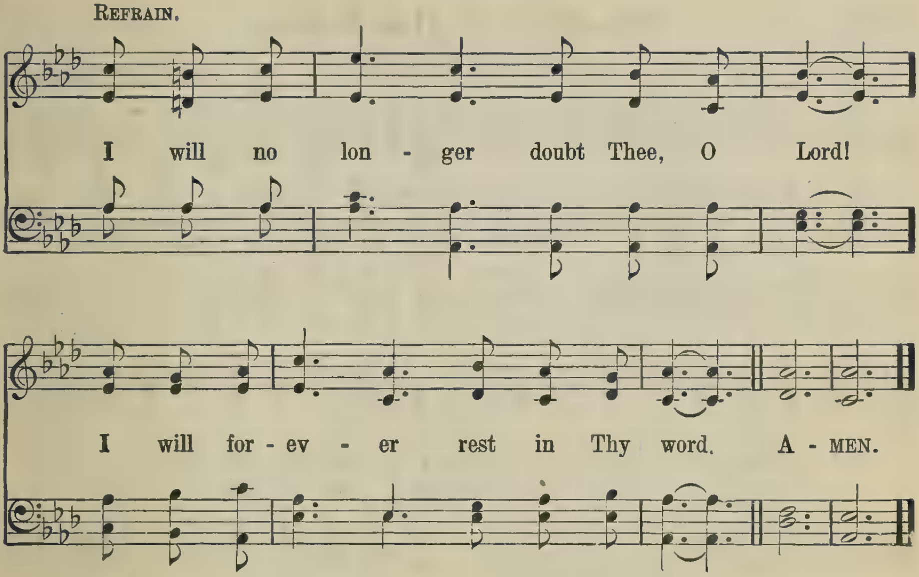
267

Can It Be Right?

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. Pierson. P. P. Bliss, by per.

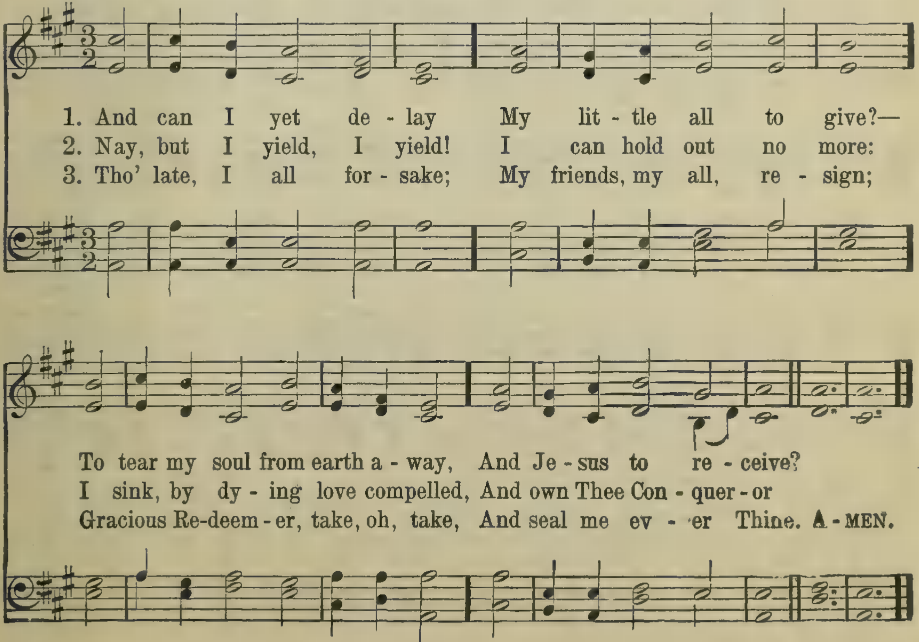

1. Can it be right for me to go On in this
2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the
3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says
4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for-
5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should
6. Can it be right with *such* a Lord, E - ven to
dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not
day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my
"Come, I'll give you rest?" Bid - ding me cast on Him my
give and van - quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark-est
prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to
dread the hour of death? Wait-ing in faith the great re-
know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
state, Fear - ing the Judge should say, De - part?
care, Lean - ing in love up - on His breast.
hour, Can - not His love give peace with - in?
speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?
ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.


Refrain.
I will no lon - ger doubt Thee, O Lord!
I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word. A - men.

268 And Can I Yet Delay?

(State Street. S. M.)

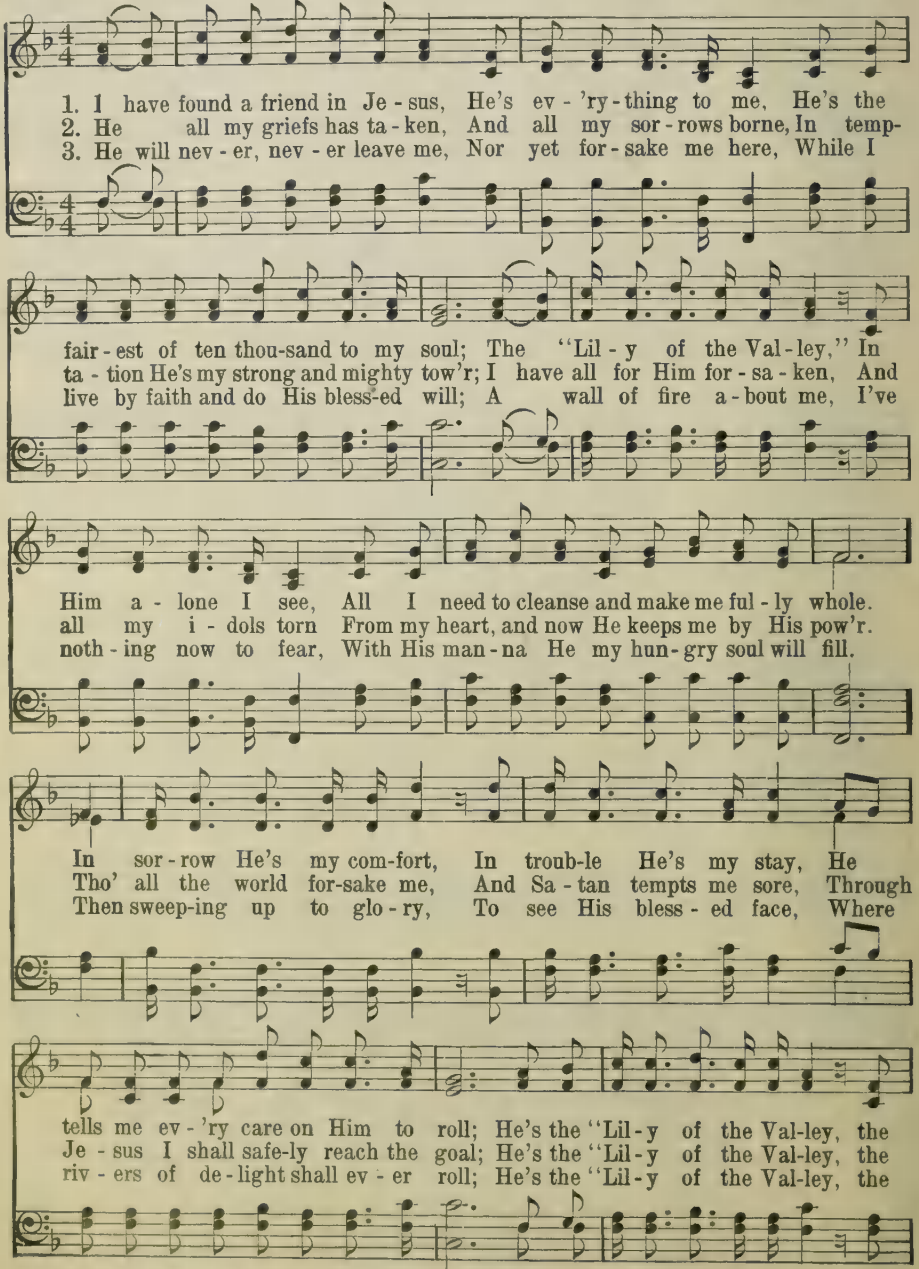
Charles Wesley. J. C. Woodman.

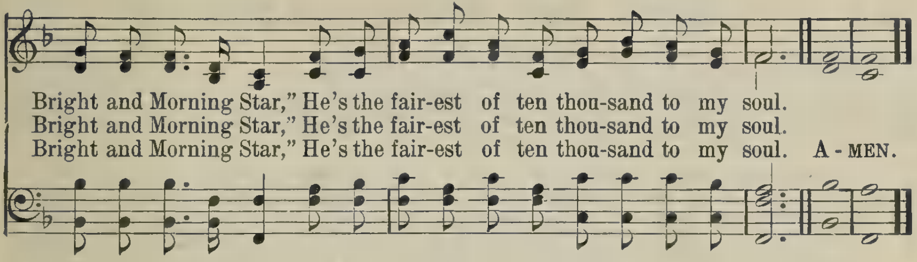

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?—
To tear my soul from earth a - way, And Je - sus to re - ceive?
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee Con - quer - or
3. Tho' late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all, re - sign;
Gracious Re-deem - er, take, oh, take, And seal me ev - er Thine. A - men.

269 The Lily of the Valley

Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

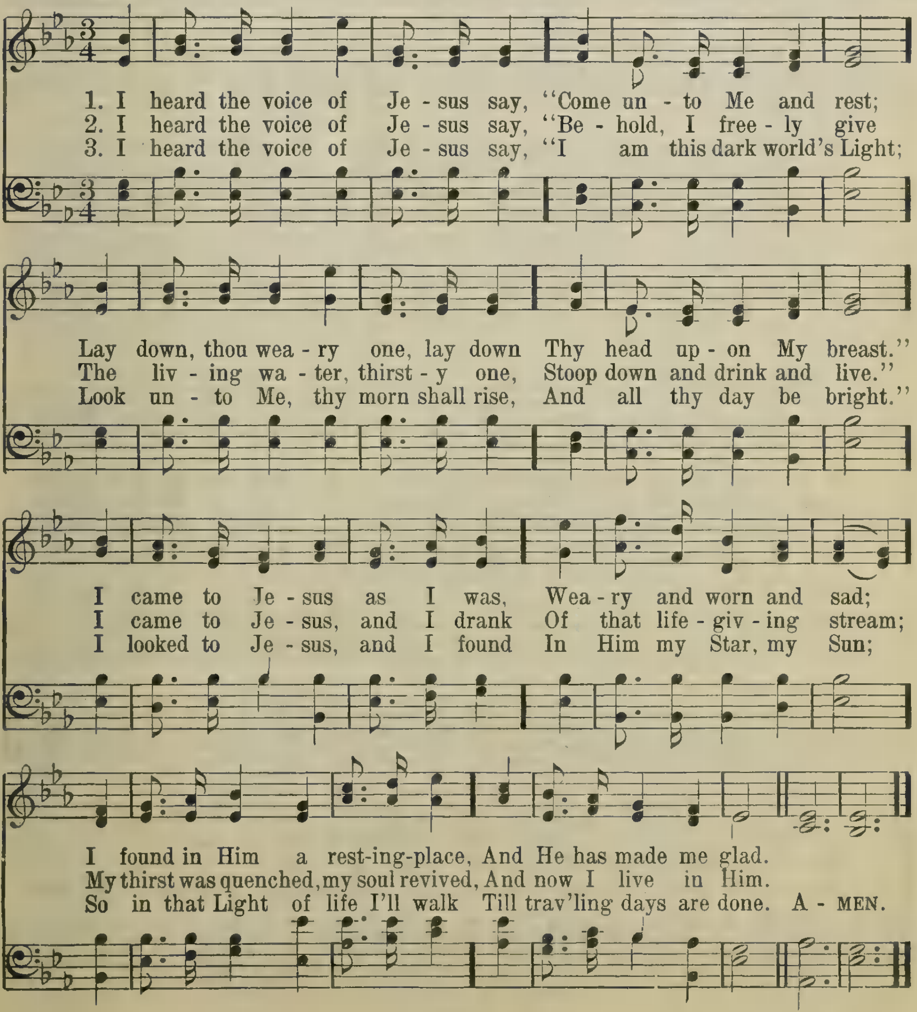
English Melody. Arr. by E. Hanks.


1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, And all my sor - rows borne, In temp-
3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for - sake me here, While I
fair - est of ten thou-sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val - ley," In
ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, And
live by faith and do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've
Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul will fill.
In sor - row He's my com-fort, In troub-le He's my stay, He
Tho' all the world for-sake me, And Sa - tan tempts me sore, Through
Then sweep-ing up to glo - ry, To see His bless - ed face, Where
tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley, the
Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal; He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley, the
riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; He's the "Lil - y of the Val-ley, the


Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul. A-MEN.

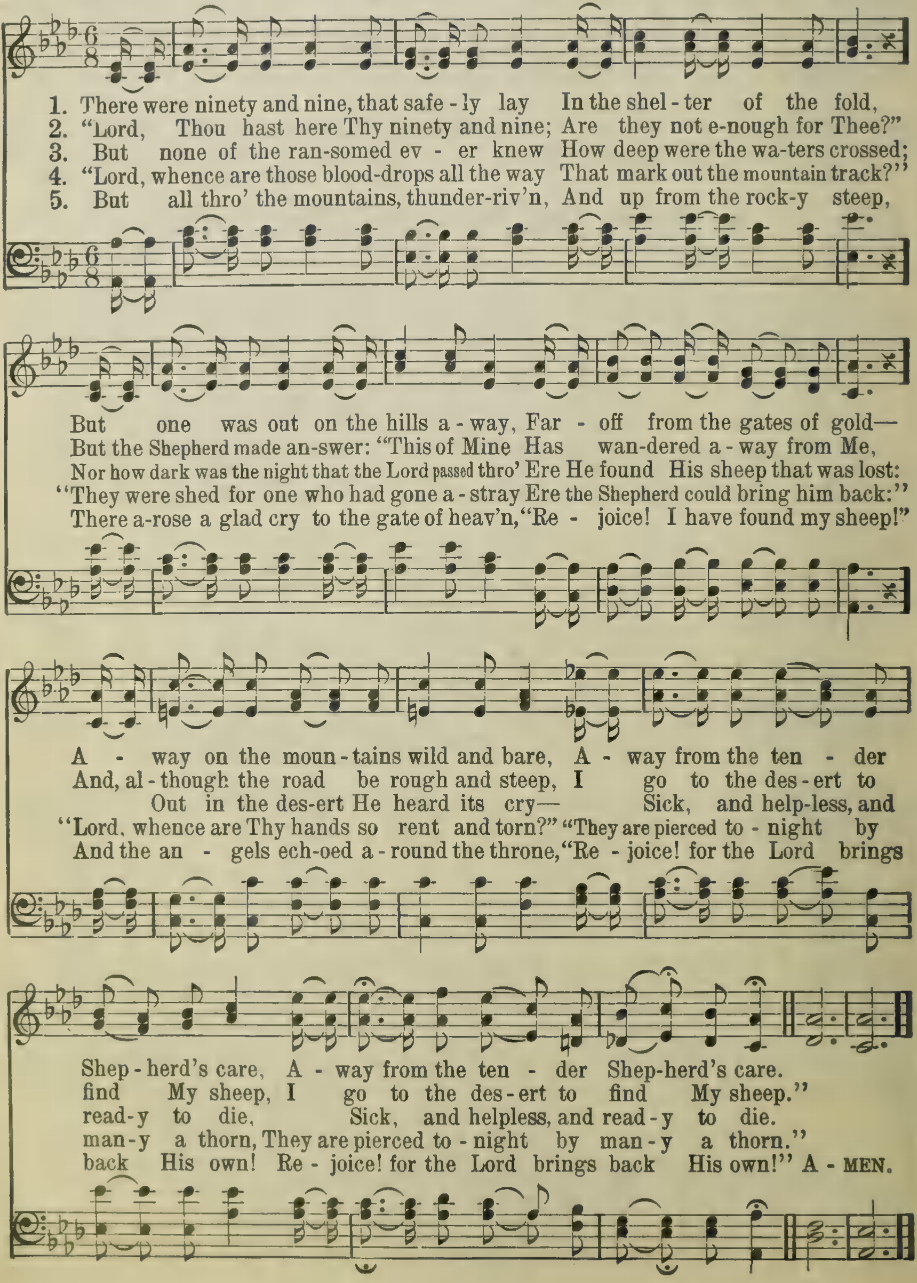
270 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar, 1846. (VARINA. C. M.) Johann C. H. Rink, 1770–1846.


1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Be-hold, I free-ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
Lay down, thou wea-ry one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast."
The liv-ing wa-ter, thirst-y one, Stoop down and drink and live."
Look un-to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-ry and worn and sad;
I came to Je-sus, and I drank Of that life-giv-ing stream;
I looked to Je-sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
So in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done. A-MEN.

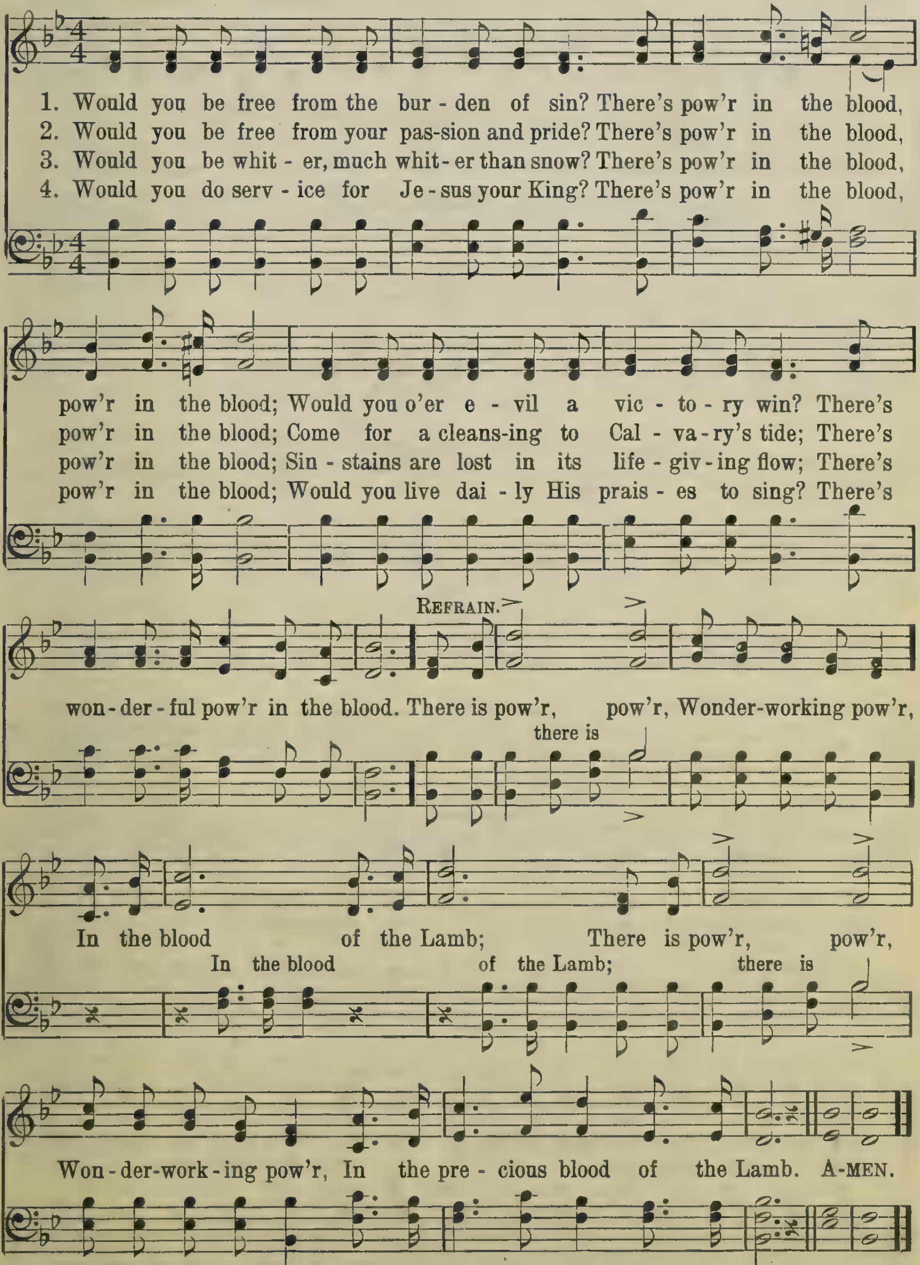
271 There Were Ninety and Nine

Elizabeth C. Clephane. (THE NINETY AND NINE.) Ira D. Sankey.


1. There were ninety and nine, that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold,
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e-nough for Thee?"
3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How deep were the wa-ters crossed;
4. "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way That mark out the mountain track?"
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riv'n, And up from the rock-y steep,
But one was out on the hills a - way, Far - off from the gates of gold—
But the Shepherd made an-swer: "This of Mine Has wan-dered a - way from Me,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thro' Ere He found His sheep that was lost:
"They were shed for one who had gone a - stray Ere the Shepherd could bring him back:"
There a-rose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n, "Re - joice! I have found my sheep!"
A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
And, al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the des - ert to
Out in the des-ert He heard its cry— Sick, and help-less, and
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to - night by
And the an - gels ech-oed a - round the throne, "Re - joice! for the Lord brings
Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care.
find My sheep, I go to the des - ert to find My sheep."
read - y to die, Sick, and helpless, and read - y to die.
man - y a thorn, They are pierced to - night by man - y a thorn."
back His own! Re - joice! for the Lord brings back His own!" A - MEN.

272 Would You Be Free From the Burden?

L. E. J. (THERE IS POWER IN THE BLOOD.) L. E. Jones.


1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit - er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r,
REFRAIN.
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is
Won - der-work - ing pow'r, In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A-MEN.

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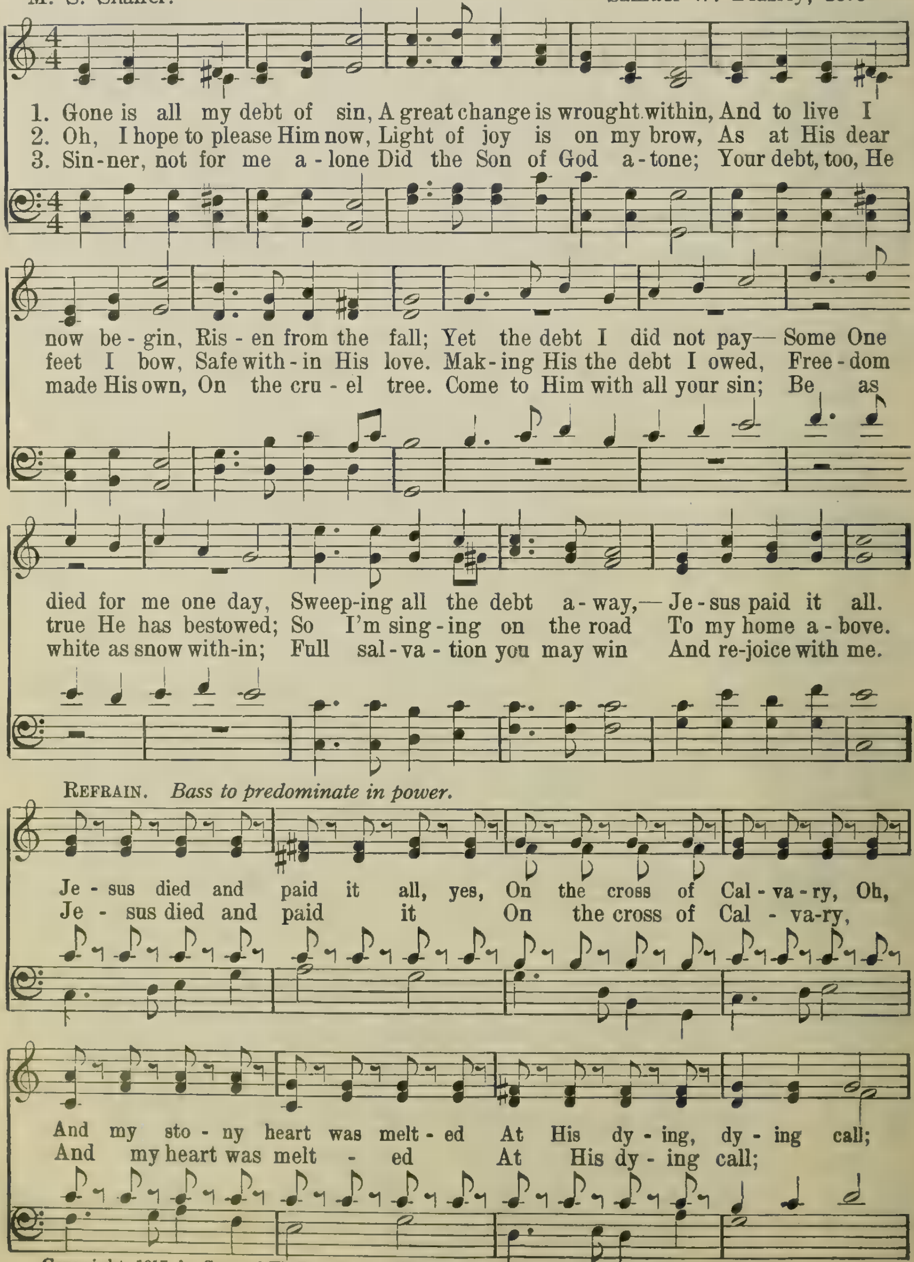
273

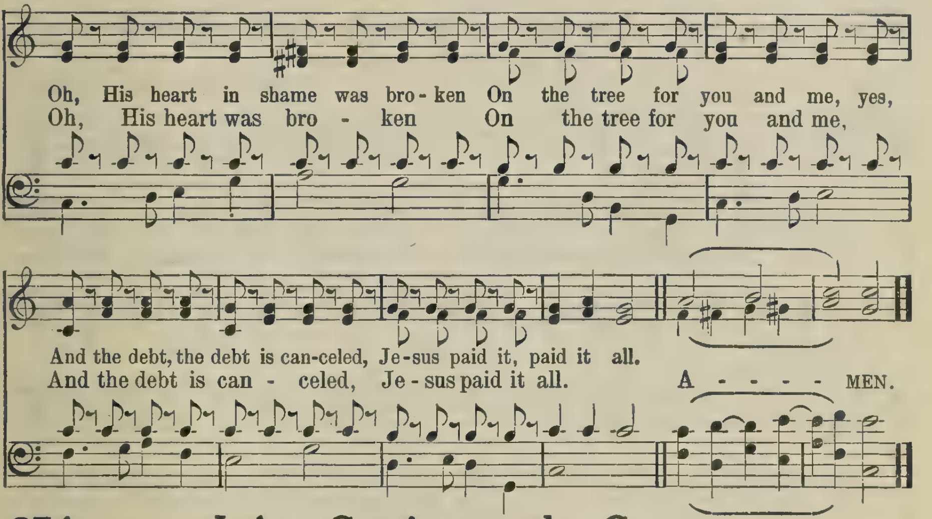
Gone is All My Debt of Sin

(JESUS PAID IT ALL.)

M. S. Shaffer. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

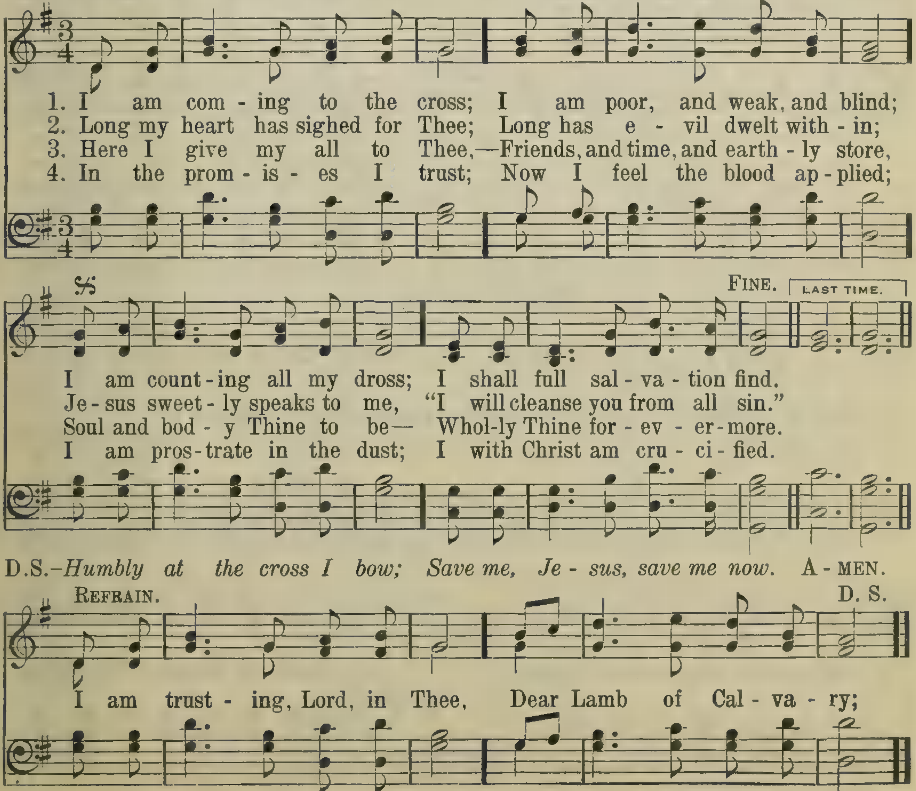

REFRAIN. *Bass to predominate in power.*
1. Gone is all my debt of sin, A great change is wrought within, And to live I now be - gin, Ris - en from the fall; Yet the debt I did not pay— Some One died for me one day, Sweep-ing all the debt a - way,— Je - sus paid it all.
2. Oh, I hope to please Him now, Light of joy is on my brow, As at His dear feet I bow, Safe with - in His love. Mak - ing His the debt I owed, Free - dom true He has bestowed; So I'm sing - ing on the road To my home a - bove.
3. Sin - ner, not for me a - lone Did the Son of God a - tone; Your debt, too, He made His own, On the cru - el tree. Come to Him with all your sin; Be as white as snow with-in; Full sal - va - tion you may win And re-joice with me.
Je - sus died and paid it all, yes, On the cross of Cal - va - ry, Oh, And my sto - ny heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing, dy - ing call;
Je - sus died and paid it On the cross of Cal - va-ry, And my heart was melt - ed At His dy - ing call;

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."


Oh, His heart in shame was bro-ken On the tree for you and me, yes,
Oh, His heart was bro - ken On the tree for you and me,
And the debt, the debt is can-celed, Je-sus paid it, paid it all.
And the debt is can - celed, Je-sus paid it all.
A - - - - MEN.

274 I Am Coming to the Cross

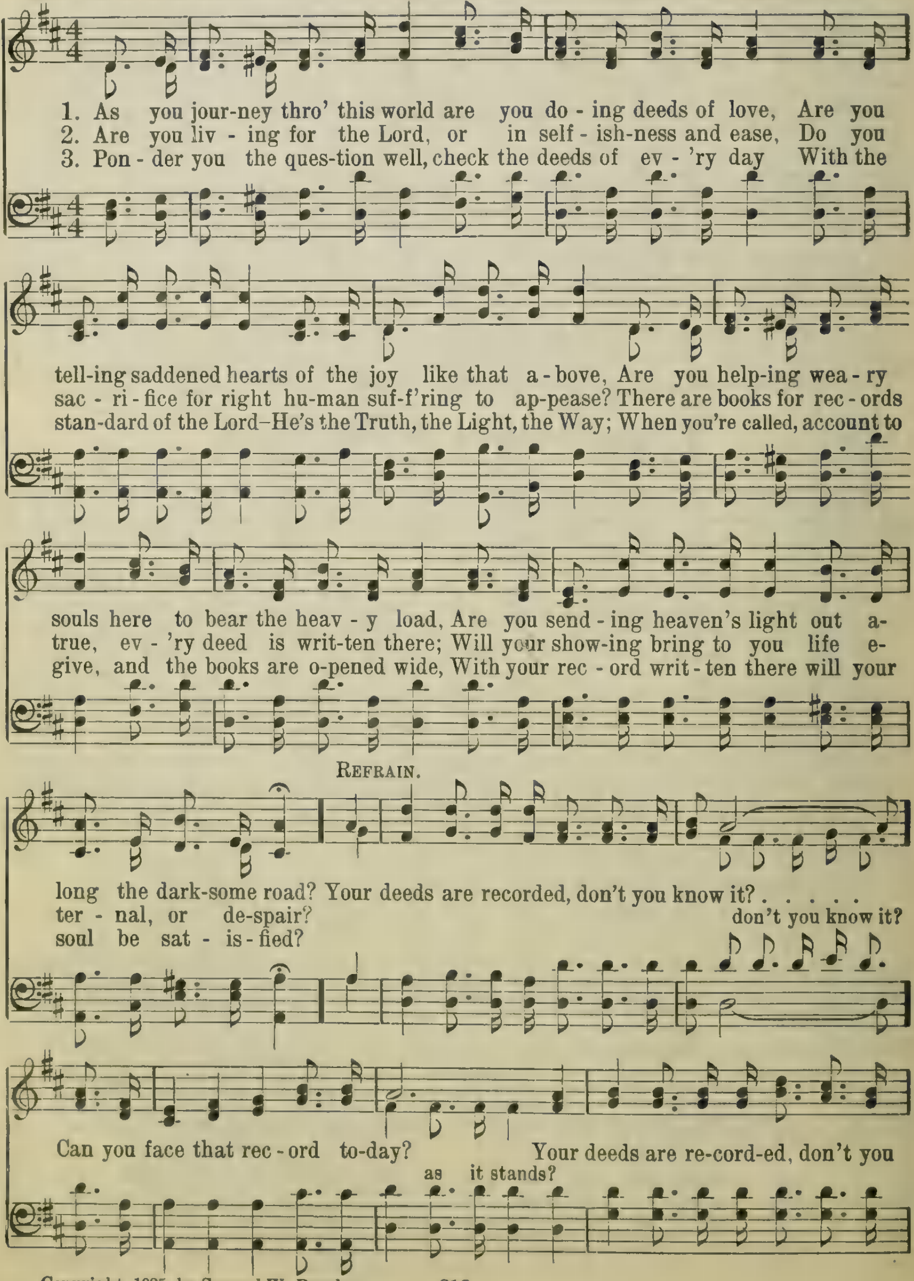
W. H. McDonald, 1869. (TRUSTING. 7s.) Wm. G. Fischer.


1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee,—Friends, and time, and earth - ly store,
4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;
I am count-ing all my dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be— Whol-ly Thine for - ev - er-more.
I am pros-trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.
FINE.
LAST TIME.
D.S.-Humbly at the cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now. A - MEN.
REFRAIN.
I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D. S.

275 As You Journey Through This World

(YOUR DEEDS ARE RECORDED.)

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. REV. 20: 12. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. As you jour-ney thro' this world are you do - ing deeds of love, Are you
2. Are you liv - ing for the Lord, or in self - ish-ness and ease, Do you
3. Pon - der you the ques-tion well, check the deeds of ev - 'ry day With the
tell-ing saddened hearts of the joy like that a - bove, Are you help-ing wea - ry
sac - ri - fice for right hu-man suf-f'ring to ap-pease? There are books for rec - ords
stan-dard of the Lord–He's the Truth, the Light, the Way; When you're called, account to
souls here to bear the heav - y load, Are you send - ing heaven's light out a-
true, ev - 'ry deed is writ-ten there; Will your show-ing bring to you life e-
give, and the books are o-pened wide, With your rec - ord writ - ten there will your
REFRAIN.
long the dark-some road? Your deeds are recorded, don't you know it? . . . . .
ter - nal, or de-spair? don't you know it?
soul be sat - is - fied?
Can you face that rec - ord to-day? Your deeds are re-cord-ed, don't you
as it stands?

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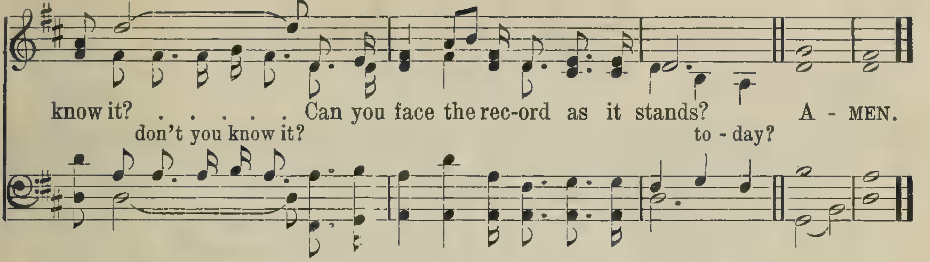
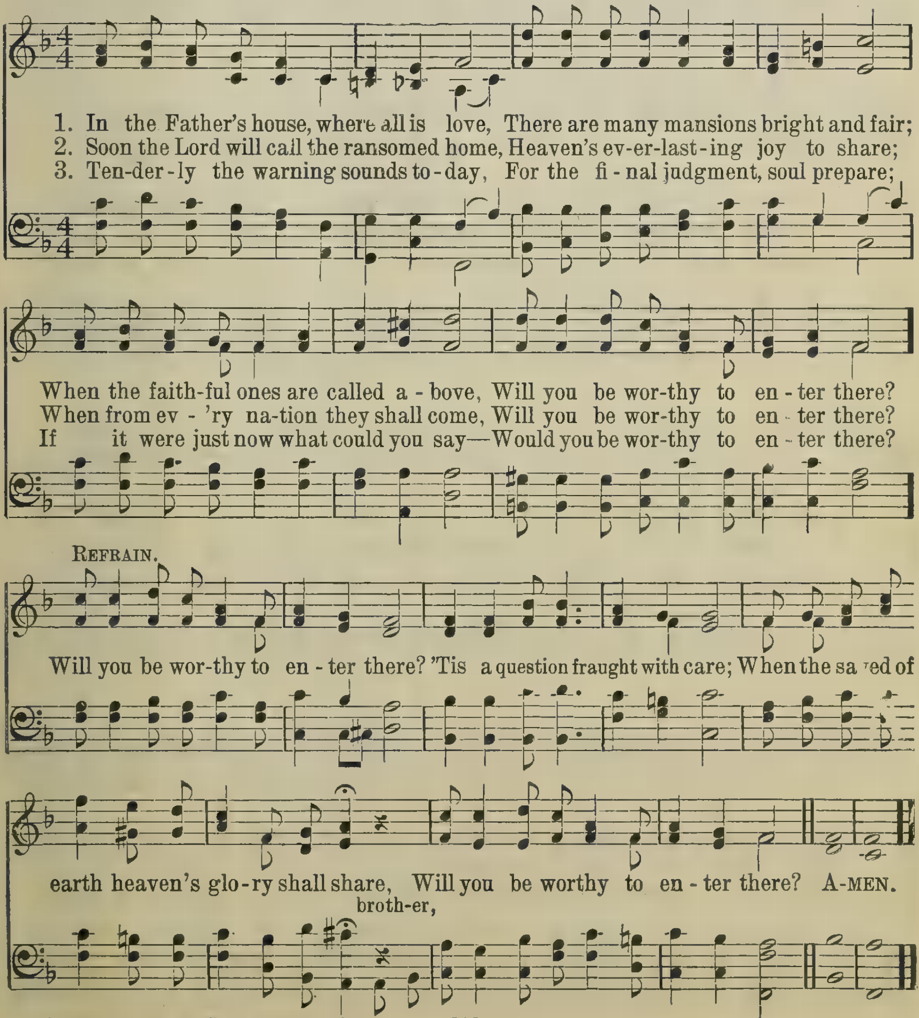

know it? . . . . . . Can you face the rec-ord as it stands? A - MEN.
don't you know it? to - day?

276 In the Father's House

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. (Will You Be Worthy?) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. In the Father's house, where all is love, There are many mansions bright and fair;
2. Soon the Lord will call the ransomed home, Heaven's ev-er-last-ing joy to share;
3. Ten-der-ly the warning sounds to-day, For the fi-nal judgment, soul prepare;
When the faith-ful ones are called a-bove, Will you be wor-thy to en-ter there?
When from ev-'ry na-tion they shall come, Will you be wor-thy to en-ter there?
If it were just now what could you say—Would you be wor-thy to en-ter there?
Refrain.
Will you be wor-thy to en-ter there? 'Tis a question fraught with care; When the saved of
earth heaven's glo-ry shall share, Will you be worthy to en-ter there? A-MEN.
broth-er,

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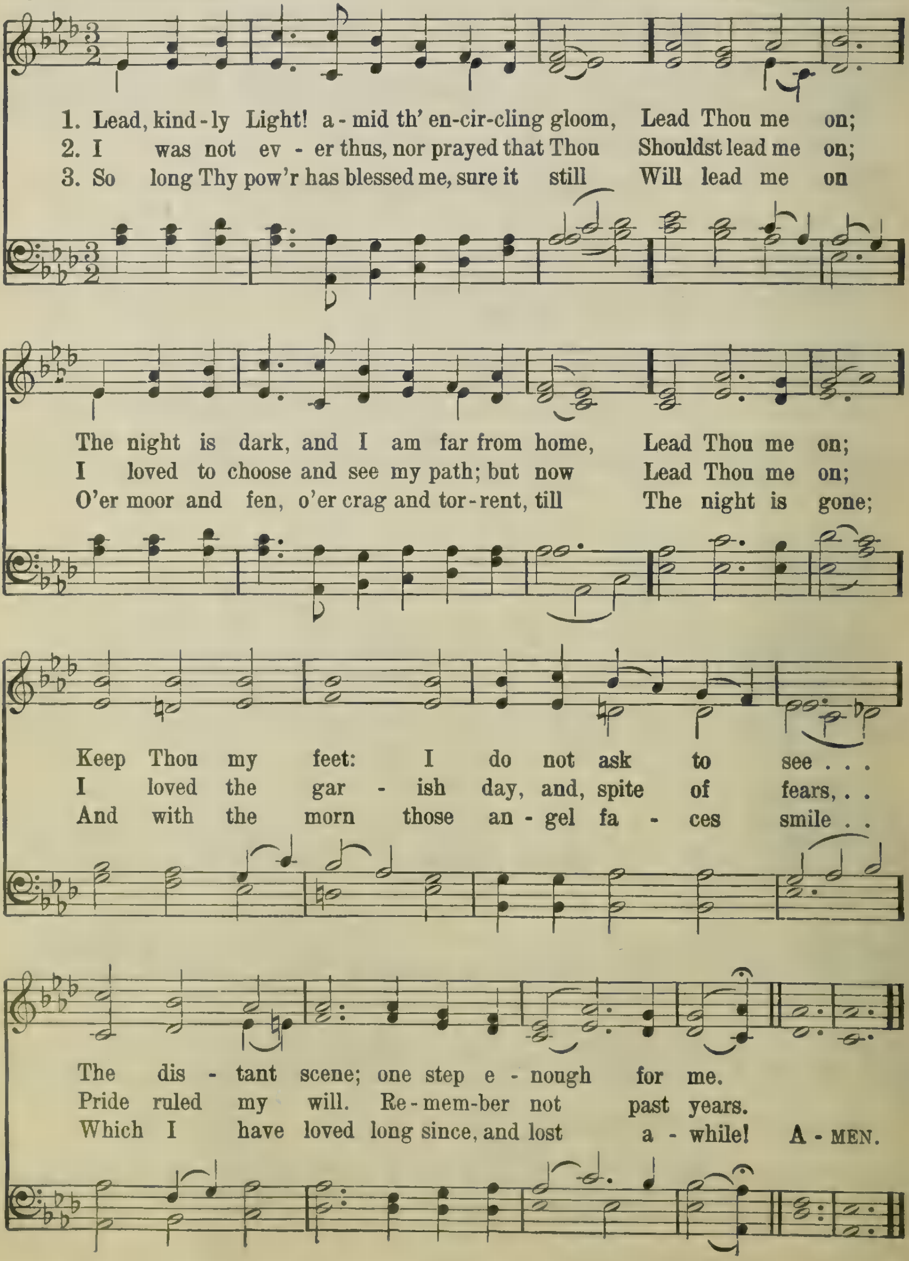
277 Lead, Kindly Light!

(LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.)

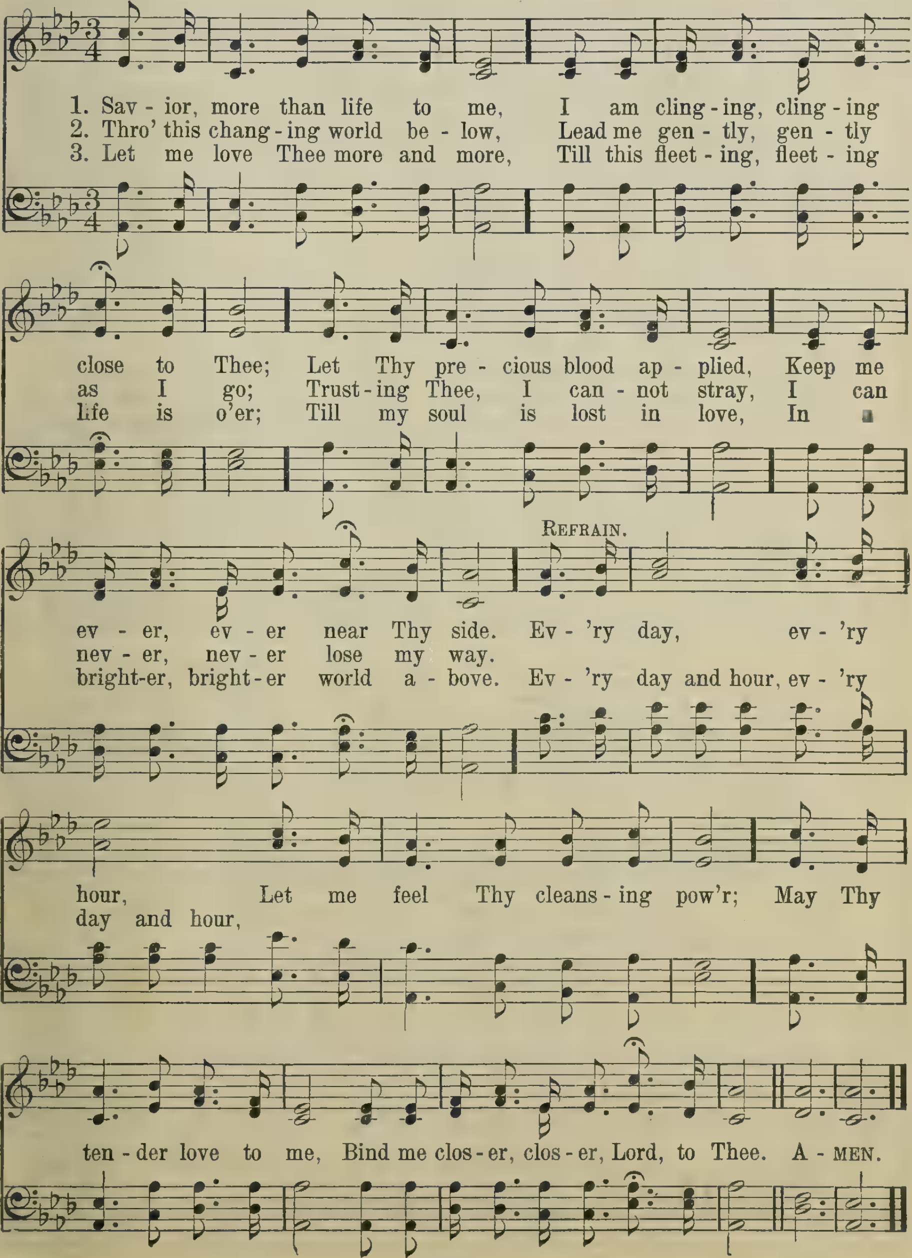
J. H. Newman, 1833. Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

278 Savior, More Than Life to Me

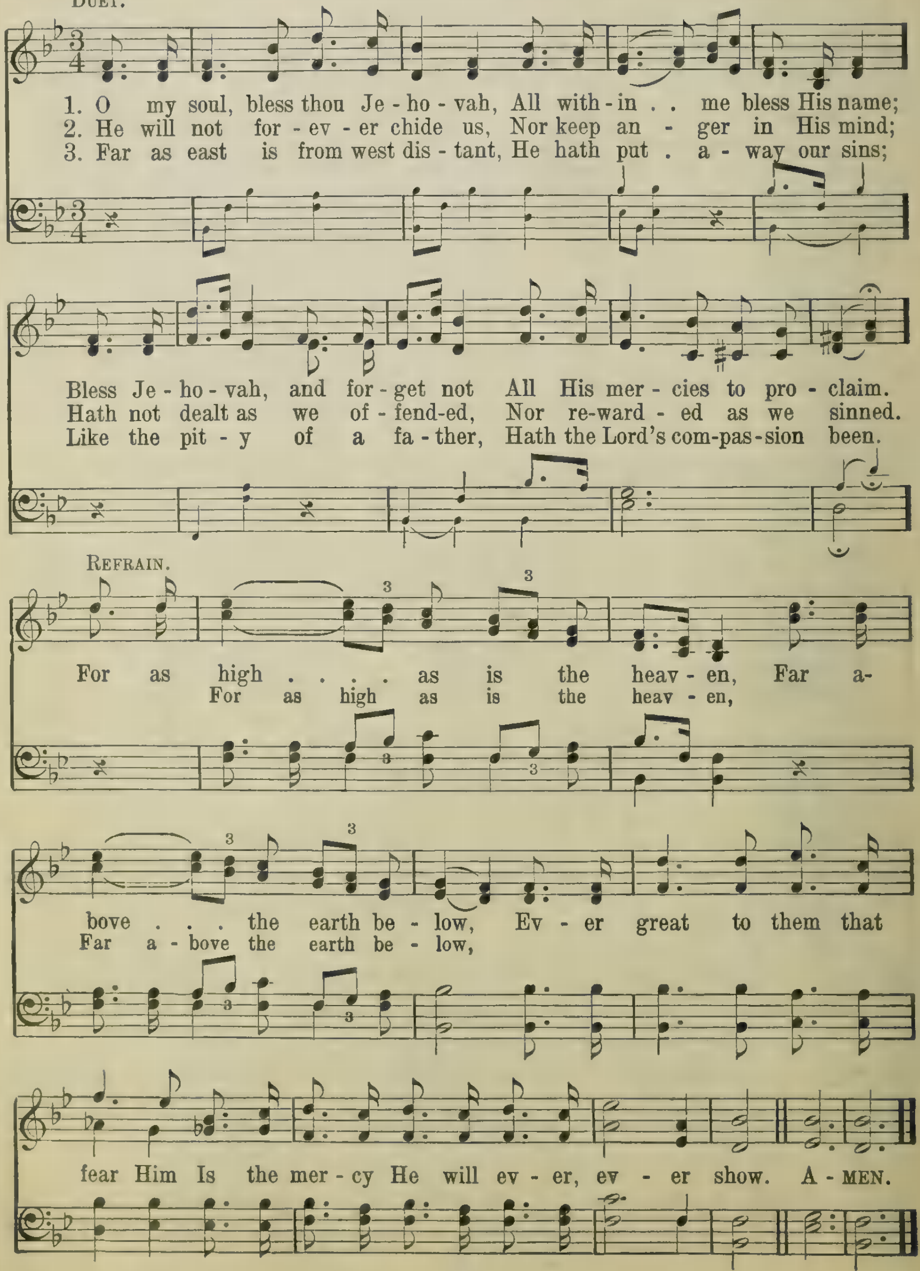
(EVERY DAY AND HOUR. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875. W. H. Doane.


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing
close to Thee; Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me
as I go; Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can
life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in love, In a
ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
bright-er, bright - er world a - bove.
REFRAIN.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r; May Thy
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,
ten - der love to me, Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.

279 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah

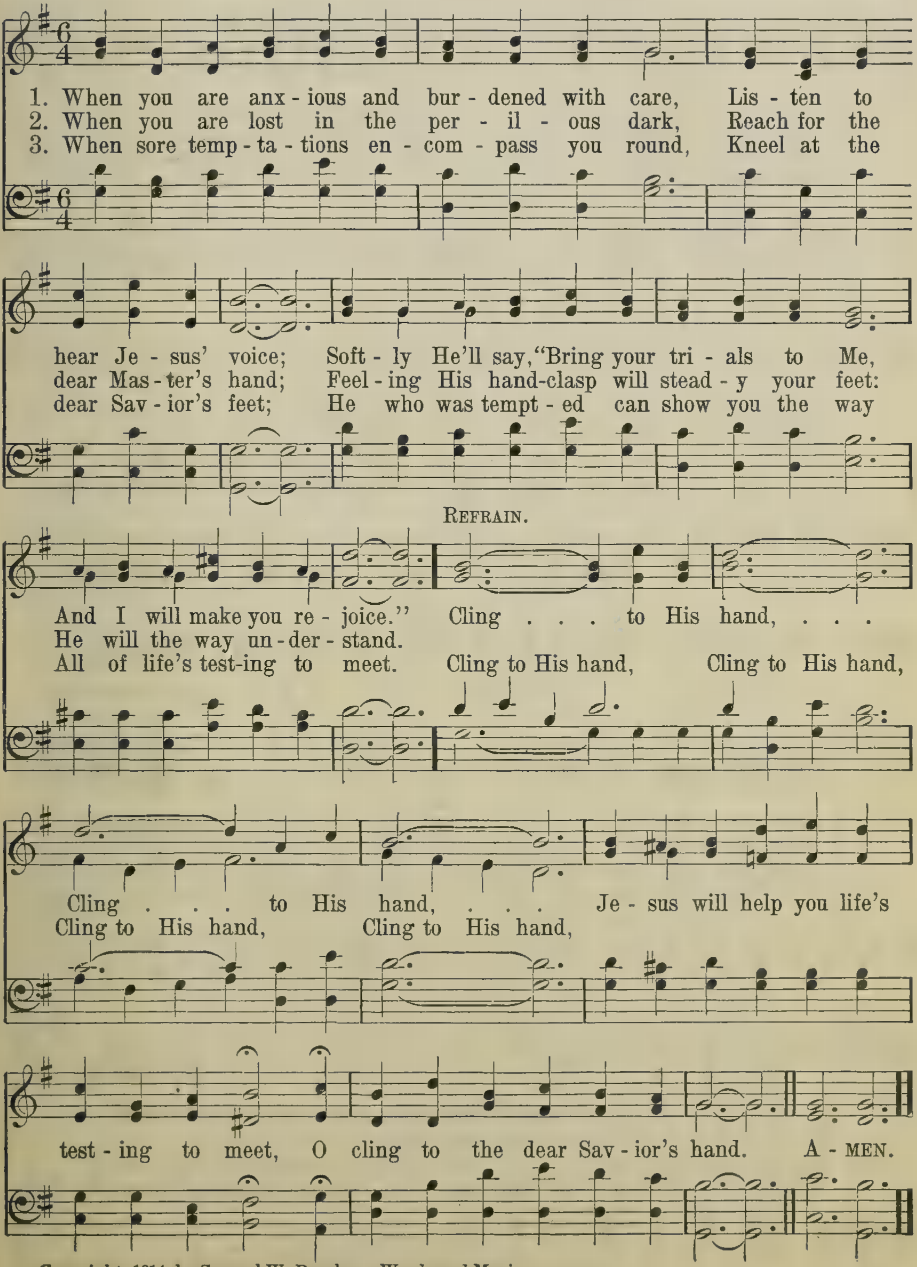
Psalm 103. (O My Soul. 8s, 7s.) From Donizetti.


Duet.
1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho-vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev-er chide us, Nor keep an-ger in His mind;
3. Far as east is from west dis-tant, He hath put . a-way our sins;
Bless Je-ho-vah, and for-get not All His mer-cies to pro-claim.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Like the pit-y of a fa-ther, Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
Refrain.
For as high . . . . as is the heav-en, Far a-
For as high as is the heav-en,
bove . . . the earth be-low, Ev-er great to them that
Far a-bove the earth be-low,
fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev-er show. A-men.

280

Cling to His Hand

Laurene Highfield. (HIGHFIELD. 10s, 7s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. When you are anx - ious and bur - dened with care, Lis - ten to hear Je - sus' voice; Soft - ly He'll say, "Bring your tri - als to Me, And I will make you re - joice."
2. When you are lost in the per - il - ous dark, Reach for the dear Mas - ter's hand; Feel - ing His hand-clasp will stead - y your feet: He will the way un - der - stand.
3. When sore temp - ta - tions en - com - pass you round, Kneel at the dear Sav - ior's feet; He who was tempt - ed can show you the way All of life's test-ing to meet.
REFRAIN.
Cling . . . to His hand, . . . Cling . . . to His hand, . . .
Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand,
Je - sus will help you life's test - ing to meet, O cling to the dear Sav - ior's hand.
A - MEN.

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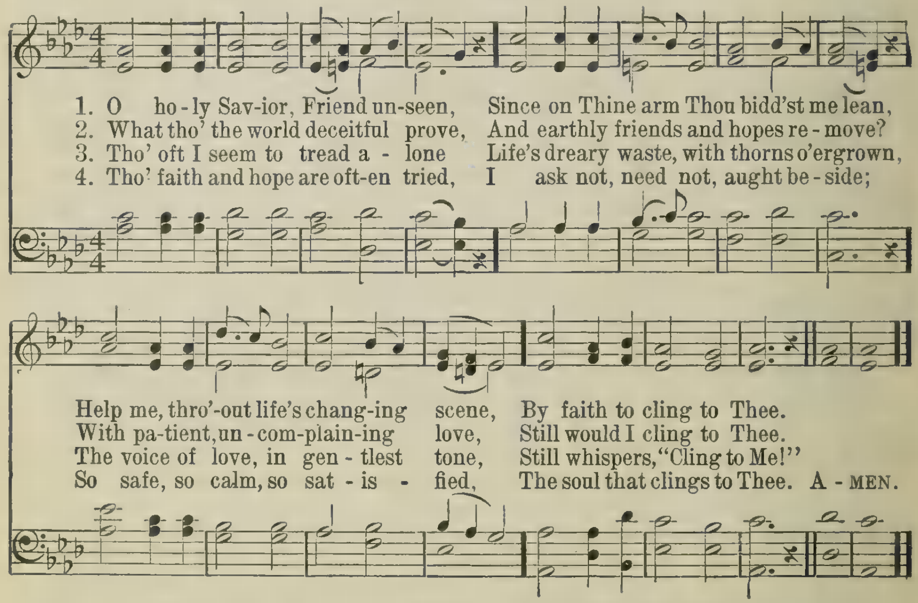
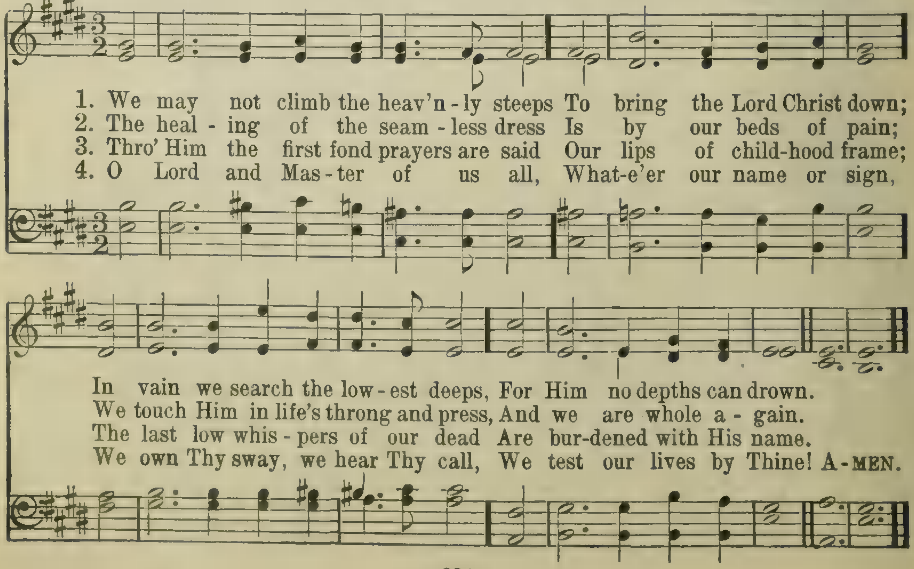
281 O Holy Savior, Friend Unseen

Miss C. Elliott, 1871. (FLEMING. 8s, 6.) F. Fleming, 1778–1813.


1. O ho-ly Sav-ior, Friend un-seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
2. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re-move?
3. Tho' oft I seem to tread a-lone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
4. Tho' faith and hope are oft-en tried, I ask not, need not, aught be-side;
Help me, thro'-out life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
With pa-tient, un-com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
The voice of love, in gen-tlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to Me!"
So safe, so calm, so sat-is-fied, The soul that clings to Thee. A-MEN.

282 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

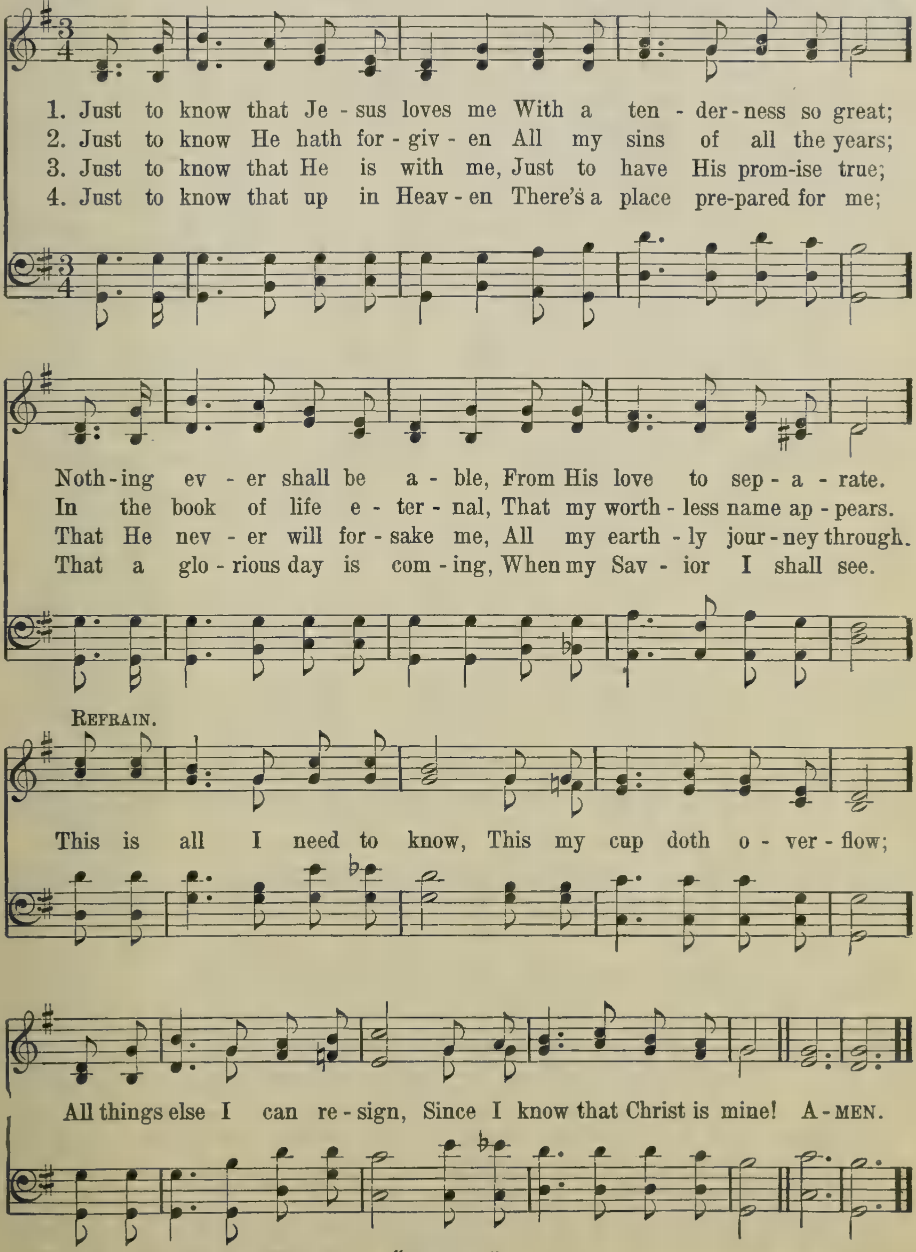
J. G. Whittier, 1802. (SERENITY. C. M.) W. V. Wallace, 1815–1866.


1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
3. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-dened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine! A-MEN.

283

Just to Know

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Just to know that Je - sus loves me With a ten - der-ness so great;
2. Just to know He hath for - giv - en All my sins of all the years;
3. Just to know that He is with me, Just to have His prom-ise true;
4. Just to know that up in Heav - en There's a place pre-pared for me;
Noth-ing ev - er shall be a - ble, From His love to sep - a - rate.
In the book of life e - ter - nal, That my worth - less name ap - pears.
That He nev - er will for - sake me, All my earth - ly jour - ney through.
That a glo - rious day is com - ing, When my Sav - ior I shall see.
Refrain.
This is all I need to know, This my cup doth o - ver - flow;
All things else I can re - sign, Since I know that Christ is mine! A - men.

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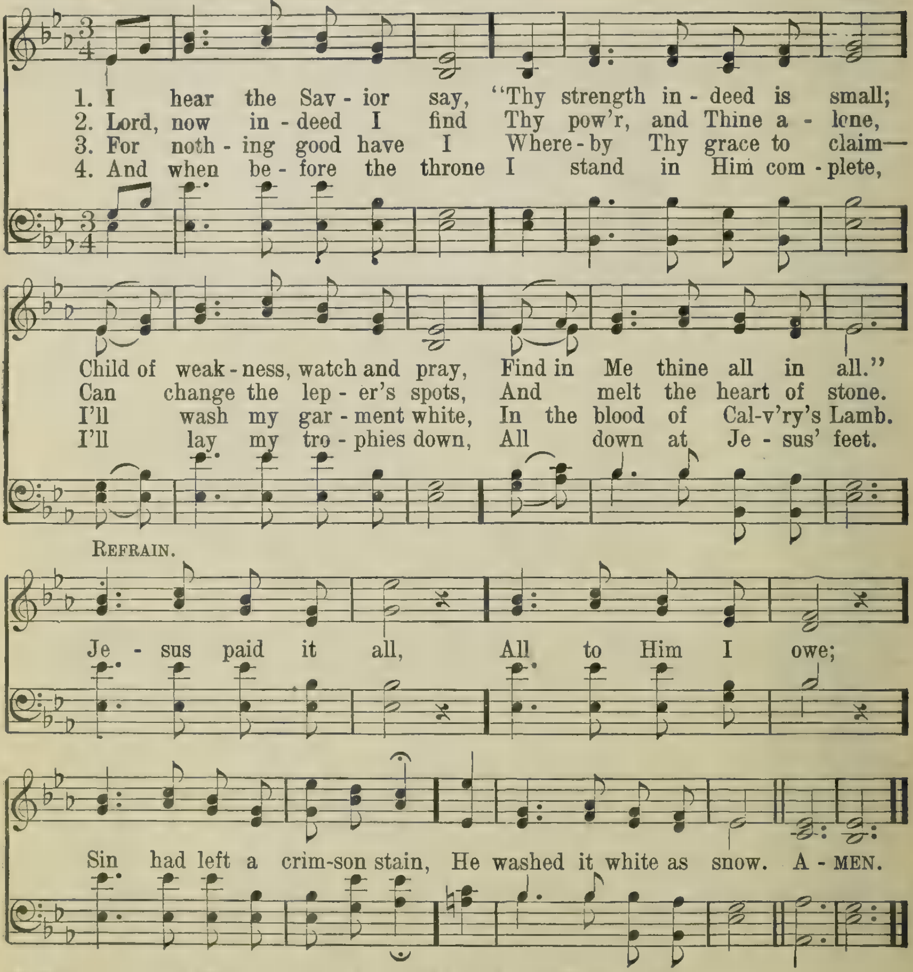
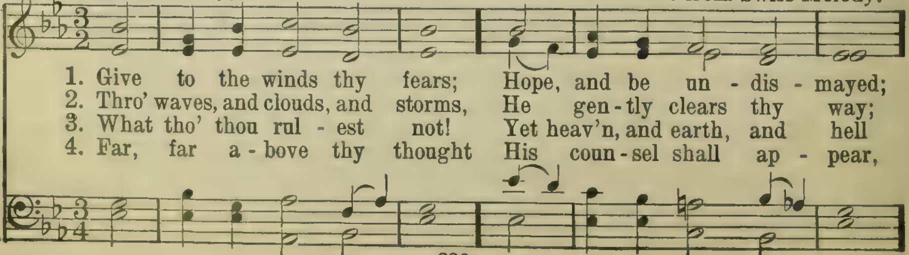
284 I Hear the Savior Say

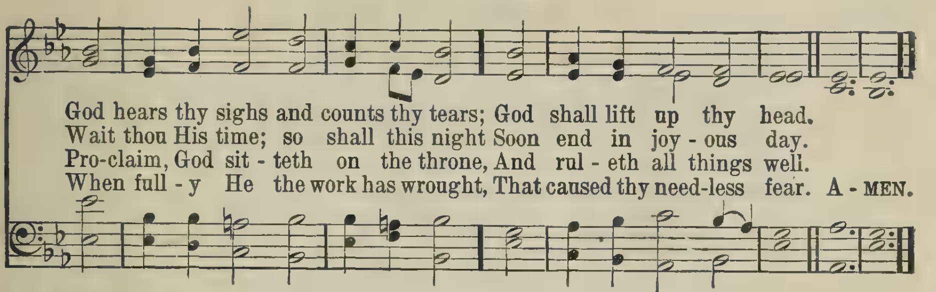
Elvina M. Hall, 1870. (JESUS PAID IT ALL. P. M.) J. T. Grape.


1. I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine alone,
3. For nothing good have I Whereby Thy grace to claim—
4. And when before the throne I stand in Him complete,
Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
Can change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garment white, In the blood of Cal-v'ry's Lamb.
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.
REFRAIN.
Jesus paid it all, All to Him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow. A - MEN.

285 Give to the Winds Thy Fears

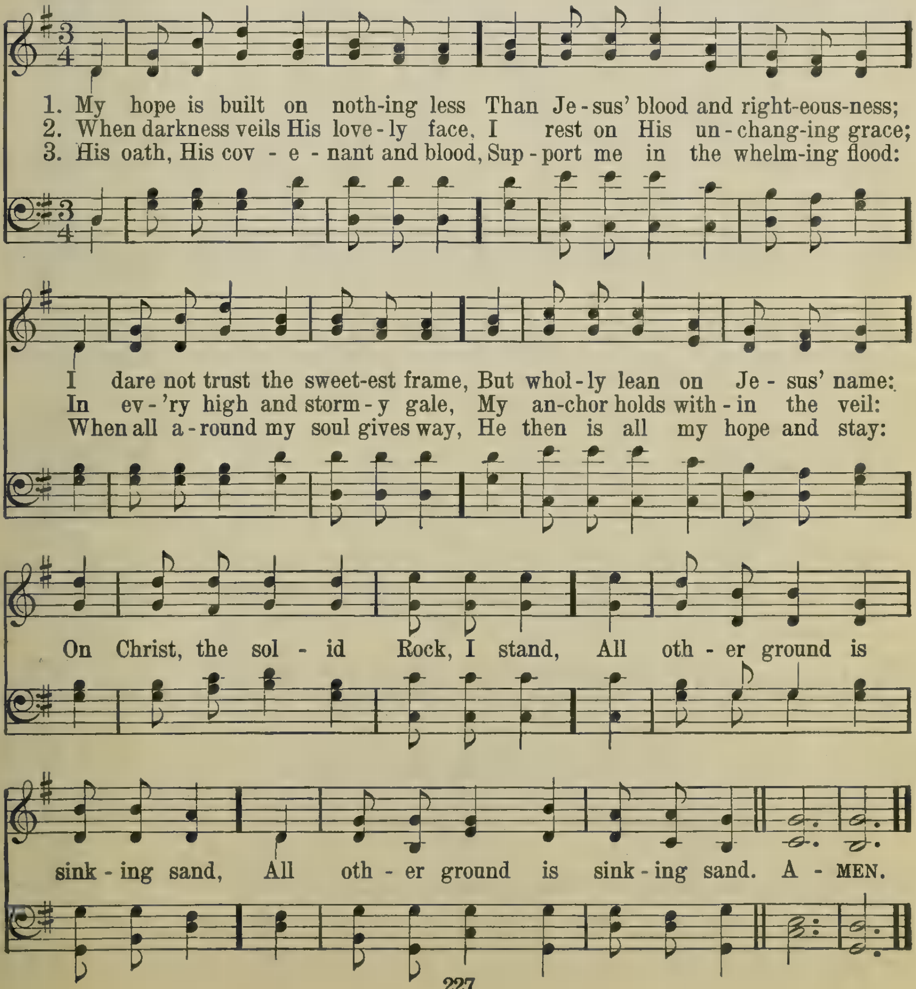
Paul Gerhardt, 1653. (NORWOOD. S. M.)
Tr. by John Wesley, 1739. Arr. from Swiss Melody.


1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be undismayed;
2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gently clears thy way;
3. What tho' thou rulest not! Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
4. Far, far above thy thought His counsel shall appear,


God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy-ous day.
Pro-claim, God sit-teth on the throne, And rul-eth all things well.
When full-y He the work has wrought, That caused thy need-less fear. A-MEN.

286 My Hope is Built On Nothing Less

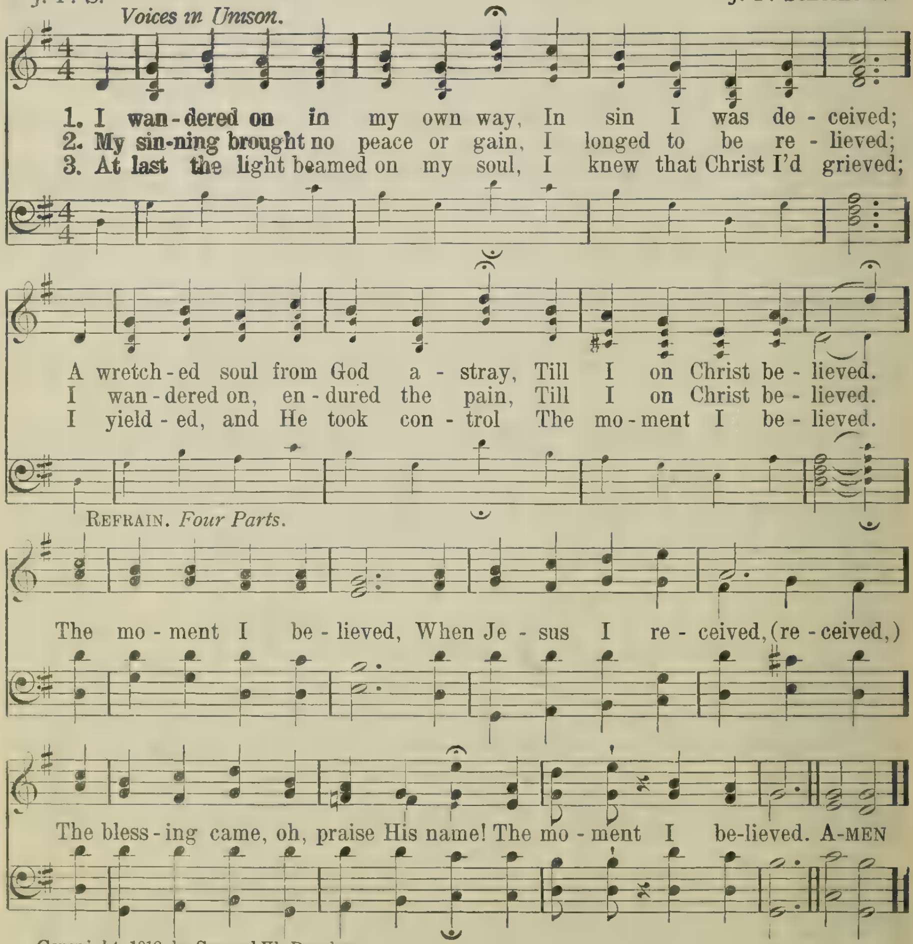
Edward Mote, 1825. (SOLID ROCK. L. M. 6 l.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant and blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood:
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name:
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil:
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

287

The Moment I Believed

J. P. S. J. P. Scholfield.


Voices in Unison.
1. I wan-dered on in my own way, In sin I was de - ceived;
2. My sin-ning brought no peace or gain, I longed to be re - lieved;
3. At last the light beamed on my soul, I knew that Christ I'd grieved;
A wretch-ed soul from God a - stray, Till I on Christ be - lieved.
I wan-dered on, en-dured the pain, Till I on Christ be - lieved.
I yield - ed, and He took con - trol The mo-ment I be - lieved.
Refrain. Four Parts.
The mo - ment I be - lieved, When Je - sus I re - ceived, (re - ceived,)
The bless - ing came, oh, praise His name! The mo - ment I be-lieved. A-men

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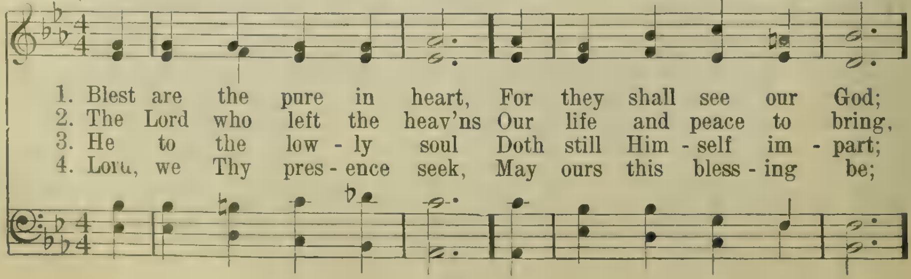
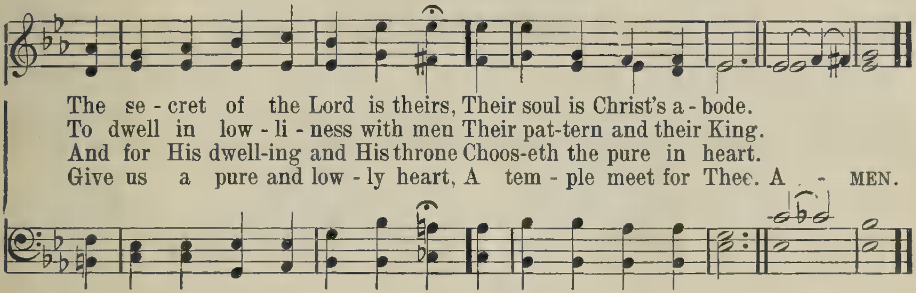
288

Blest Are the Pure in Heart

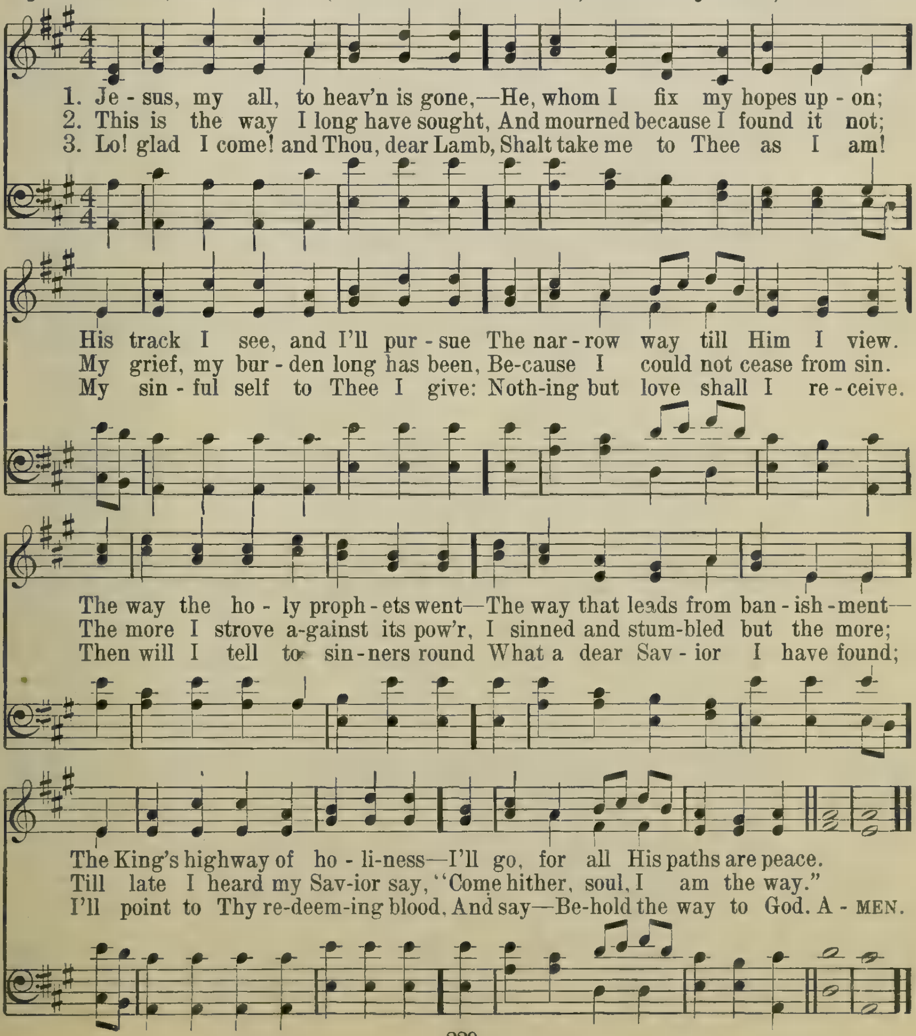
J. Keble. (Greenwood. S. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
2. The Lord who left the heav'ns Our life and peace to bring,
3. He to the low - ly soul Doth still Him - self im - part;
4. Lord, we Thy pres - ence seek, May ours this bless - ing be;


The secret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's abode.
To dwell in lowliness with men Their pattern and their King.
And for His dwelling and His throne Chooseth the pure in heart.
Give us a pure and lowly heart, A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

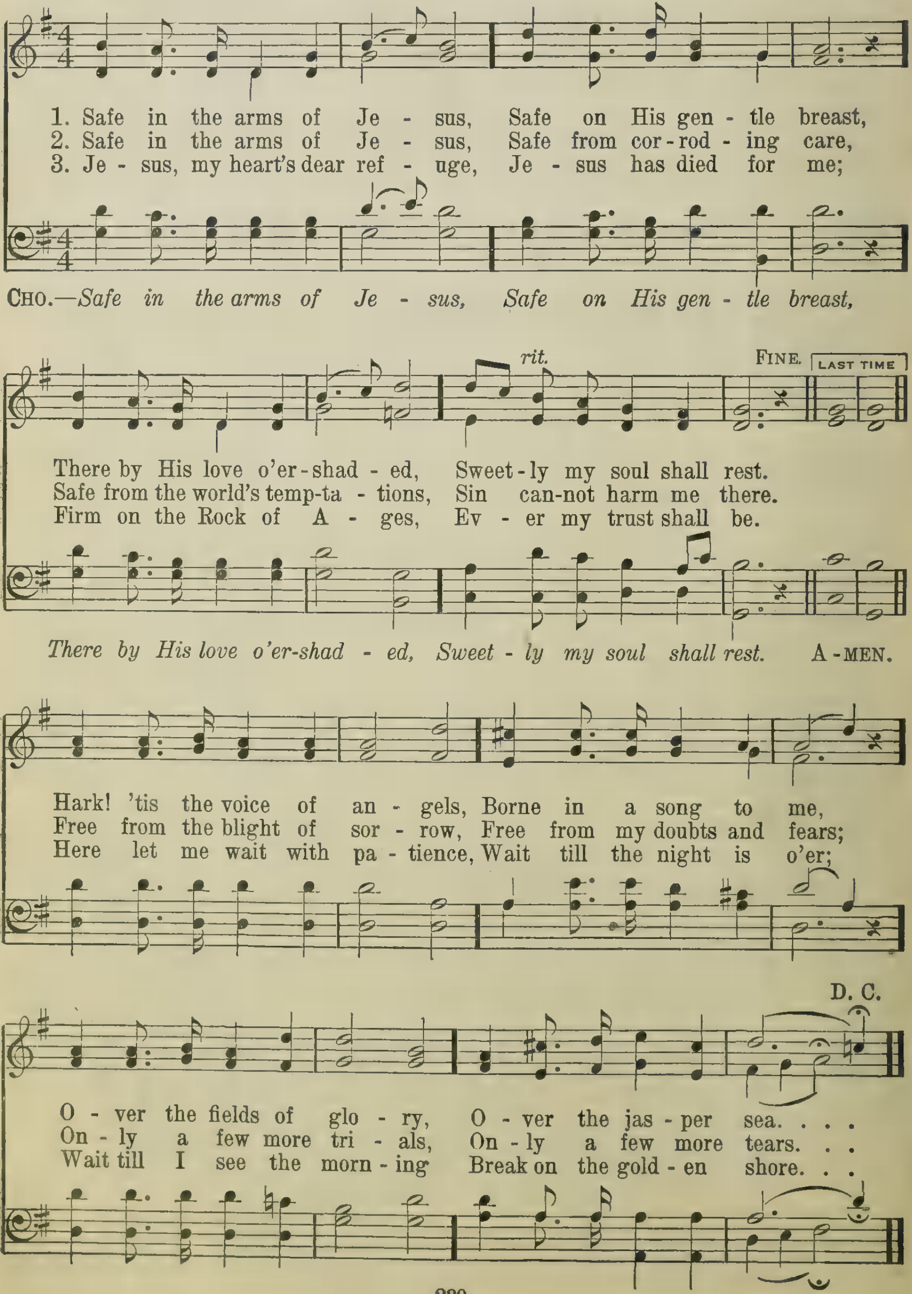
289 Jesus, My All, to Heaven is Gone

John Cennick, 1743. (Duane Street. L. M.) Rev. J. Coles, 1792–1858.


1. Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,—He, whom I fix my hopes upon;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
3. Lo! glad I come! and Thou, dear Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am!
His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till Him I view.
My grief, my burden long has been, Because I could not cease from sin.
My sinful self to Thee I give: Nothing but love shall I receive.
The way the holy prophets went—The way that leads from banishment—
The more I strove against its pow'r, I sinned and stumbled but the more;
Then will I tell to sinners round What a dear Savior I have found;
The King's highway of holiness—I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Till late I heard my Savior say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood, And say—Behold the way to God. Amen.

290 Safe in the Arms of Jesus

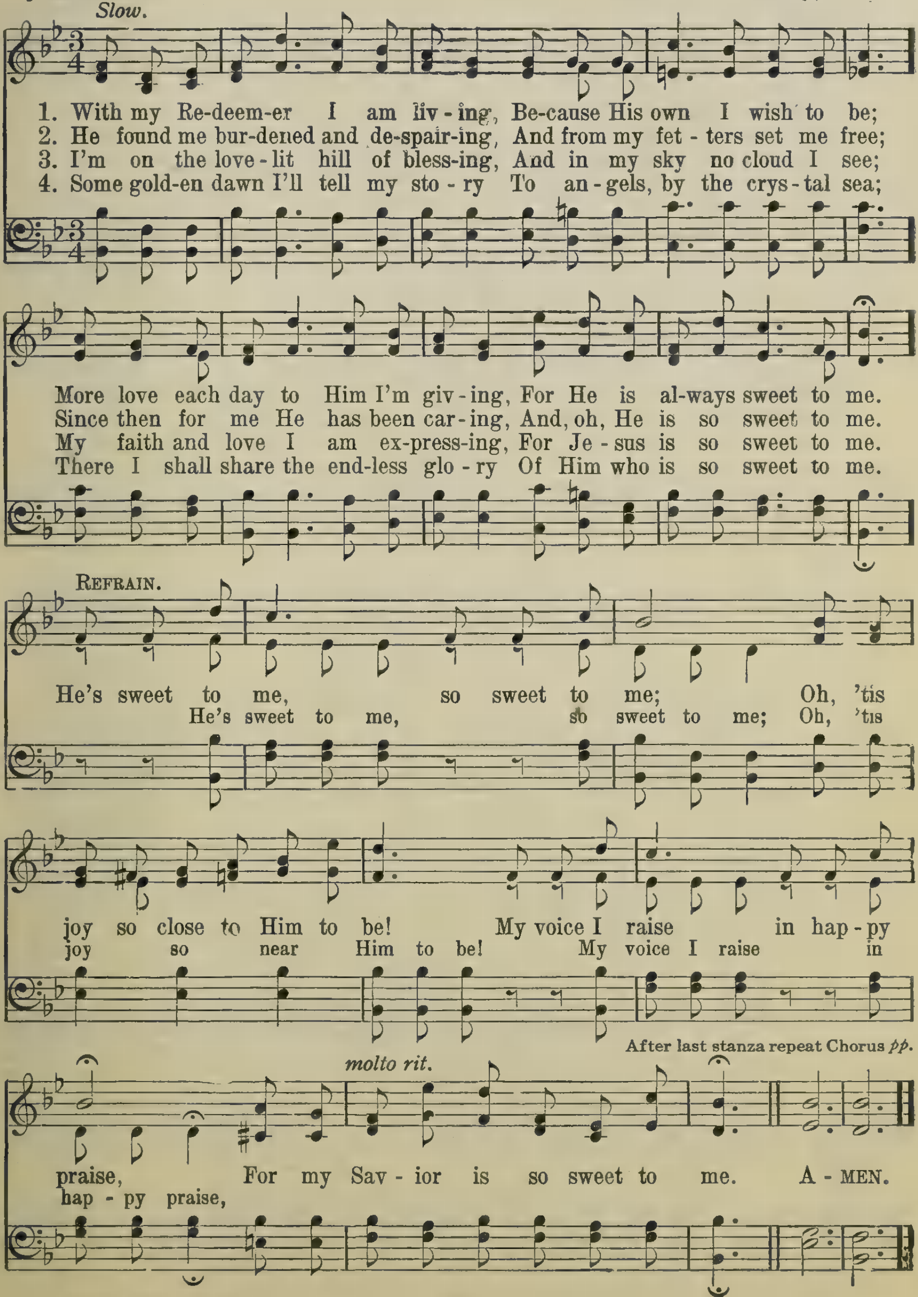
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868. (7s, 6s.) W. H. Doane.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;
Cho.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
rit.
Fine.
Last time
There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.
There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
A - men.
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;
D. C.
O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears. . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. . .

291

He's So Sweet to Me

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


Slow.
1. With my Re-deem-er I am liv-ing, Be-cause His own I wish to be;
2. He found me bur-dened and de-spair-ing, And from my fet-ters set me free;
3. I'm on the love-lit hill of bless-ing, And in my sky no cloud I see;
4. Some gold-en dawn I'll tell my sto-ry To an-gels, by the crys-tal sea;
More love each day to Him I'm giv-ing, For He is al-ways sweet to me.
Since then for me He has been car-ing, And, oh, He is so sweet to me.
My faith and love I am ex-press-ing, For Je-sus is so sweet to me.
There I shall share the end-less glo-ry Of Him who is so sweet to me.
REFRAIN.
He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis joy so close to Him to be! My voice I raise in hap-py praise, For my Sav-ior is so sweet to me. A-MEN.
He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis joy so near Him to be! My voice I raise in hap-py praise,
molto rit.
After last stanza repeat Chorus pp.

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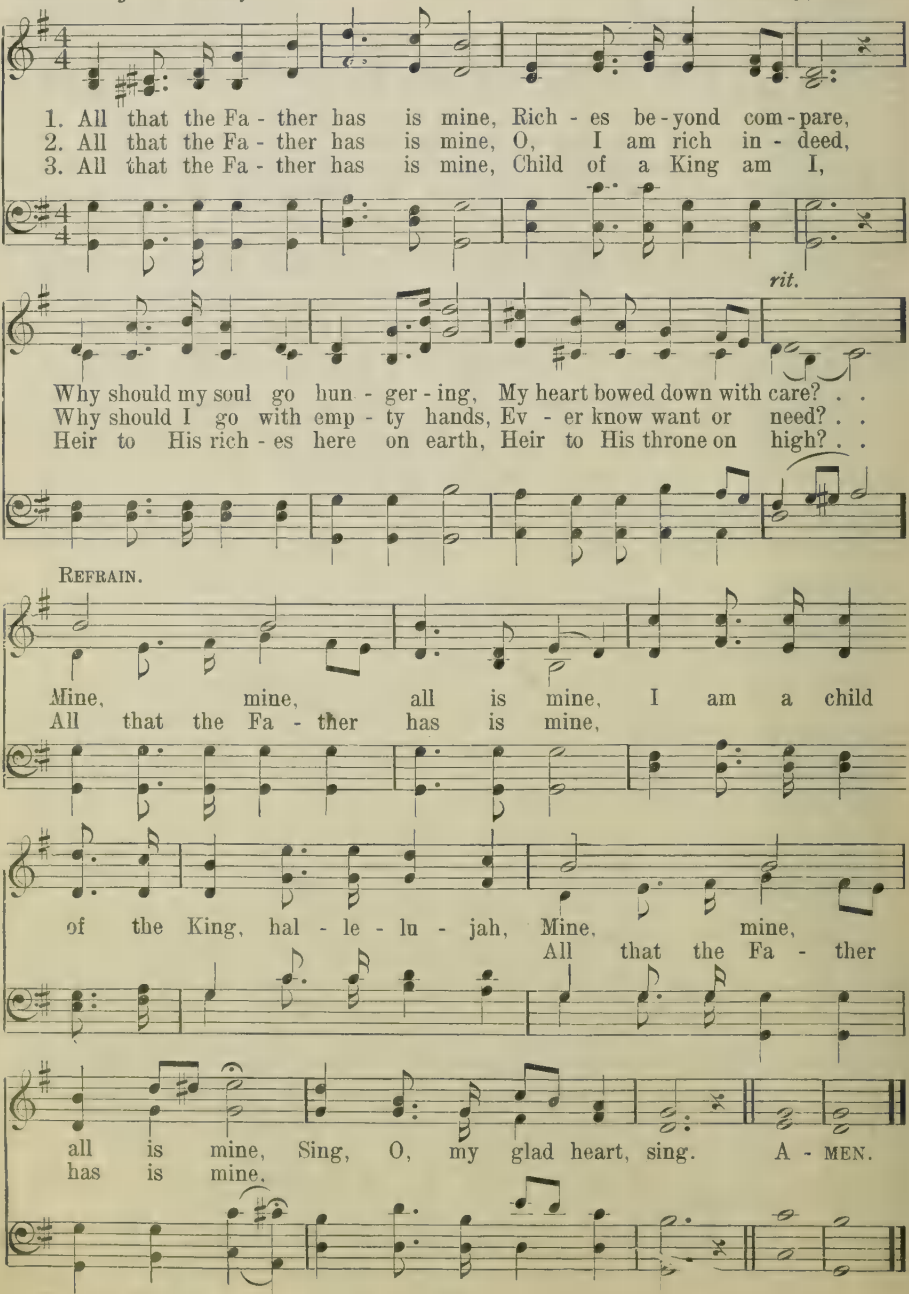
292

All is Mine

Florence Jones Hadley.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, Rich - es be - yond com - pare,
2. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, O, I am rich in - deed,
3. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, Child of a King am I,
rit.
Why should my soul go hun - ger - ing, My heart bowed down with care? . .
Why should I go with emp - ty hands, Ev - er know want or need? . .
Heir to His rich - es here on earth, Heir to His throne on high? . .
Refrain.
Mine, mine, all is mine, I am a child
All that the Fa - ther has is mine,
of the King, hal - le - lu - jah, Mine, mine,
All that the Fa - ther
all is mine, Sing, O, my glad heart, sing. A - men.
has is mine.

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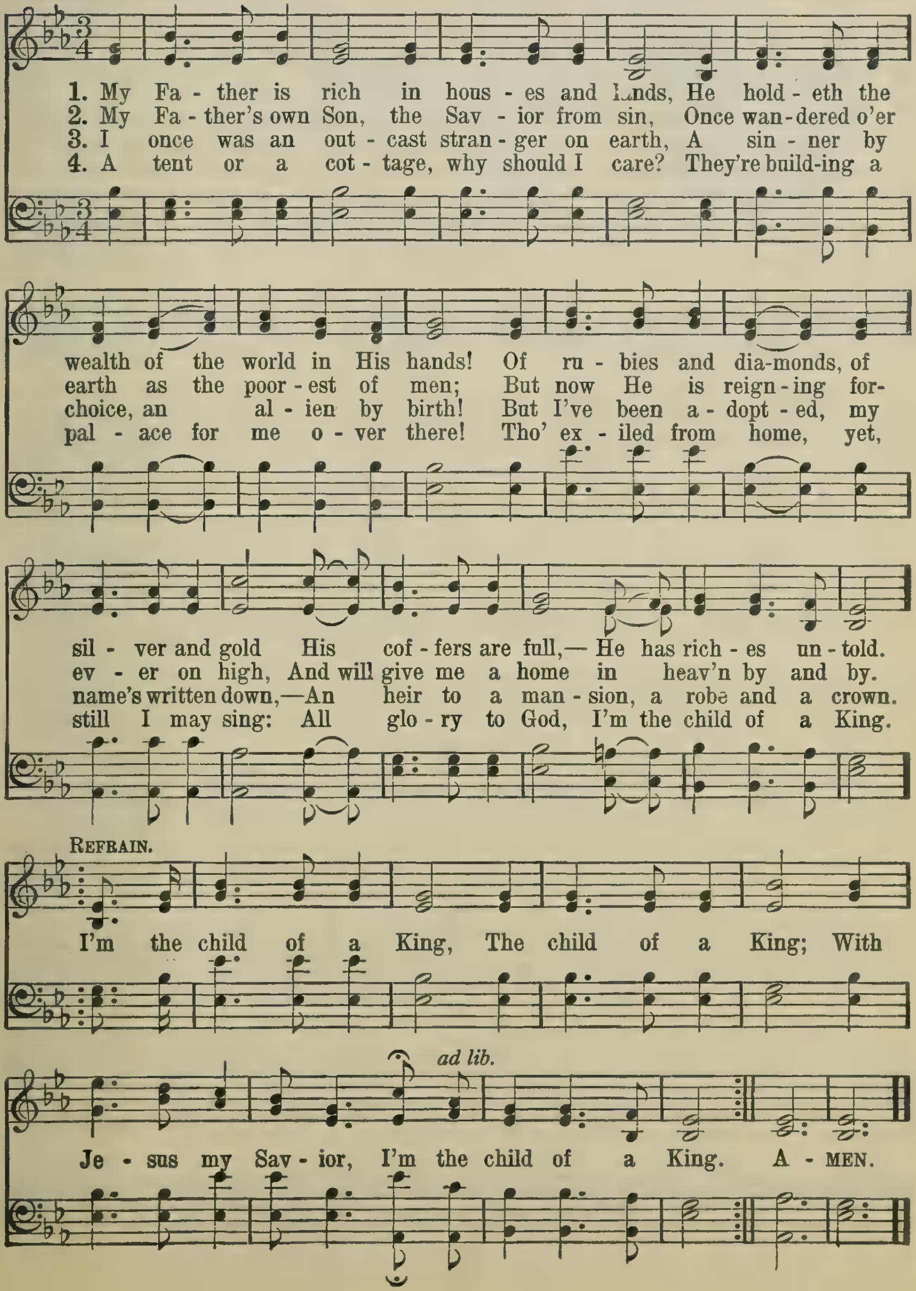
293 My Father is Rich in Houses and Lands

(THE CHILD OF A KING. 10s, 11s.)

Hattie E. Buell.

Arr. from Melody by
Rev. John B. Sumner.

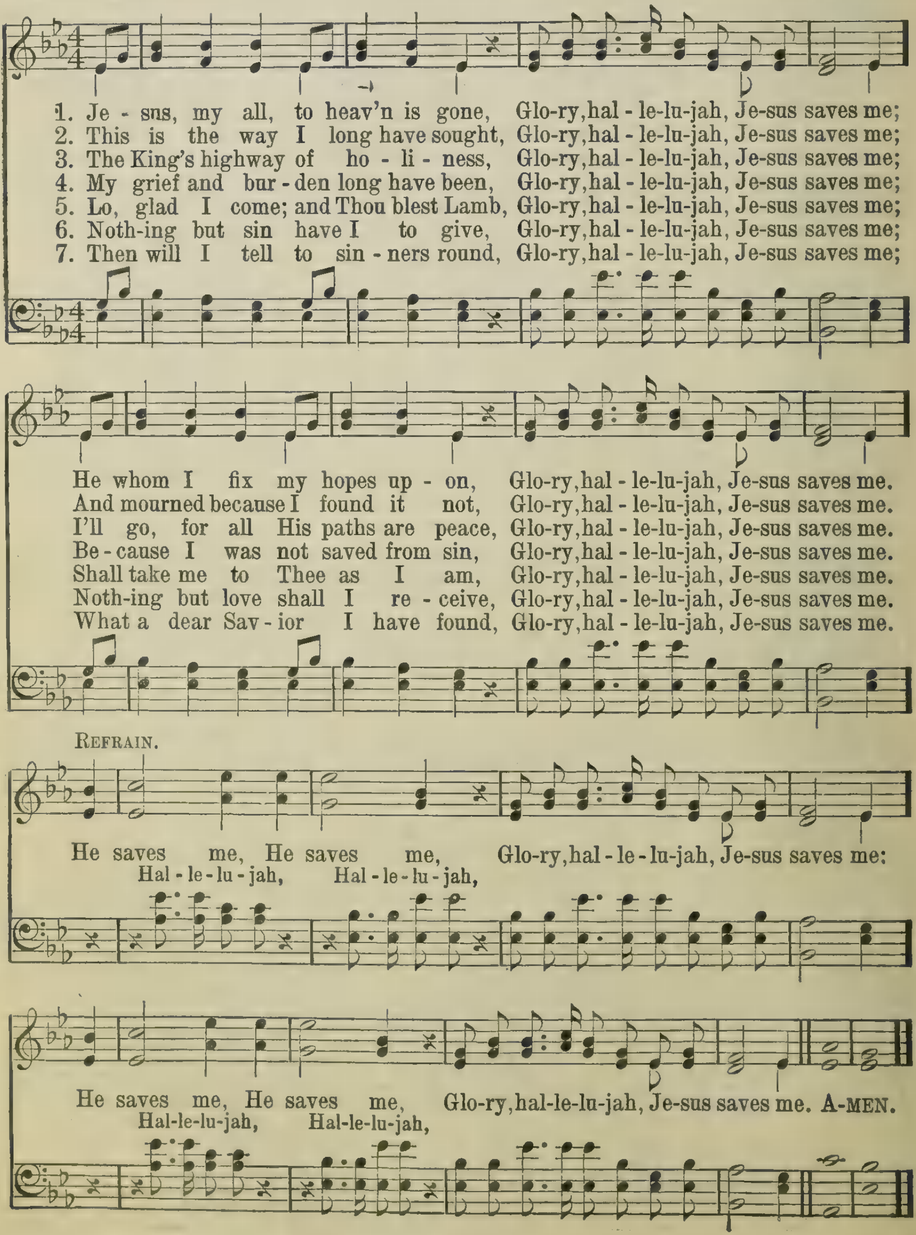

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior from sin, Once wan-dered o'er
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build-ing a
wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia-monds, of
earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for-
choice, an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet,
sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full,— He has rich - es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's written down,—An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
REFRAIN.
I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With
ad lib.
Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King. A - MEN.

294

Jesus Saves Me

"He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

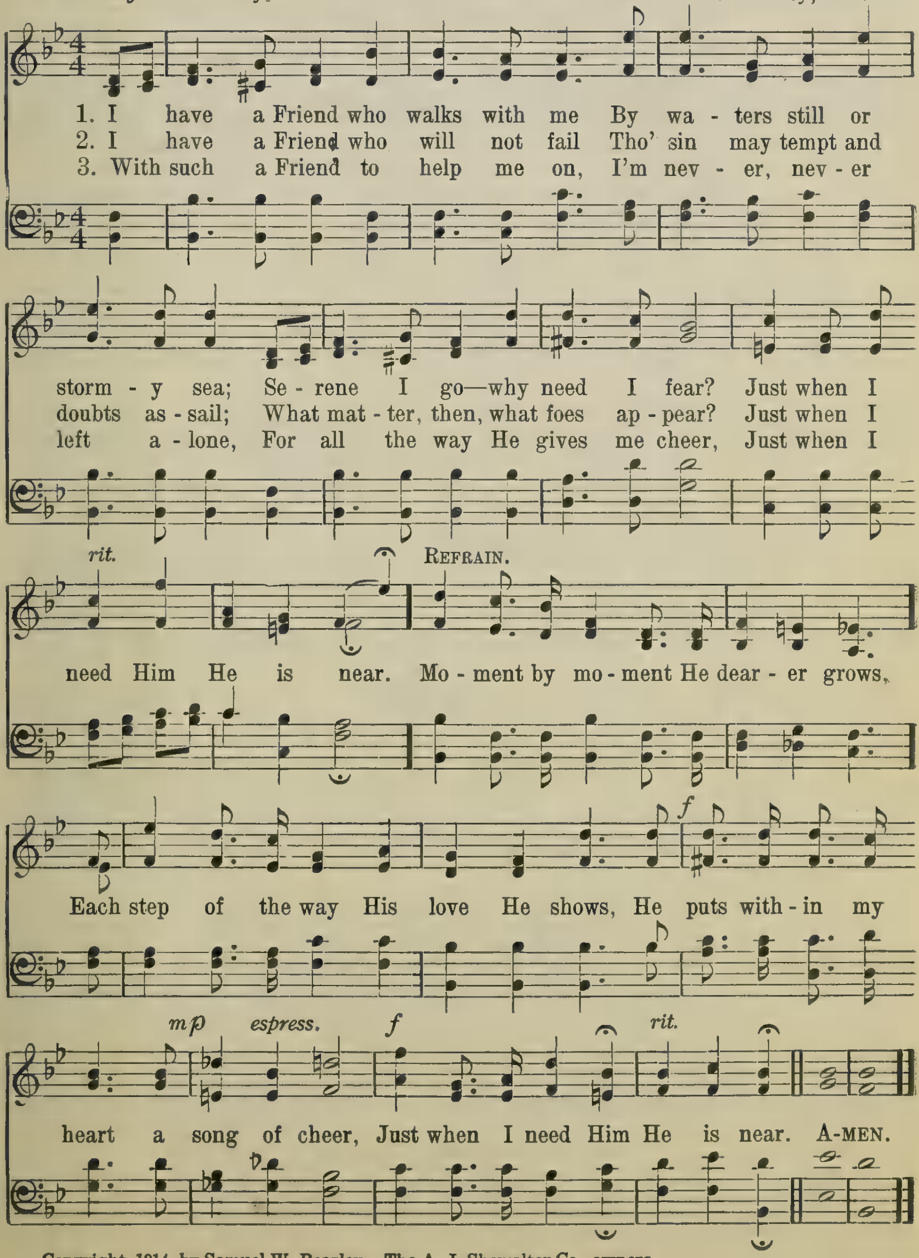
Arr. by G. R. C. (8s, 10s.) Sallie Stuart.


1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
2. This is the way I long have sought, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
3. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
4. My grief and bur - den long have been, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
5. Lo, glad I come; and Thou blest Lamb, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
6. Noth-ing but sin have I to give, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
7. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
And mourned because I found it not, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
Be - cause I was not saved from sin, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
Shall take me to Thee as I am, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
Noth-ing but love shall I re - ceive, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
REFRAIN.
He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry, hal - le - lu-jah, Je-sus saves me:
Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,
He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me. A-MEN.
Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah,

295 I Have a Friend Who Walks With Me

(JUST WHEN I NEED HIM.)

Florence Jones Hadley. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I have a Friend who walks with me By wa - ters still or
2. I have a Friend who will not fail Tho' sin may tempt and
3. With such a Friend to help me on, I'm nev - er, nev - er
storm - y sea; Se - rene I go—why need I fear? Just when I
doubts as - sail; What mat - ter, then, what foes ap - pear? Just when I
left a - lone, For all the way He gives me cheer, Just when I
rit.
REFRAIN.
need Him He is near. Mo - ment by mo - ment He dear - er grows,
Each step of the way His love He shows, He puts with - in my
f
mp
espress.
f
rit.
heart a song of cheer, Just when I need Him He is near. A-MEN.

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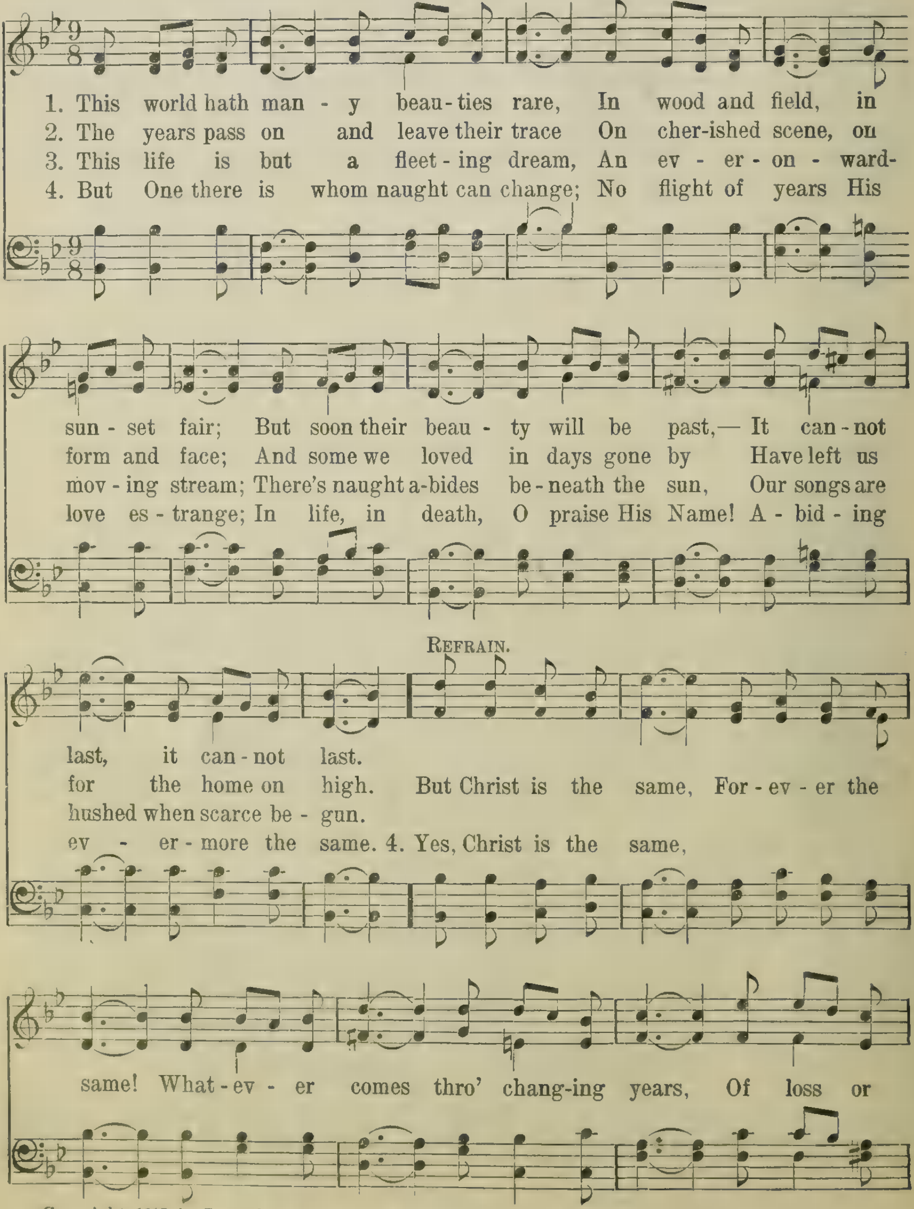
296 This World Hath Many Beauties Rare

(HE NEVER WILL CHANGE.)

"I am the Lord, I change not."—MAL. 3: 6.
"Jesus Christ, the same, yesterday, and to-day, and forever."—HEB. 13: 8.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. This world hath man - y beau- ties rare, In wood and field, in sun - set fair; But soon their beau - ty will be past,— It can - not last, it can - not last.
2. The years pass on and leave their trace On cher-ished scene, on form and face; And some we loved in days gone by Have left us for the home on high.
3. This life is but a fleet - ing dream, An ev - er - on - ward- mov - ing stream; There's naught a-bides be - neath the sun, Our songs are hushed when scarce be - gun.
4. But One there is whom naught can change; No flight of years His love es - trange; In life, in death, O praise His Name! A - bid - ing ev - er - more the same.
REFRAIN.
But Christ is the same, For - ev - er the same! What - ev - er comes thro' chang-ing years, Of loss or
4. Yes, Christ is the same,

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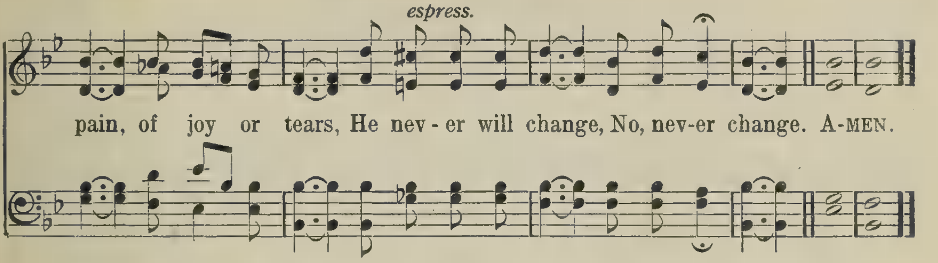
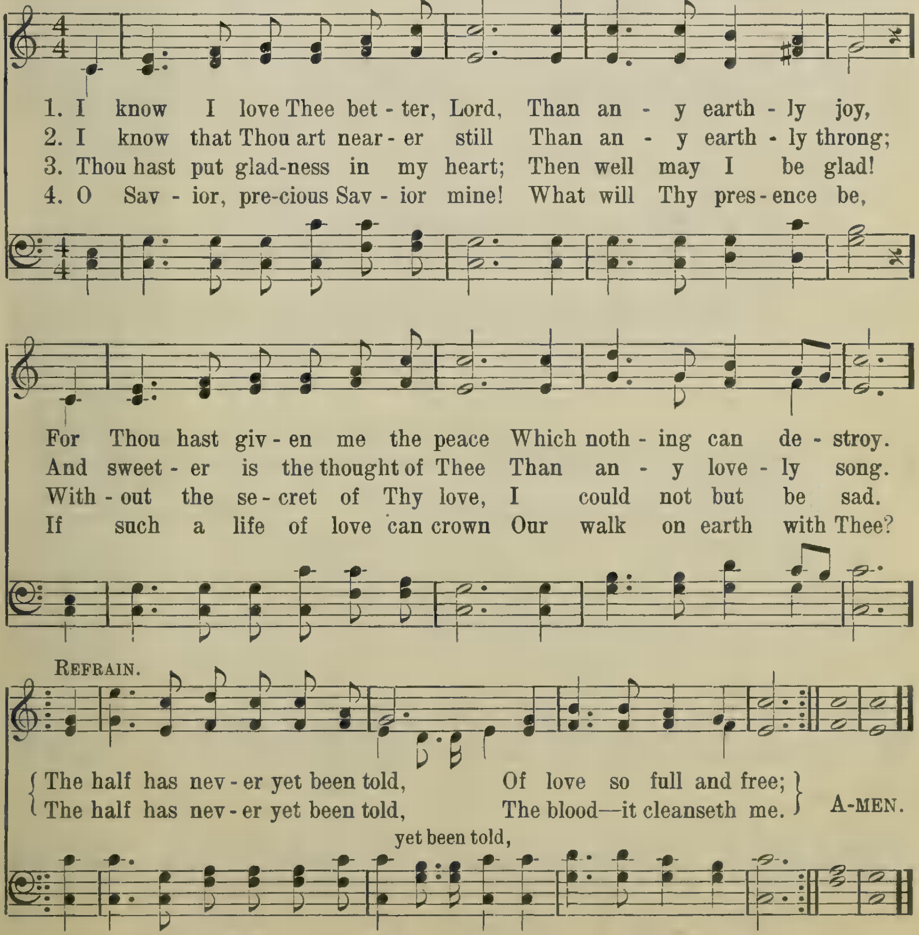

espress.
pain, of joy or tears, He nev - er will change, No, nev-er change. A-MEN.

297 I Know I Love Thee Better, Lord

(THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.)

Frances R. Havergal, 1836. R. E. Hudson.


1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng;
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav - ior mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,
For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the thought of Thee Than an - y love - ly song.
With - out the se - cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
REFRAIN.
The half has nev - er yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has nev - er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
A-MEN.
yet been told,

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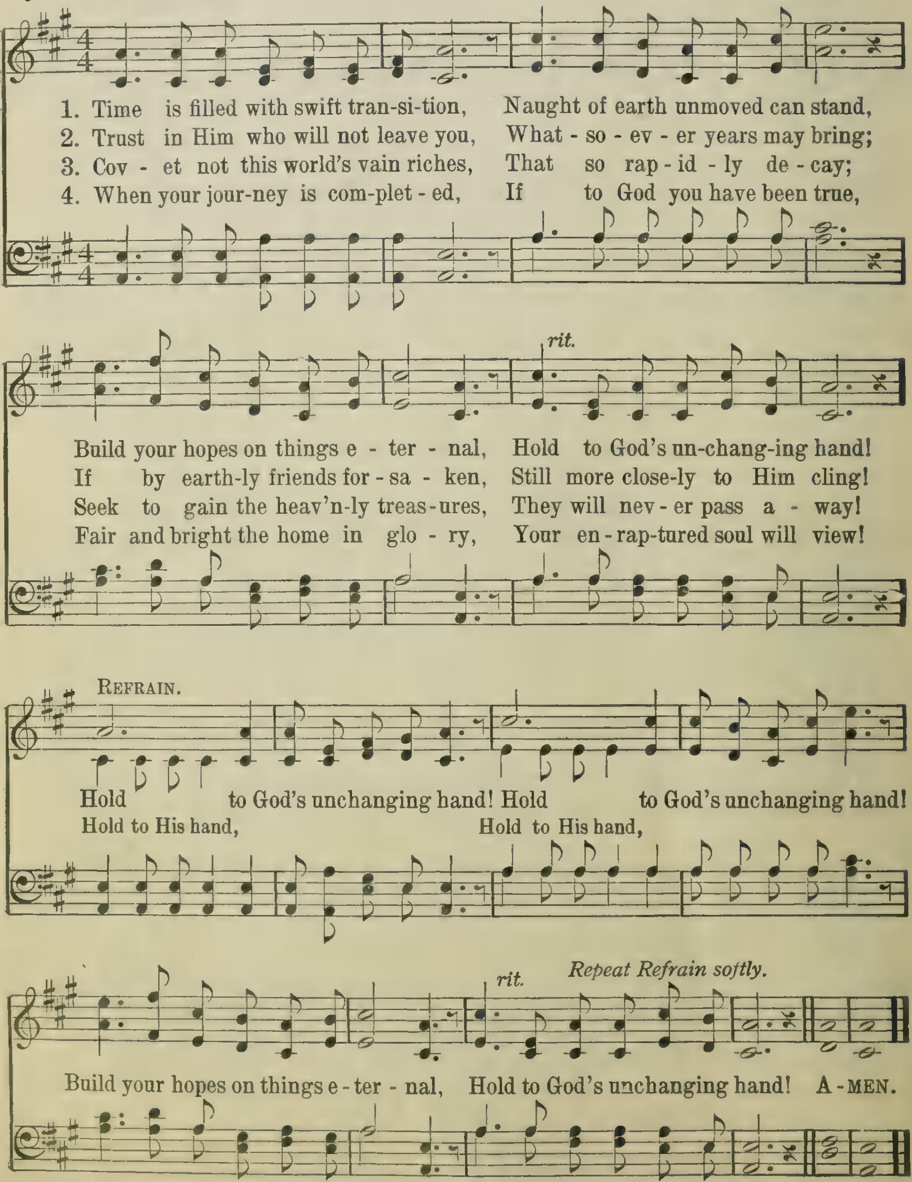
298

Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—"Hold to God's unchanging hand!"—F. L. E.

Jennie Wilson. F. L. Eiland.


1. Time is filled with swift tran-si-tion, Naught of earth unmoved can stand,
2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What - so - ev - er years may bring;
3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches, That so rap - id - ly de - cay;
4. When your jour-ney is com-plet - ed, If to God you have been true,
rit.
Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!
If by earth-ly friends for - sa - ken, Still more close-ly to Him cling!
Seek to gain the heav'n-ly treas-ures, They will nev - er pass a - way!
Fair and bright the home in glo - ry, Your en - rap-tured soul will view!
REFRAIN.
Hold to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,
rit.
Repeat Refrain softly.
Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's unchanging hand! A-MEN.

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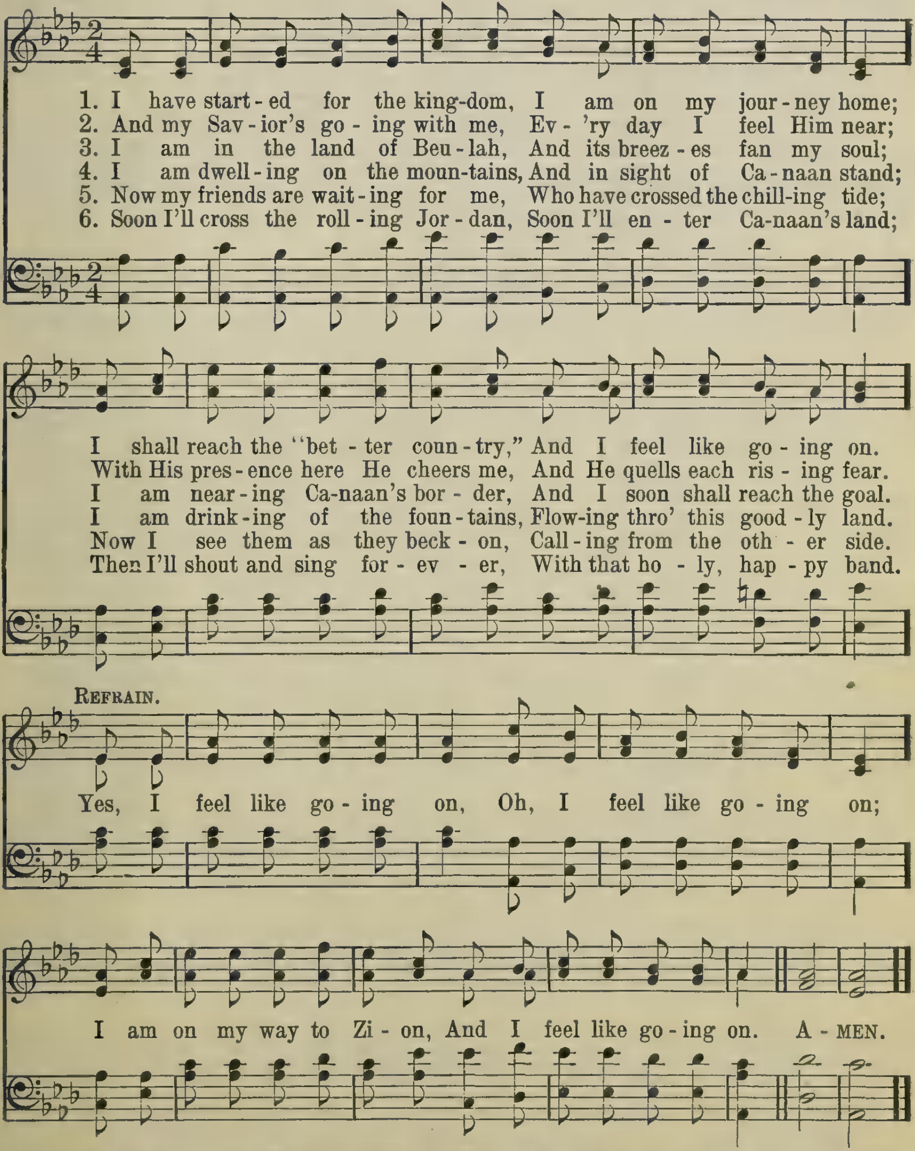
299

I Feel Like Going On

*"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Burke.

W. T. D. W. T. Dale, by per.


1. I have start-ed for the king-dom, I am on my jour-ney home; I shall reach the "bet-ter coun-try," And I feel like go-ing on.
2. And my Sav-ior's go-ing with me, Ev-'ry day I feel Him near; With His pres-ence here He cheers me, And He quells each ris-ing fear.
3. I am in the land of Beu-lah, And its breez-es fan my soul; I am near-ing Ca-naan's bor-der, And I soon shall reach the goal.
4. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tains, And in sight of Ca-naan stand; I am drink-ing of the foun-tains, Flow-ing thro' this good-ly land.
5. Now my friends are wait-ing for me, Who have crossed the chill-ing tide; Now I see them as they beck-on, Call-ing from the oth-er side.
6. Soon I'll cross the roll-ing Jor-dan, Soon I'll en-ter Ca-naan's land; Then I'll shout and sing for-ev-er, With that ho-ly, hap-py band.
REFRAIN.
Yes, I feel like go-ing on, Oh, I feel like go-ing on; I am on my way to Zi-on, And I feel like go-ing on. A-MEN.

---

*In a Testimony Meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly cast down. Following him an old gray-headed father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones said: "Brethren, *I feel like going on,* the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

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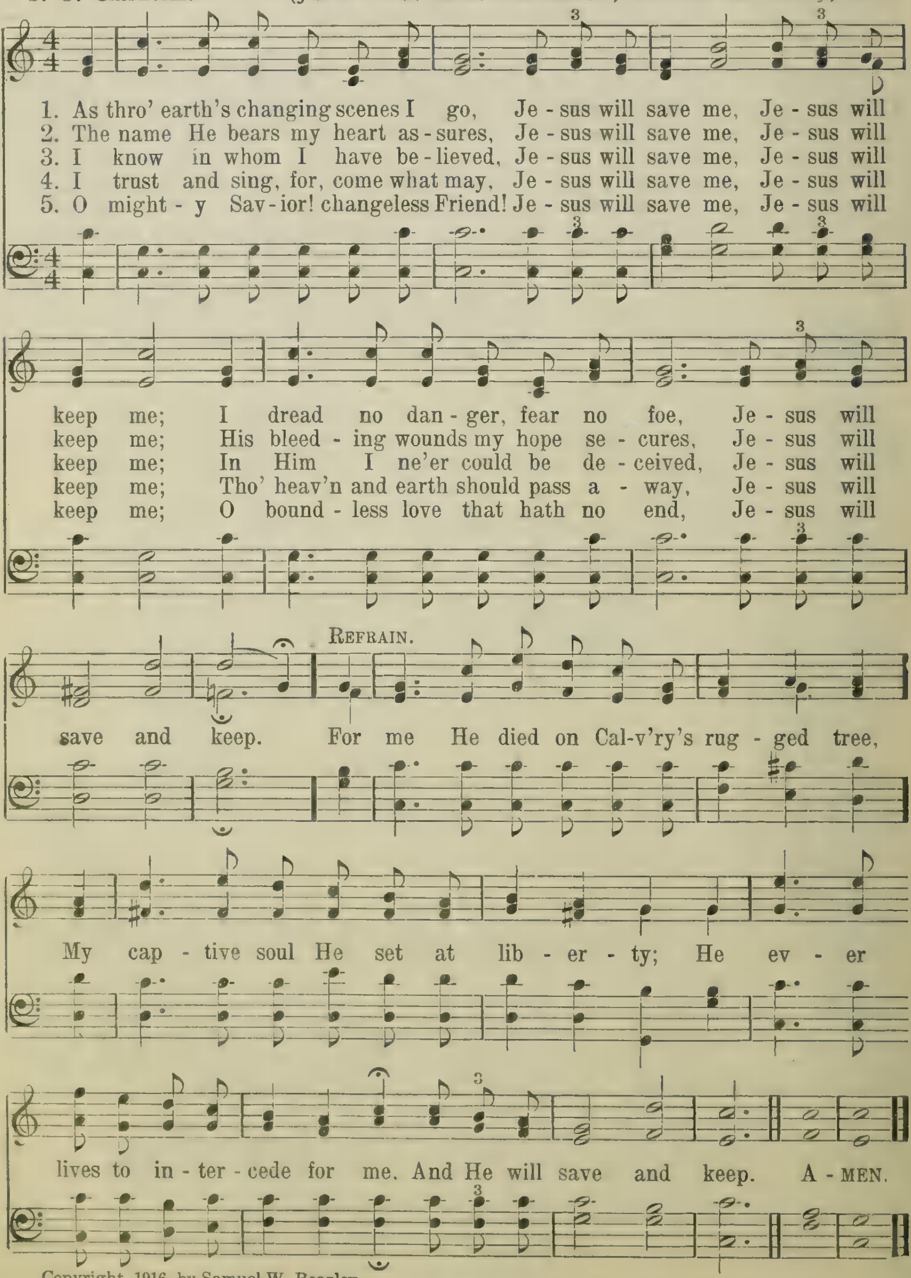
300 As Through Earth's Changing Scenes I Go

"Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."—MATTHEW 1: 21.

T. O. Chisholm. (JESUS WILL SAVE AND KEEP.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. As thro' earth's changing scenes I go, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
2. The name He bears my heart as - sures, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
3. I know in whom I have be - lieved, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
4. I trust and sing, for, come what may, Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
5. O might - y Sav - ior! changeless Friend! Je - sus will save me, Je - sus will
keep me; I dread no dan - ger, fear no foe, Je - sus will
keep me; His bleed - ing wounds my hope se - cures, Je - sus will
keep me; In Him I ne'er could be de - ceived, Je - sus will
keep me; Tho' heav'n and earth should pass a - way, Je - sus will
keep me; O bound - less love that hath no end, Je - sus will
save and keep.
REFRAIN.
For me He died on Cal-v'ry's rug - ged tree,
My cap - tive soul He set at lib - er - ty; He ev - er
lives to in - ter - cede for me. And He will save and keep. A - MEN.
3

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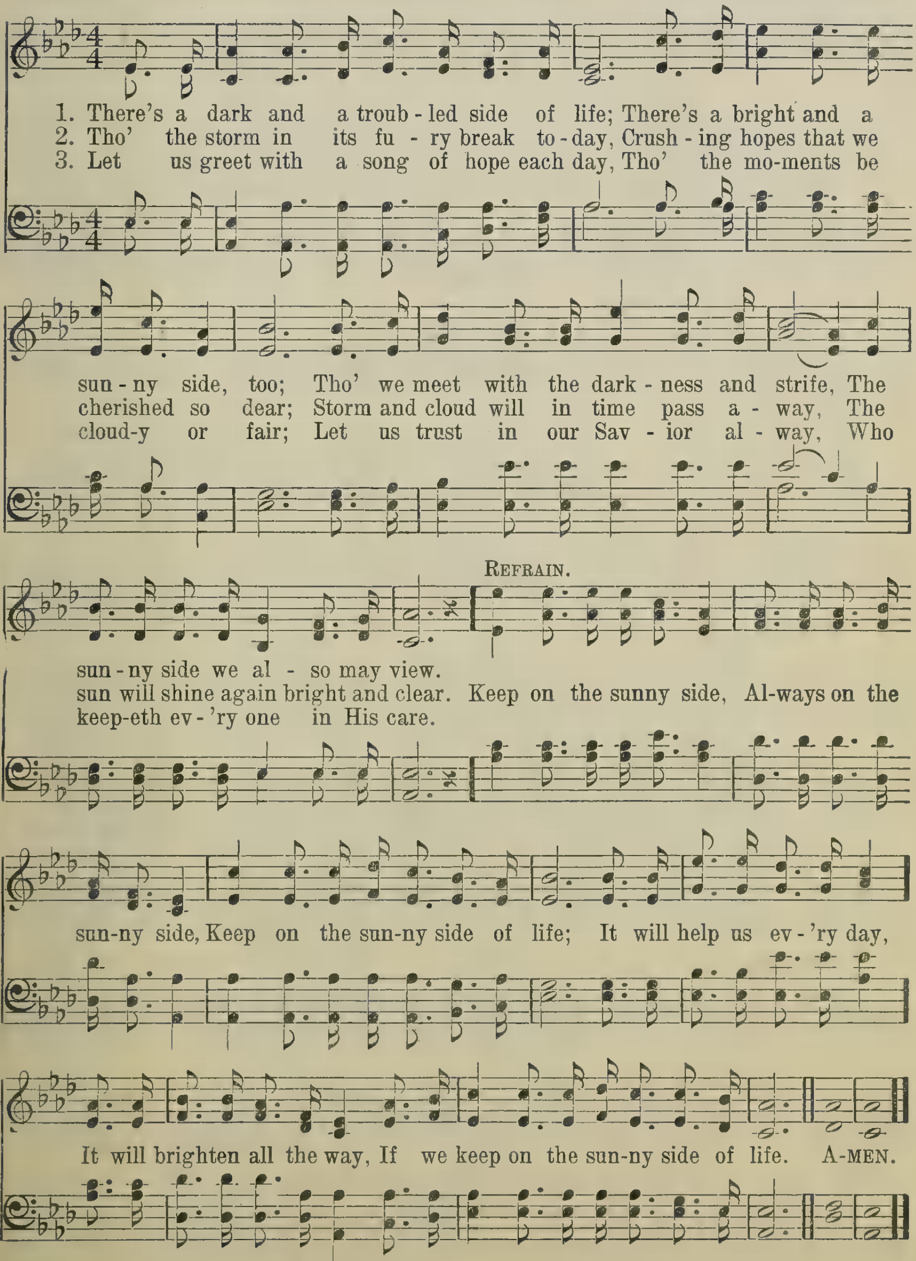
301 There's a Dark and a Troubled Side of Life

Ada Blenkhorn. (KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.) J. Howard Entwisle.


1. There's a dark and a troub-led side of life; There's a bright and a
2. Tho' the storm in its fu-ry break to-day, Crush-ing hopes that we
3. Let us greet with a song of hope each day, Tho' the mo-ments be
sun-ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark-ness and strife, The
cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a-way, The
cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav-ior al-way, Who
sun-ny side we al-so may view.
sun will shine again bright and clear.
keep-eth ev-'ry one in His care.
REFRAIN.
Keep on the sunny side, Al-ways on the
sun-ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev-'ry day,
It will brighten all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life. A-MEN.

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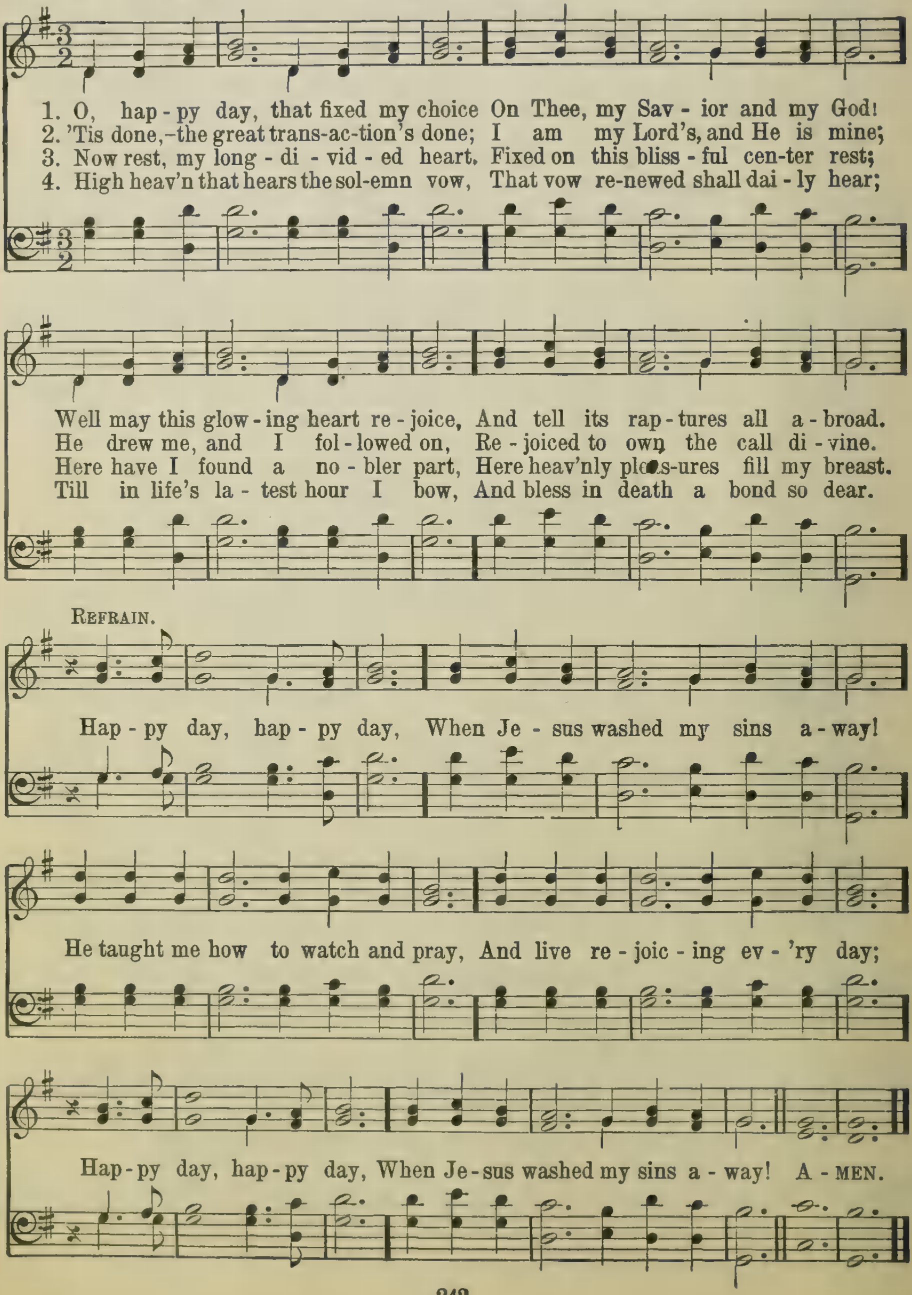
302 O, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

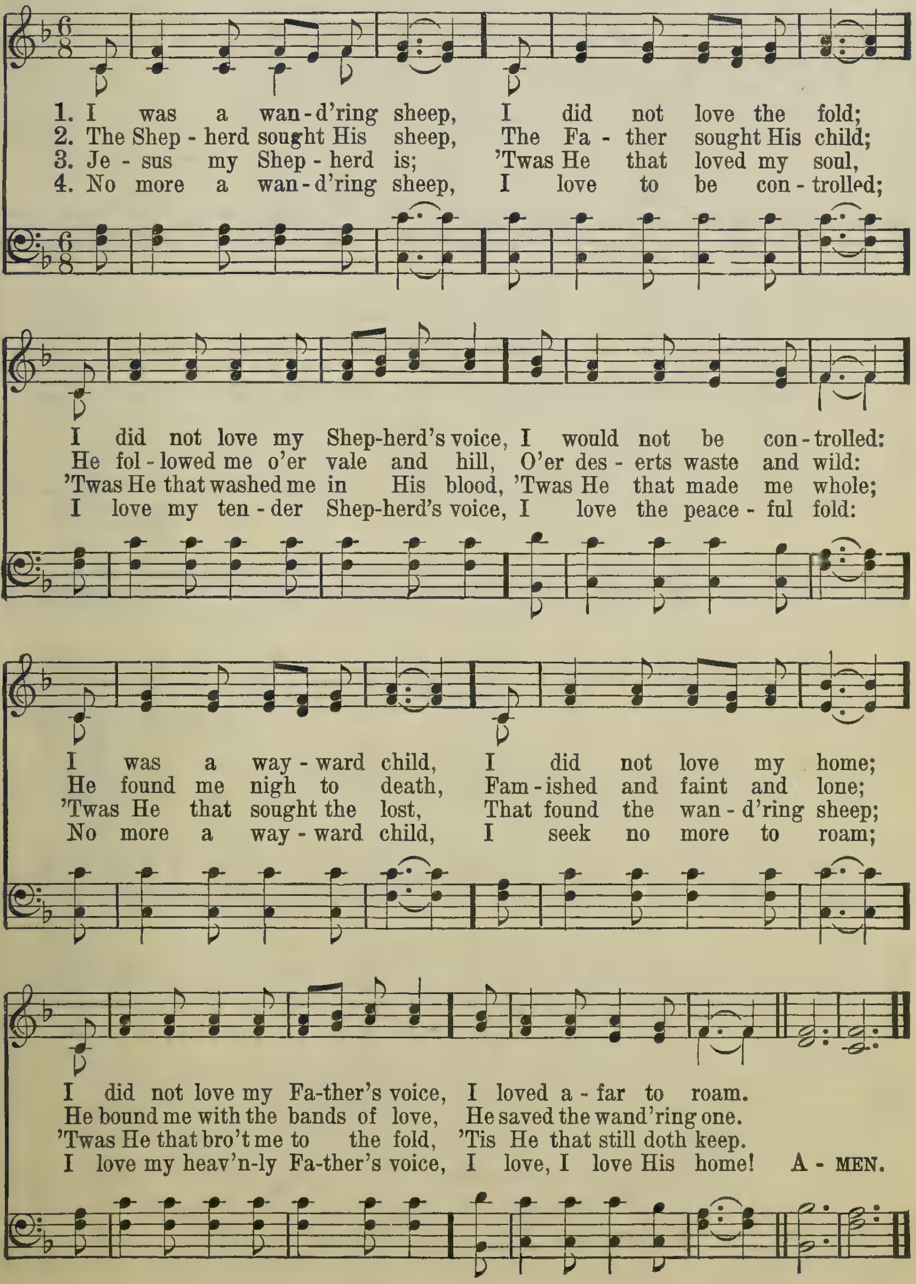
Philip Doddridge, 1755. (HAPPY DAY. L. M.) E. F. Rimbault, 1816–1876.


1. O, hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. 'Tis done,–the great trans-ac-tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
3. Now rest, my long-di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter rest;
4. High heav'n that hears the sol-emn vow, That vow re-newed shall dai-ly hear;
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Re-joiced to own the call di-vine.
Here have I found a no-bler part, Here heav'nly pleas-ures fill my breast.
Till in life's la-test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
REFRAIN.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way! A-MEN.

303

I Was a Wandering Sheep

Horatius Bonar, 1857. (Lebanon. S. M. D.) J. Zundel, 1815–1882.

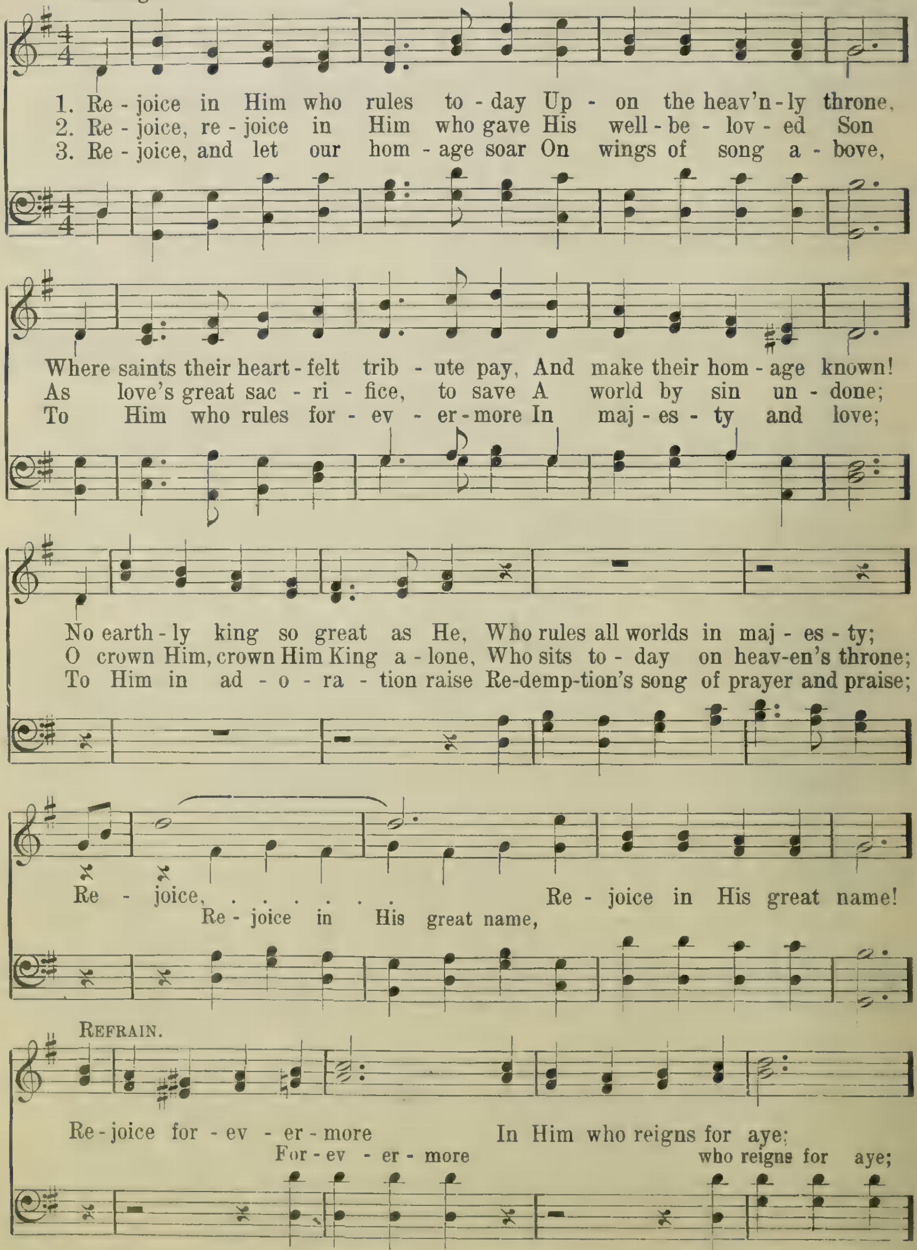

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul,
4. No more a wan-d'ring sheep, I love to be con-trolled;
I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:
'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
I love my ten-der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold:
I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone;
'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep;
No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam;
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
I love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home! A-men.

304

Rejoice in His Great Name

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

With vigor.



1. Re - joice in Him who rules to - day Up - on the heav'n - ly throne,
2. Re - joice, re - joice in Him who gave His well - be - lov - ed Son
3. Re - joice, and let our hom - age soar On wings of song a - bove,
Where saints their heart - felt trib - ute pay, And make their hom - age known!
As love's great sac - ri - fice, to save A world by sin un - done;
To Him who rules for - ev - er - more In maj - es - ty and love;
No earth - ly king so great as He, Who rules all worlds in maj - es - ty;
O crown Him, crown Him King a - lone, Who sits to - day on heav-en's throne;
To Him in ad - o - ra - tion raise Re-demp-tion's song of prayer and praise;
Re - joice, ... Re - joice in His great name!
Re - joice in His great name,
REFRAIN.
Re - joice for - ev - er - more In Him who reigns for aye;
For - ev - er - more who reigns for aye;

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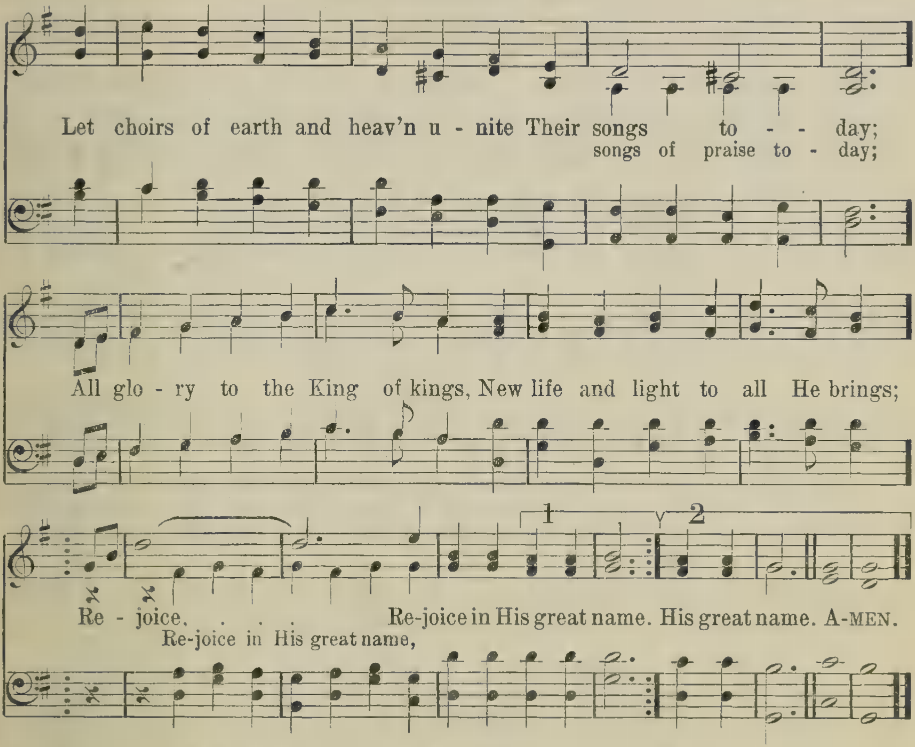
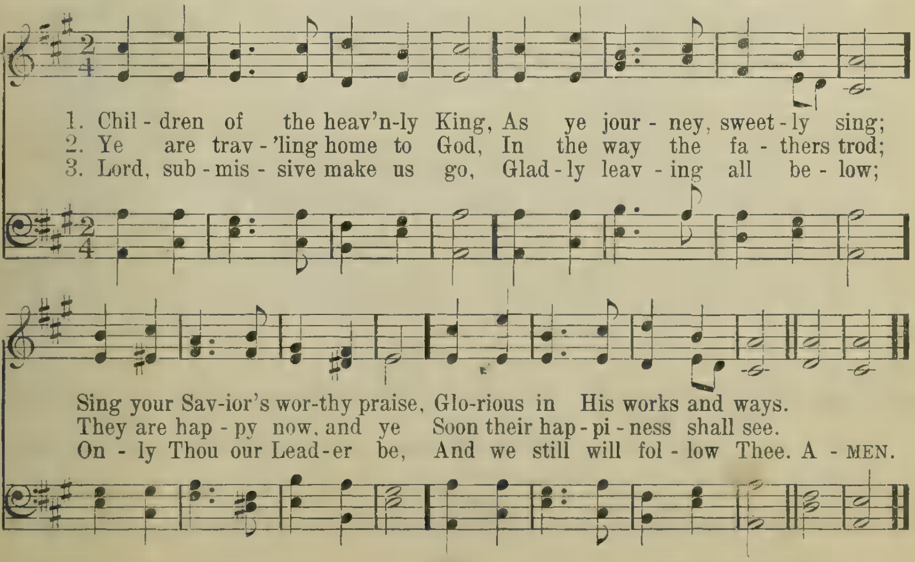

Let choirs of earth and heav'n u - nite Their songs to - - day;
songs of praise to - day;
All glo - ry to the King of kings, New life and light to all He brings;
Re - joice, . . . Re-joice in His great name. His great name. A-MEN.
Re-joice in His great name,
1
2

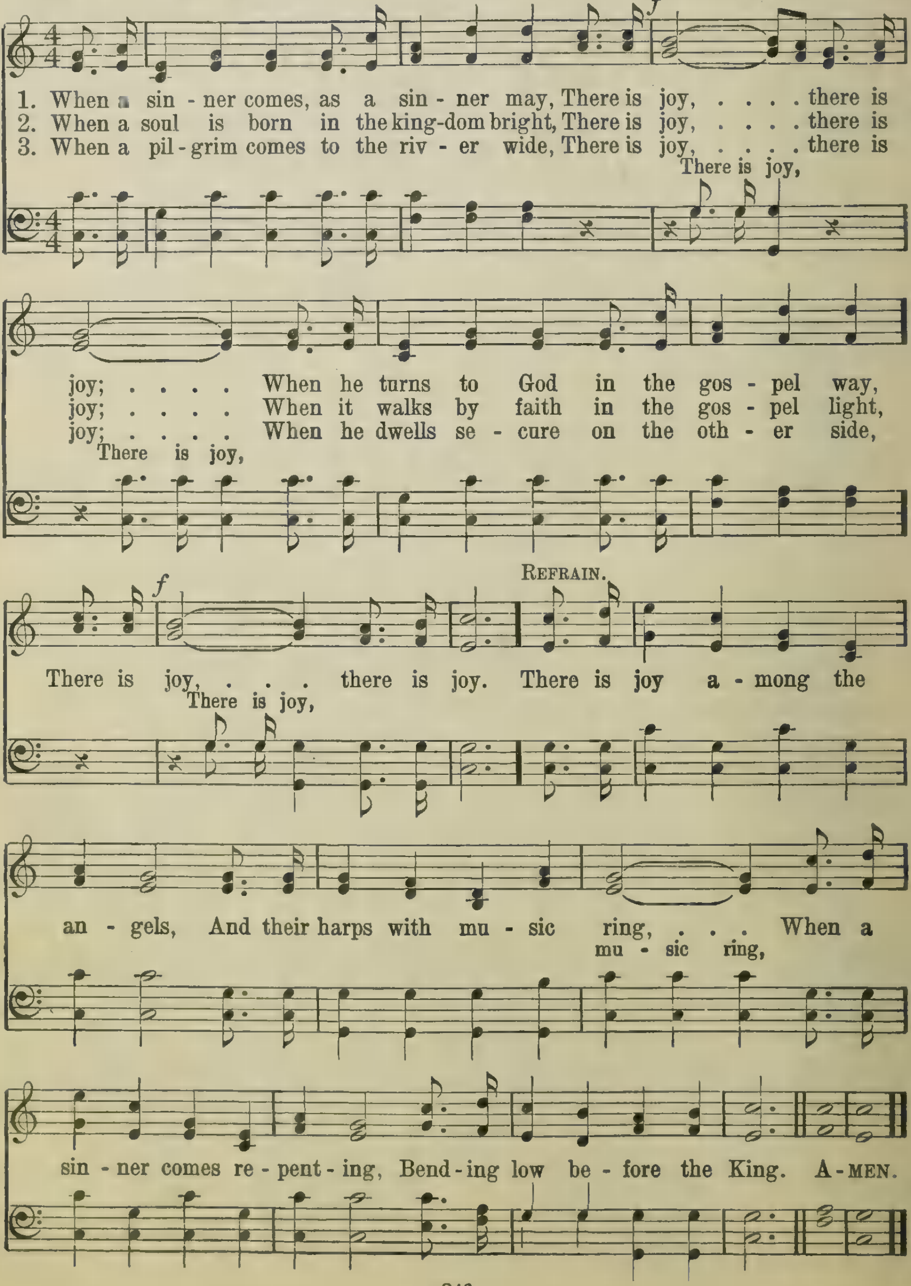
305 Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick, 1742. (PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.) I. Pleyel, 1757-1831.


1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet - ly sing;
2. Ye are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
3. Lord, sub - mis - sive make us go, Glad - ly leav - ing all be - low;
Sing your Sav-ior's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
On - ly Thou our Lead - er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

306 When a Sinner Comes, as a Sinner May

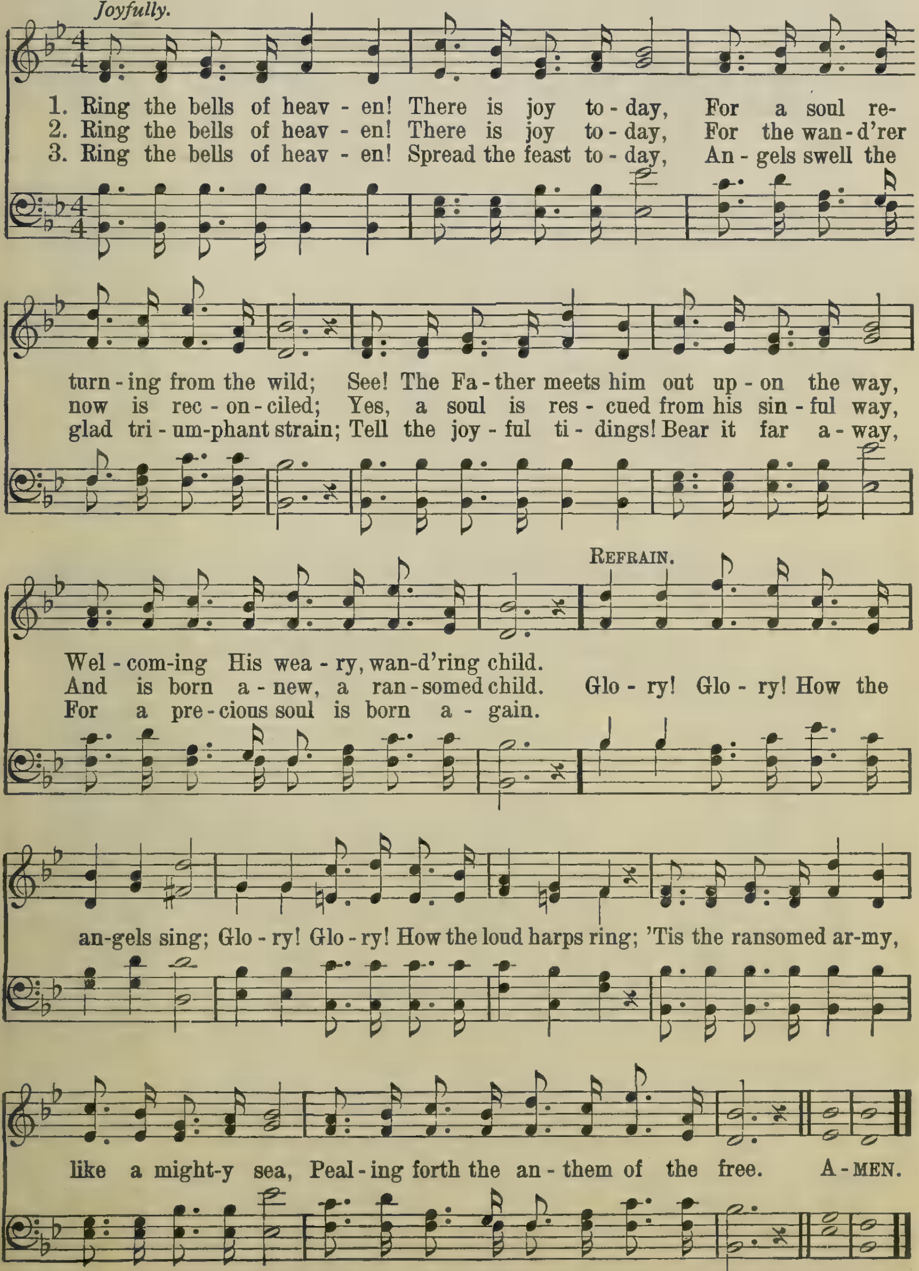
Margaret Moody. (10s, 6s.) W. A. Ogden.


f
1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, ... there is
2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy, ... there is
3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, ... there is
There is joy,
joy; . . . . When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
joy; . . . . When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
joy; . . . . When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,
There is joy,
f
REFRAIN.
There is joy, . . . there is joy. There is joy a - mong the
There is joy,
an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring, . . . When a
mu - sic ring,
sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King. A - MEN.

307

Ring the Bells of Heaven

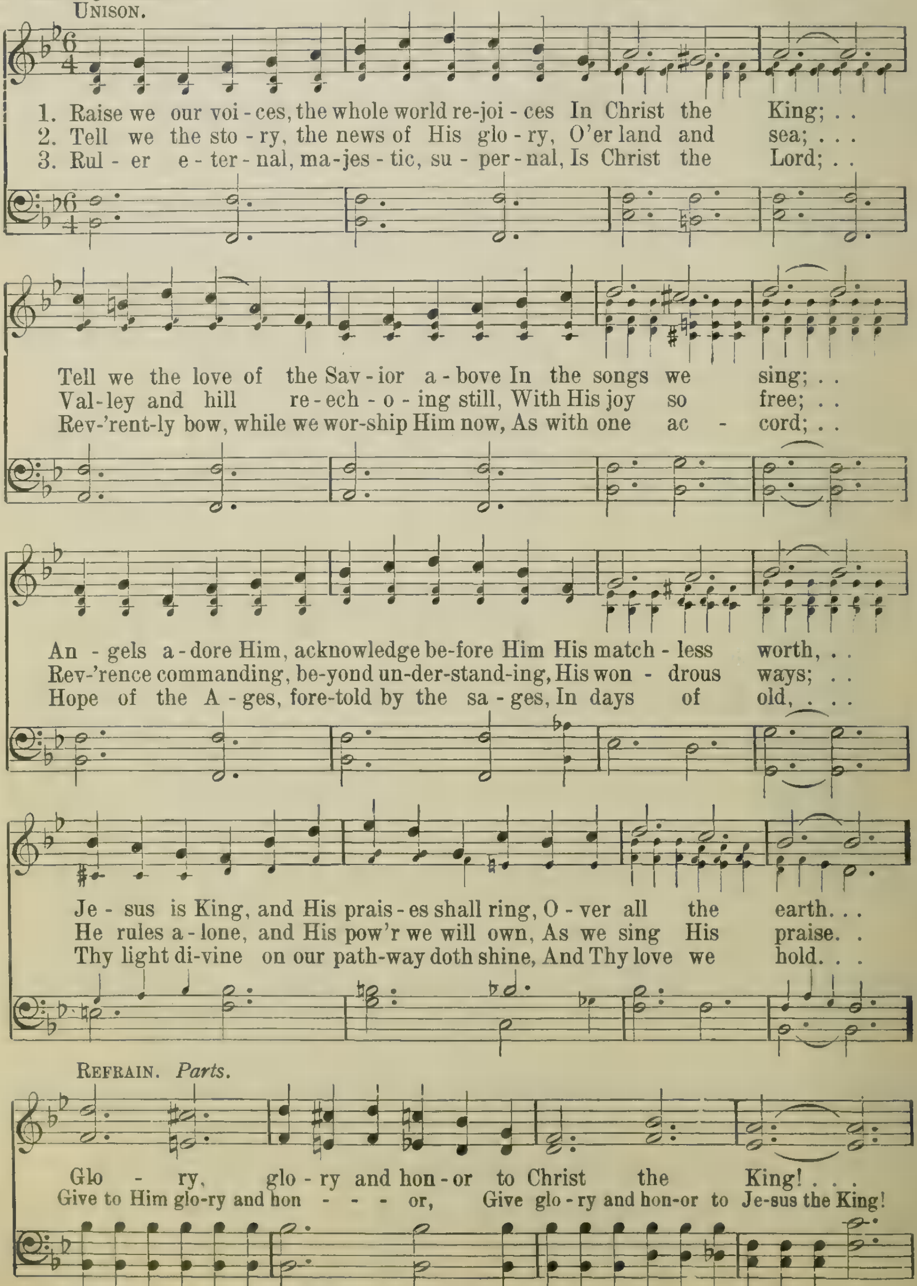
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.


Joyfully.
1. Ring the bells of heav - en! There is joy to - day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! There is joy to - day, For the wan - d'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! Spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the
turn - ing from the wild; See! The Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
glad tri - um-phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! Bear it far a - way,
Wel - com-ing His wea - ry, wan-d'ring child.
And is born a - new, a ran - somed child.
For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.
Refrain.
Glo - ry! Glo - ry! How the
an-gels sing; Glo - ry! Glo - ry! How the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed ar-my,
like a might-y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free. A - men.

308

Glory and Honor

Mabel J. Rosemon. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


Unison.
1. Raise we our voi - ces, the whole world re-joi - ces In Christ the King; . .
2. Tell we the sto - ry, the news of His glo - ry, O'er land and sea; . . .
3. Rul - er e - ter - nal, ma-jes - tic, su - per - nal, Is Christ the Lord; . .
Tell we the love of the Sav - ior a - bove In the songs we sing; . .
Val-ley and hill re - ech - o - ing still, With His joy so free; . .
Rev-'rent-ly bow, while we wor-ship Him now, As with one ac - cord; . .
An - gels a - dore Him, acknowledge be-fore Him His match - less worth, . .
Rev-'rence commanding, be-yond un-der-stand-ing, His won - drous ways; . .
Hope of the A - ges, fore-told by the sa - ges, In days of old, . . .
Je - sus is King, and His prais - es shall ring, O - ver all the earth. . .
He rules a - lone, and His pow'r we will own, As we sing His praise. .
Thy light di-vine on our path-way doth shine, And Thy love we hold. . .
Refrain. Parts.
Glo - ry, glo - ry and hon - or to Christ the King! . . .
Give to Him glo-ry and hon - - - or, Give glo - ry and hon-or to Je-sus the King!

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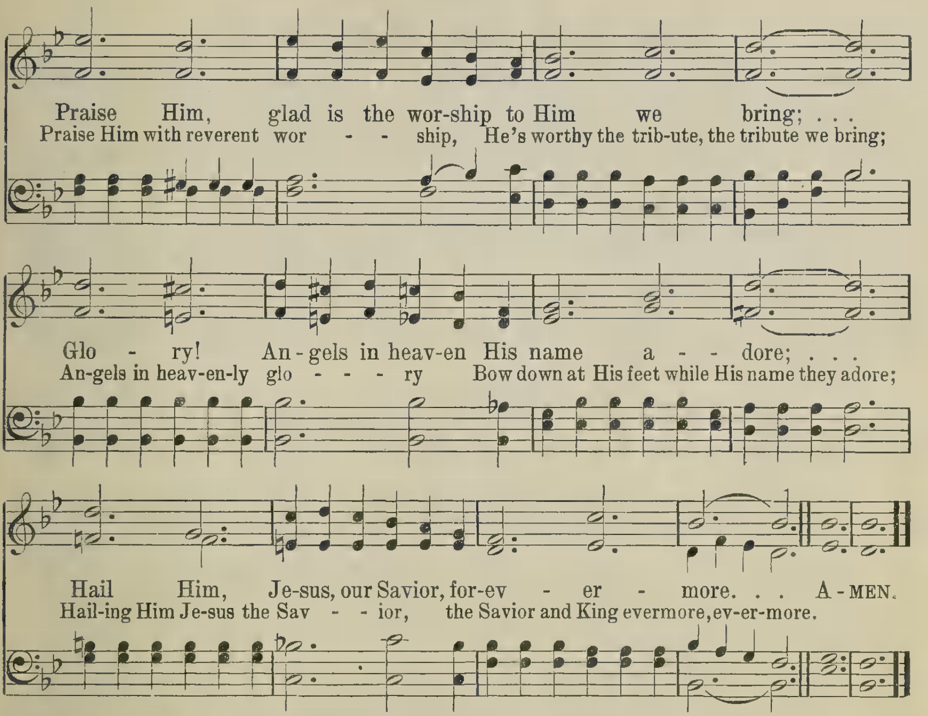
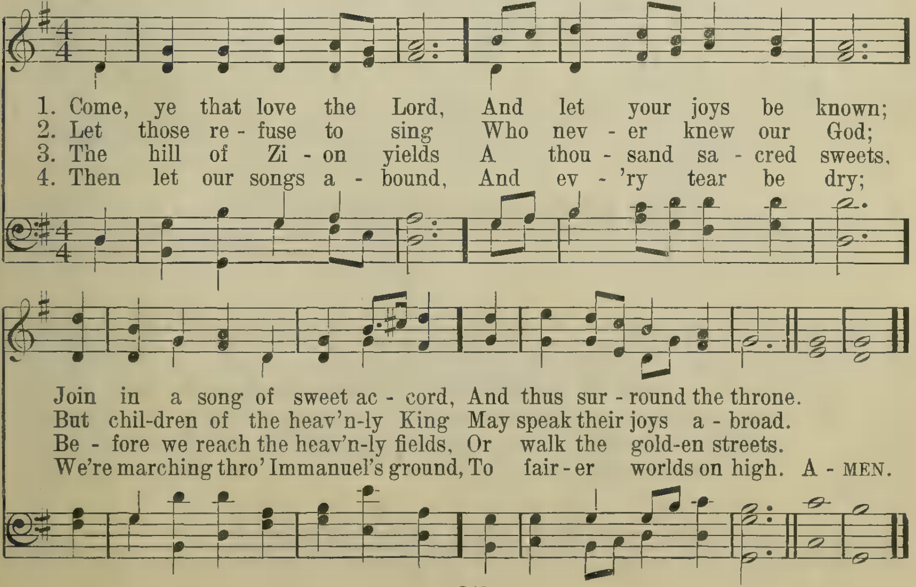

Praise Him, glad is the wor-ship to Him we bring; . . .
Praise Him with reverent wor - - ship, He's worthy the trib-ute, the tribute we bring;
Glo - ry! An-gels in heav-en His name a - - dore; . . .
An-gels in heav-en-ly glo - - - ry Bow down at His feet while His name they adore;
Hail Him, Je-sus, our Savior, for-ev - er - more. . . A-MEN.
Hail-ing Him Je-sus the Sav - - ior, the Savior and King evermore, ev-er-more.

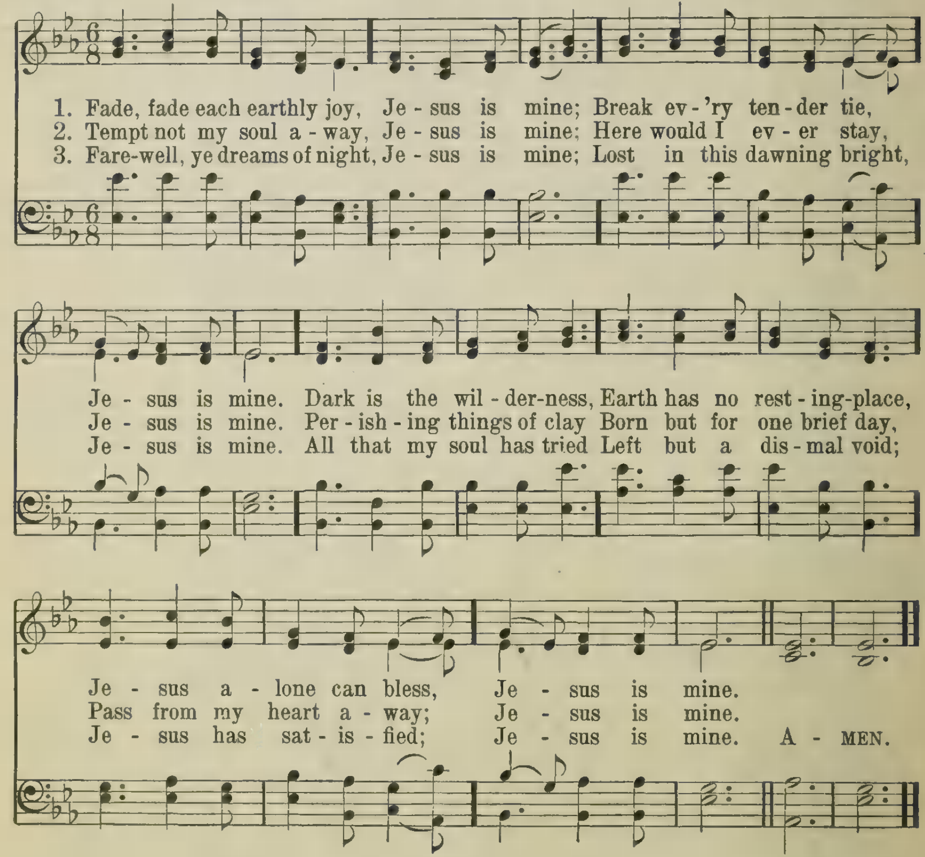
309 Come, Ye That Love the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1707. (St. Thomas. S. M.) G. F. Handel, 1685–1759.


1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high. A - MEN.

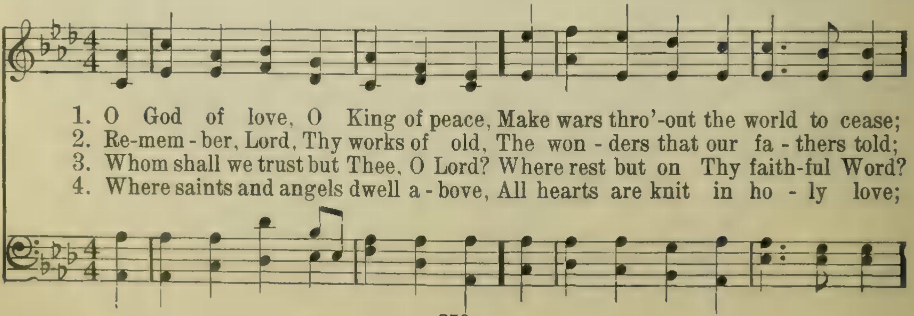
310 Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy

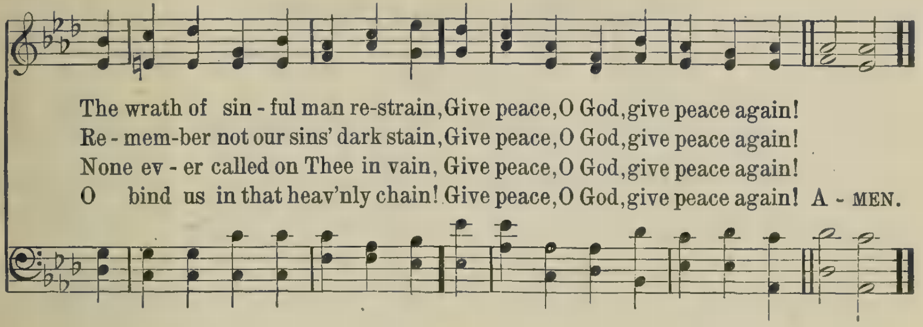
Catharine Jane Bona, 1845. (JESUS IS MINE. 6s, 4s.) T. E. Perkins, by per.


1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawning bright,
Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing-place,
Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay Born but for one brief day,
Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void;
Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.

311 O God of Love, O King of Peace

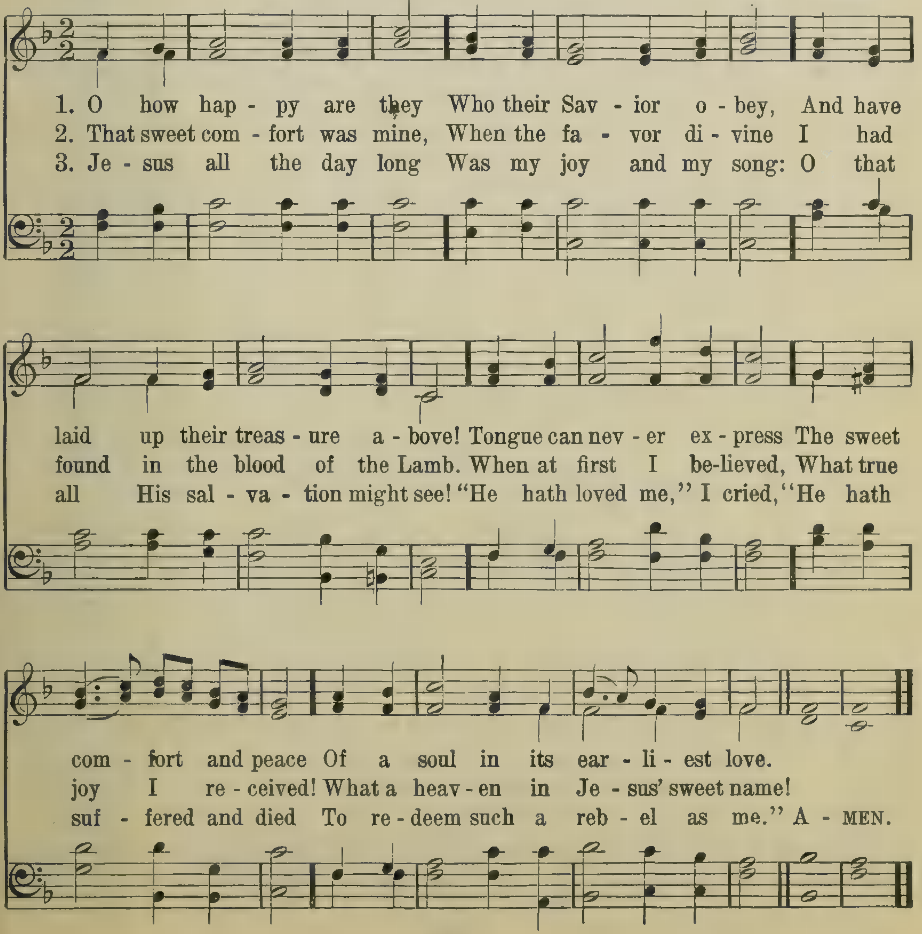
W. H. Baker. (FOSTER. L. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease;
2. Re-mem - ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won - ders that our fa - thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith-ful Word?
4. Where saints and angels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;


The wrath of sin-ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
Re-mem-ber not our sins' dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
None ev-er called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
O bind us in that heav'nly chain! Give peace, O God, give peace again! A-MEN.

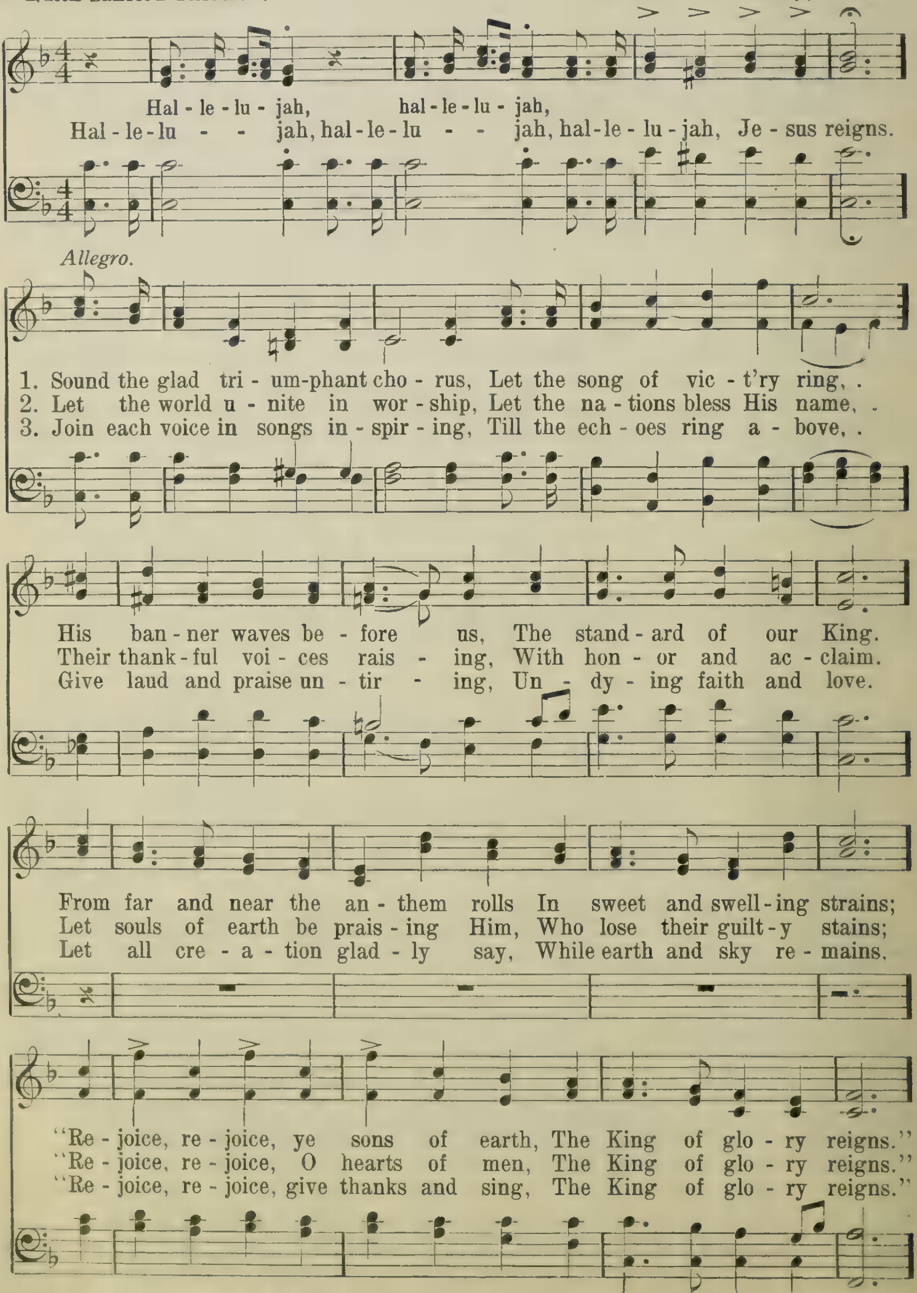
312 O How Happy Are They

C. Wesley, 1749. (HAPPINESS. 11s, 9s.) Western Melody.

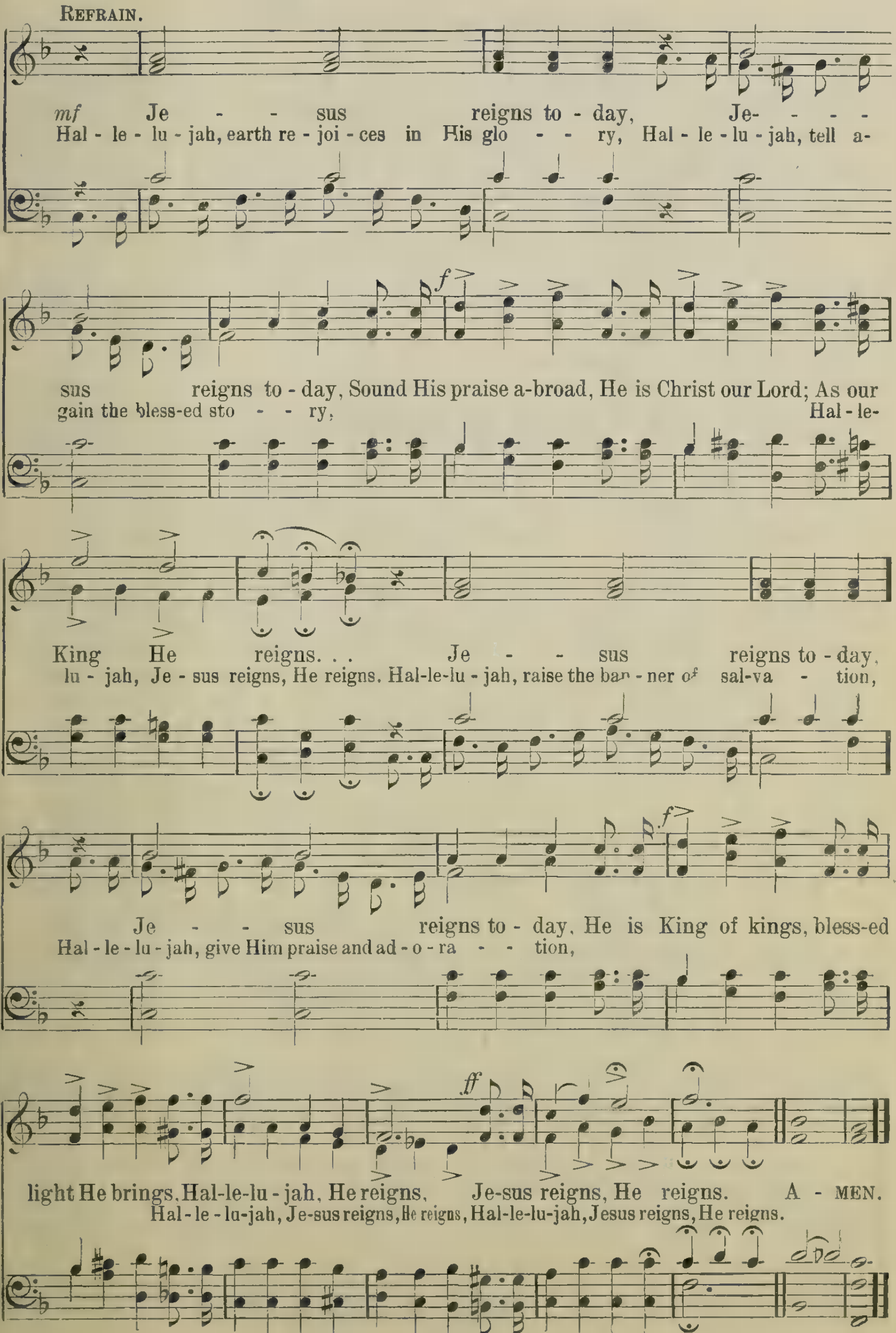

1. O how hap-py are they Who their Sav-ior o-bey, And have laid up their treas-ure a-bove! Tongue can nev-er ex-press The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear-li-est love.
2. That sweet com-fort was mine, When the fa-vor di-vine I had found in the blood of the Lamb. When at first I be-lieved, What true joy I re-ceived! What a heav-en in Je-sus' sweet name!
3. Je-sus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that all His sal-va-tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried, "He hath suf-fered and died To re-deem such a reb-el as me." A-MEN.

313 Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

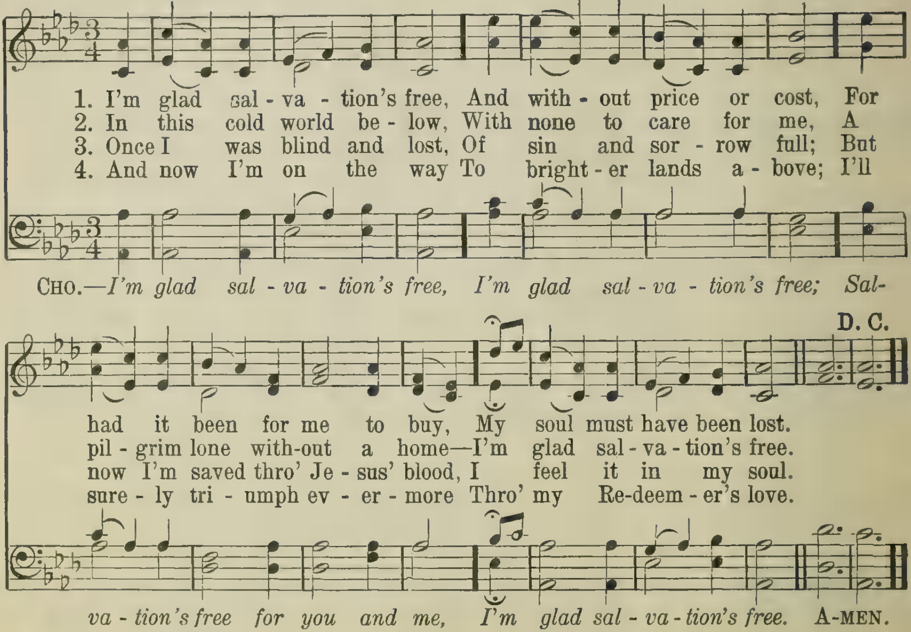

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,
Hal - le - lu - - - jah, hal - le - lu - - - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus reigns.
Allegro.
1. Sound the glad tri - um-phant cho - rus, Let the song of vic - t'ry ring, .
2. Let the world u - nite in wor - ship, Let the na - tions bless His name, .
3. Join each voice in songs in - spir - ing, Till the ech - oes ring a - bove, .
His ban - ner waves be - fore us, The stand - ard of our King.
Their thank - ful voi - ces rais - ing, With hon - or and ac - claim.
Give laud and praise un - tir - ing, Un - dy - ing faith and love.
From far and near the an - them rolls In sweet and swell - ing strains;
Let souls of earth be prais - ing Him, Who lose their guilt - y stains;
Let all cre - a - tion glad - ly say, While earth and sky re - mains.
"Re - joice, re - joice, ye sons of earth, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, O hearts of men, The King of glo - ry reigns."
"Re - joice, re - joice, give thanks and sing, The King of glo - ry reigns."

Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley.


REFRAIN.
mf
Je - - sus reigns to - day, Je- - - - sus reigns to - day, Sound His praise a-broad, He is Christ our Lord; As our King He reigns. . . Je - - sus reigns to - day, Je - - sus reigns to - day, He is King of kings, bless-ed light He brings, Hal-le-lu - jah, He reigns, Je-sus reigns, He reigns. A - MEN.
Hal - le - lu - jah, earth re - joi - ces in His glo - - - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, tell a-gain the bless-ed sto - - - ry, Hal - le-lu - jah, Je - sus reigns, He reigns. Hal-le-lu - jah, raise the ban - ner of sal-va - tion, Hal - le - lu - jah, give Him praise and ad - o - ra - - tion, Hal - le - lu-jah, Je-sus reigns, He reigns, Hal-le-lu-jah, Jesus reigns, He reigns.
f
ff

314 I'm Glad Salvation's Free

Anon.



1. I'm glad salvation's free, And without price or cost, For
had it been for me to buy, My soul must have been lost.

2. In this cold world below, With none to care for me, A
pilgrim lone without a home—I'm glad salvation's free.

3. Once I was blind and lost, Of sin and sorrow full; But
now I'm saved thro' Jesus' blood, I feel it in my soul.

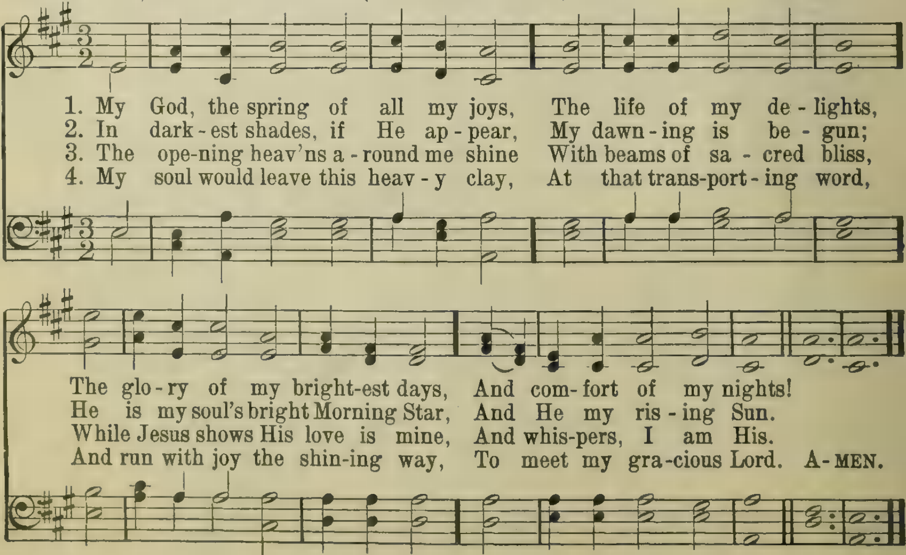
4. And now I'm on the way To brighter lands above; I'll
surely triumph evermore Thro' my Redeemer's love.

CHO.—*I'm glad salvation's free, I'm glad salvation's free; Sal-*
vation's free for you and me, I'm glad salvation's free. A-MEN.

D. C.

315 My God, the Spring of All My Joys

Isaac Watts, 1707. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. Glaser.



1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

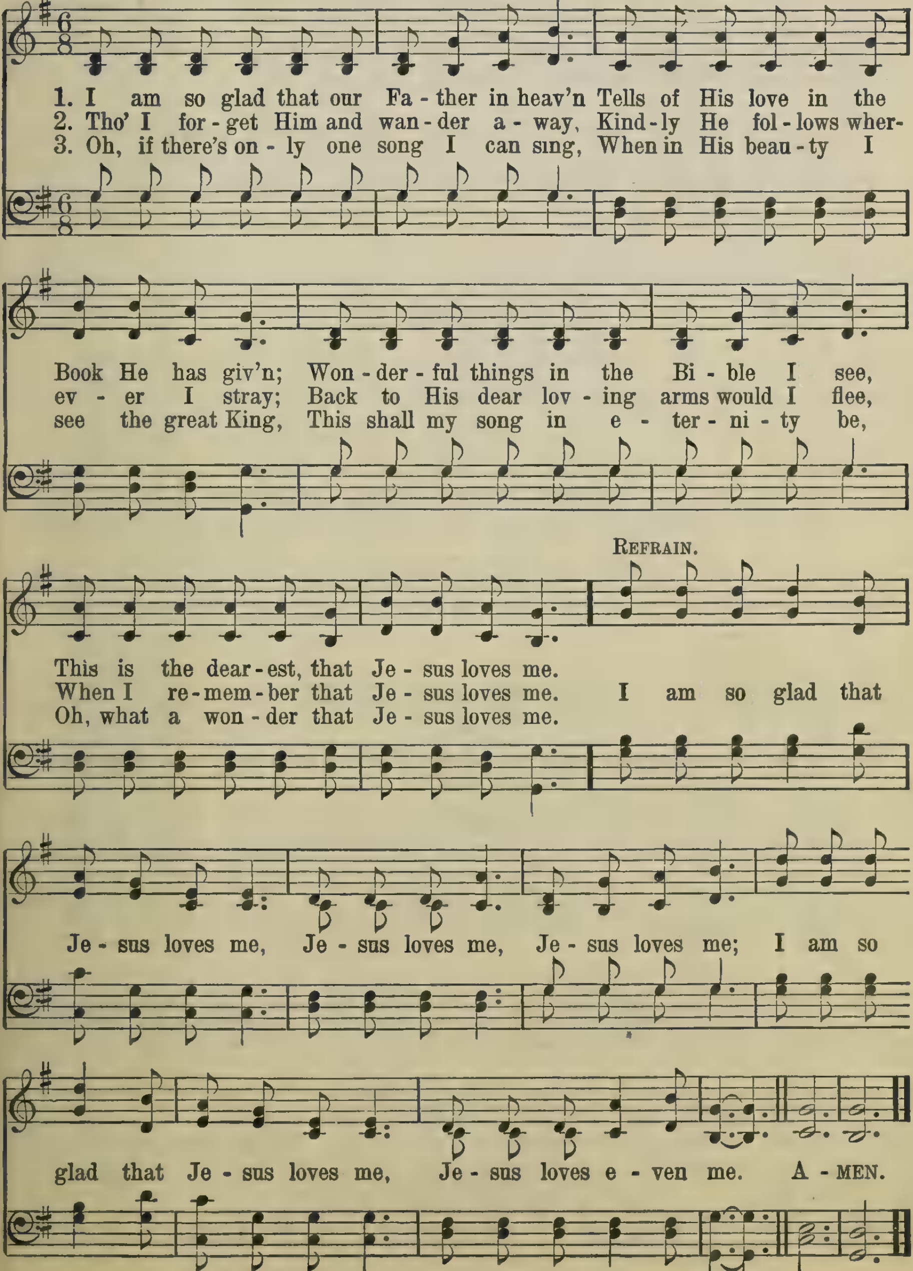
2. In darkest shades, if He appear, My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star, And He my rising Sun.

3. The opening heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His love is mine, And whispers, I am His.

4. My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way, To meet my gracious Lord. A-MEN.

316 I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven

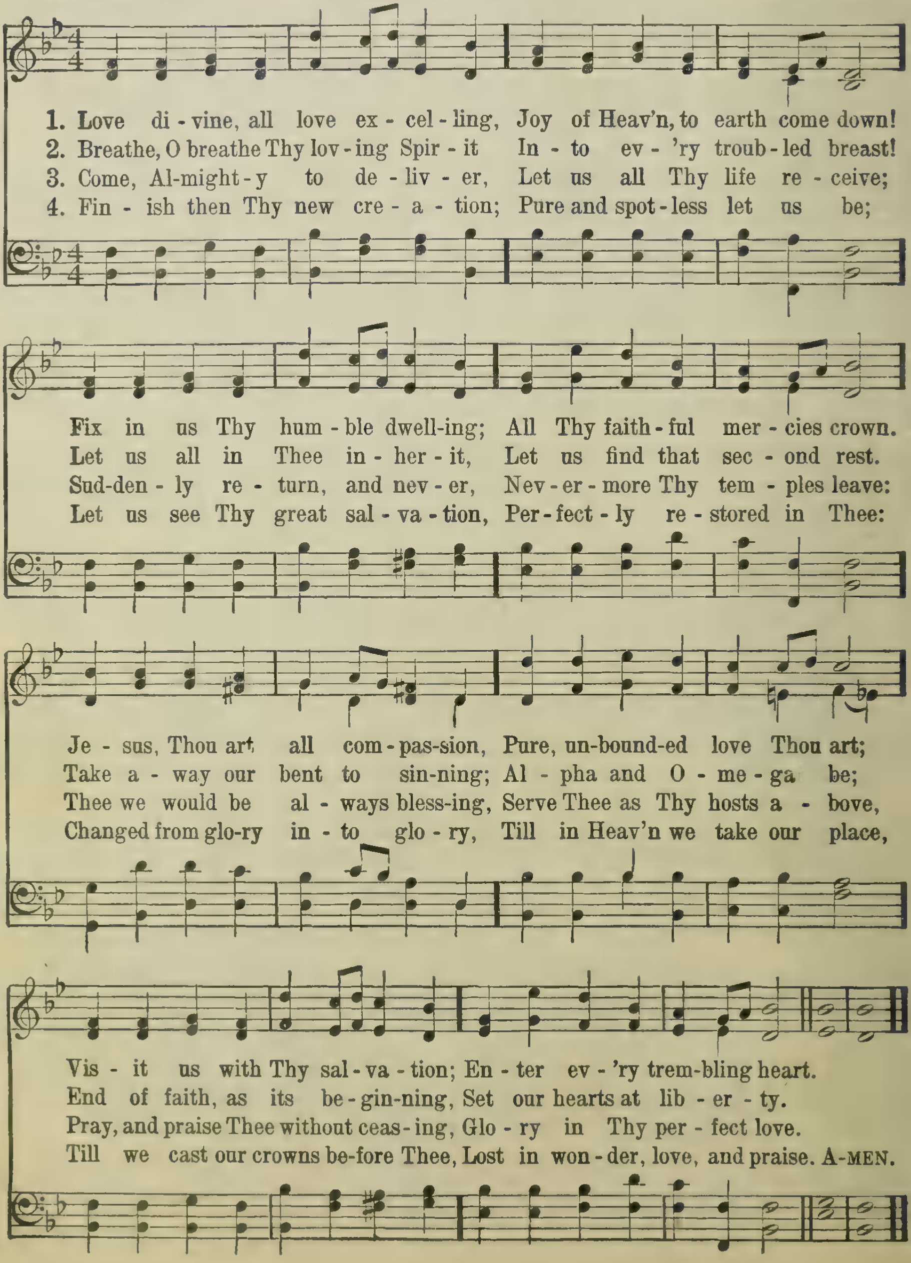
P. P. B. (Jesus Loves Me.) P. P. Bliss.


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Kind - ly He fol - lows wher-
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I
Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be,
Refrain.
This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me.
Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.
I am so glad that
Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; I am so
glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me. A - men.

317 Love Divine

[First Tune]

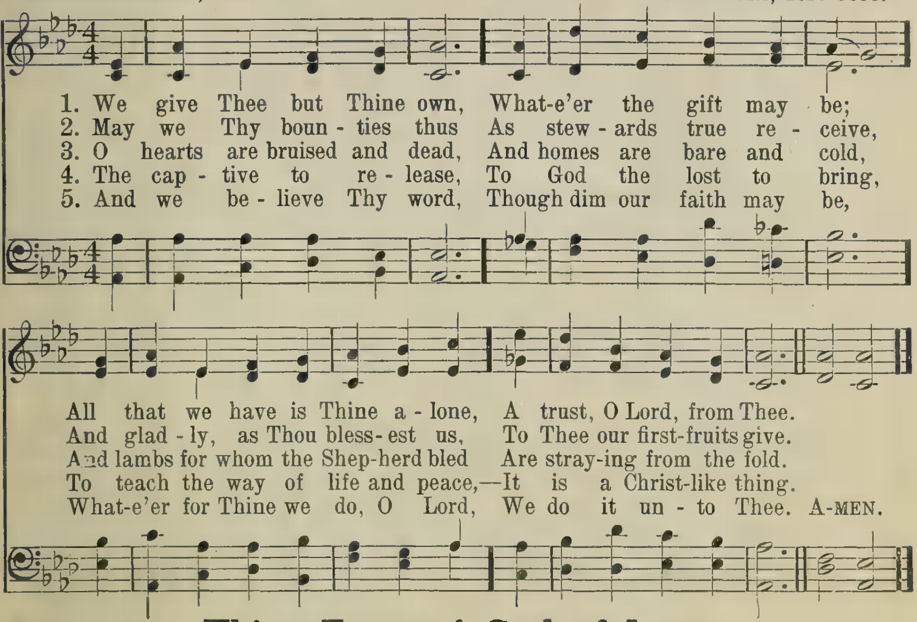
Charles Wesley. (LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.) John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv-er, Let us all Thy life re-ceive;
4. Fin-ish then Thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest.
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er-more Thy tem-ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion, Per-fect-ly re-stored in Thee:
Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Al-pha and O-me-ga be;
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a-bove,
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo-ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib-er-ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-ing, Glo-ry in Thy per-fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

318 We Give Thee but Thine Own

(SCHUMANN. S. M.)

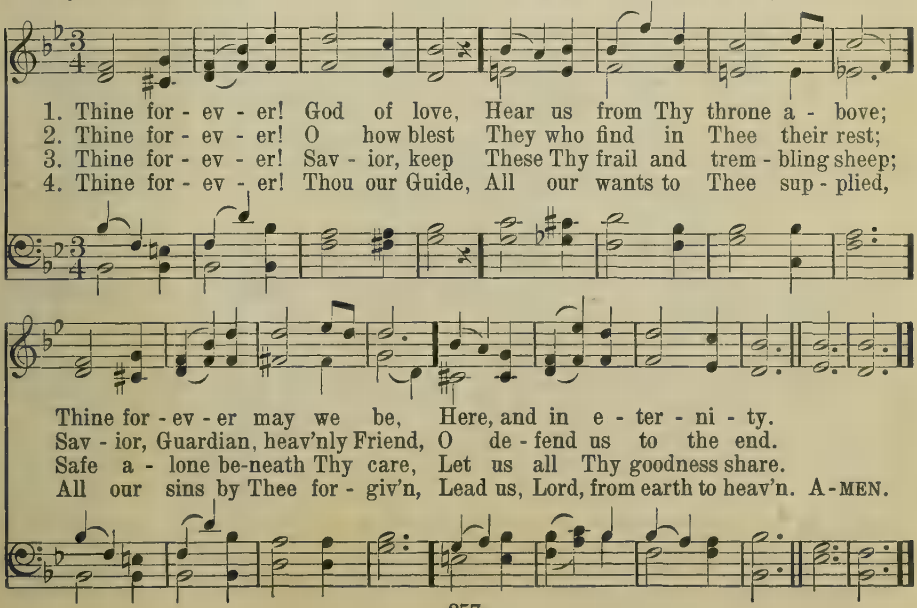
William W. How, 1864. Arr. from Robert Schumann, 1810-1856.


1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be;
2. May we Thy boun - ties thus As stew - ards true re - ceive,
3. O hearts are bruised and dead, And homes are bare and cold,
4. The cap - tive to re - lease, To God the lost to bring,
5. And we be - lieve Thy word, Though dim our faith may be,
All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee.
And glad - ly, as Thou bless- est us, To Thee our first-fruits give.
And lambs for whom the Shep-herd bled Are stray-ing from the fold.
To teach the way of life and peace,—It is a Christ-like thing.
What-e'er for Thine we do, O Lord, We do it un - to Thee. A-MEN.

319 Thine Forever! God of Love

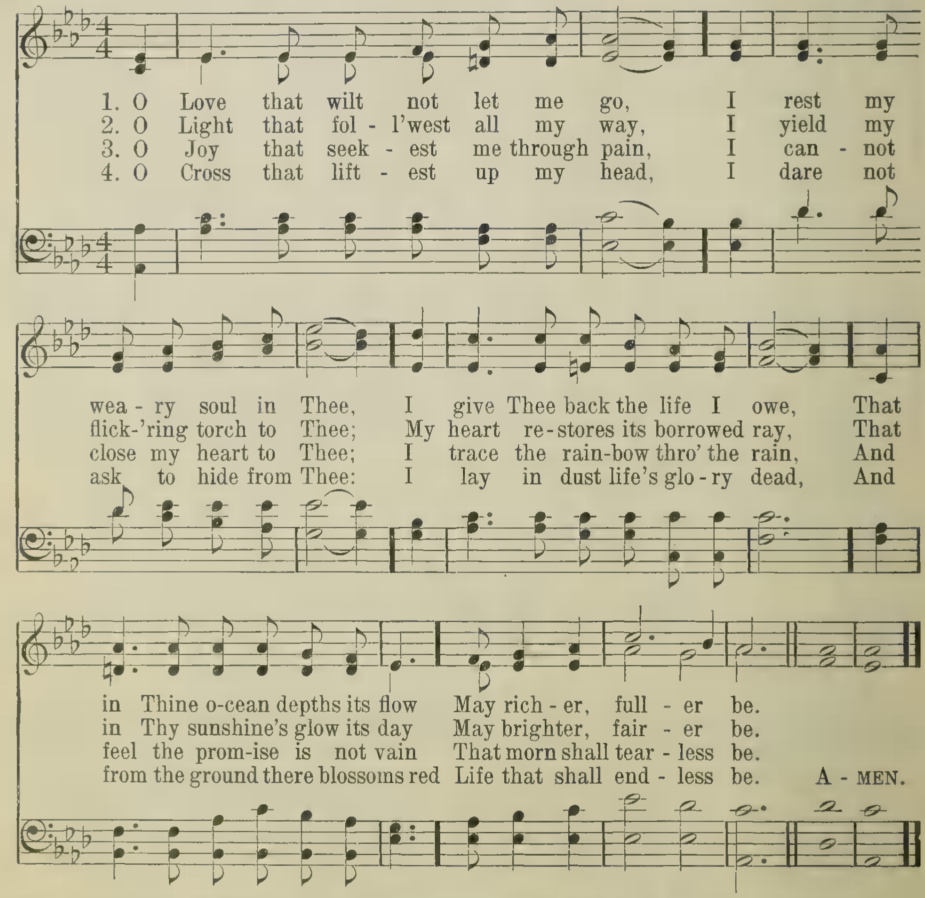
(MERCY. 7s.)

Mary F. Maude, 1848. Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869.


1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest;
3. Thine for - ev - er! Sav - ior, keep These Thy frail and trem - bling sheep;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants to Thee sup - plied,
Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Sav - ior, Guardian, heav'nly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
Safe a - lone be-neath Thy care, Let us all Thy goodness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n. A-MEN.

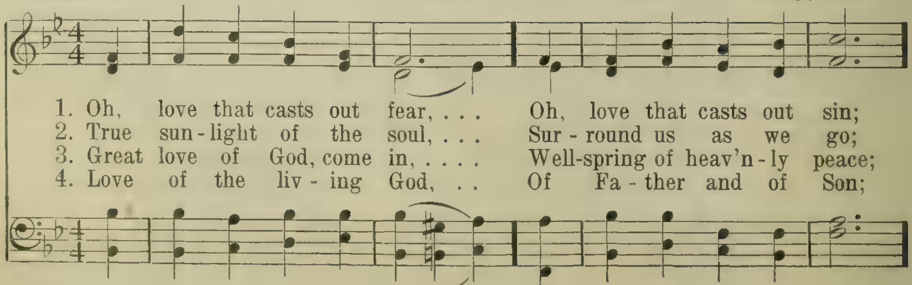
320 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.

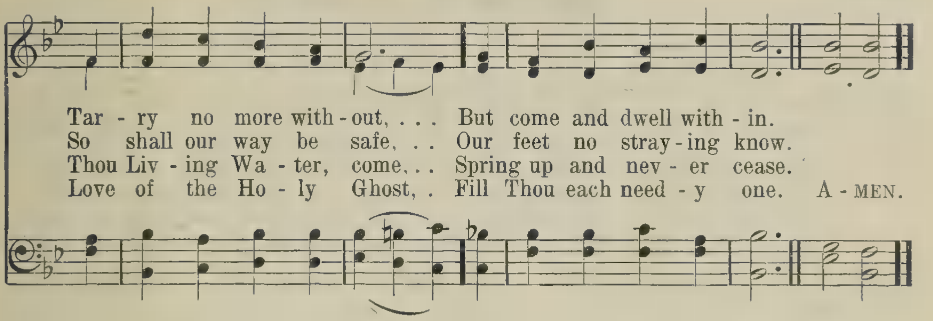

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
2. O Light that fol - l'west all my way, I yield my
3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not
wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe, That
flick-'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-stores its borrowed ray, That
close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And
ask to hide from Thee: I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And
in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.
A - MEN.

321 Oh, Love That Cast Out Fear

H. Bonar. (LELAND. 6s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Oh, love that casts out fear, . . . Oh, love that casts out sin;
2. True sun-light of the soul, . . . Sur - round us as we go;
3. Great love of God, come in, ... Well-spring of heav'n - ly peace;
4. Love of the liv - ing God, . . Of Fa - ther and of Son;

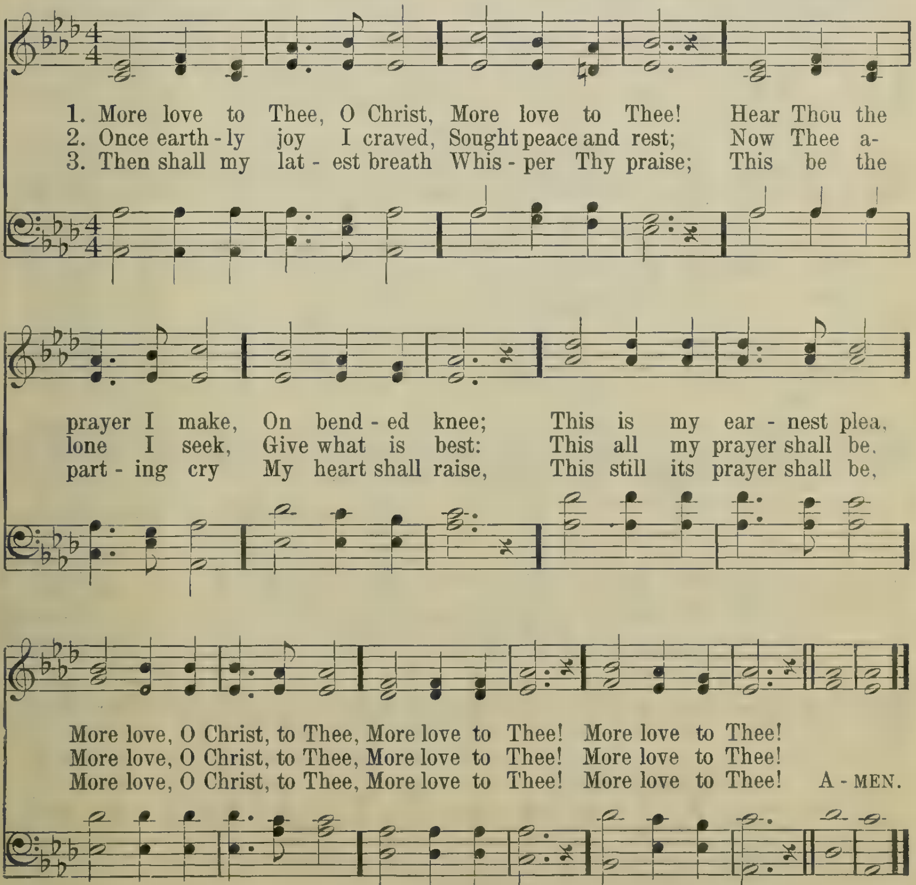
Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley.


Tar - ry no more with - out, . . . But come and dwell with - in.
So shall our way be safe, . . Our feet no stray - ing know.
Thou Liv - ing Wa - ter, come, . . Spring up and nev - er cease.
Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, . Fill Thou each need - y one. A - MEN.

322 More Love to Thee, O Christ

(MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s, 4s, 6s.)

Elizabeth Prentiss, 1870. W. H. Doane.

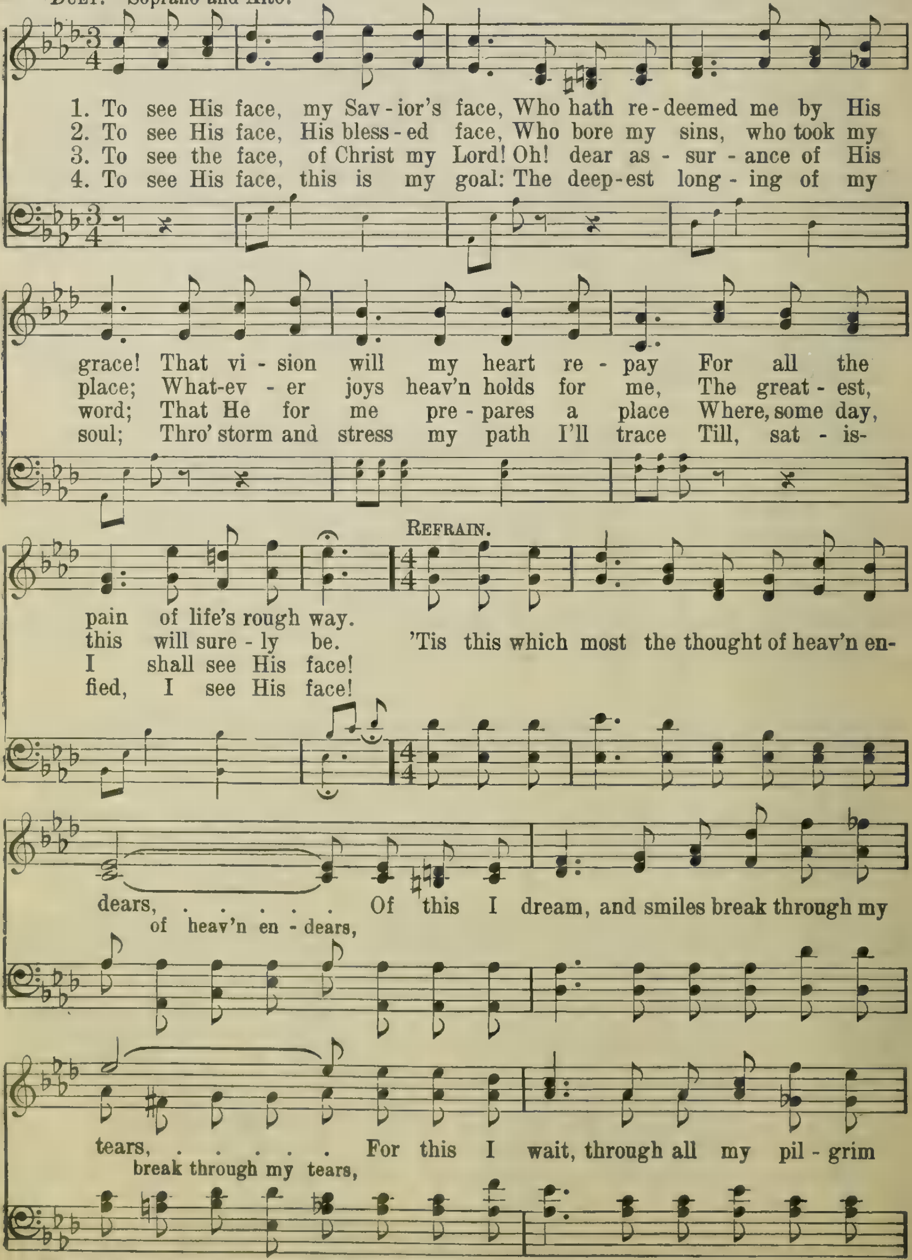

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee! A - MEN.

323

To See His Face

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

DUET. Soprano and Alto.


1. To see His face, my Sav-ior's face, Who hath re-deemed me by His grace! That vi-sion will my heart re-pay For all the pain of life's rough way.
2. To see His face, His bless-ed face, Who bore my sins, who took my place; What-ev-er joys heav'n holds for me, The great-est, this will sure-ly be.
3. To see the face, of Christ my Lord! Oh! dear as-sur-ance of His word; That He for me pre-pares a place Where, some day, I shall see His face!
4. To see His face, this is my goal: The deep-est long-ing of my soul; Thro' storm and stress my path I'll trace Till, sat-is-fied, I see His face!
REFRAIN.
'Tis this which most the thought of heav'n en-dears, ... Of this I dream, and smiles break through my tears, ... For this I wait, through all my pil-grim
of heav'n en-dears,
break through my tears,

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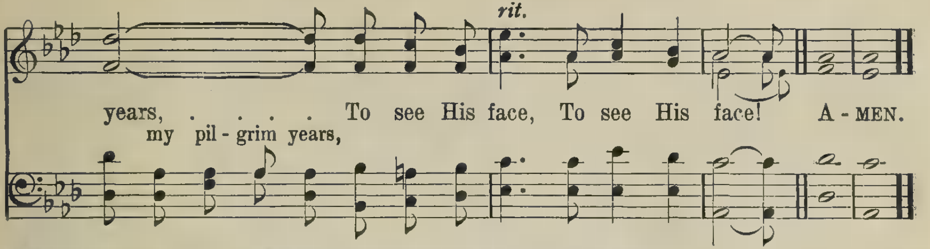
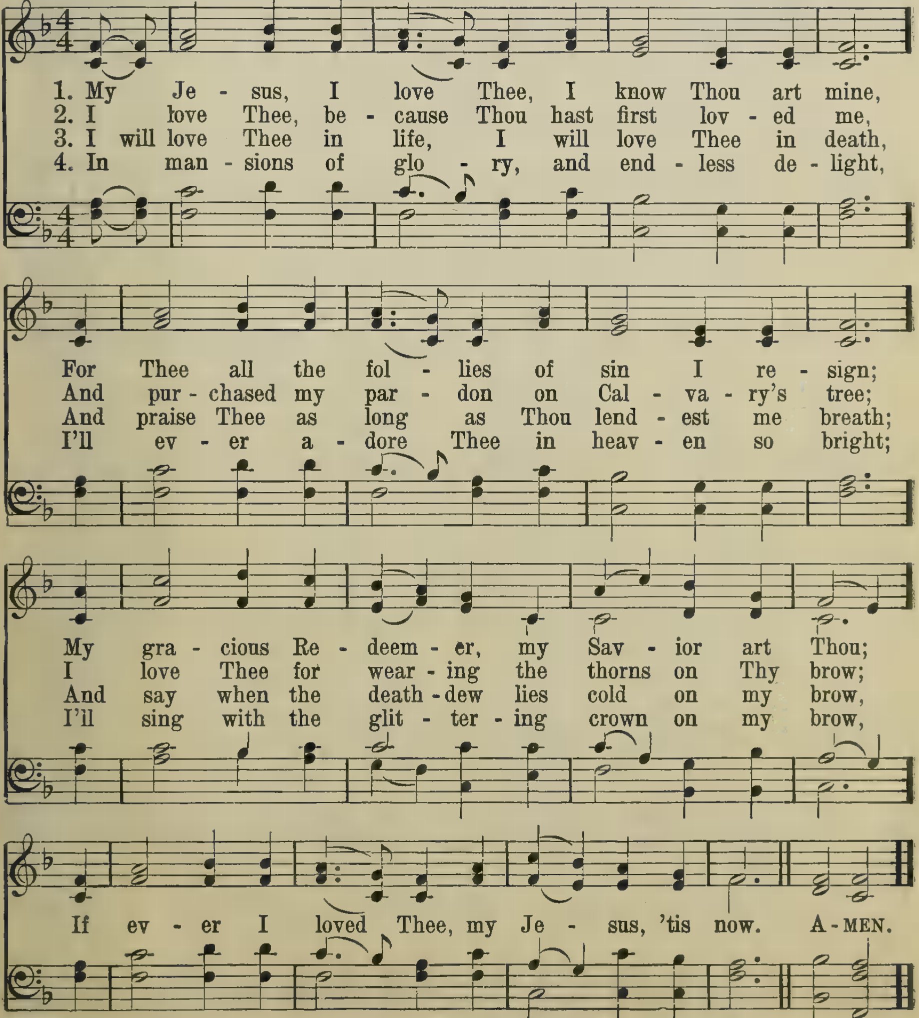

rit.
years, ... To see His face, To see His face! A-MEN.
my pil-grim years,

324 My Jesus, I Love Thee

(MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11, 11, 11, 11.)

Anonymous. Adoniram J. Gordon, 1836–1895.

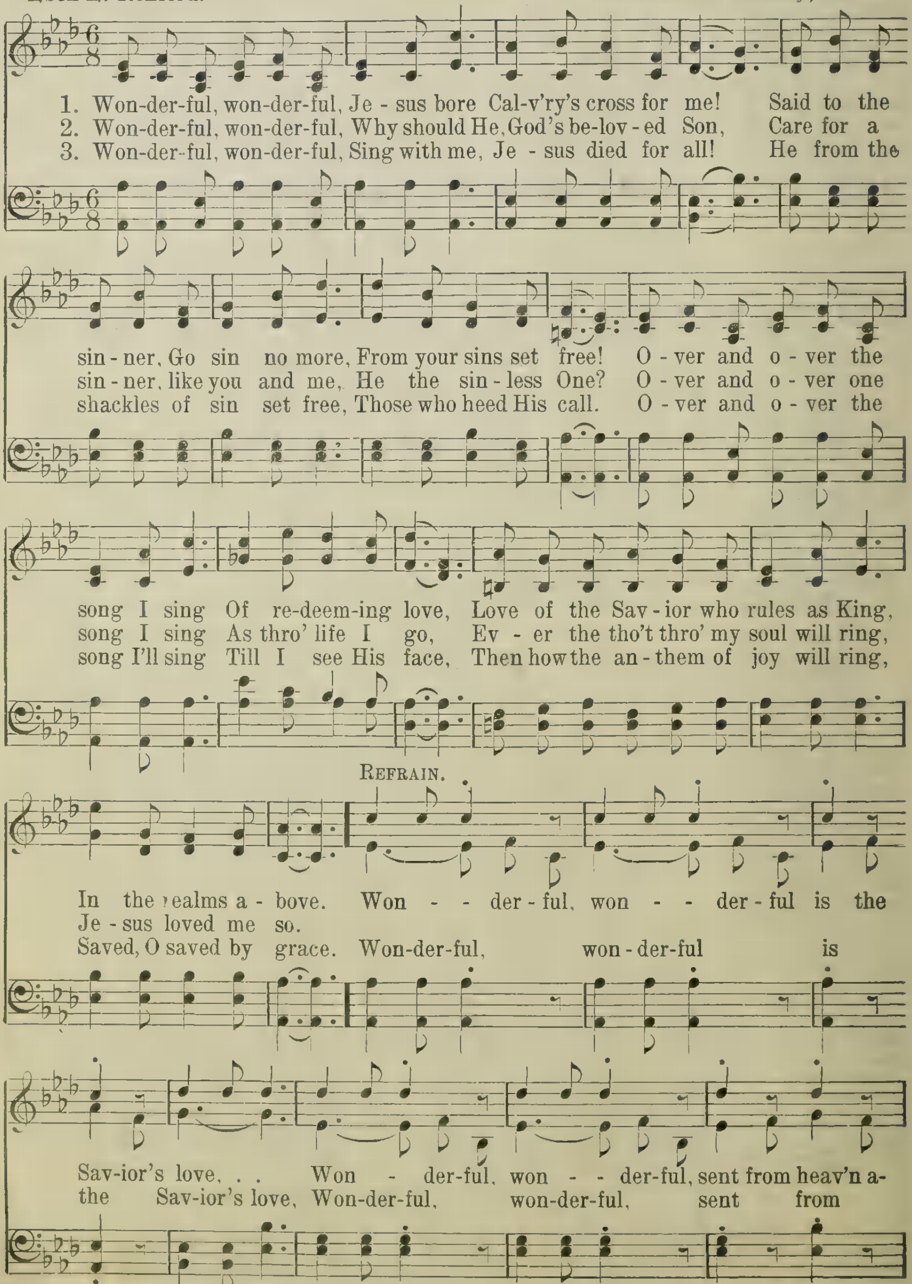

1. My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In mansions of glory, and endless delight,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign;
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
My gracious Redeemer, my Savior art Thou;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now. A-MEN.

325

The Song of Wonderful Love

Eben E. Rexford.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Je - sus bore Cal-v'ry's cross for me! Said to the
2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Why should He, God's be-lov - ed Son, Care for a
3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sing with me, Je - sus died for all! He from the
sin - ner, Go sin no more, From your sins set free! O - ver and o - ver the
sin - ner, like you and me, He the sin - less One? O - ver and o - ver one
shackles of sin set free, Those who heed His call. O - ver and o - ver the
song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav - ior who rules as King,
song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev - er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an - them of joy will ring,
In the realms a - bove.
Je - sus loved me so.
Saved, O saved by grace.
Refrain.
Won - - der - ful, won - - der - ful is the
Won-der-ful, won - der-ful is
Sav-ior's love, . . Won - der-ful, won - - der-ful, sent from heav'n a-
the Sav-ior's love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, sent from

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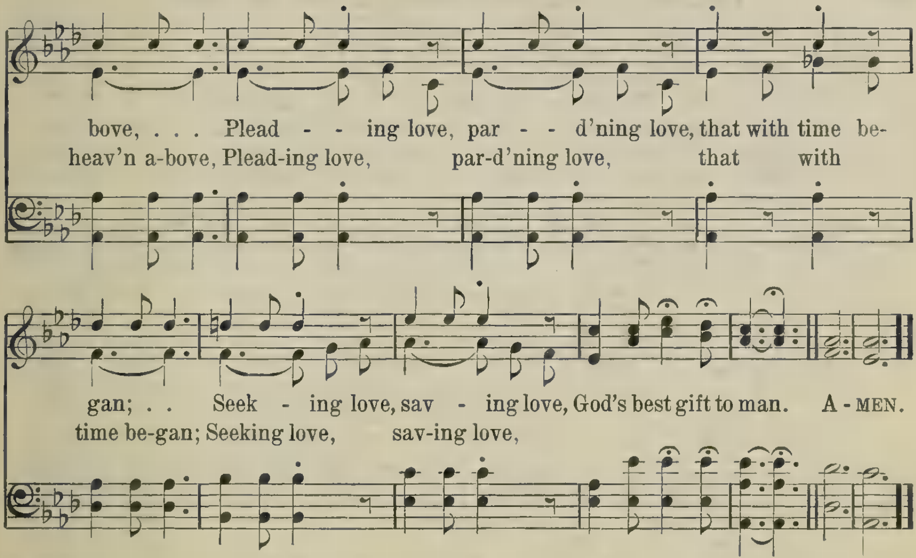
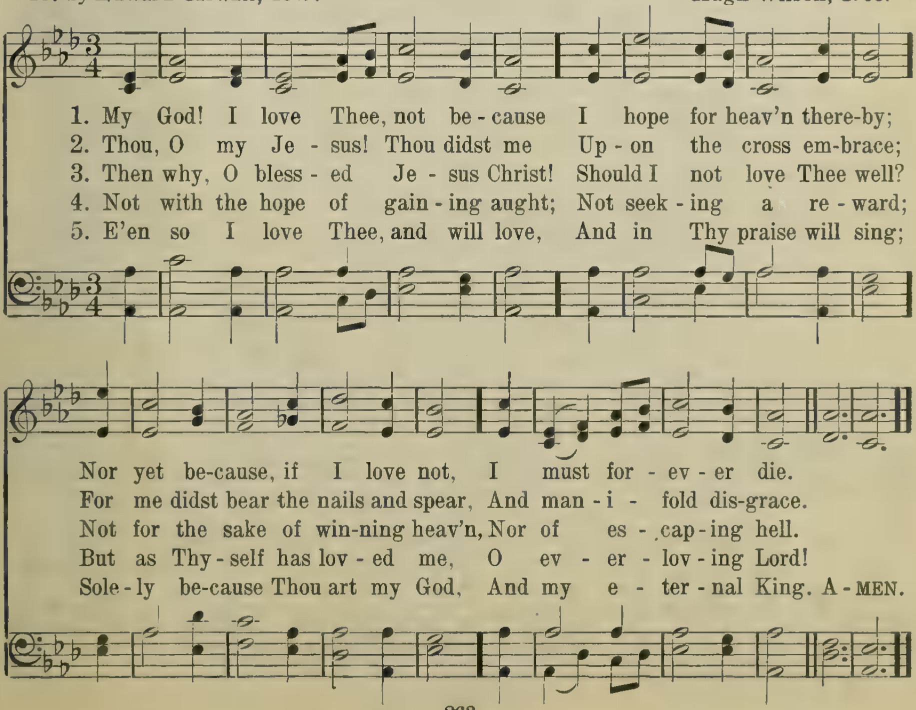

bove, . . . Plead - - ing love, par - - d'ning love, that with time be-
heav'n a-bove, Plead-ing love, par-d'ning love, that with
gan; . . Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man. A - MEN.
time be-gan; Seeking love, sav-ing love,

326 My God, I Love Thee

Frances Xavier, 1652.
Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849.

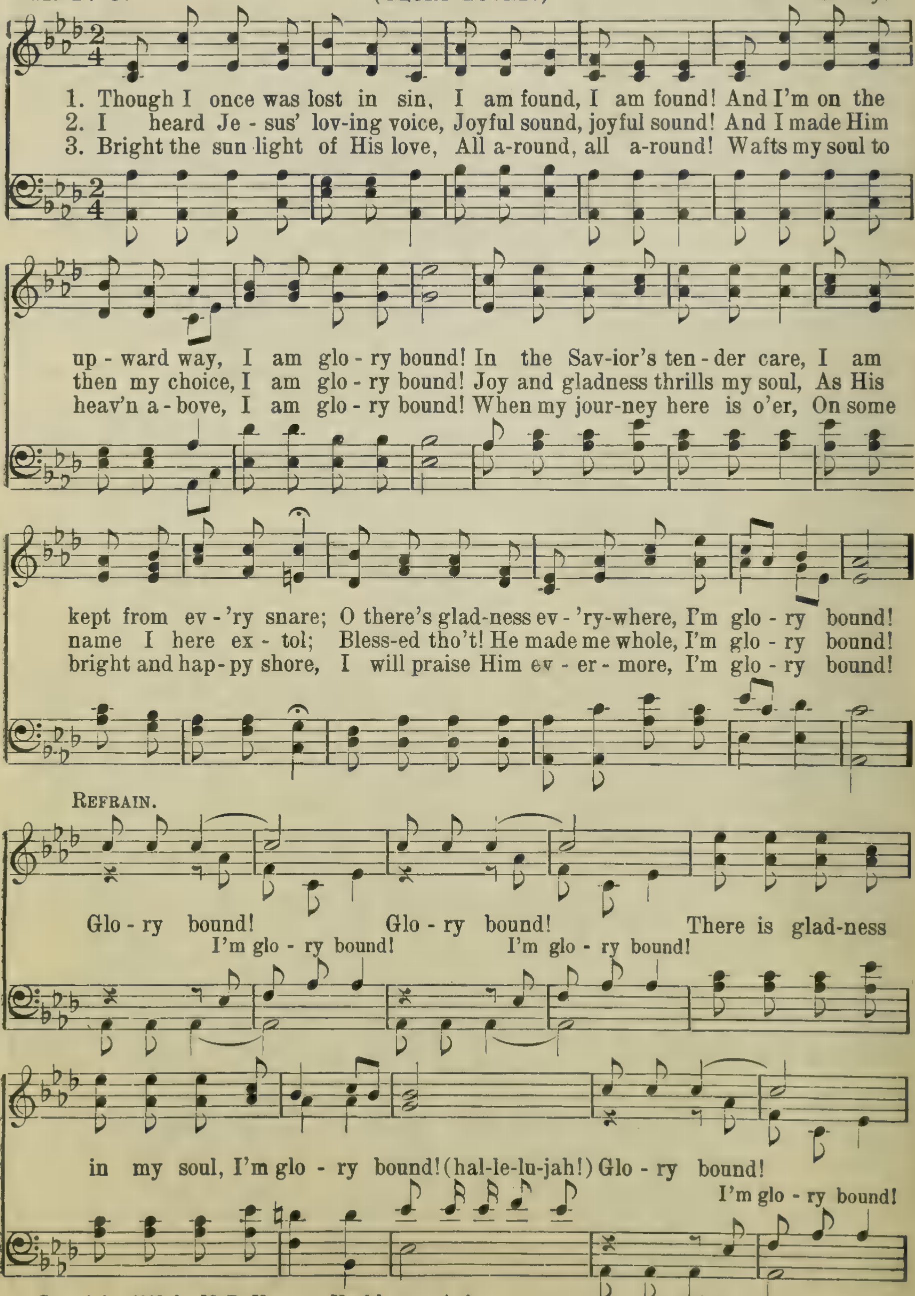
(AVON. C. M.)

Hugh Wilson, 1768.


1. My God! I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for heav'n there-by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus! Thou didst me Up - on the cross em-brace;
3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ! Should I not love Thee well?
4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught; Not seek - ing a re - ward;
5. E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;
Nor yet be-cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis-grace.
Not for the sake of win-ning heav'n, Nor of es - cap - ing hell.
But as Thy - self has lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov - ing Lord!
Sole - ly be-cause Thou art my God, And my e - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

327 Though I Once Was Lost In Sin

M. D. U. (GLORY BOUND.) M. D. Ussery.


1. Though I once was lost in sin, I am found, I am found! And I'm on the
2. I heard Je - sus' lov-ing voice, Joyful sound, joyful sound! And I made Him
3. Bright the sun light of His love, All a-round, all a-round! Wafts my soul to
up - ward way, I am glo - ry bound! In the Sav-ior's ten - der care, I am
then my choice, I am glo - ry bound! Joy and gladness thrills my soul, As His
heav'n a - bove, I am glo - ry bound! When my jour-ney here is o'er, On some
kept from ev - 'ry snare; O there's glad-ness ev - 'ry-where, I'm glo - ry bound!
name I here ex - tol; Bless-ed tho't! He made me whole, I'm glo - ry bound!
bright and hap-py shore, I will praise Him ev - er - more, I'm glo - ry bound!
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry bound! Glo - ry bound! There is glad-ness
I'm glo - ry bound! I'm glo - ry bound!
in my soul, I'm glo - ry bound! (hal-le-lu-jah!) Glo - ry bound!
I'm glo - ry bound!

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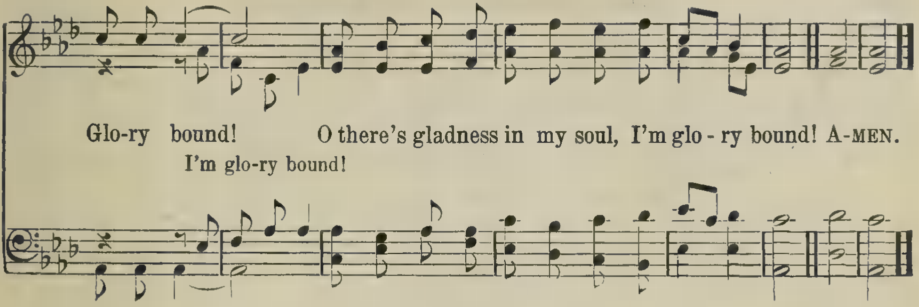
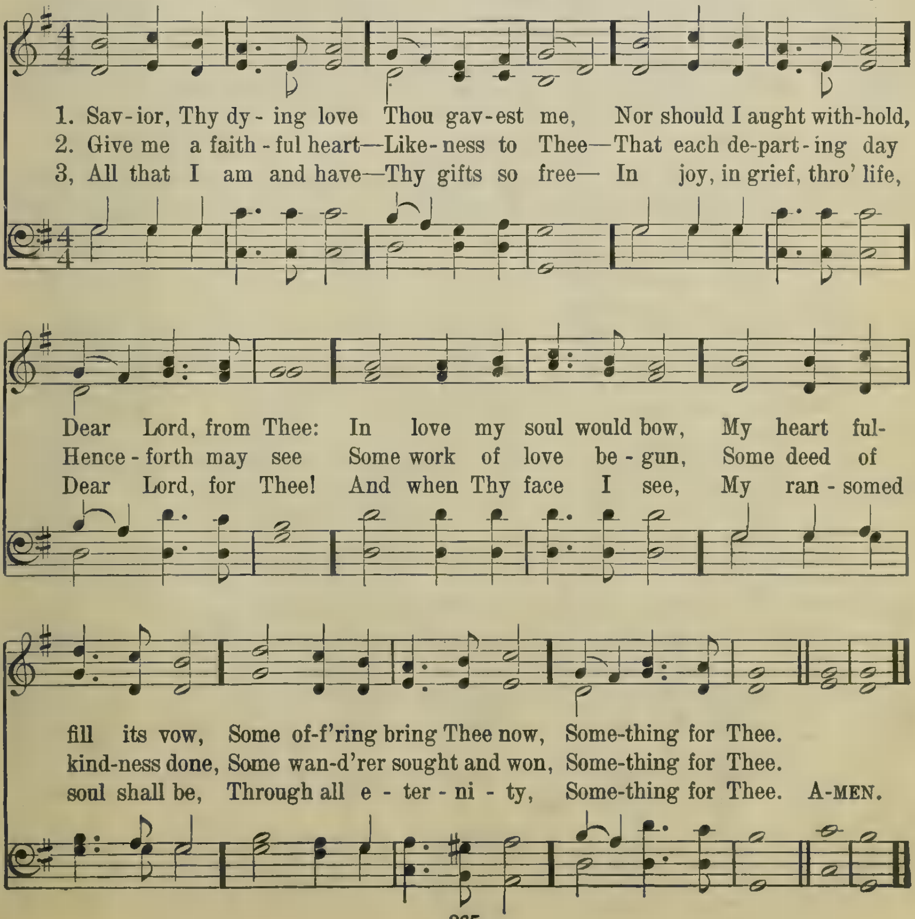

Glo-ry bound! O there's gladness in my soul, I'm glo - ry bound! A-MEN.
I'm glo-ry bound!

328 Savior, Thy Dying Love Thou Gavest Me

(SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s.)

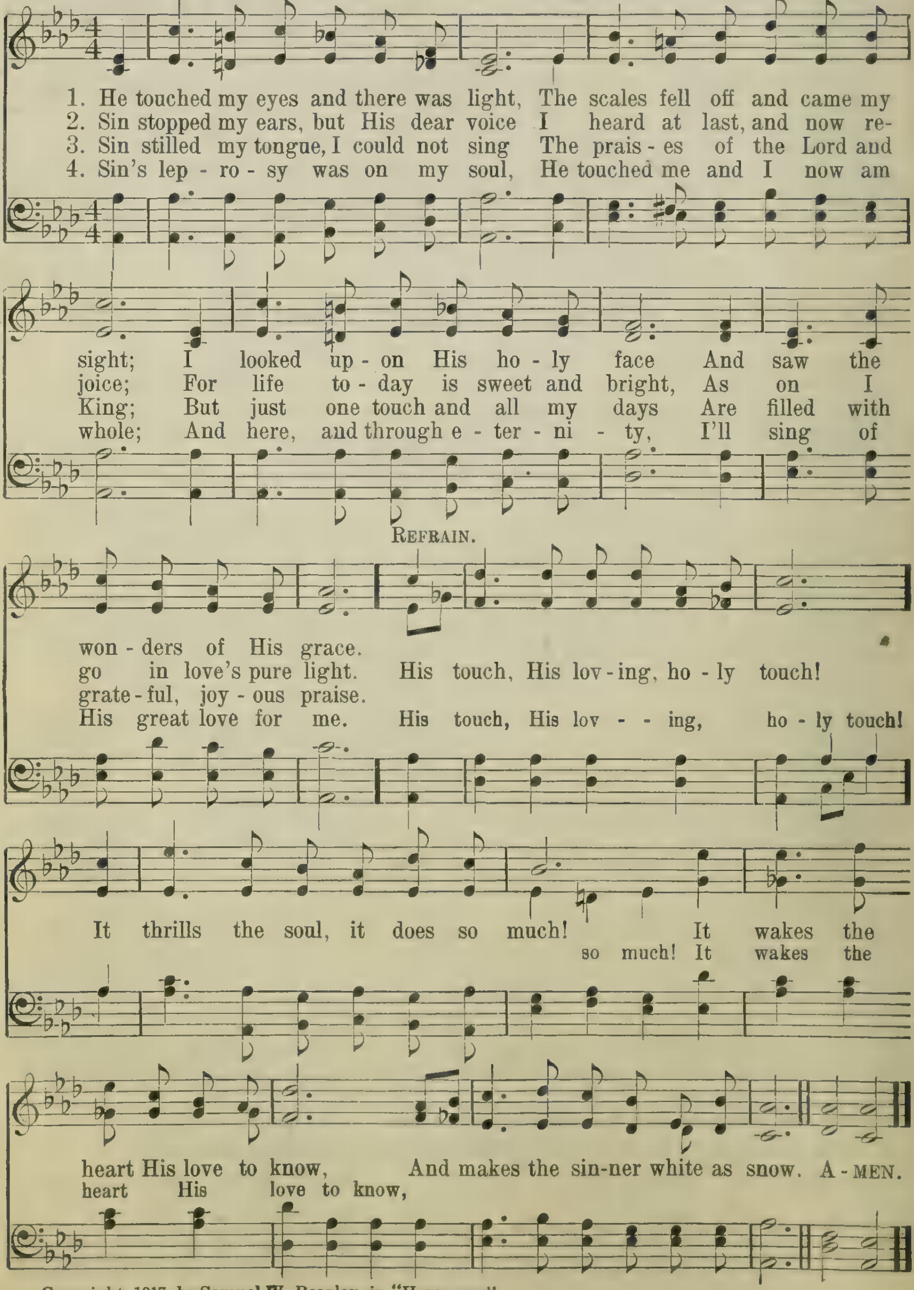
S. D. Phelps, 1862. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Sav-ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Some-thing for Thee.
2. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de-part - ing day Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of kind-ness done, Some wan-d'rer sought and won, Some-thing for Thee.
3, All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some-thing for Thee. A-MEN.

329

One Touch of His Hand

Esma G. Denby. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. He touched my eyes and there was light, The scales fell off and came my sight; I looked up-on His ho-ly face And saw the won-ders of His grace.
2. Sin stopped my ears, but His dear voice I heard at last, and now re-joice; For life to-day is sweet and bright, As on I go in love's pure light.
3. Sin stilled my tongue, I could not sing The prais-es of the Lord and King; But just one touch and all my days Are filled with grate-ful, joy-ous praise.
4. Sin's lep-ro-sy was on my soul, He touched me and I now am whole; And here, and through e-ter-ni-ty, I'll sing of His great love for me.
REFRAIN.
His touch, His lov-ing, ho-ly touch!
His touch, His lov--ing, ho-ly touch!
It thrills the soul, it does so much!
so much!
It wakes the heart His love to know,
It wakes the heart His love to know,
And makes the sin-ner white as snow. A-MEN.

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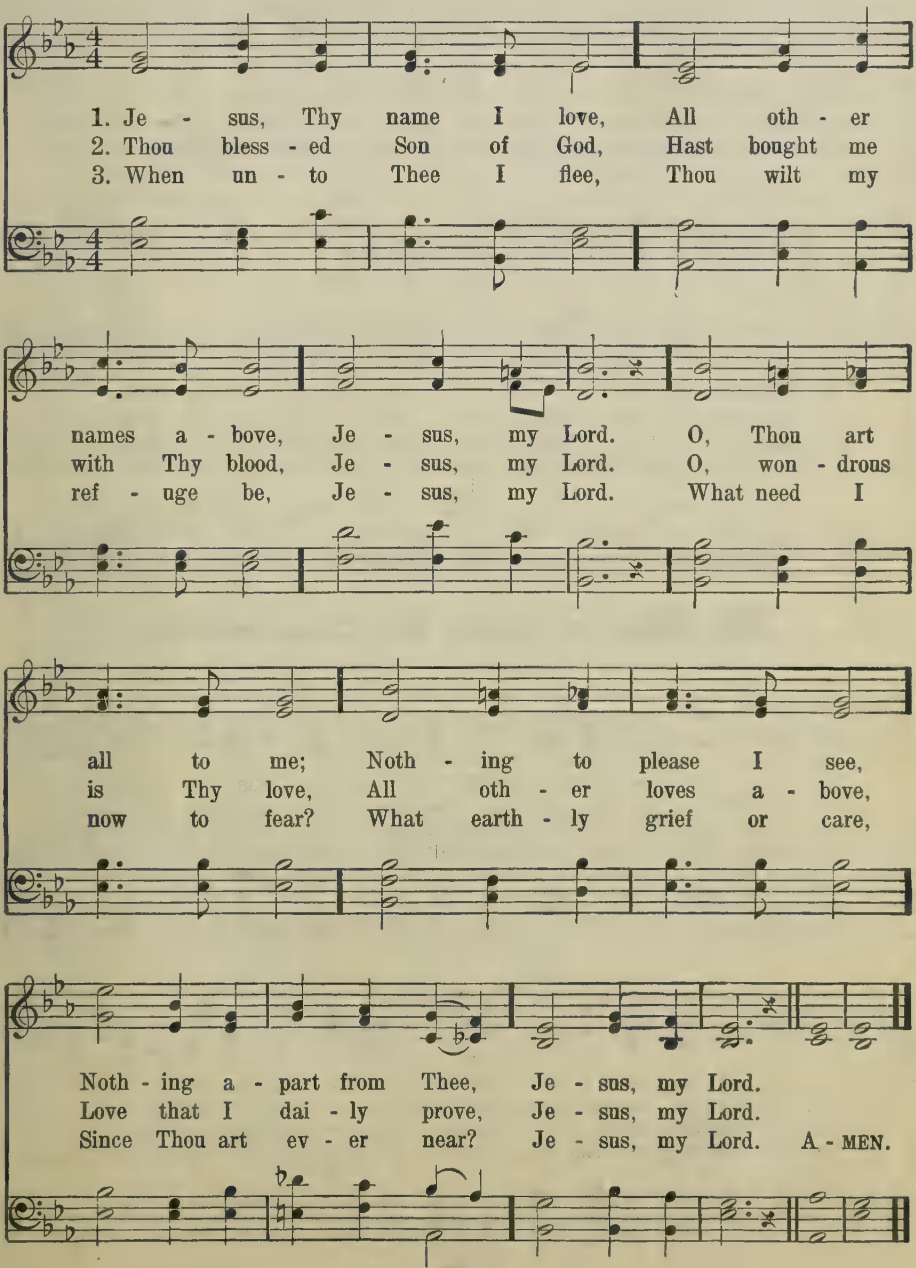
330

Jesus, Thy Name I Love

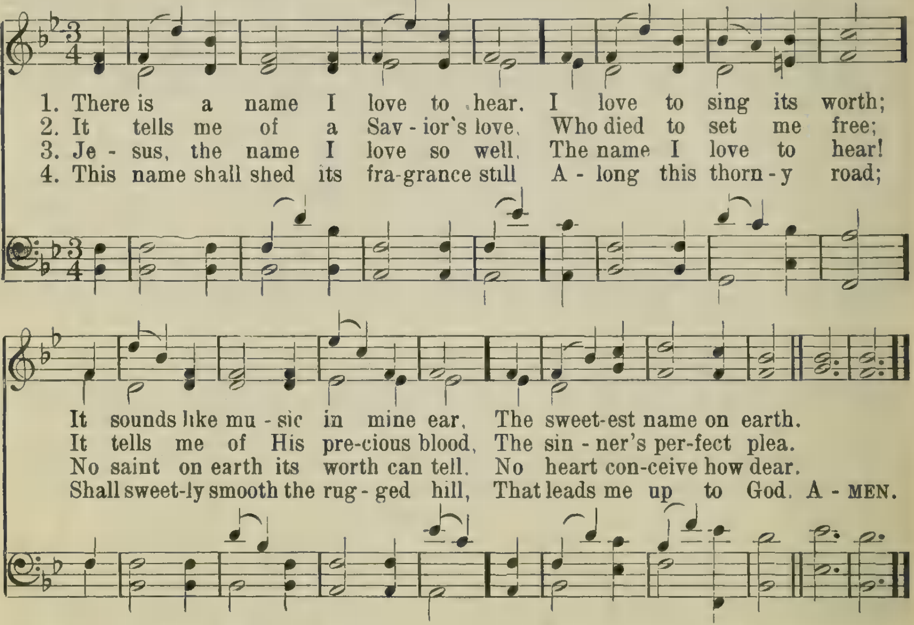
(Jesus, Thy Name I Love. 6s, 4s.)

J. G. Deck, 1853. W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er
2. Thou bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me
3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my
names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord. O, Thou art
with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord. O, won - drous
ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord. What need I
all to me; Noth - ing to please I see,
is Thy love, All oth - er loves a - bove,
now to fear? What earth - ly grief or care,
Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord.
Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord.
Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord. A - MEN.

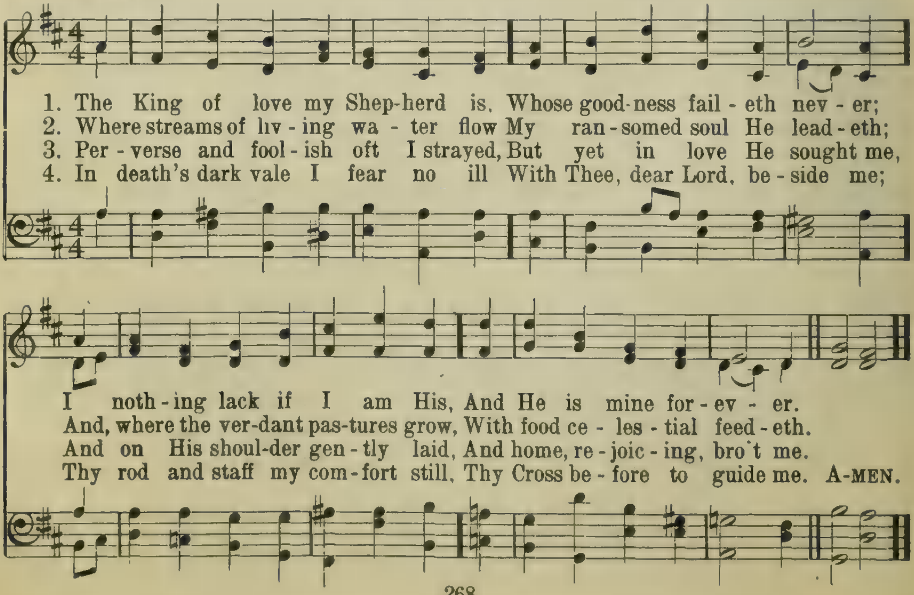
331 There is a Name I Love to Hear

Frederick Whitfield, 1859. (GEER. C. M.) H. W. Greatorex, 1811-1858.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. Je-sus, the name I love so well, The name I love to hear!
4. This name shall shed its fra-grance still A-long this thorn-y road;
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear.
Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug-ged hill, That leads me up to God. A-MEN.

332 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

W. H. Baker. (GRACELAND. 8s, 7s.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

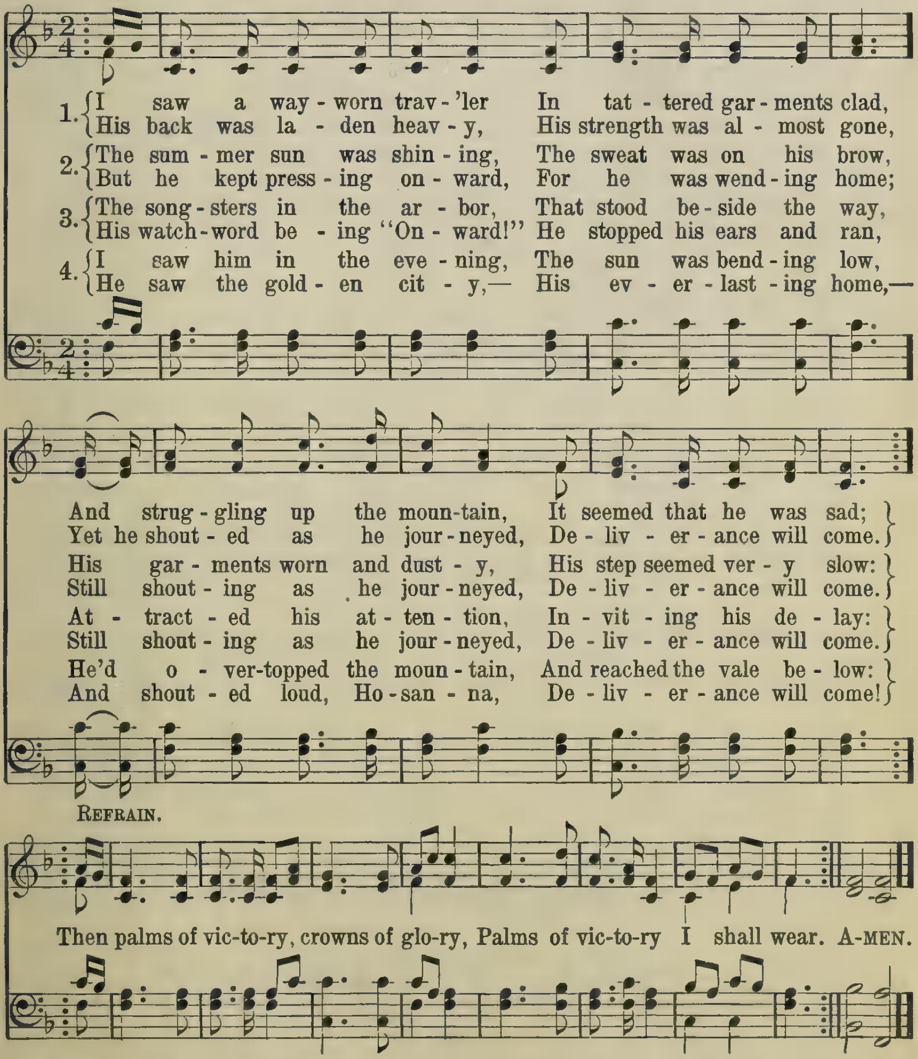

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev-er;
2. Where streams of liv-ing wa-ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth;
3. Per-verse and fool-ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be-side me;
I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for-ev-er.
And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce-les-tial feed-eth.
And on His shoul-der gen-tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, bro't me.
Thy rod and staff my com-fort still, Thy Cross be-fore to guide me. A-MEN.

333

I Saw a Wayworn Traveler

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.

J. B. M. (DELIVERANCE WILL COME.) Rev. Jno. B. Matthias.


1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler In tat-tered gar-ments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
4. I saw him in the eve-ning, The sun was bend-ing low,
He saw the gold-en cit-y,— His ev-er-last-ing home,—
And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow:
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay:
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
He'd o-ver-topped the moun-tain, And reached the vale be-low:
And shout-ed loud, Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance will come!
REFRAIN.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear. A-MEN.

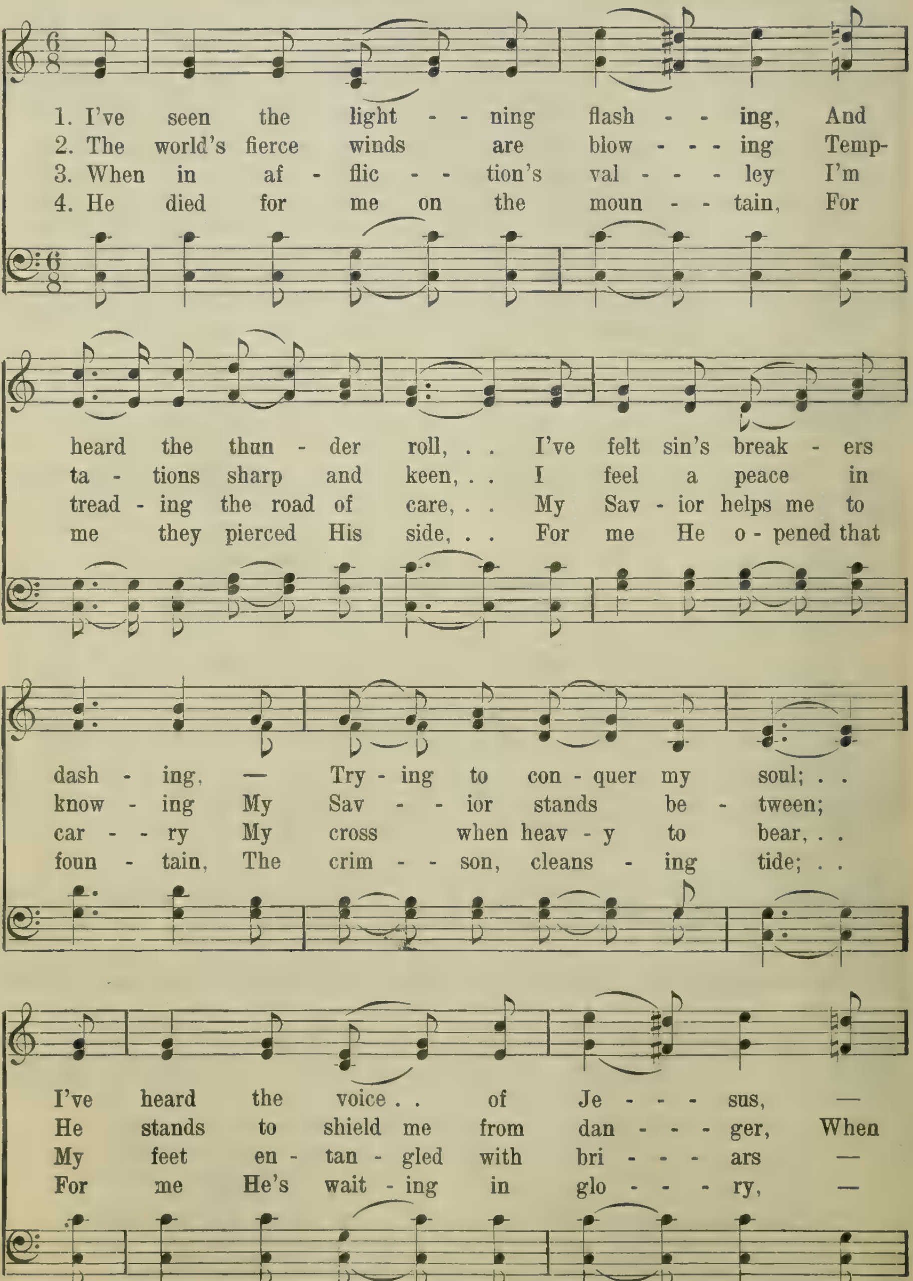
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God:
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam;
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance had come!

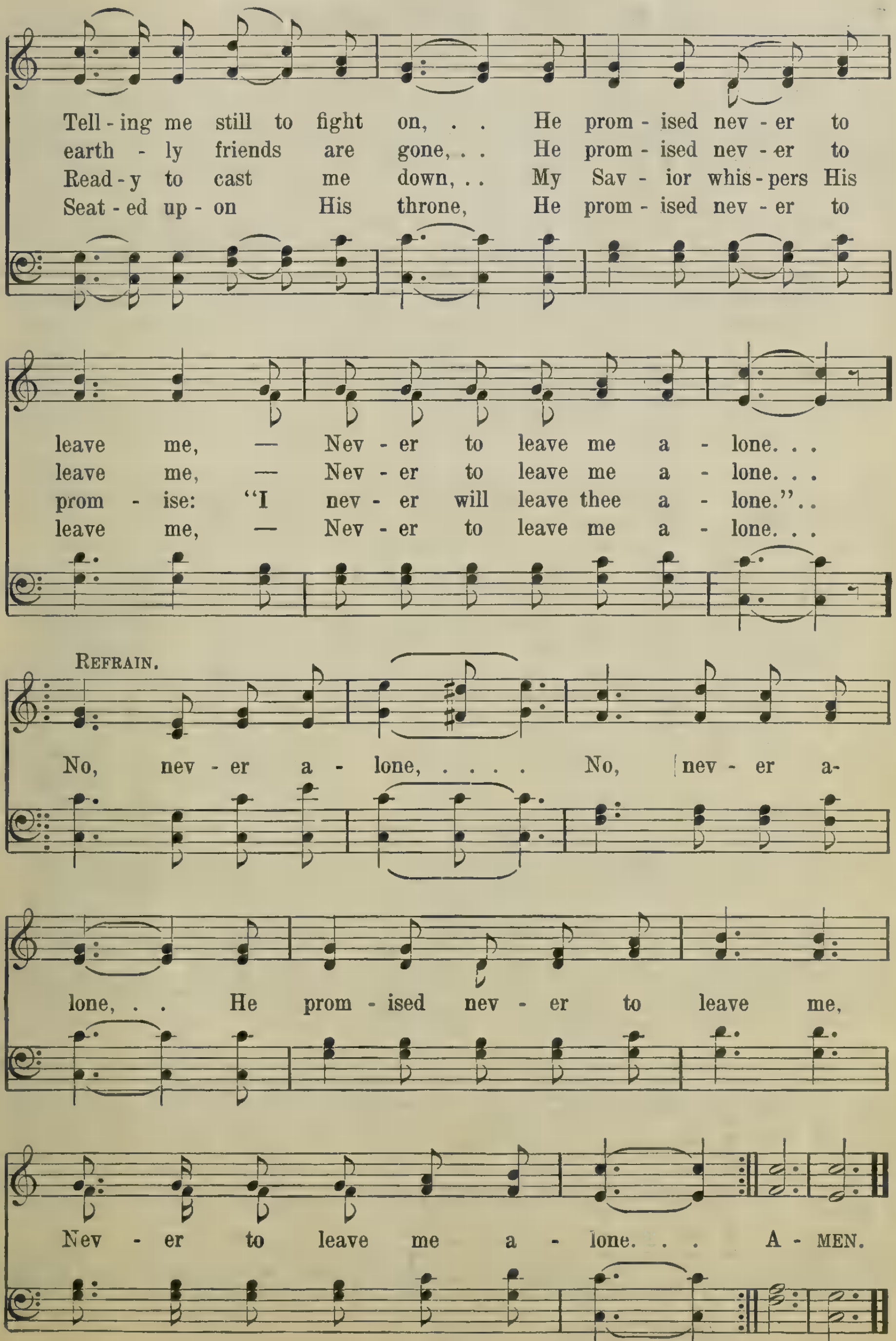
6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

334

Never Alone

English.


1. I've seen the light - - ning flash - - ing, And heard the thun - der roll, . . I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, — Try - ing to con - quer my soul; . . I've heard the voice . . of Je - - - sus, —
2. The world's fierce winds are blow - - - ing Temp- ta - tions sharp and keen, . . I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - - ior stands be - tween; He stands to shield me from dan - - - ger, When
3. When in af - flic - - tion's val - - - ley I'm tread - ing the road of care, . . My Sav - ior helps me to car - - ry My cross when heav - y to bear, . . My feet en - tan - gled with bri - - - ars —
4. He died for me on the moun - - tain, For me they pierced His side, . . For me He o - pened that foun - tain, The crim - - son, cleans - ing tide; . . For me He's wait - ing in glo - - - ry, —

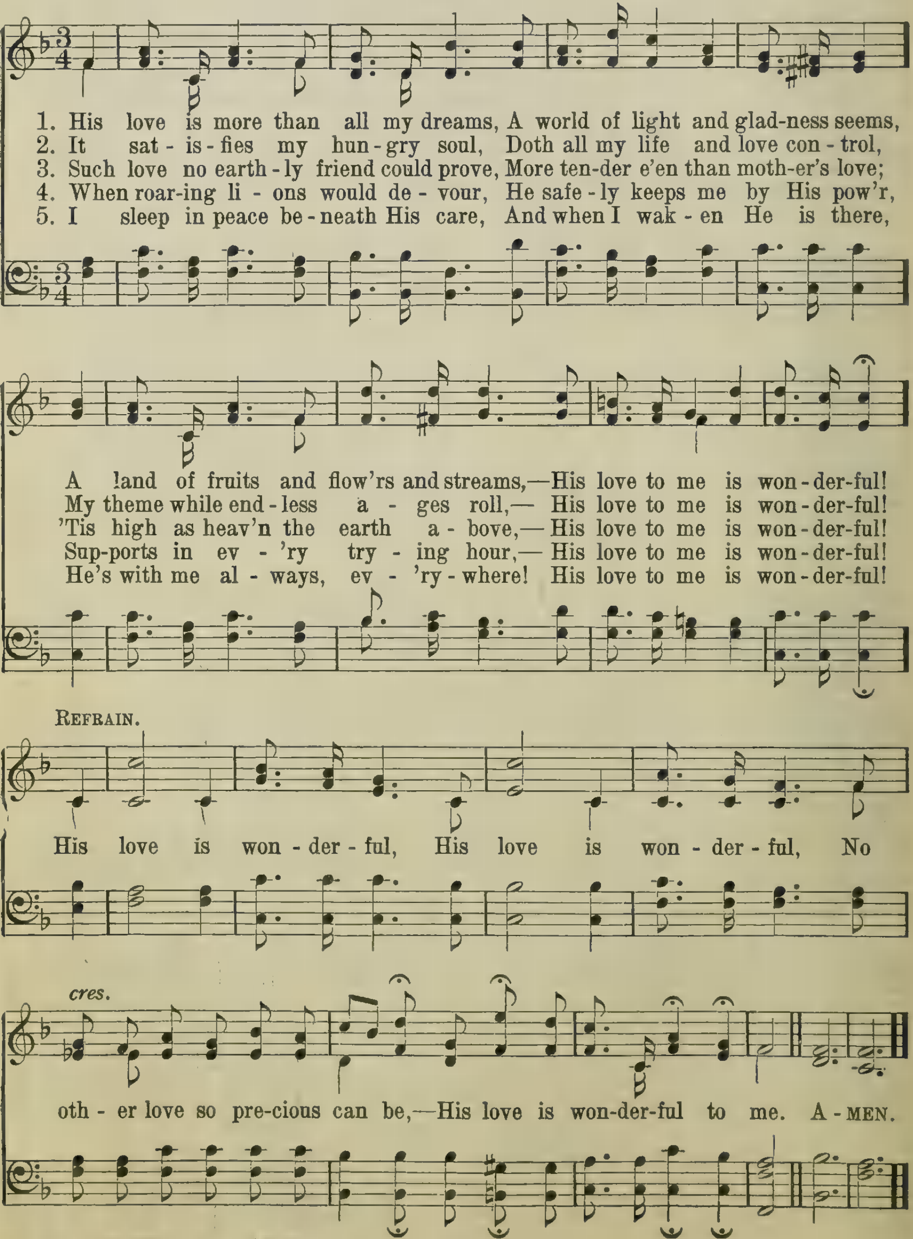

Tell-ing me still to fight on, . . He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, — Nev-er to leave me a-lone. . .
earth-ly friends are gone, . . He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, — Nev-er to leave me a-lone. . .
Read-y to cast me down, . . My Sav-ior whis-pers His prom-ise: "I nev-er will leave thee a-lone." . .
Seat-ed up-on His throne, He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, — Nev-er to leave me a-lone. . .
Refrain.
No, nev-er a-lone, ... No, nev-er a-lone, . . He prom-ised nev-er to leave me, Nev-er to leave me a-lone. . .
A-men.

335

His Love is Wonderful

"Thy love to me was wonderful."—2 SAMUEL 1: 26.

T. O. Chisholm. (CHISHOLM. L. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. His love is more than all my dreams,
A world of light and glad-ness seems,
A land of fruits and flow'rs and streams,—
His love to me is won-der-ful!

2. It sat-is-fies my hun-gry soul,
Doth all my life and love con-trol,
My theme while end-less a-ges roll,—
His love to me is won-der-ful!

3. Such love no earth-ly friend could prove,
More ten-der e'en than moth-er's love;
'Tis high as heav'n the earth a-bove,—
His love to me is won-der-ful!

4. When roar-ing li-ons would de-vour,
He safe-ly keeps me by His pow'r,
Sup-ports in ev-'ry try-ing hour,—
His love to me is won-der-ful!

5. I sleep in peace be-neath His care,
And when I wak-en He is there,
He's with me al-ways, ev-'ry-where!
His love to me is won-der-ful!

REFRAIN.

His love is won-der-ful, His love is won-der-ful,
No oth-er love so pre-cious can be,—
His love is won-der-ful to me. A-MEN.

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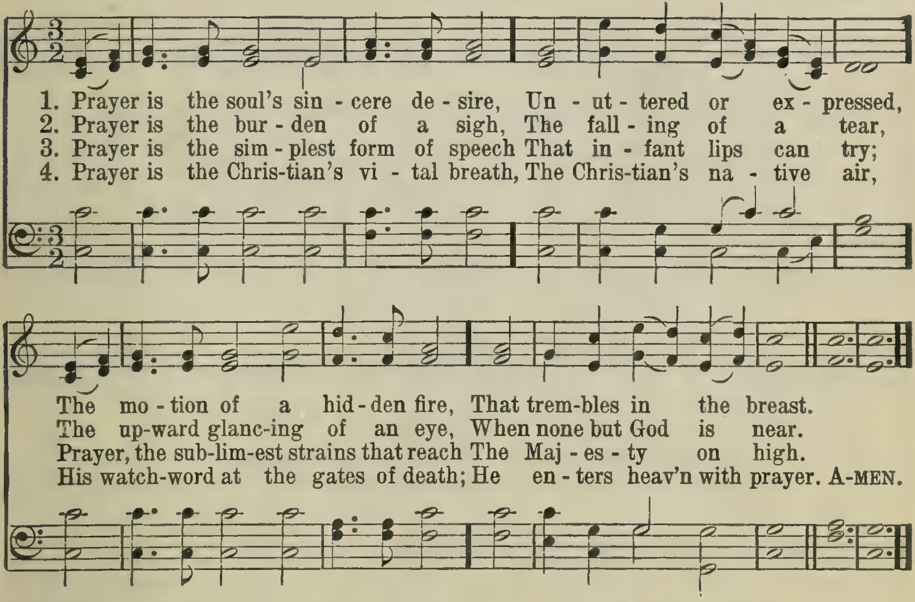
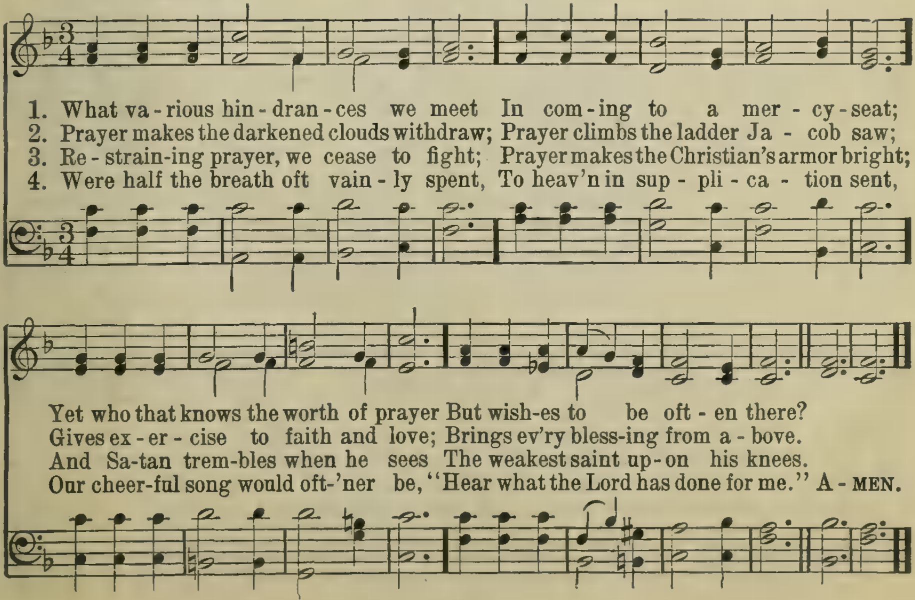
336 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire

James Montgomery, 1819. (HEBER. C. M.) Geo. Kingsley.


1. Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, Unuttered or expressed,
2. Prayer is the burden of a sigh, The falling of a tear,
3. Prayer is the simplest form of speech That infant lips can try;
4. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath, The Christian's native air,
The motion of a hidden fire, That trembles in the breast.
The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach The Majesty on high.
His watchword at the gates of death; He enters heav'n with prayer. A-MEN.

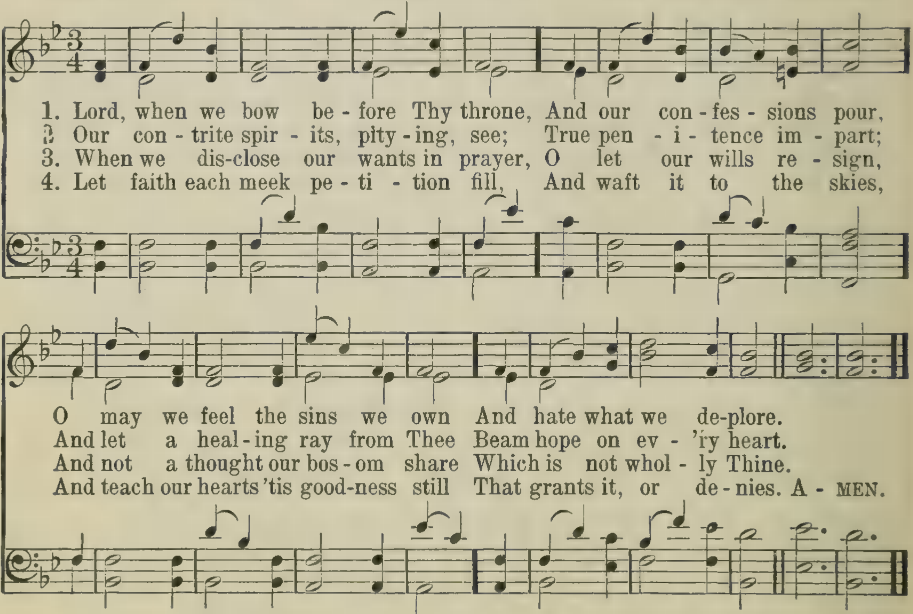
337 What Various Hindrances We Meet

William Cowper, 1779. (VENN. L. M.) Sir G. J. Elvey, alt.


1. What various hindrances we meet In coming to a mercy-seat;
2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
3. Restraining prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
4. Were half the breath oft vainly spent, To heav'n in supplication sent,
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wishes to be often there?
Gives exercise to faith and love; Brings ev'ry blessing from above.
And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees.
Our cheerful song would oft-'ner be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me." A-MEN.

338 Lord, When We Bow Before Thy Throne

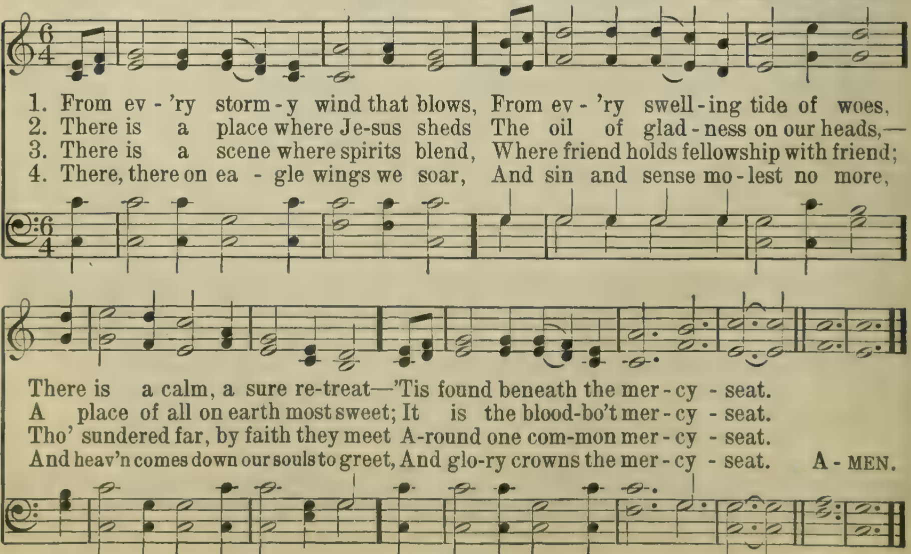
Joseph D. Carlyle, 1805. (GEER. L. M.) H. W. Greatorex, 1811-1858.


1. Lord, when we bow be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
2. Our con - trite spir - its, pity - ing, see; True pen - i - tence im - part;
3. When we dis-close our wants in prayer, O let our wills re - sign,
4. Let faith each meek pe - ti - tion fill, And waft it to the skies,
O may we feel the sins we own And hate what we de-plore.
And let a heal-ing ray from Thee Beam hope on ev - 'ry heart.
And not a thought our bos - om share Which is not whol - ly Thine.
And teach our hearts 'tis good-ness still That grants it, or de - nies. A - MEN.

339 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

[First Tune]

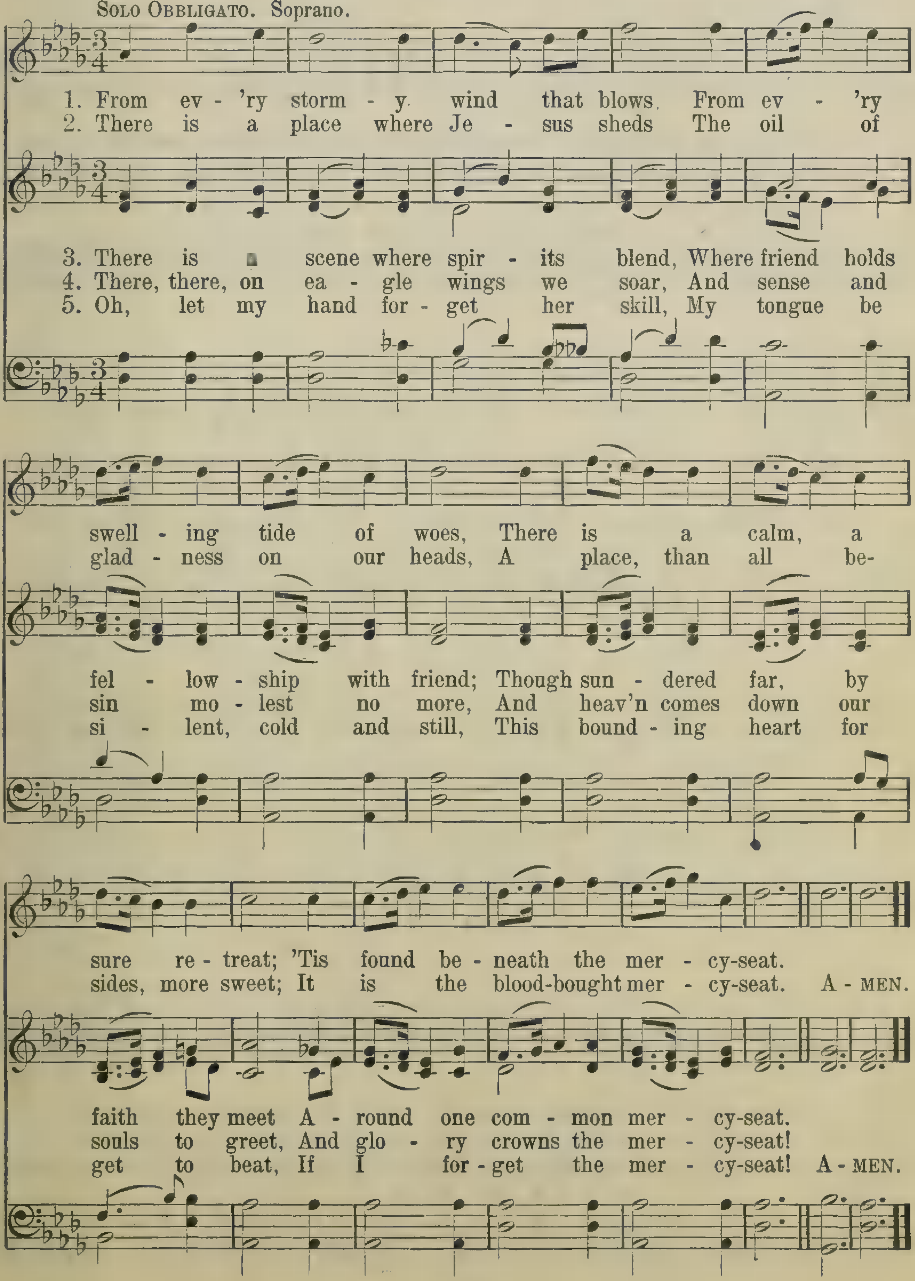
H. Stowell. (RETREAT. L. M.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.


1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell-ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,—
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,
There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood-bo't mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo-ry crowns the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

340 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

[*Second Tune*]

H. Stowell. S. Wilder.


Solo Obbligato. Soprano.
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and
5. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads, A place, than all be-
fel - low - ship with friend; Though sun - dered far, by
sin mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our
si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing heart for
sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat. A - MEN.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat!
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat! A - MEN.

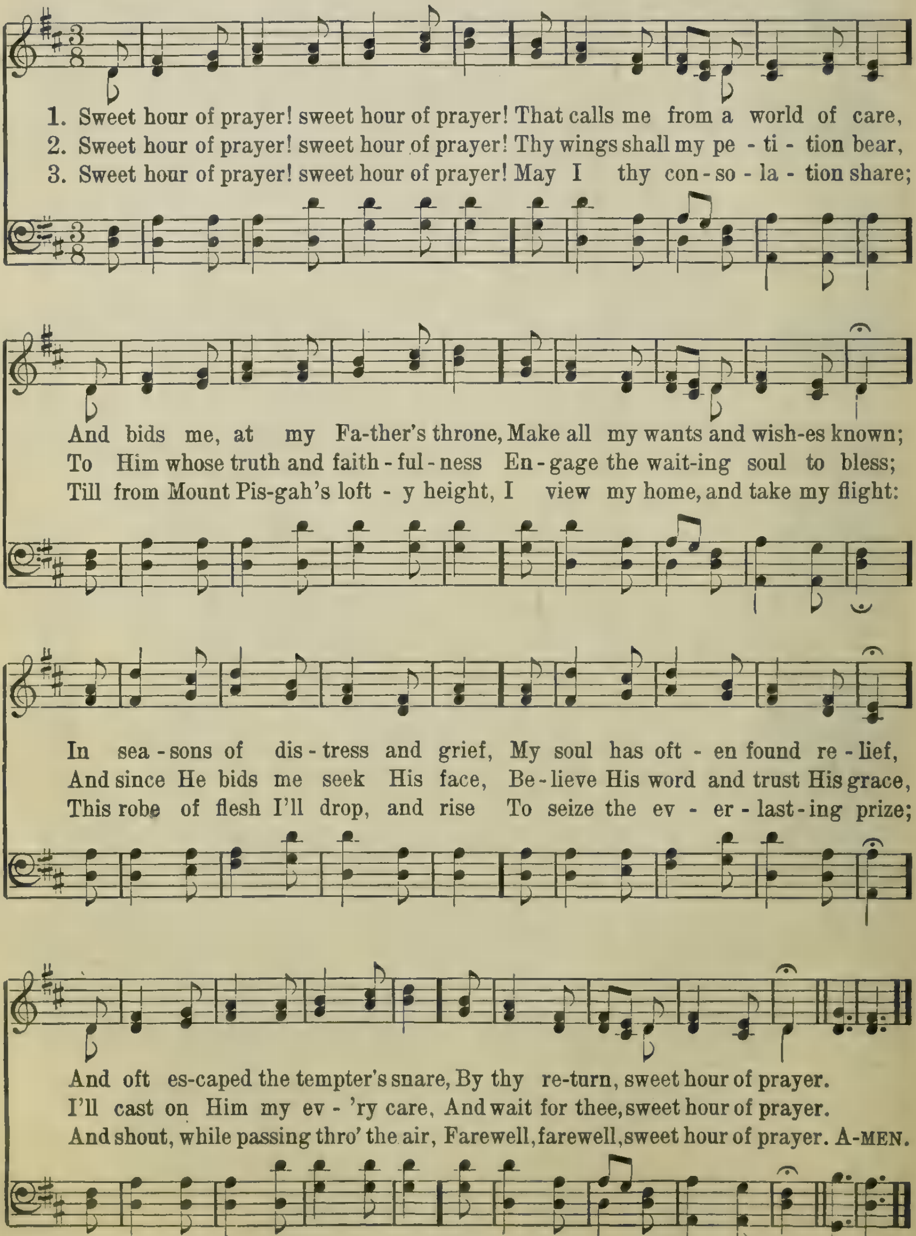
341

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

(SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.)

W. W. Walford, 1846.

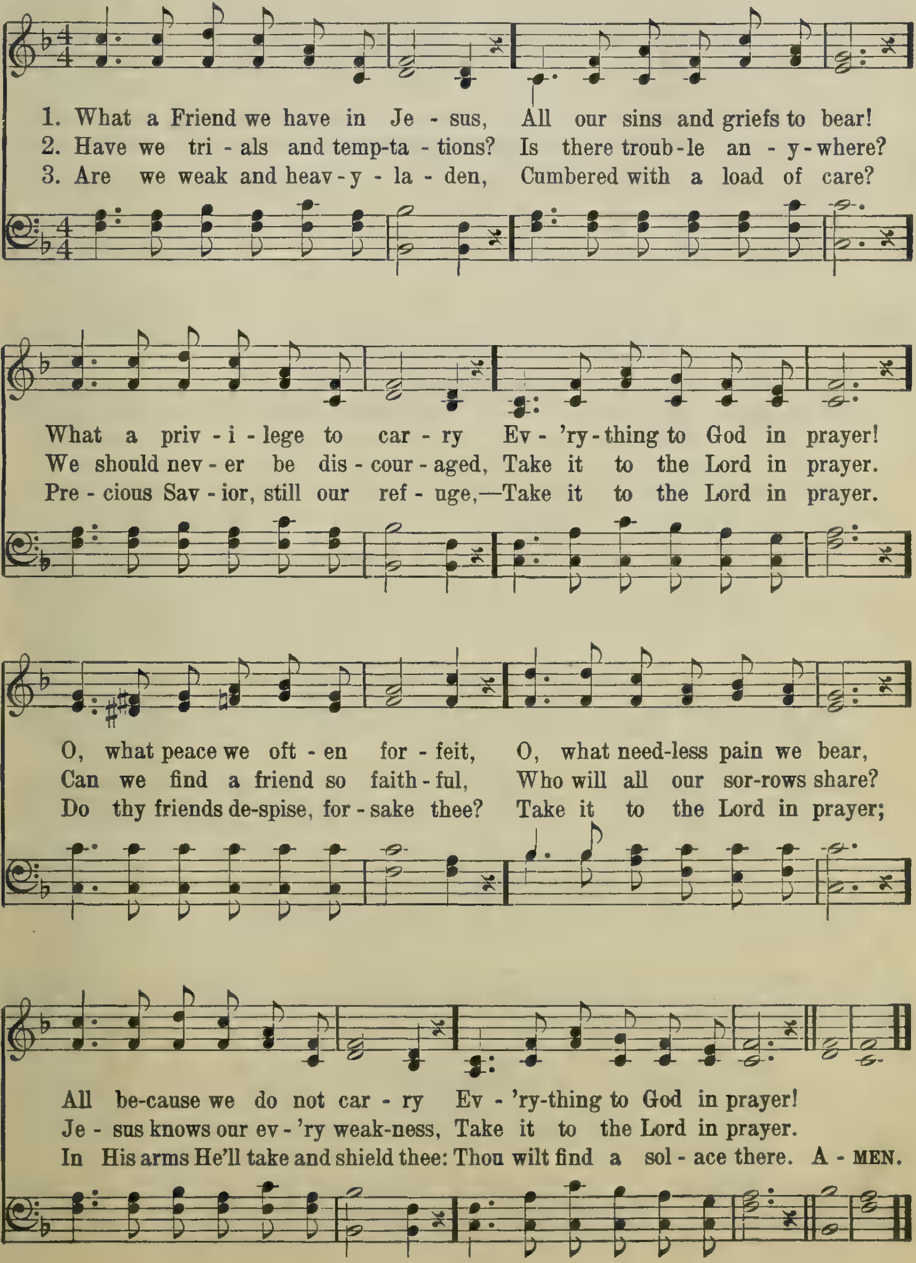
W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1863.


1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait-ing soul to bless;
Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;
And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

342 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

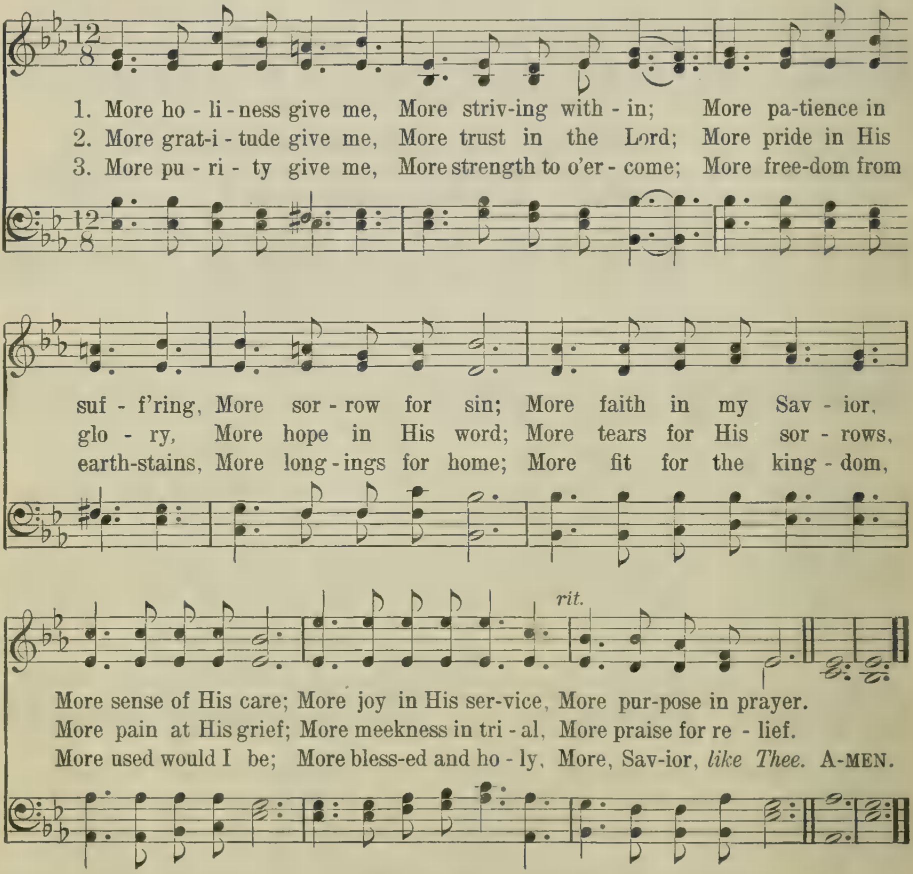
(WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.)

Joseph Scriven, 1855. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee: Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.

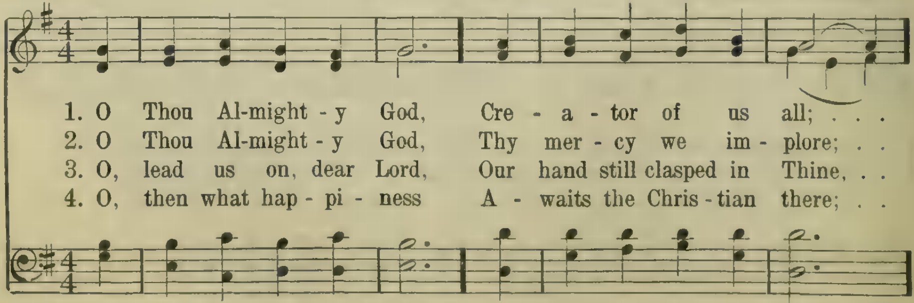
343 More Holiness Give Me

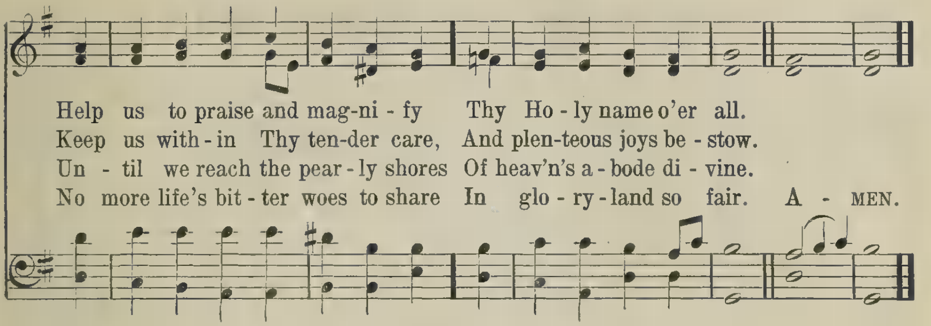
P. P. B. (My Prayer.) P. P. Bliss.


1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv-ing with - in; More pa-tience in
2. More grat-i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More free-dom from
suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
earth-stains, More long - ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,
rit.
More sense of His care; More joy in His ser-vice, More pur-pose in prayer.
More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
More used would I be; More bless-ed and ho - ly, More, Sav-ior, *like Thee.* A-MEN.

344 O Thou Almighty God

W. A. A. (Petition. S. M.) Wellington A. Adams.

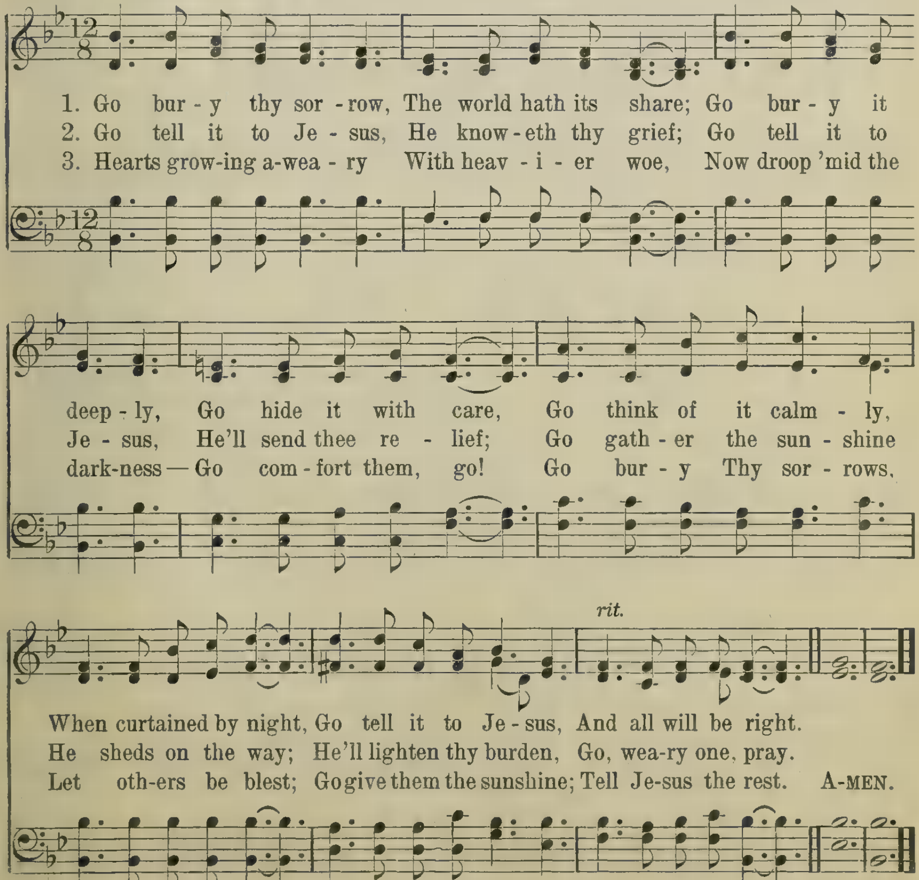

1. O Thou Al-might - y God, Cre - a - tor of us all; . . .
2. O Thou Al-might - y God, Thy mer - cy we im - plore; . .
3. O, lead us on, dear Lord, Our hand still clasped in Thine, . .
4. O, then what hap - pi - ness A - waits the Chris - tian there; . .


Help us to praise and mag - ni - fy Thy Ho - ly name o'er all.
Keep us with - in Thy ten - der care, And plen - teous joys be - stow.
Un - til we reach the pear - ly shores Of heav'n's a - bode di - vine.
No more life's bit - ter woes to share In glo - ry - land so fair. A - MEN.

345 Go Bury Thy Sorrow

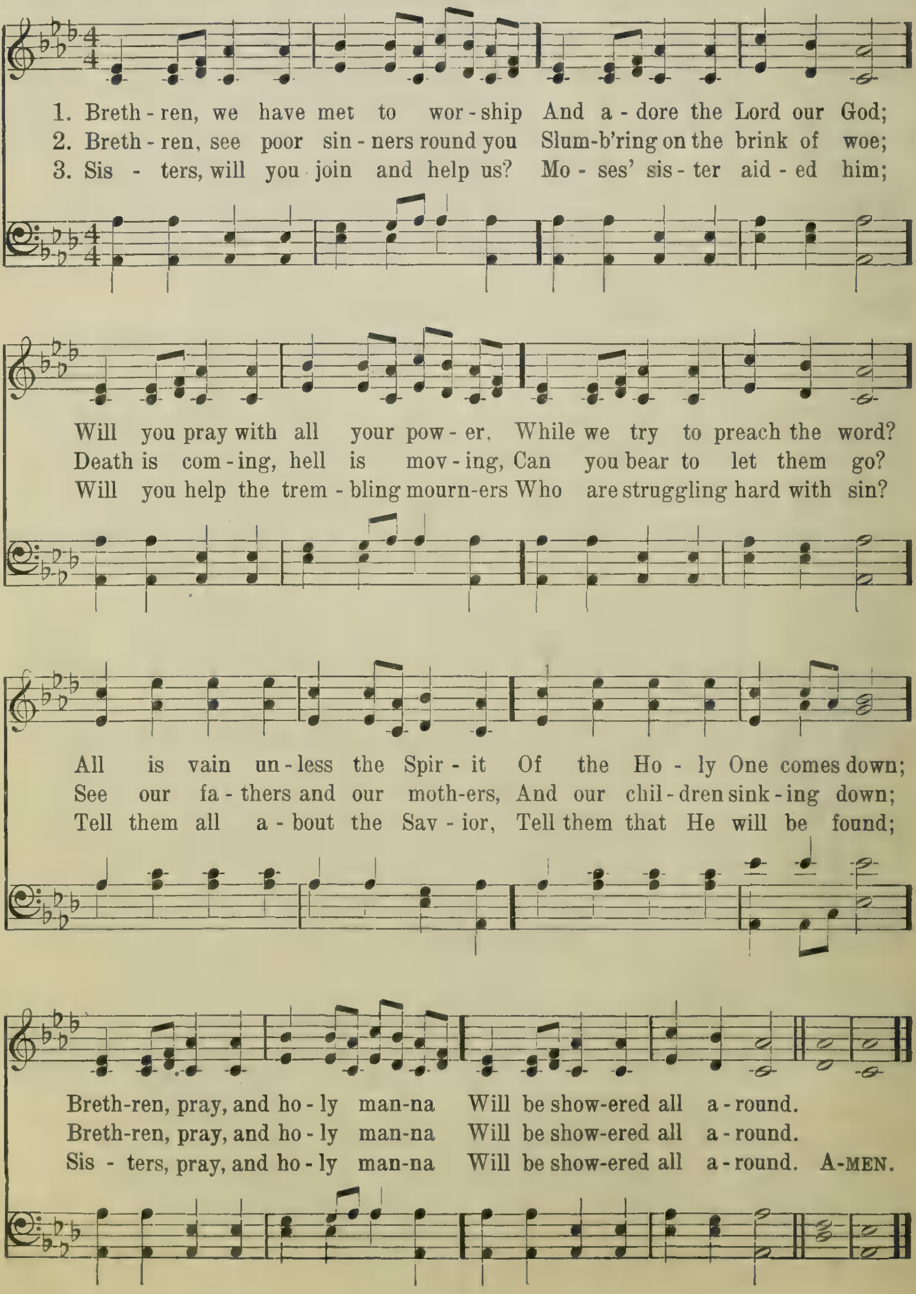
"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

Mary A. Bachelor. P. P. Bliss, by per.


1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it
2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief; Go tell it to
3. Hearts grow - ing a - wea - ry With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the
deep - ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm - ly,
Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief; Go gath - er the sun - shine
dark - ness — Go com - fort them, go! Go bur - y Thy sor - rows,
rit.
When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
He sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine; Tell Je - sus the rest. A - MEN.

346 Brethren, We Have Met to Worship

Geo. Atkins. (HOLY MANNA. 8s, 7s.) Traditional.

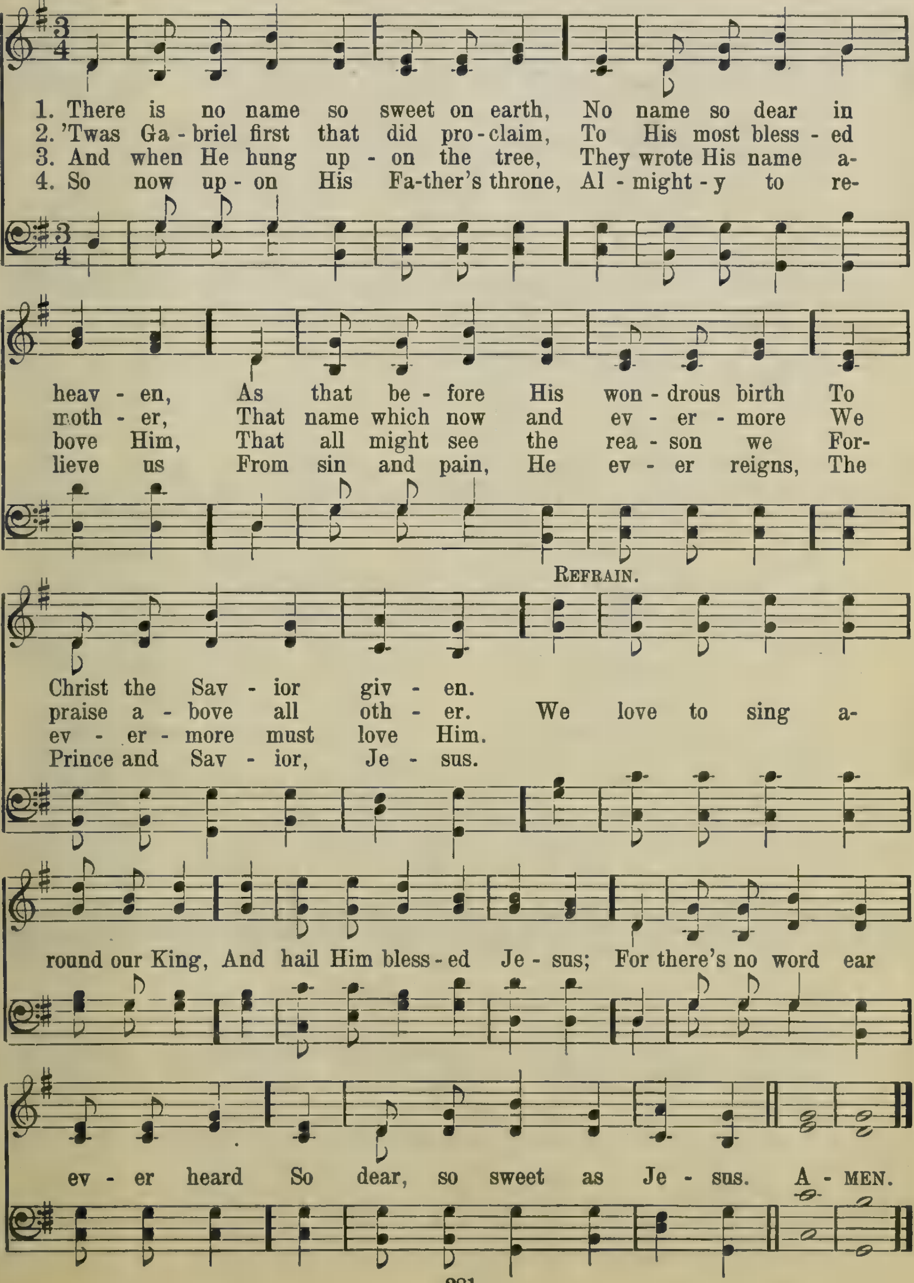

1. Breth - ren, we have met to wor - ship And a - dore the Lord our God;
2. Breth - ren, see poor sin - ners round you Slum-b'ring on the brink of woe;
3. Sis - ters, will you join and help us? Mo - ses' sis - ter aid - ed him;
Will you pray with all your pow - er, While we try to preach the word?
Death is com - ing, hell is mov - ing, Can you bear to let them go?
Will you help the trem - bling mourn-ers Who are struggling hard with sin?
All is vain un - less the Spir - it Of the Ho - ly One comes down;
See our fa - thers and our moth-ers, And our chil - dren sink - ing down;
Tell them all a - bout the Sav - ior, Tell them that He will be found;
Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a - round.
Breth-ren, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a - round.
Sis - ters, pray, and ho - ly man-na Will be show-ered all a - round. A-MEN.

347

There Is No Name So Sweet

(Sweetest Name. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

George W. Bethune, 1800.
William B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.

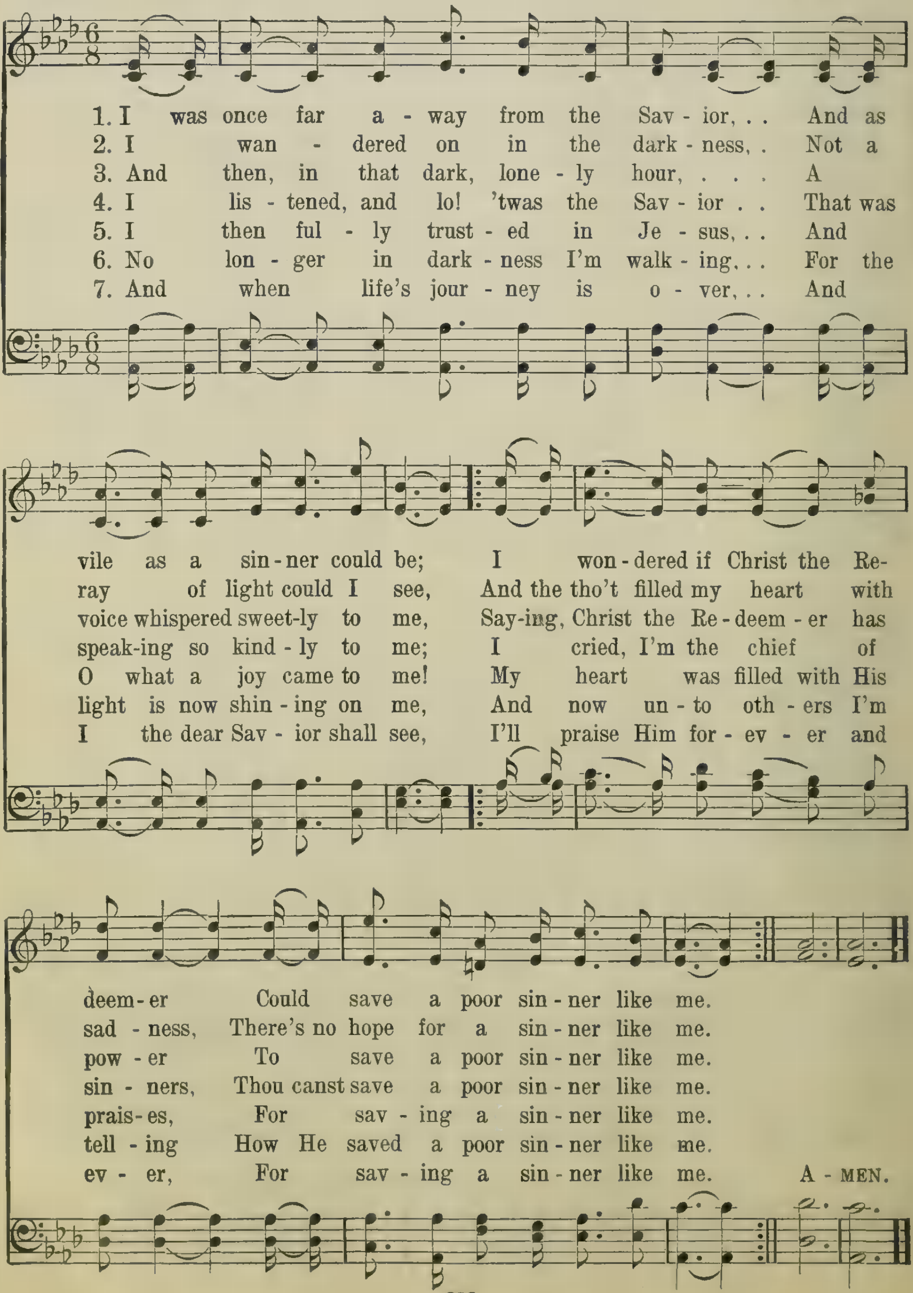

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in
2. 'Twas Ga - briel first that did pro - claim, To His most bless - ed
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a-
4. So now up - on His Fa-ther's throne, Al - might - y to re-
heav - en, As that be - fore His won - drous birth To
moth - er, That name which now and ev - er - more We
bove Him, That all might see the rea - son we For-
lieve us From sin and pain, He ev - er reigns, The
Refrain.
Christ the Sav - ior giv - en.
praise a - bove all oth - er. We love to sing a-
ev - er - more must love Him.
Prince and Sav - ior, Je - sus.
round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus; For there's no word ear
ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus. A - men.

348

A Sinner Like Me

Charles J. Butler.

C. J. Butler.

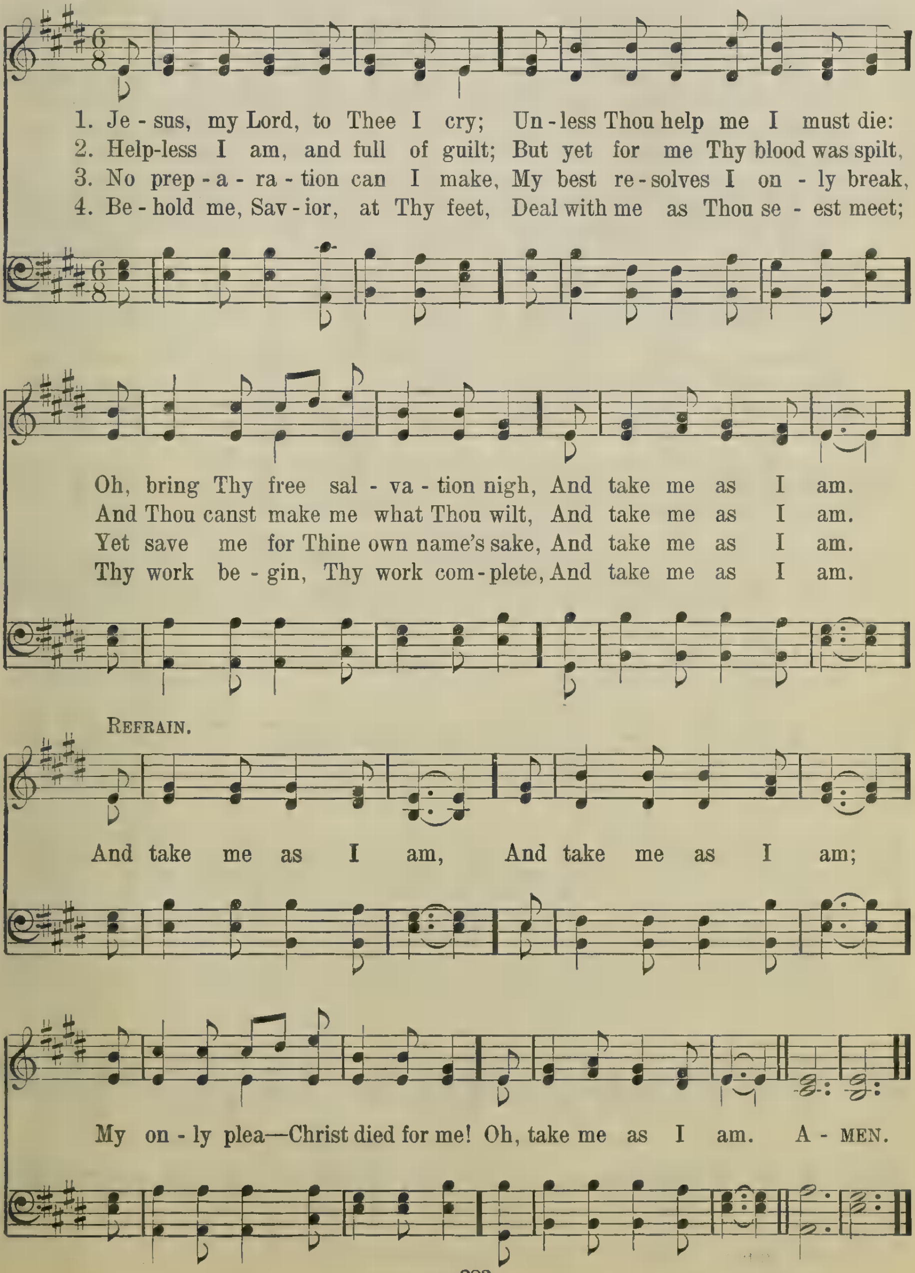

1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, . . And as
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, . Not a
3. And then, in that dark, lone - ly hour, . . . A
4. I lis - tened, and lo! 'twas the Sav - ior . . That was
5. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, . . And
6. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm walk - ing, . . For the
7. And when life's jour - ney is o - ver, . . And
vile as a sin - ner could be; I won - dered if Christ the Re-
ray of light could I see, And the tho't filled my heart with
voice whispered sweet-ly to me, Say-ing, Christ the Re - deem - er has
speak-ing so kind - ly to me; I cried, I'm the chief of
O what a joy came to me! My heart was filled with His
light is now shin - ing on me, And now un - to oth - ers I'm
I the dear Sav - ior shall see, I'll praise Him for - ev - er and
deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.
sin - ners, Thou canst save a poor sin - ner like me.
prais - es, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
tell - ing How He saved a poor sin - ner like me.
ev - er, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
A - MEN.

349

Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry

(TAKE ME AS I AM.)

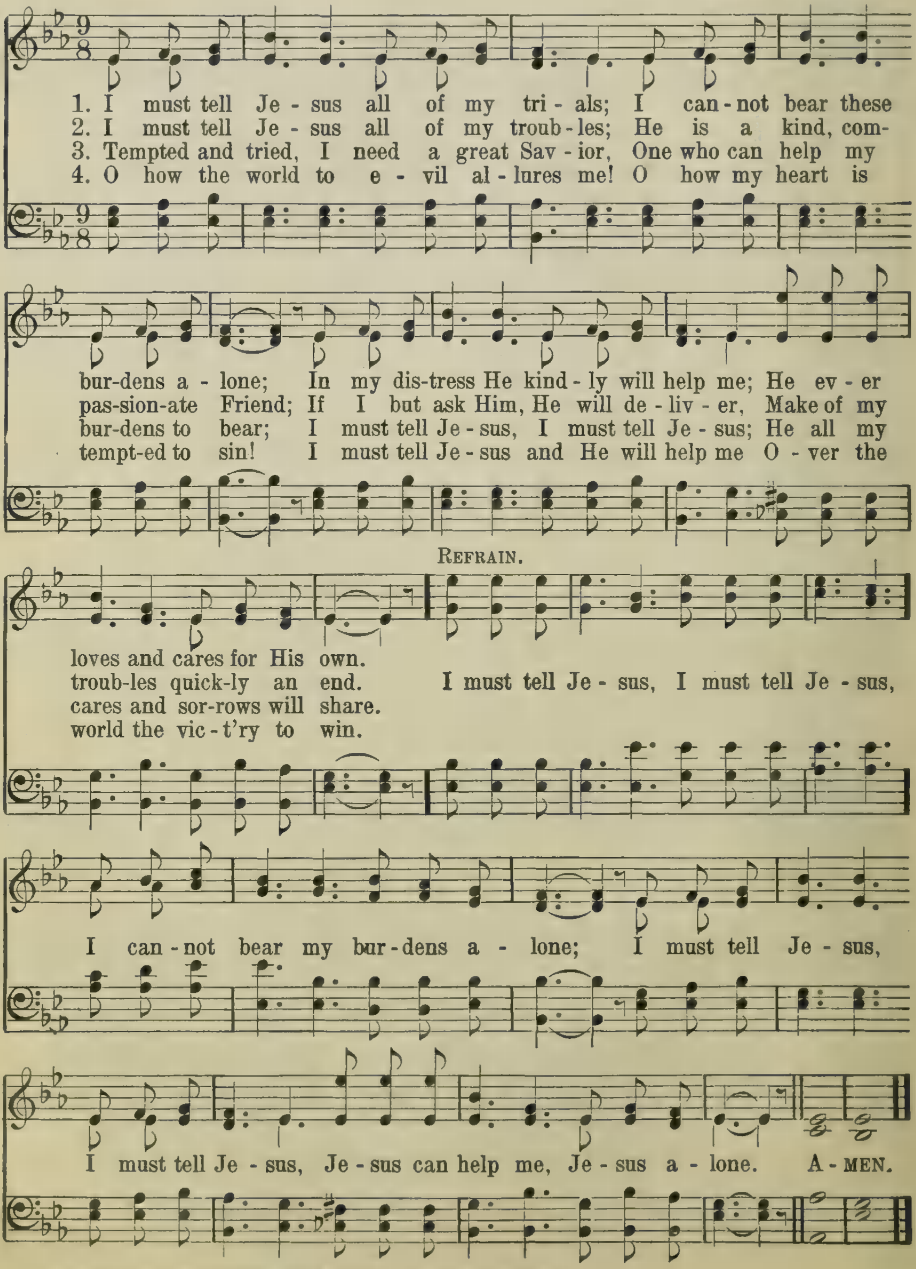
Eliza H. Hamilton.
Ira D. Sankey.


6/8
1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die:
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break,
4. Be - hold me, Sav - ior, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou se - est meet;
Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.
REFRAIN.
And take me as I am, And take me as I am;
My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am. A - MEN.

350

I Must Tell Jesus

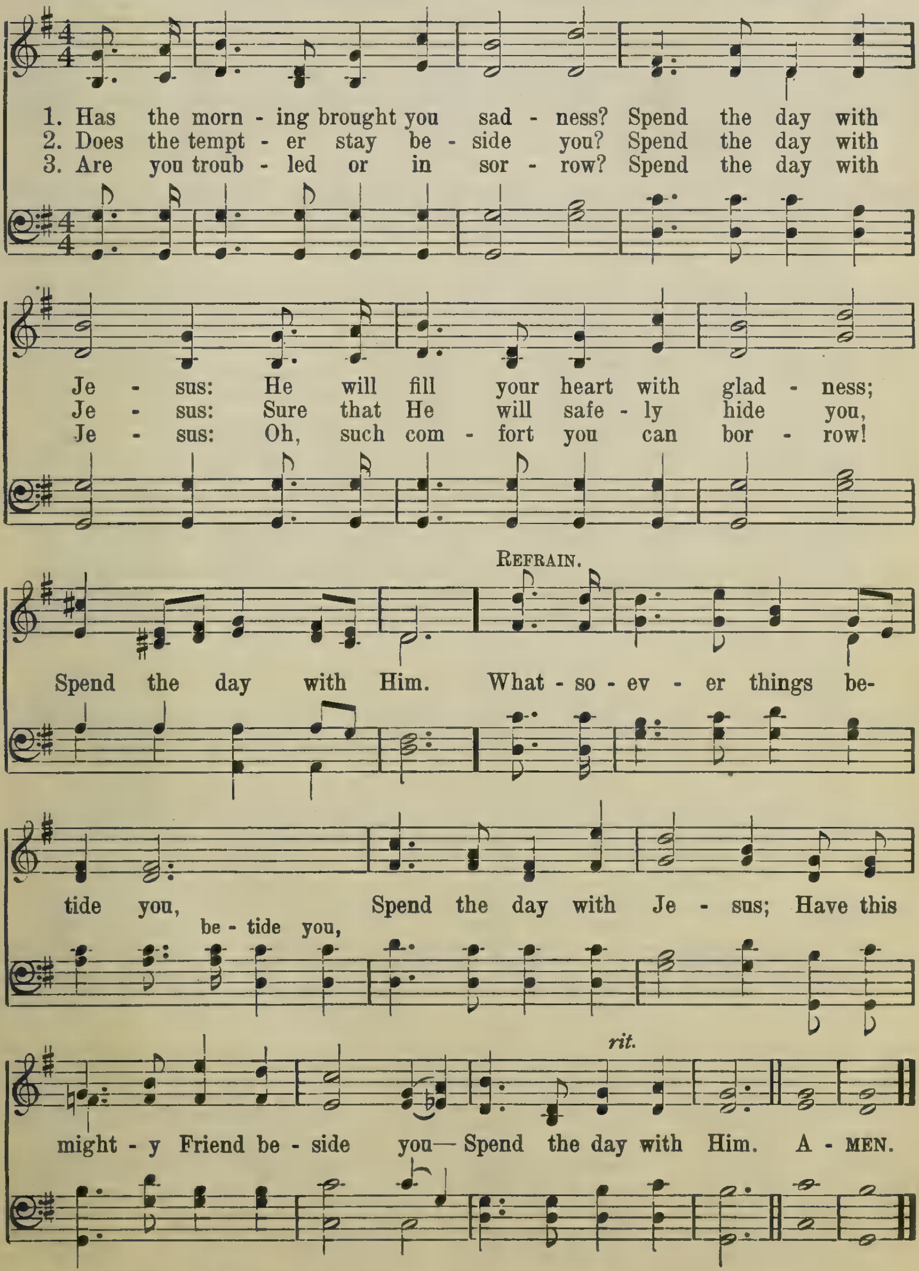
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.


1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com-
3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
bur-dens a - lone; In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
pas-sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
bur-dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O - ver the
loves and cares for His own.
troub-les quick-ly an end.
cares and sor-rows will share.
world the vic - t'ry to win.
Refrain.
I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus,
I must tell Je - sus, Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - men.

Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co. Used by permission.

351 Has the Morning Brought You Sadness?

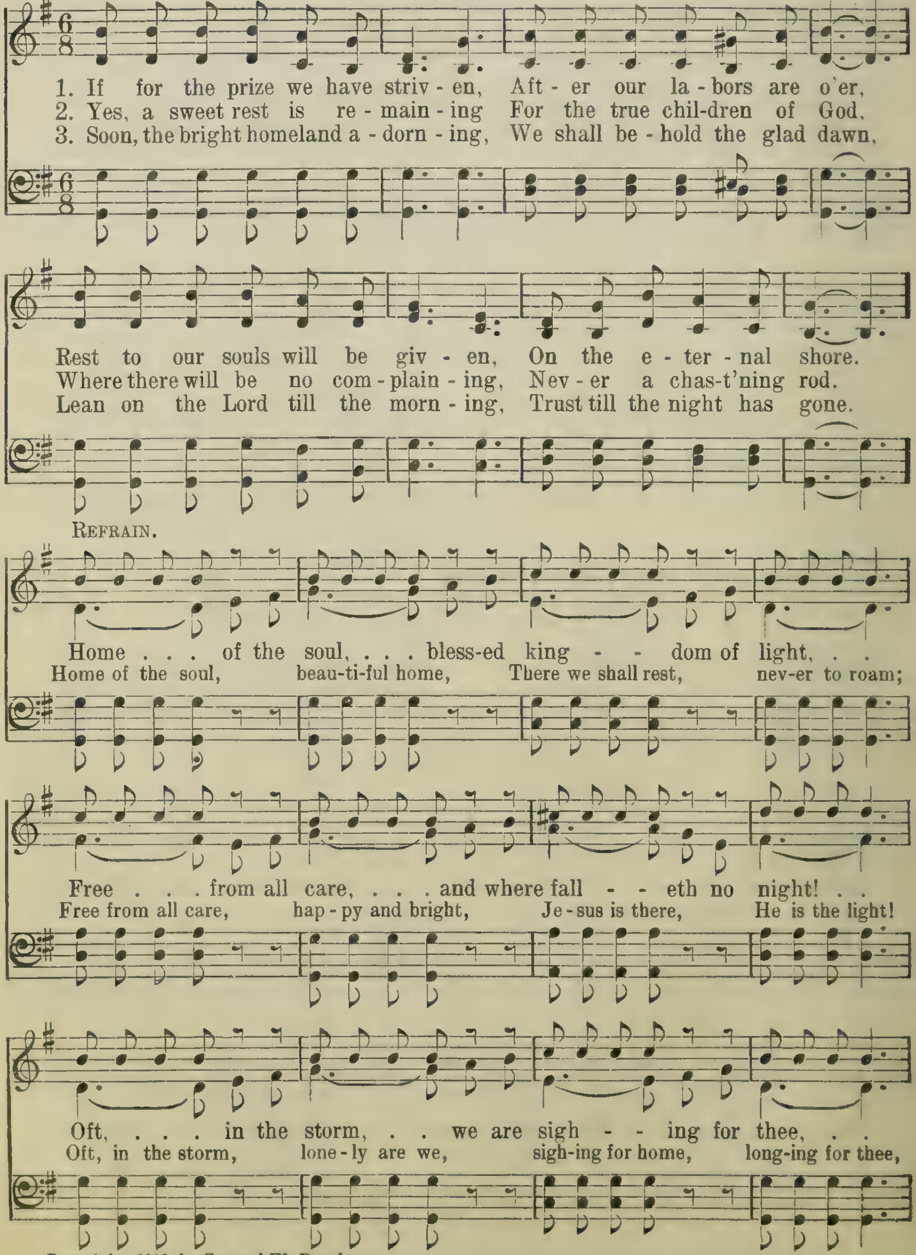
James Rowe. (Spend the Day With Him) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Has the morn - ing brought you sad - ness? Spend the day with
2. Does the tempt - er stay be - side you? Spend the day with
3. Are you troub - led or in sor - row? Spend the day with
Je - sus: He will fill your heart with glad - ness;
Je - sus: Sure that He will safe - ly hide you,
Je - sus: Oh, such com - fort you can bor - row!
Refrain.
Spend the day with Him. What - so - ev - er things be-
tide you, Spend the day with Je - sus; Have this
be - tide you,
rit.
might - y Friend be - side you— Spend the day with Him. A - men.

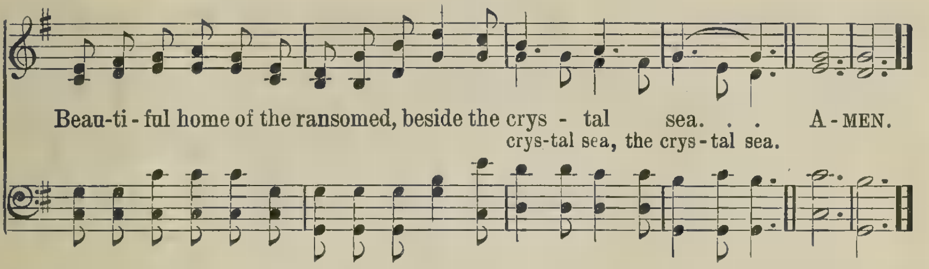
Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.

352 If For the Prize We Have Striven

James Rowe. (HOME OF THE SOUL.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


6
8
1. If for the prize we have striv - en, Aft - er our la - bors are o'er,
2. Yes, a sweet rest is re - main - ing For the true chil-dren of God,
3. Soon, the bright homeland a - dorn - ing, We shall be - hold the glad dawn,
Rest to our souls will be giv - en, On the e - ter - nal shore.
Where there will be no com - plain - ing, Nev - er a chas-t'ning rod.
Lean on the Lord till the morn - ing, Trust till the night has gone.
REFRAIN.
Home . . . of the soul, . . . bless-ed king - - dom of light, . .
Home of the soul, beau-ti-ful home, There we shall rest, nev-er to roam;
Free . . . from all care, . . . and where fall - - eth no night! . .
Free from all care, hap - py and bright, Je - sus is there, He is the light!
Oft, . . . in the storm, . . we are sigh - - ing for thee, . .
Oft, in the storm, lone - ly are we, sigh-ing for home, long-ing for thee,

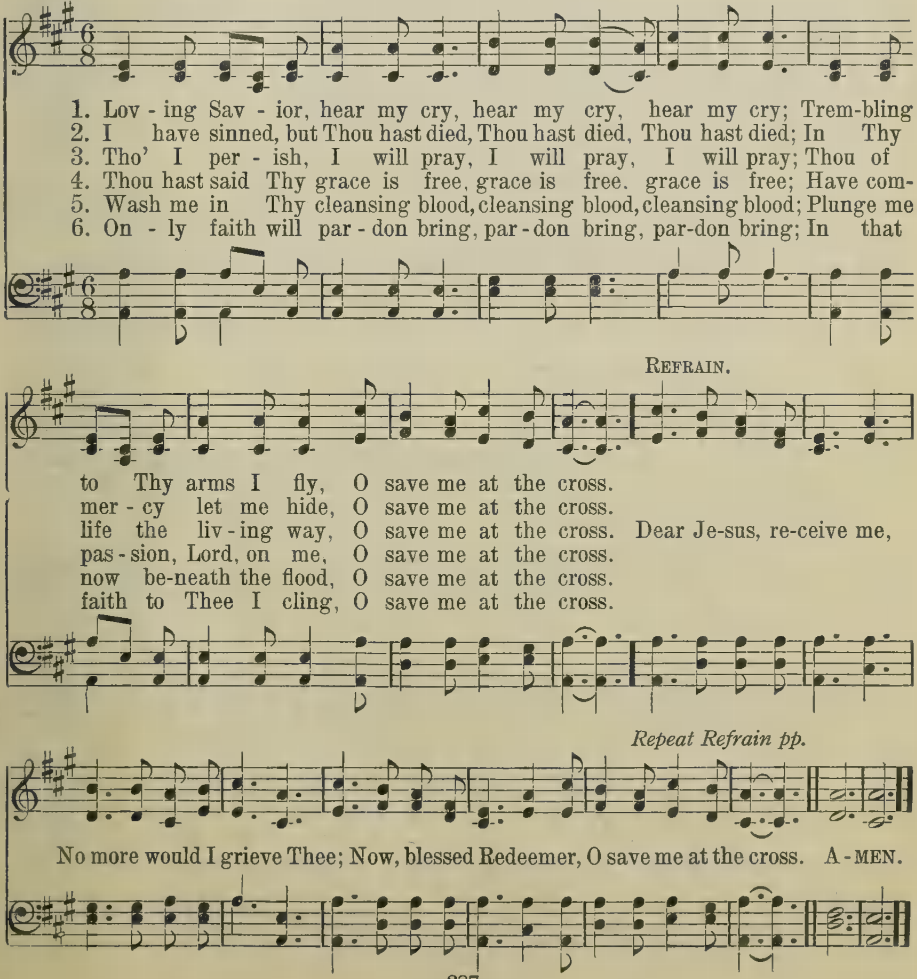
Copyright, 1912, by Samuel W. Beazley.


Beau-ti-ful home of the ransomed, beside the crys - tal sea. . . A-MEN.
crys-tal sea, the crys-tal sea.

353 Loving Savior, Hear My Cry

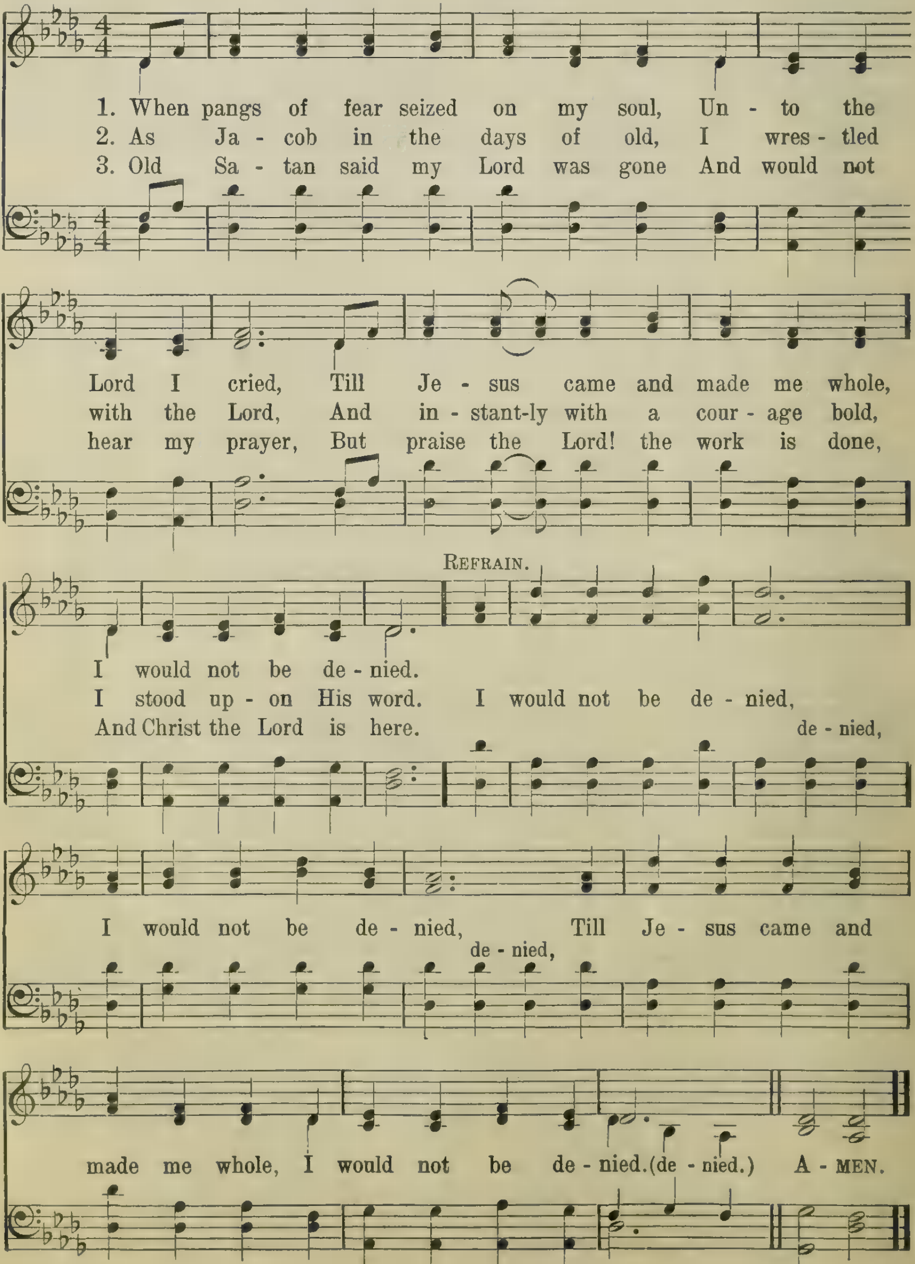
(O SAVE ME AT THE CROSS.)

Fanny J. Crosby, 1823. Written 1873. Traditional.


1. Lov - ing Sav - ior, hear my cry, hear my cry, hear my cry; Trem-bling to Thy arms I fly, O save me at the cross.
2. I have sinned, but Thou hast died, Thou hast died, Thou hast died; In Thy mer - cy let me hide, O save me at the cross.
3. Tho' I per - ish, I will pray, I will pray, I will pray; Thou of life the liv - ing way, O save me at the cross.
4. Thou hast said Thy grace is free, grace is free, grace is free; Have com-pas - sion, Lord, on me, O save me at the cross.
5. Wash me in Thy cleansing blood, cleansing blood, cleansing blood; Plunge me now be-neath the flood, O save me at the cross.
6. On - ly faith will par - don bring, par - don bring, par-don bring; In that faith to Thee I cling, O save me at the cross.
REFRAIN.
Dear Je-sus, re-ceive me, No more would I grieve Thee; Now, blessed Redeemer, O save me at the cross. A-MEN.
Repeat Refrain pp.

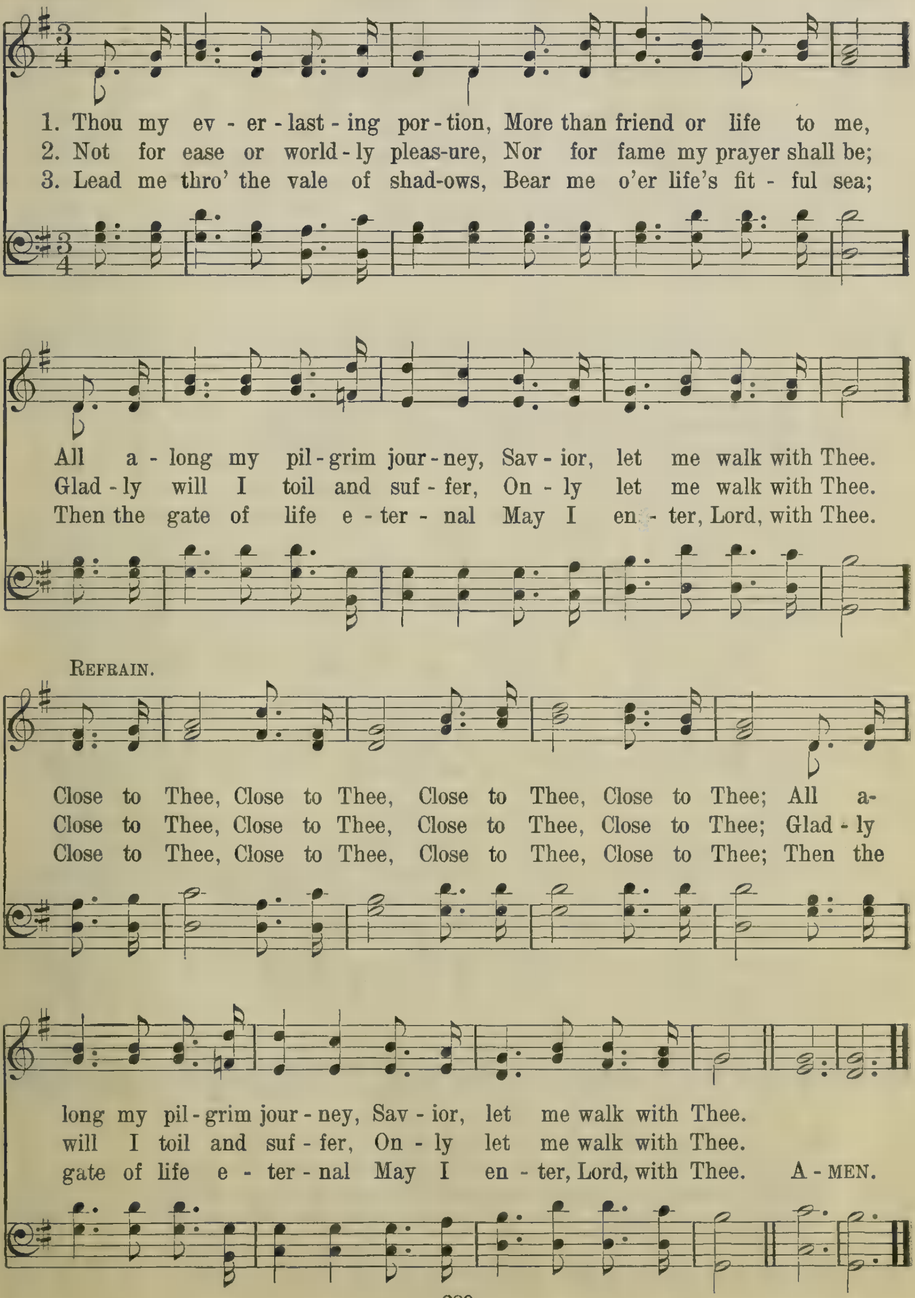
354 When Pangs of Fear Seized On My Soul

C. P. J. (I Would Not Be Denied.) C. P. Jones.


1. When pangs of fear seized on my soul, Un - to the
2. As Ja - cob in the days of old, I wres - tled
3. Old Sa - tan said my Lord was gone And would not
Lord I cried, Till Je - sus came and made me whole,
with the Lord, And in - stant-ly with a cour - age bold,
hear my prayer, But praise the Lord! the work is done,
Refrain.
I would not be de - nied.
I stood up - on His word. I would not be de - nied,
And Christ the Lord is here. de - nied,
I would not be de - nied, Till Je - sus came and
de - nied,
made me whole, I would not be de - nied. (de - nied.) A - men.

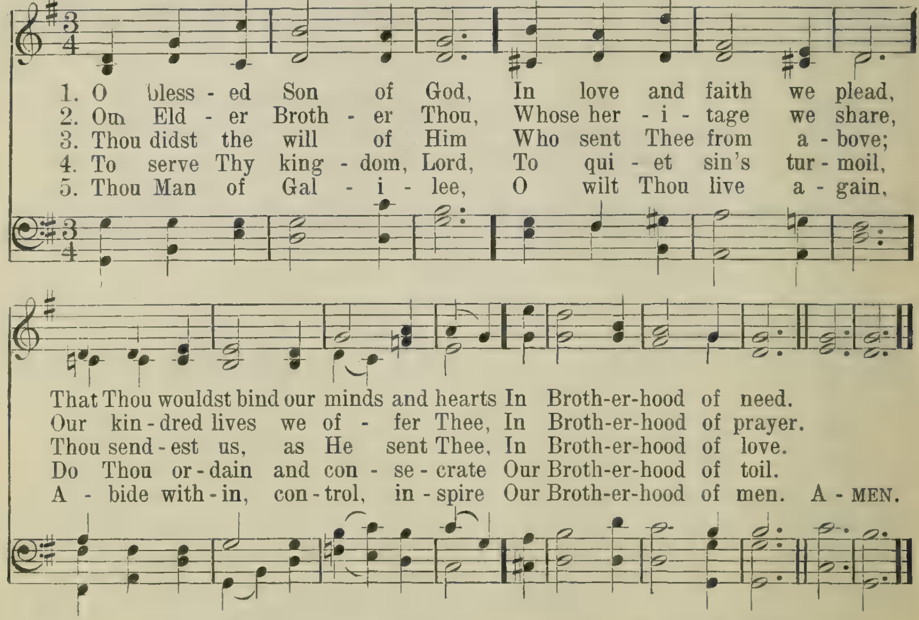
355 Thou My Everlasting Portion

Fanny J. Crosby. (Close To Thee. 8s, 7s.) S. J. Vail.


1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
Refrain.
Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; All a-
Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; Glad - ly
Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee. A - men.

356 O Blessed Son of God

Harry L. Crain, 1906. (CHISELHURST. S. M.) Joseph Barnby, 1887.

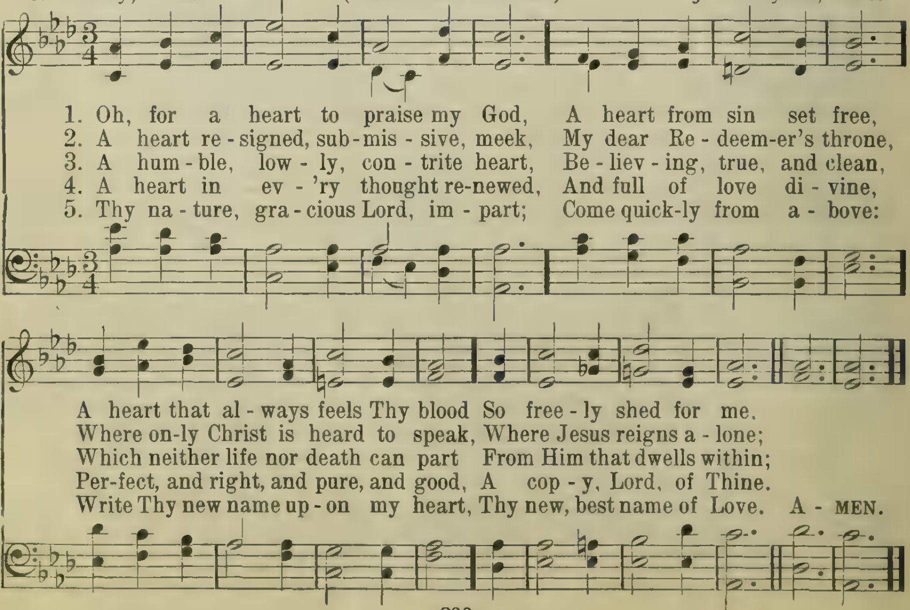


1. O bless - ed Son of God, In love and faith we plead,
2. Our Eld - er Broth - er Thou, Whose her - i - tage we share,
3. Thou didst the will of Him Who sent Thee from a - bove;
4. To serve Thy king - dom, Lord, To qui - et sin's tur - moil,
5. Thou Man of Gal - i - lee, O wilt Thou live a - gain,

That Thou wouldst bind our minds and hearts In Broth-er-hood of need.
Our kin - dred lives we of - fer Thee, In Broth-er-hood of prayer.
Thou send - est us, as He sent Thee, In Broth-er-hood of love.
Do Thou or - dain and con - se - crate Our Broth-er-hood of toil.
A - bide with - in, con - trol, in - spire Our Broth-er-hood of men. A - MEN.

357 Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God

C. Wesley, 1742. (BEATITUDO. C. M.) J. B. Dykes, 1875.

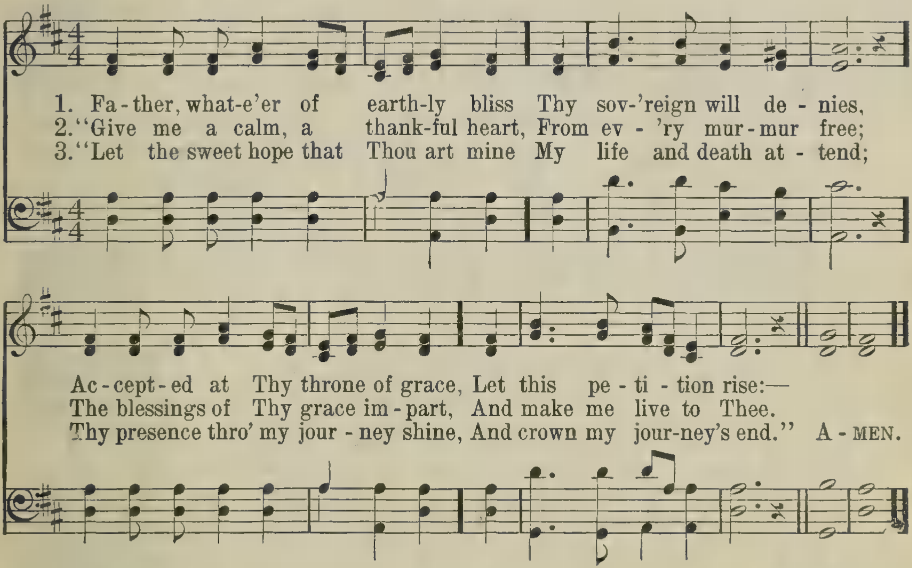


1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
2. A heart re - signed, sub - mis - sive, meek, My dear Re - deem-er's throne,
3. A hum - ble, low - ly, con - trite heart, Be - liev - ing, true, and clean,
4. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di - vine,
5. Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part; Come quick-ly from a - bove:

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood So free - ly shed for me.
Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a - lone;
Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within;
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord, of Thine.
Write Thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love. A - MEN.

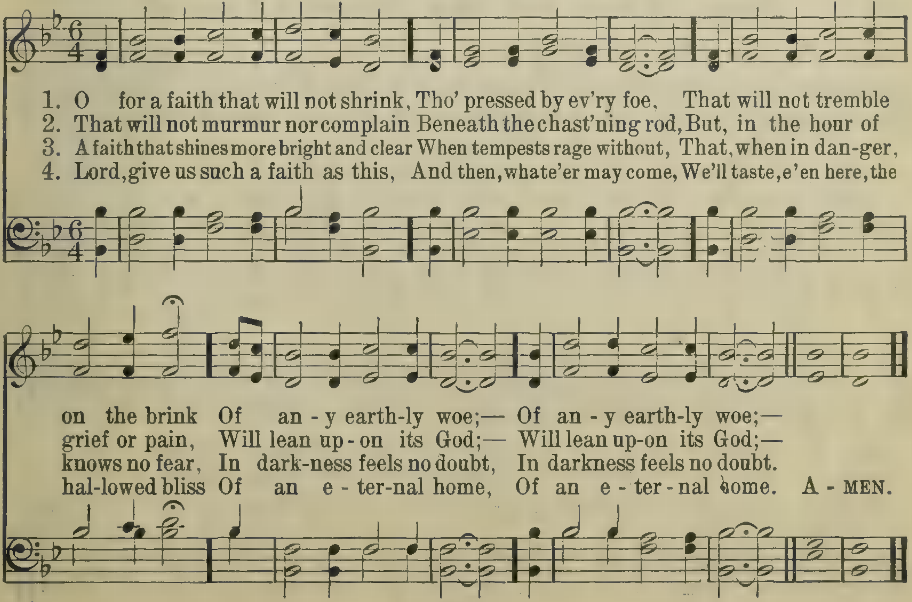
358 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

Anne Steele, 1760. (Naomi. C. M.) Arr. by L. Mason, 1836.


1. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,
2."Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3."Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;
Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end." A - MEN.

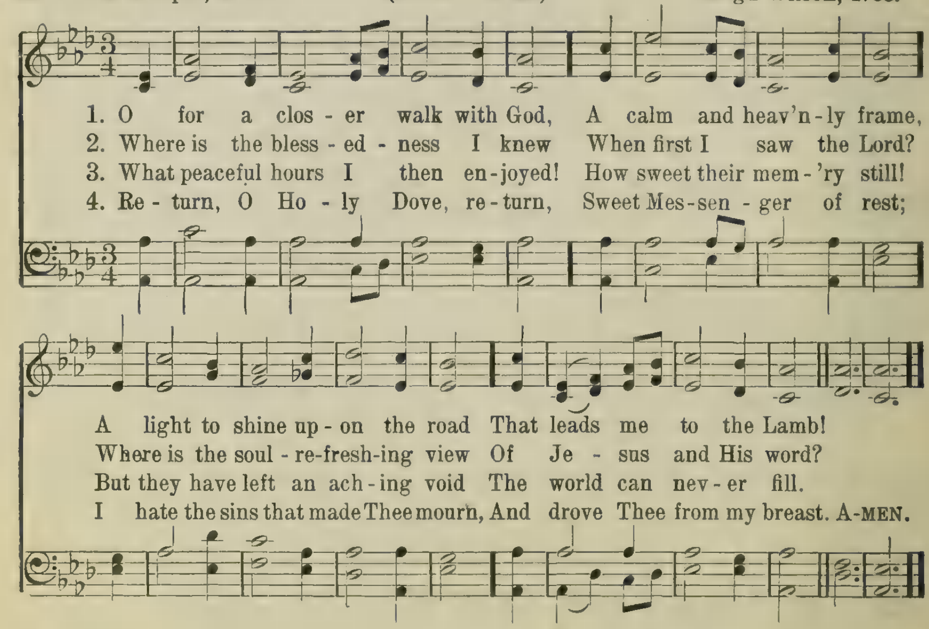
359 O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink

William H. Bathurst, 1831. (Ortonville. C. M.) Dr. T. Hastings, 1784–1872.


1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe, That will not tremble
2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But, in the hour of
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without, That, when in dan-ger,
4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en here, the
on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe;— Of an - y earth-ly woe;—
grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God;— Will lean up-on its God;—
knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt, In darkness feels no doubt.
hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter-nal home, Of an e - ter - nal home. A - MEN.

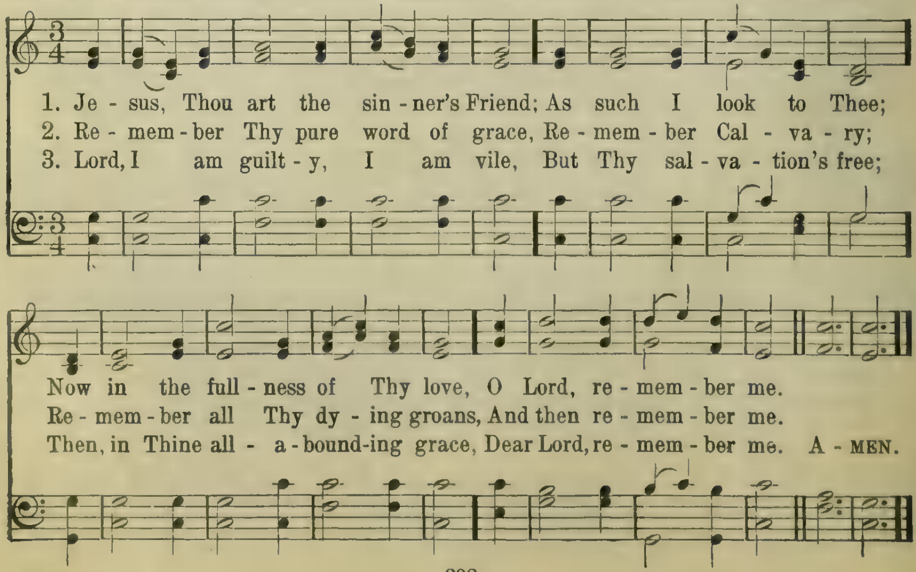
360 O For a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper, 1779. (AVON. C. M.) Hugh Wilson, 1768.


1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame,
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
3. What peaceful hours I then en-joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet Mes-sen - ger of rest;
A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
Where is the soul - re-fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A-MEN.

361 Jesus, Thou Art the Sinner's Friend

Richard Burnham, 1783. (SUBMISSION. C. M.) T. J. Cook, 1826–1876.

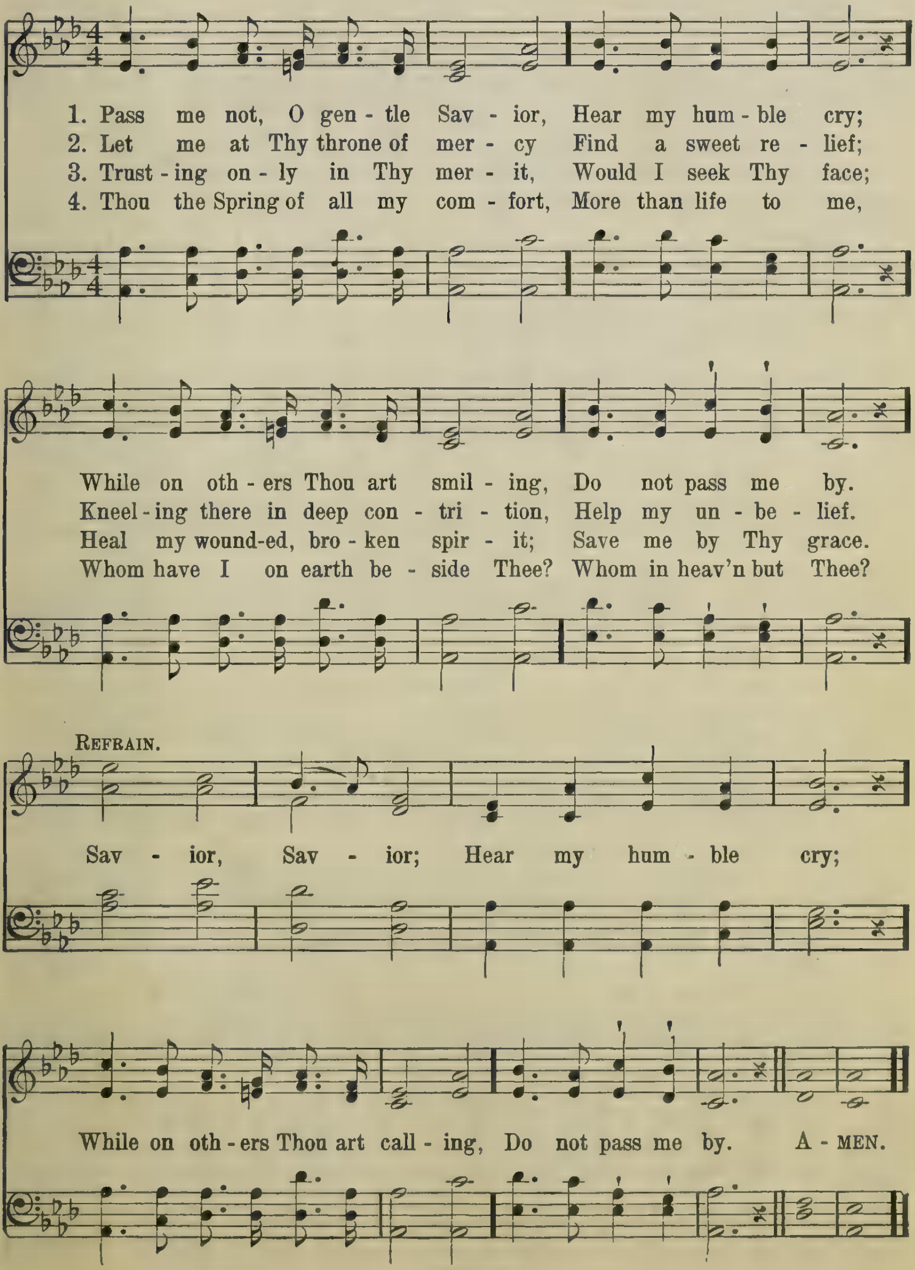

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;
2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
3. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;
Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
Then, in Thine all - a - bound-ing grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - MEN.

362

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

(Pass Me Not. 8s, 5s.)

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1869. W. H. Doane.

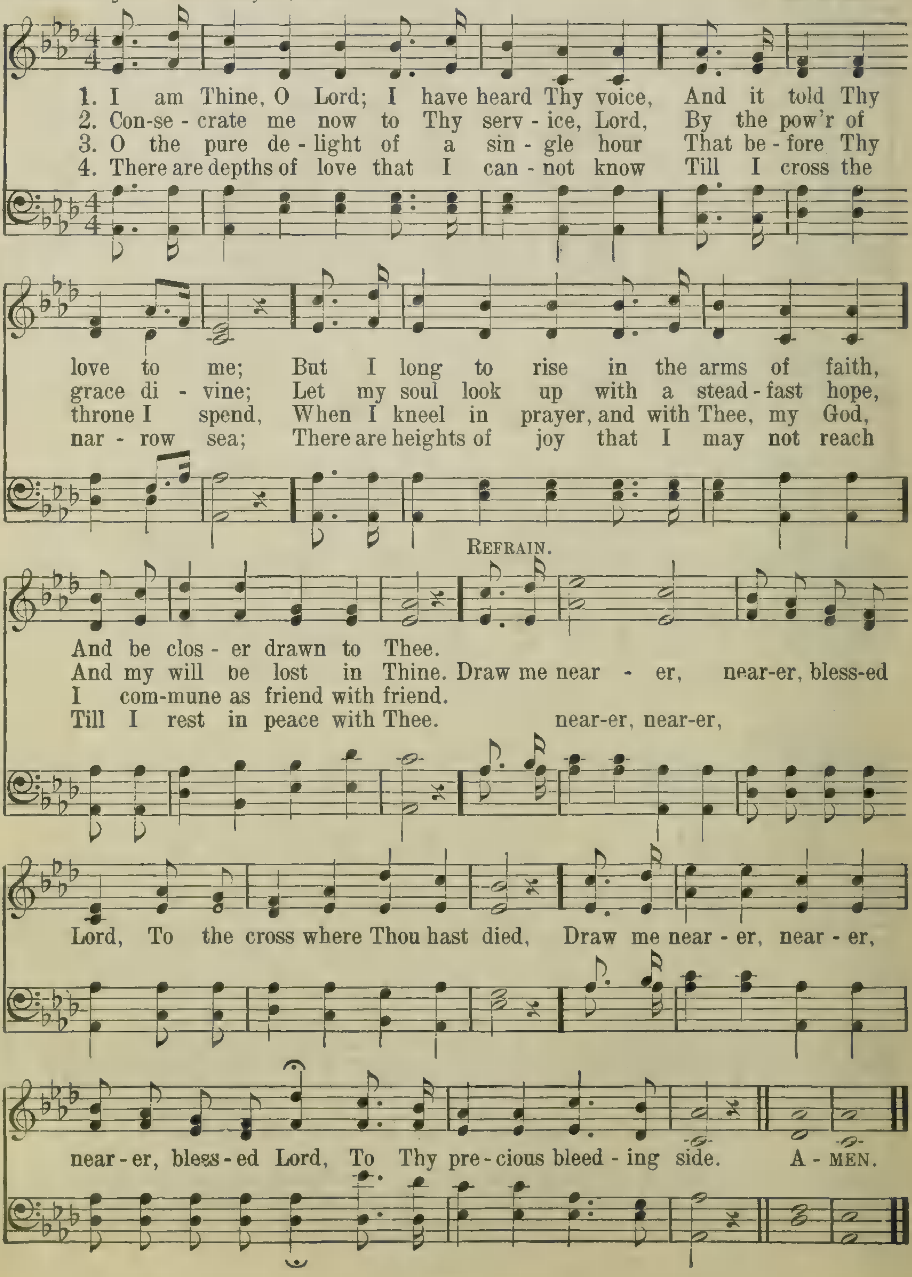

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,
While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it; Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?
Refrain.
Sav - ior, Sav - ior; Hear my hum - ble cry;
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - men.

363

I Am Thine, O Lord

(Draw Me Nearer. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875. W. H. Doane.

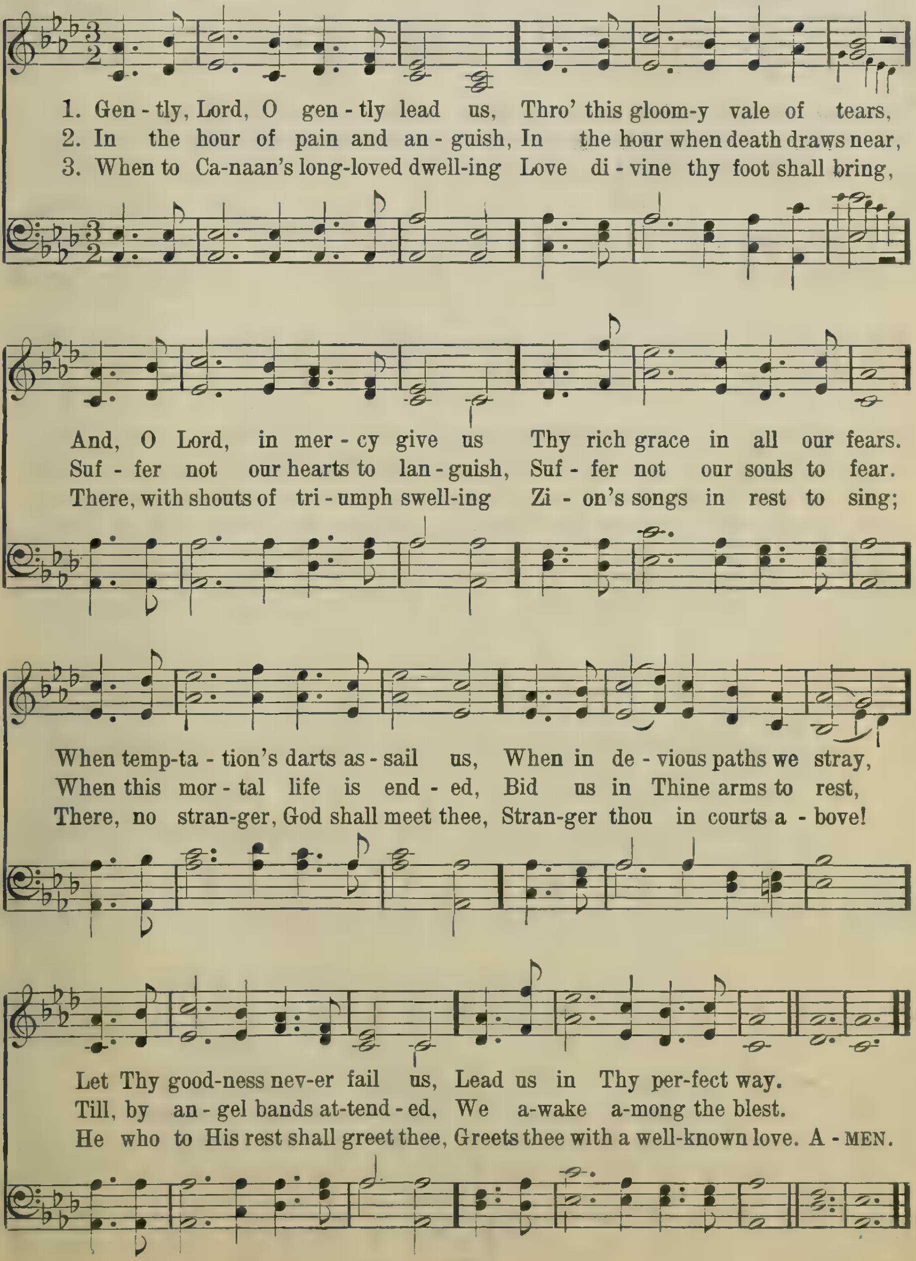

1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Refrain.
And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
I com-mune as friend with friend.
Till I rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died, Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side. A - men.

364

Gently, Lord, O Gently

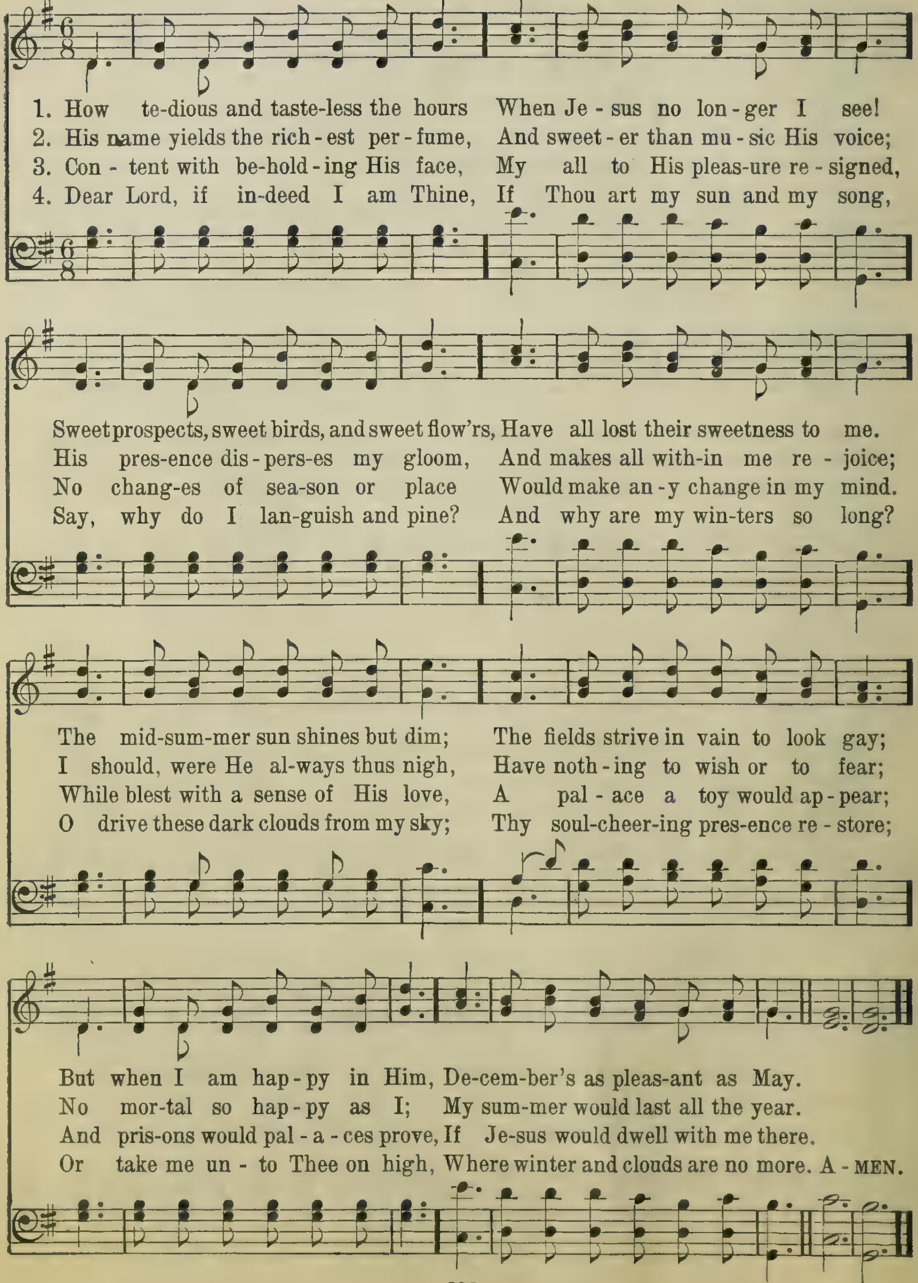
(AUTUMN. 8, 7. D. M. H. 646.)

Thomas Hastings. Spanish Melody.


1. Gen-tly, Lord, O gen-tly lead us, Thro' this gloom-y vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an-guish, In the hour when death draws near,
3. When to Ca-naan's long-loved dwell-ing Love di-vine thy foot shall bring,
And, O Lord, in mer-cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.
Suf-fer not our hearts to lan-guish, Suf-fer not our souls to fear.
There, with shouts of tri-umph swell-ing Zi-on's songs in rest to sing;
When temp-ta-tion's darts as-sail us, When in de-vious paths we stray,
When this mor-tal life is end-ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
There, no stran-ger, God shall meet thee, Stran-ger thou in courts a-bove!
Let Thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
Till, by an-gel bands at-tend-ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.
He who to His rest shall greet thee, Greets thee with a well-known love. A-MEN.

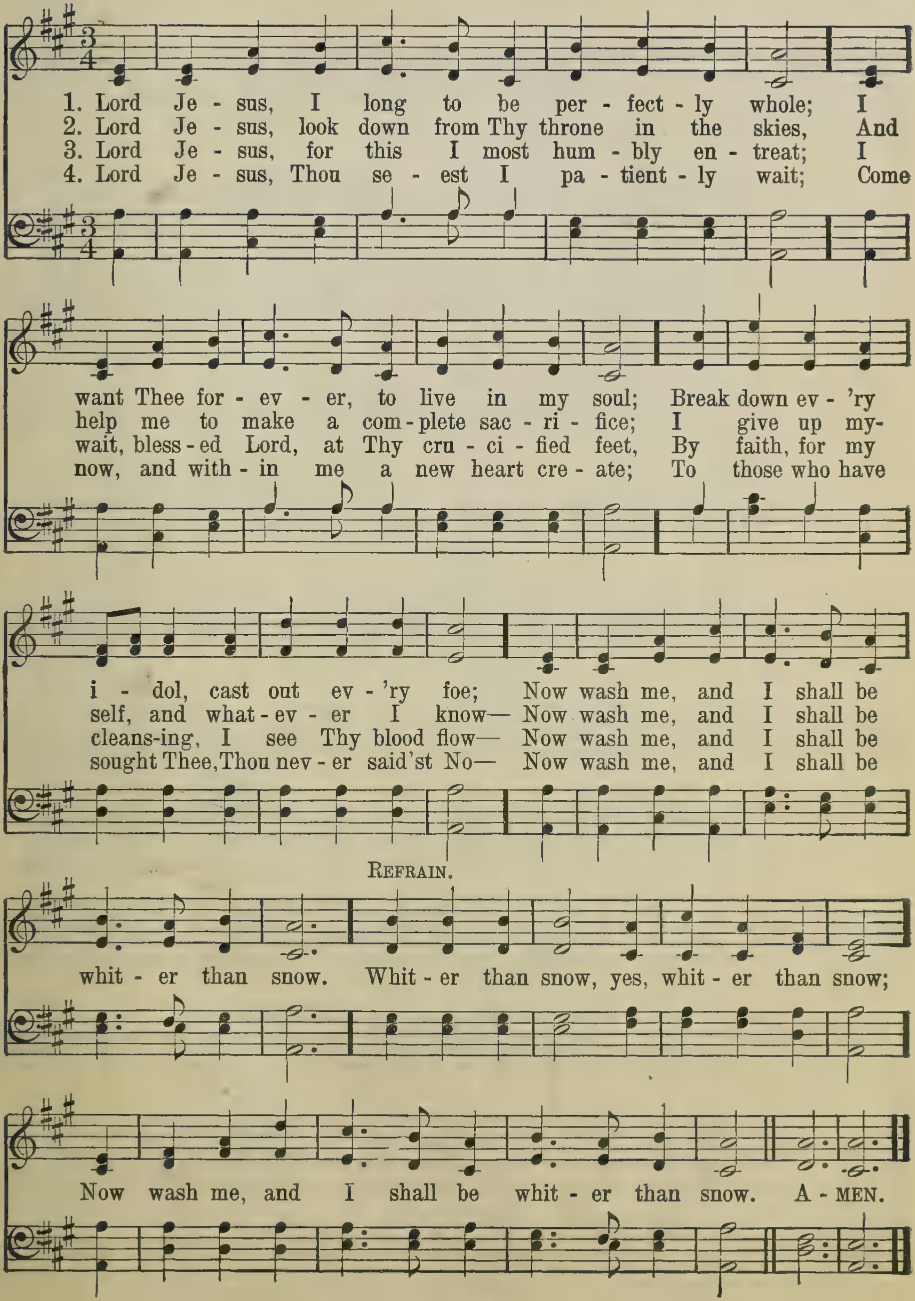
365 How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours

John Newton, 1779. (DE FLEURY. 8s. D.) German Melody.


1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon-ger I see!
2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
3. Con - tent with be-hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas-ure re - signed,
4. Dear Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
His pres-ence dis - pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice;
No chang-es of sea-son or place Would make an - y change in my mind.
Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?
The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth - ing to wish or to fear;
While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap - pear;
O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re - store;
But when I am hap - py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
No mor-tal so hap - py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
And pris-ons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A - MEN.

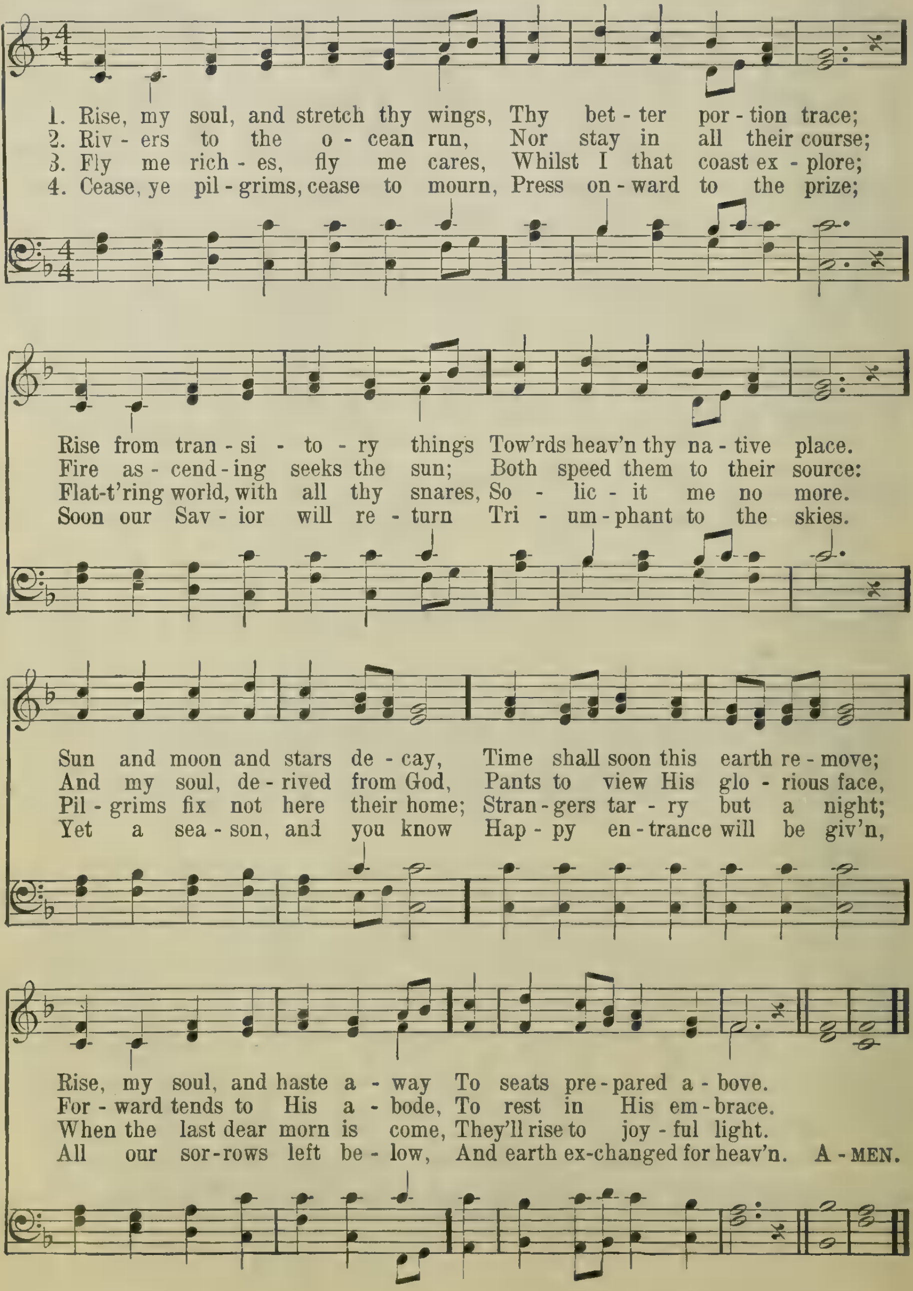
366 Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole

Jas. Nicholson. (WHITER THAN SNOW.) W. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I
4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come
want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-
wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
self, and what - ev - er I know— Now wash me, and I shall be
cleans-ing, I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be
sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st No— Now wash me, and I shall be
REFRAIN.
whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. A - MEN.

367 Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

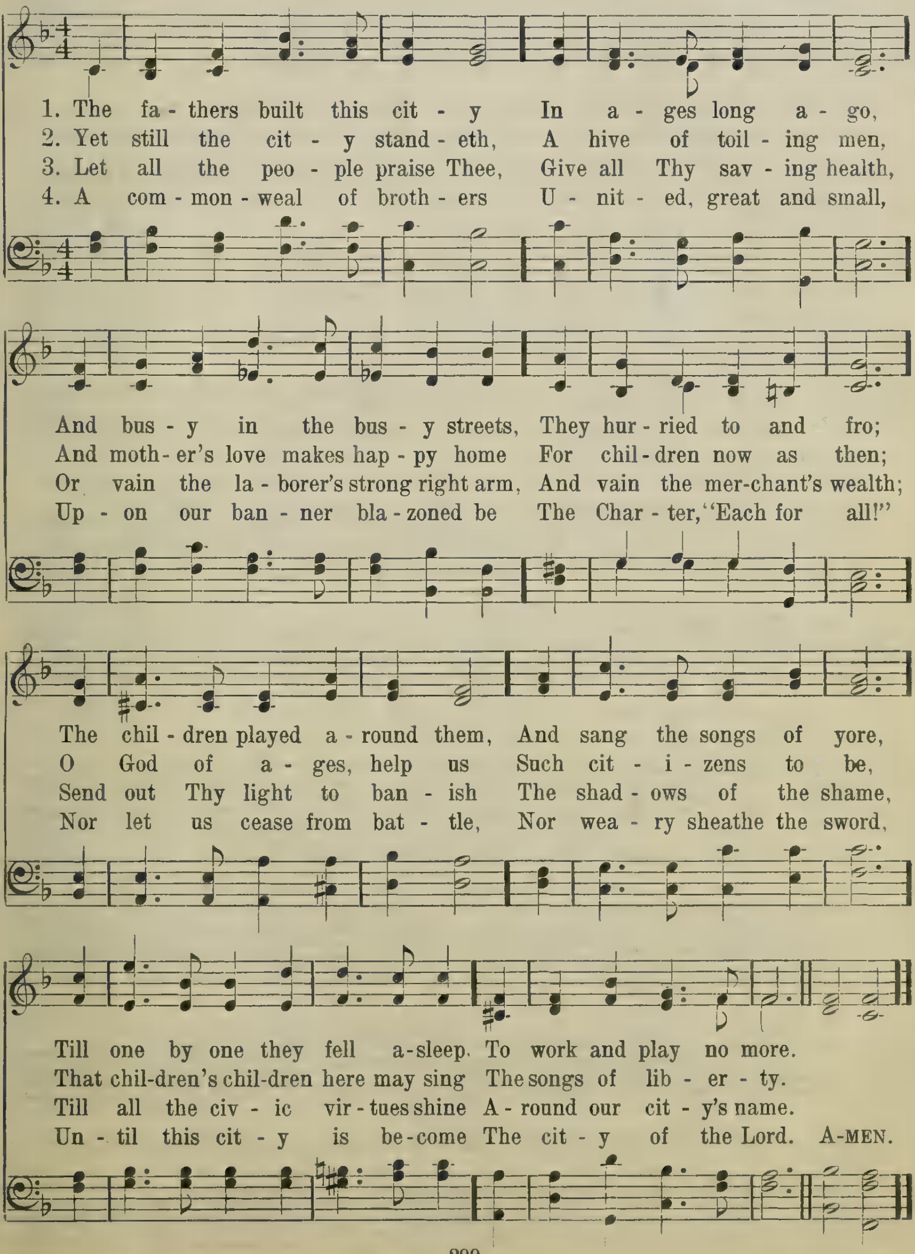
Robert Seagrave. (AMSTERDAM.) J. Nares.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
3. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast ex - plore;
4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rds heav'n thy na - tive place.
Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
Flat-t'ring world, with all thy snares, So - lic - it me no more.
Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn Tri - um - phant to the skies.
Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
And my soul, de - rived from God, Pants to view His glo - rious face,
Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night;
Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.
All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n. A - MEN.

368 The Fathers Built this City

(Civitas Dei. 7, 6, 8, 6. D.)

William George Tarrant, 1853. Alfred James Caldicott, 1842–1897.

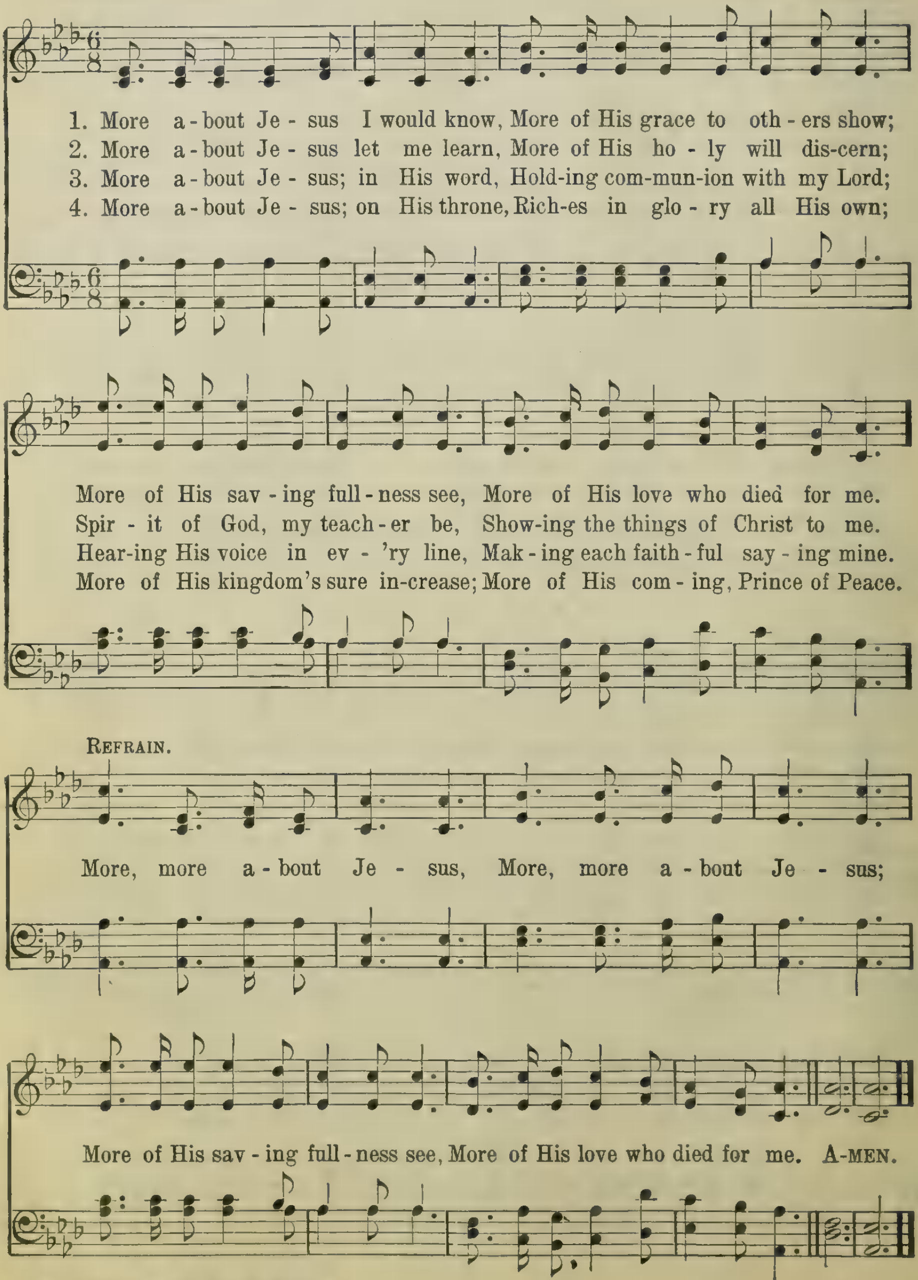

1. The fa - thers built this cit - y In a - ges long a - go,
2. Yet still the cit - y stand - eth, A hive of toil - ing men,
3. Let all the peo - ple praise Thee, Give all Thy sav - ing health,
4. A com - mon - weal of broth - ers U - nit - ed, great and small,
And bus - y in the bus - y streets, They hur - ried to and fro;
And moth - er's love makes hap - py home For chil - dren now as then;
Or vain the la - borer's strong right arm, And vain the mer-chant's wealth;
Up - on our ban - ner bla - zoned be The Char - ter, "Each for all!"
The chil - dren played a - round them, And sang the songs of yore,
O God of a - ges, help us Such cit - i - zens to be,
Send out Thy light to ban - ish The shad - ows of the shame,
Nor let us cease from bat - tle, Nor wea - ry sheathe the sword,
Till one by one they fell a-sleep. To work and play no more.
That chil-dren's chil-dren here may sing The songs of lib - er - ty.
Till all the civ - ic vir - tues shine A - round our cit - y's name.
Un - til this cit - y is be-come The cit - y of the Lord. A-MEN.

369

More About Jesus

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More a-bout Je-sus I would know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me. A-MEN.

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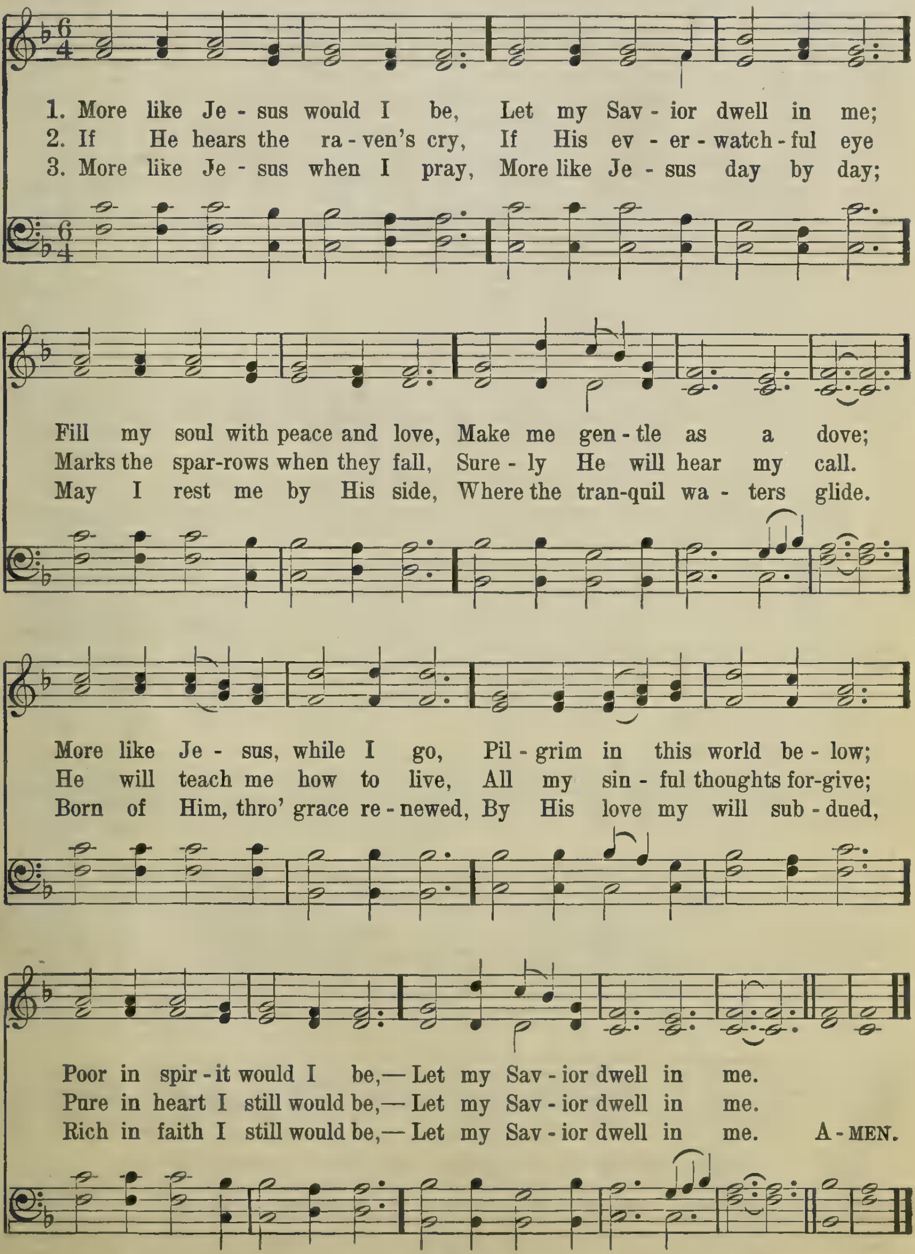
370

More Like Jesus Would I Be

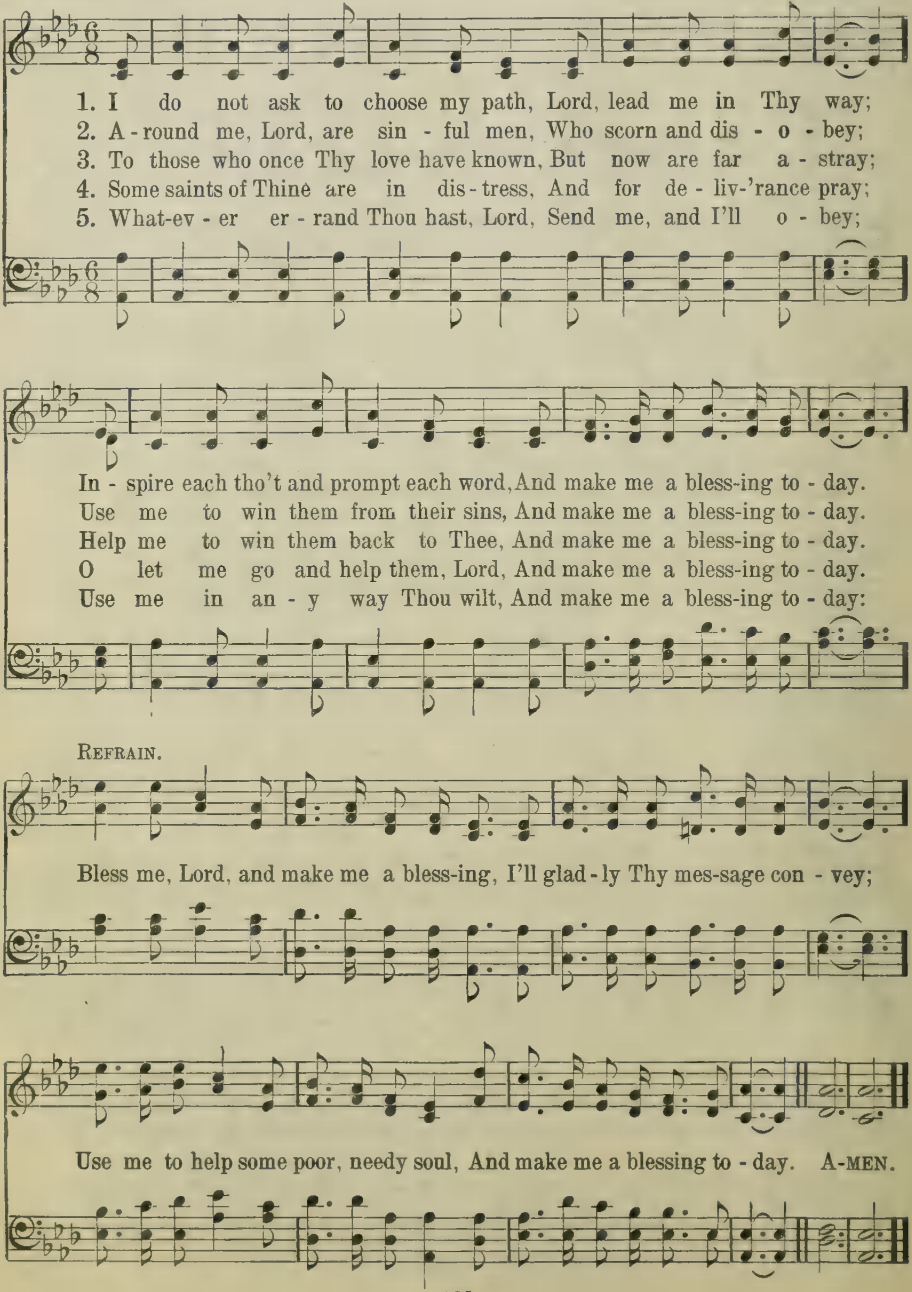
(More Like Jesus. 7s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868. W. H. Doane.


1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav - ior dwell in me;
2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry, If His ev - er - watch - ful eye
3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day;
Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove;
Marks the spar-rows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call.
May I rest me by His side, Where the tran-quil wa - ters glide.
More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts for-give;
Born of Him, thro' grace re - newed, By His love my will sub - dued,
Poor in spir - it would I be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me. A - MEN.

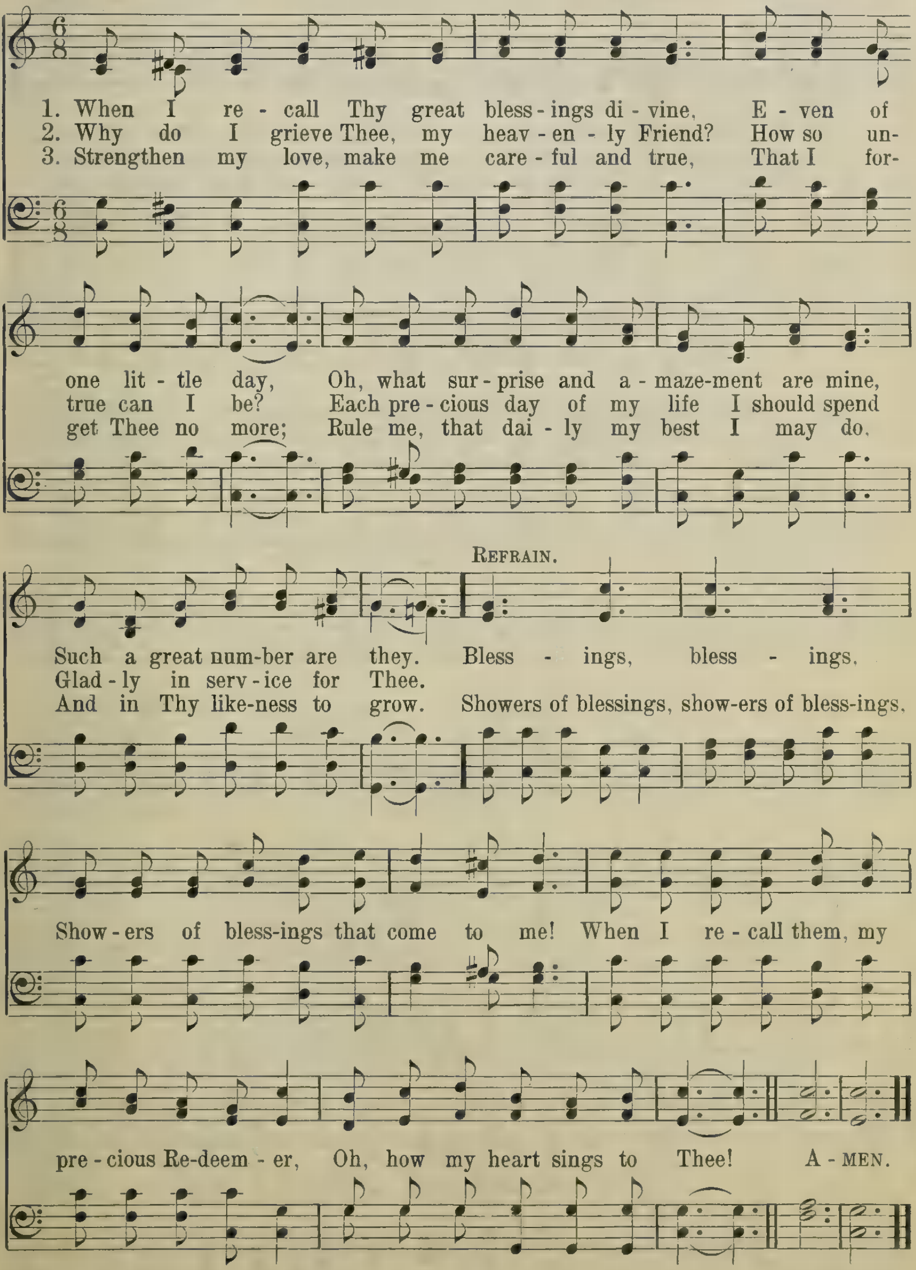
371 I Do Not Ask to Choose My Path

Rev. J. H. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a-stray;
4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv-'rance pray;
5. What-ev-er er-rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;
In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
Use me in an-y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to-day:
Refrain.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless-ing, I'll glad-ly Thy mes-sage con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day. A-men.

372 When I Recall Thy Great Blessings

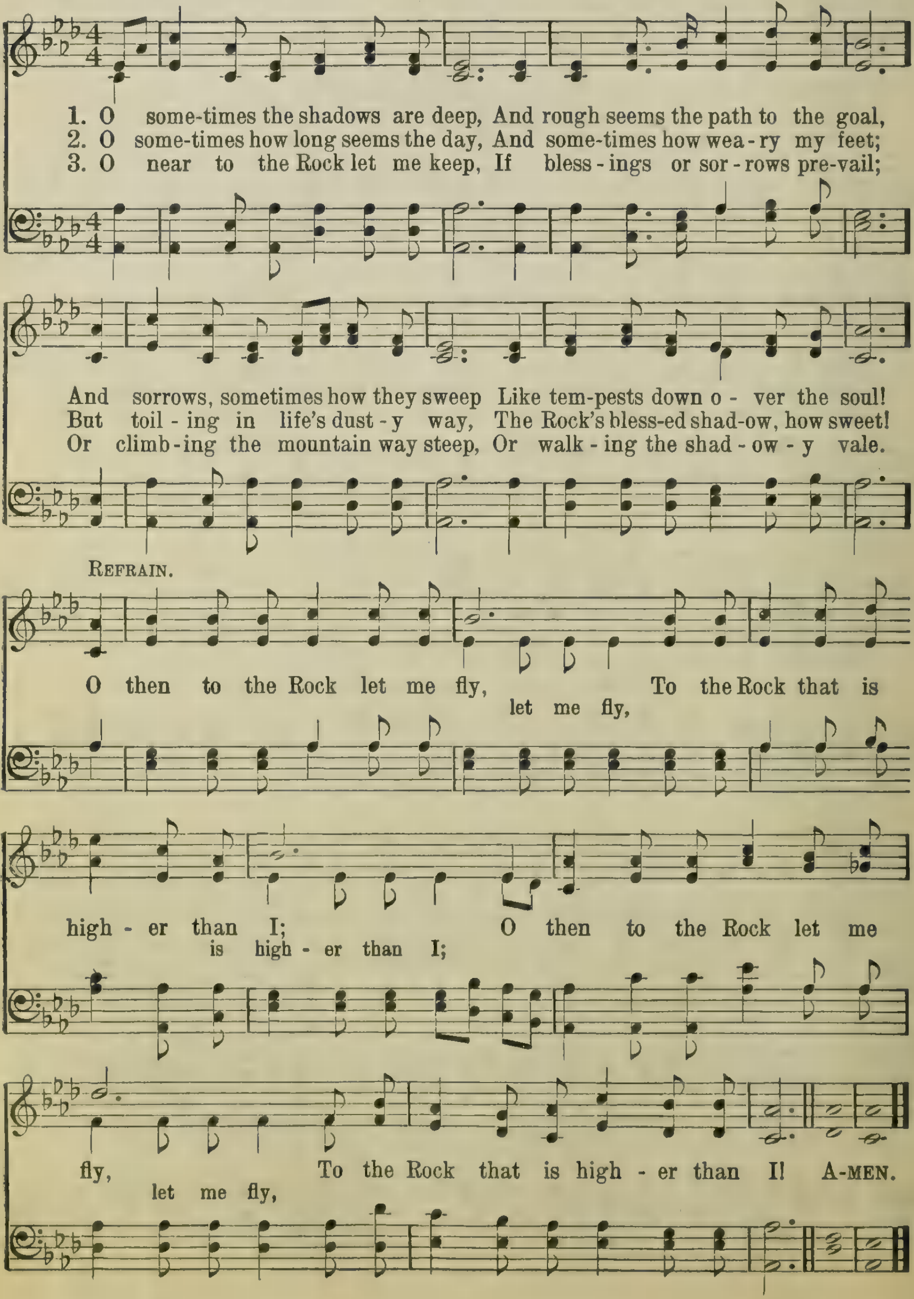
Dr. George Lytton. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. When I re - call Thy great bless - ings di - vine, E - ven of
2. Why do I grieve Thee, my heav - en - ly Friend? How so un-
3. Strengthen my love, make me care - ful and true, That I for-
one lit - tle day, Oh, what sur - prise and a - maze-ment are mine,
true can I be? Each pre - cious day of my life I should spend
get Thee no more; Rule me, that dai - ly my best I may do,
REFRAIN.
Such a great num-ber are they. Bless - ings, bless - ings,
Glad - ly in serv - ice for Thee.
And in Thy like-ness to grow. Showers of blessings, show-ers of bless-ings,
Show - ers of bless-ings that come to me! When I re - call them, my
pre - cious Re-deem - er, Oh, how my heart sings to Thee! A - MEN.

Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley.

373 O Sometimes the Shadows Are Deep

E. Johnson. (THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.) William G. Fischer.

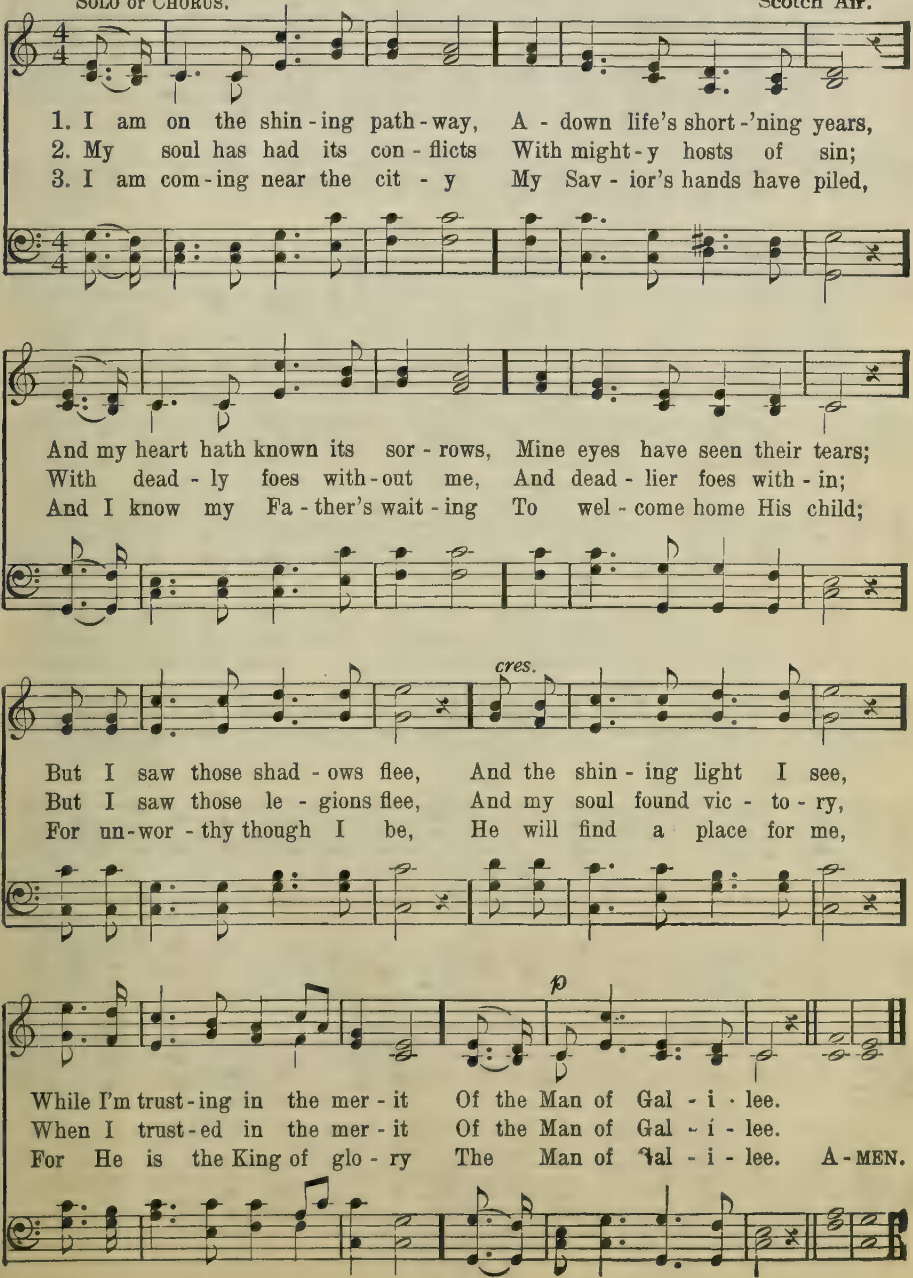

1. O some-times the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. O some-times how long seems the day, And some-times how wea-ry my feet;
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, If bless-ings or sor-rows pre-vail;
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tem-pests down o-ver the soul!
But toil-ing in life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!
Or climb-ing the mountain way steep, Or walk-ing the shad-ow-y vale.
REFRAIN.
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I; is high-er than I;
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high-er than I! A-MEN.

374 I'm On the Shining Pathway

John Hogarth Lozier.

Solo or Chorus.

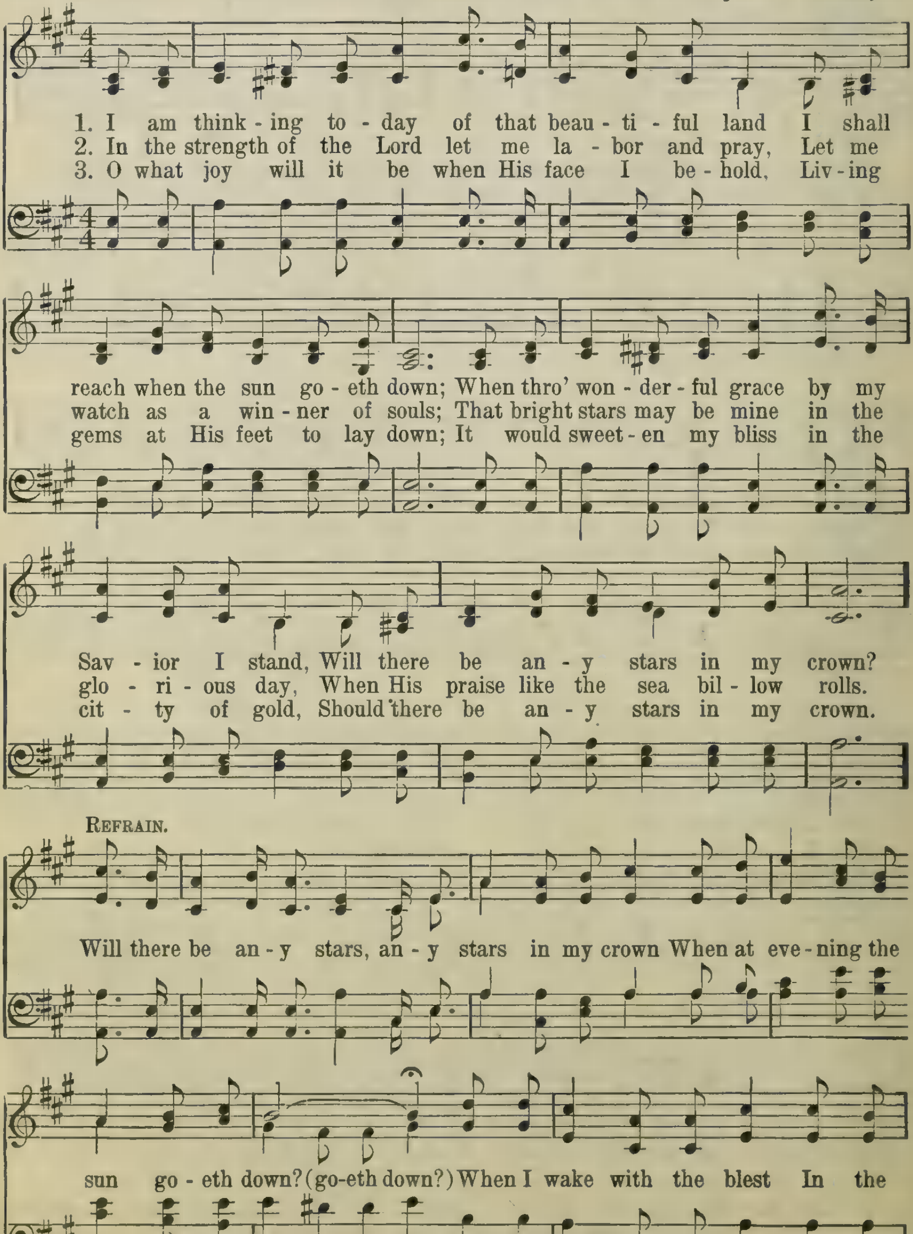
Scotch Air.


1. I am on the shin-ing path-way, A-down life's short-'ning years,
2. My soul has had its con-flicts With might-y hosts of sin;
3. I am com-ing near the cit-y My Sav-ior's hands have piled,
And my heart hath known its sor-rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
With dead-ly foes with-out me, And dead-lier foes with-in;
And I know my Fa-ther's wait-ing To wel-come home His child;
But I saw those shad-ows flee, And the shin-ing light I see,
But I saw those le-gions flee, And my soul found vic-to-ry,
For un-wor-thy though I be, He will find a place for me,
cres.
While I'm trust-ing in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
When I trust-ed in the mer-it Of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
For He is the King of glo-ry The Man of Gal-i-lee. A-men.
p

375

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
3. O what joy will it be when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing
reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my
watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the
Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea bil - low rolls.
cit - ty of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
REFRAIN.
Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown When at eve - ning the
sun go - eth down? (go-eth down?) When I wake with the blest In the

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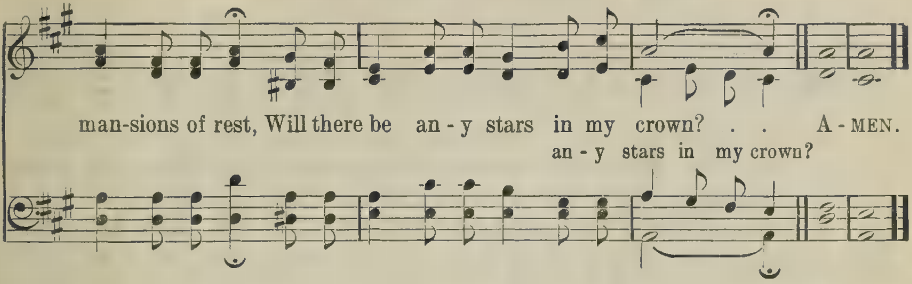
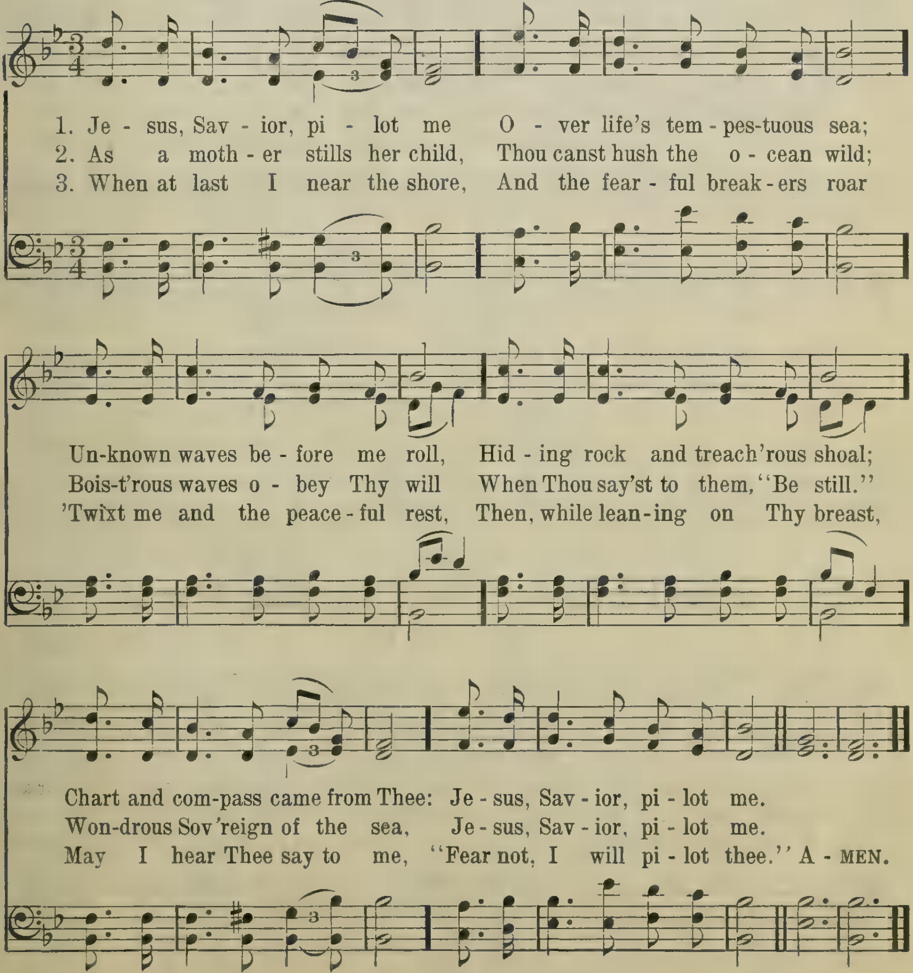

man-sions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

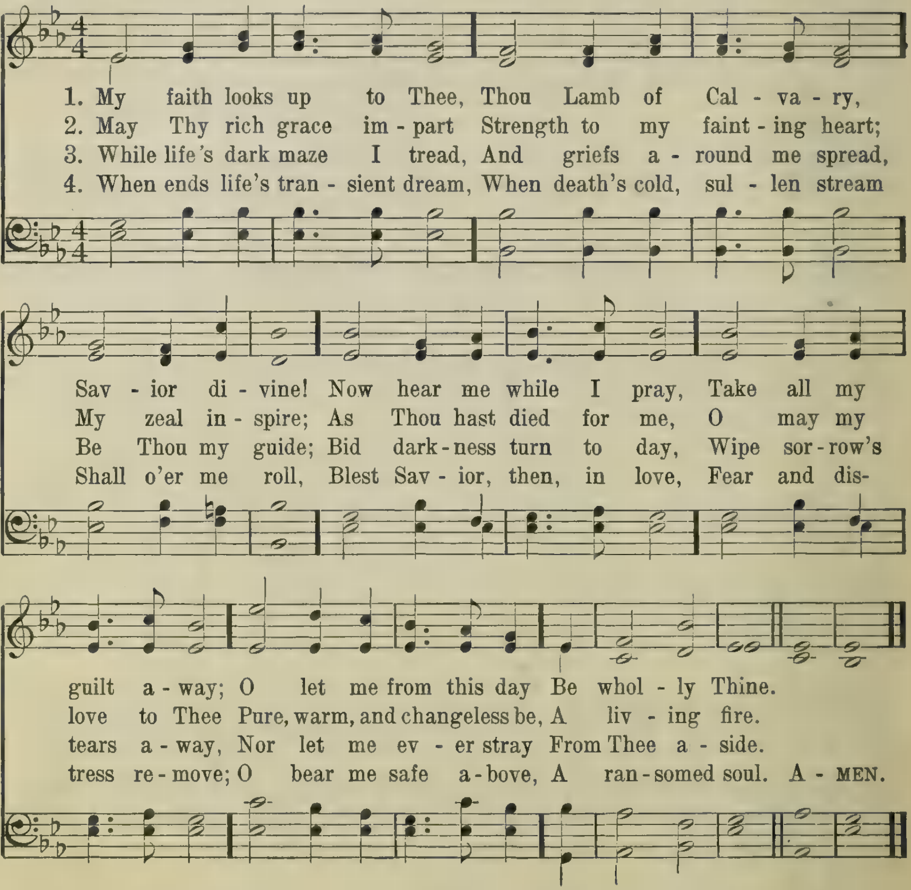
376 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

Edward Hopper, 1871. (PILOT. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.) John E. Gould, 1871.


1. Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me O-ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth-er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear-ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o-bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
Won-drous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-ior, pi-lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi-lot thee." A-MEN.

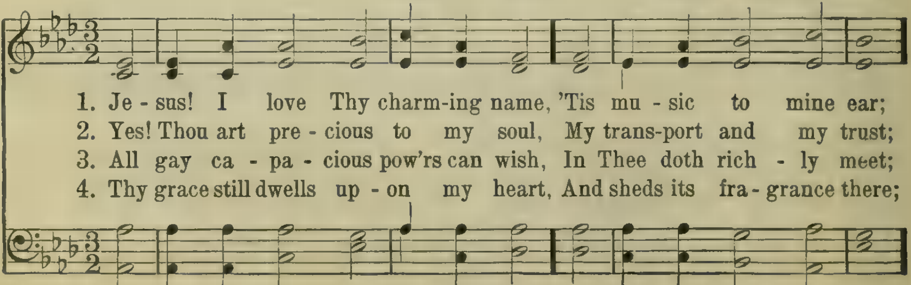
377 My Faith Looks Up to Thee

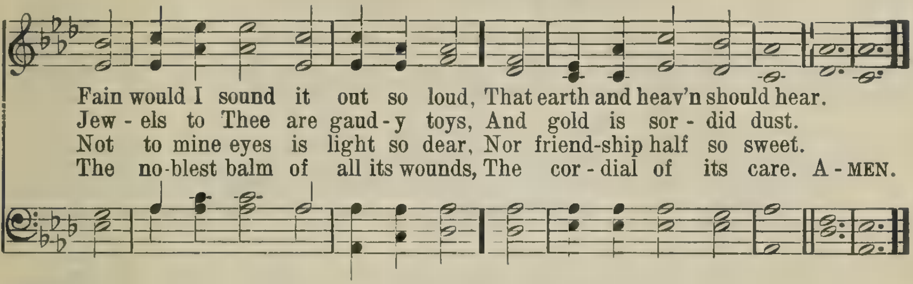
Ray Palmer, 1830. (OLIVET. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul. A - MEN.

378 Jesus! I Love Thy Charming Name

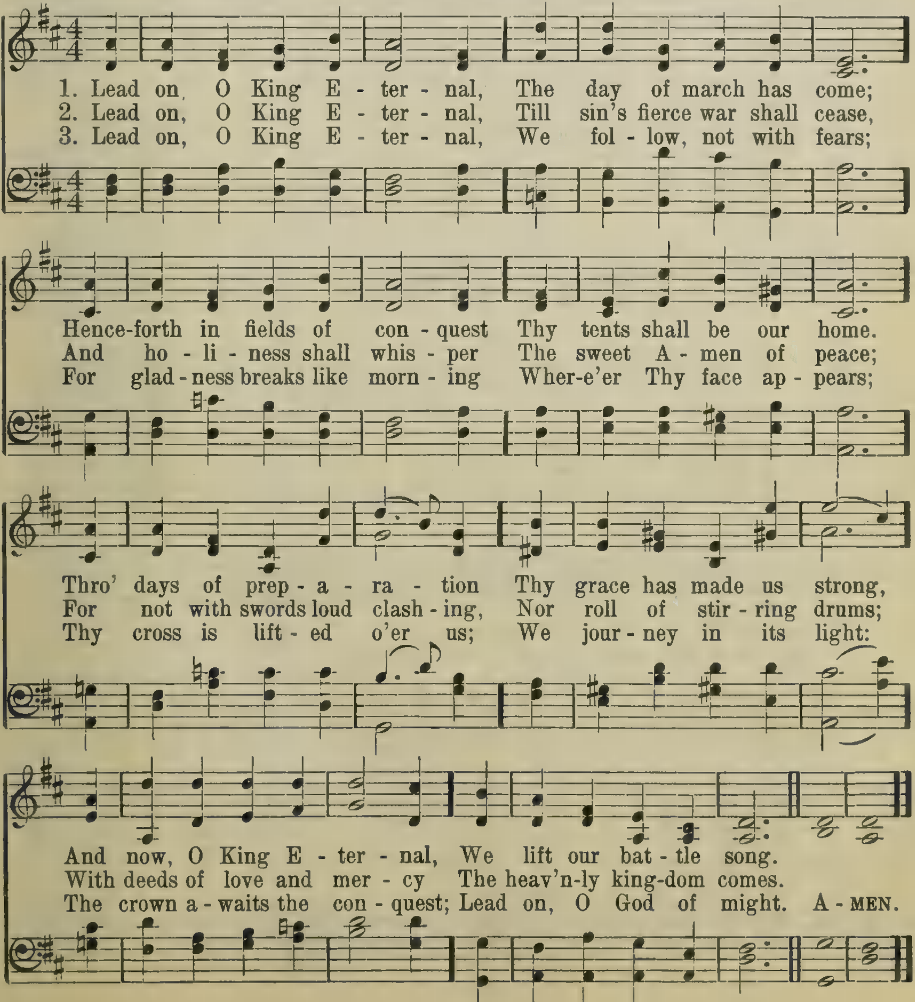
(DEAN. C. M.) Charles Edw. Pollock.


1. Je - sus! I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. Yes! Thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans-port and my trust;
3. All gay ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish, In Thee doth rich - ly meet;
4. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fra - grance there;


Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.
Jew - els to Thee are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend-ship half so sweet.
The no-blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care. A - MEN.

379 Lead On, O King Eternal

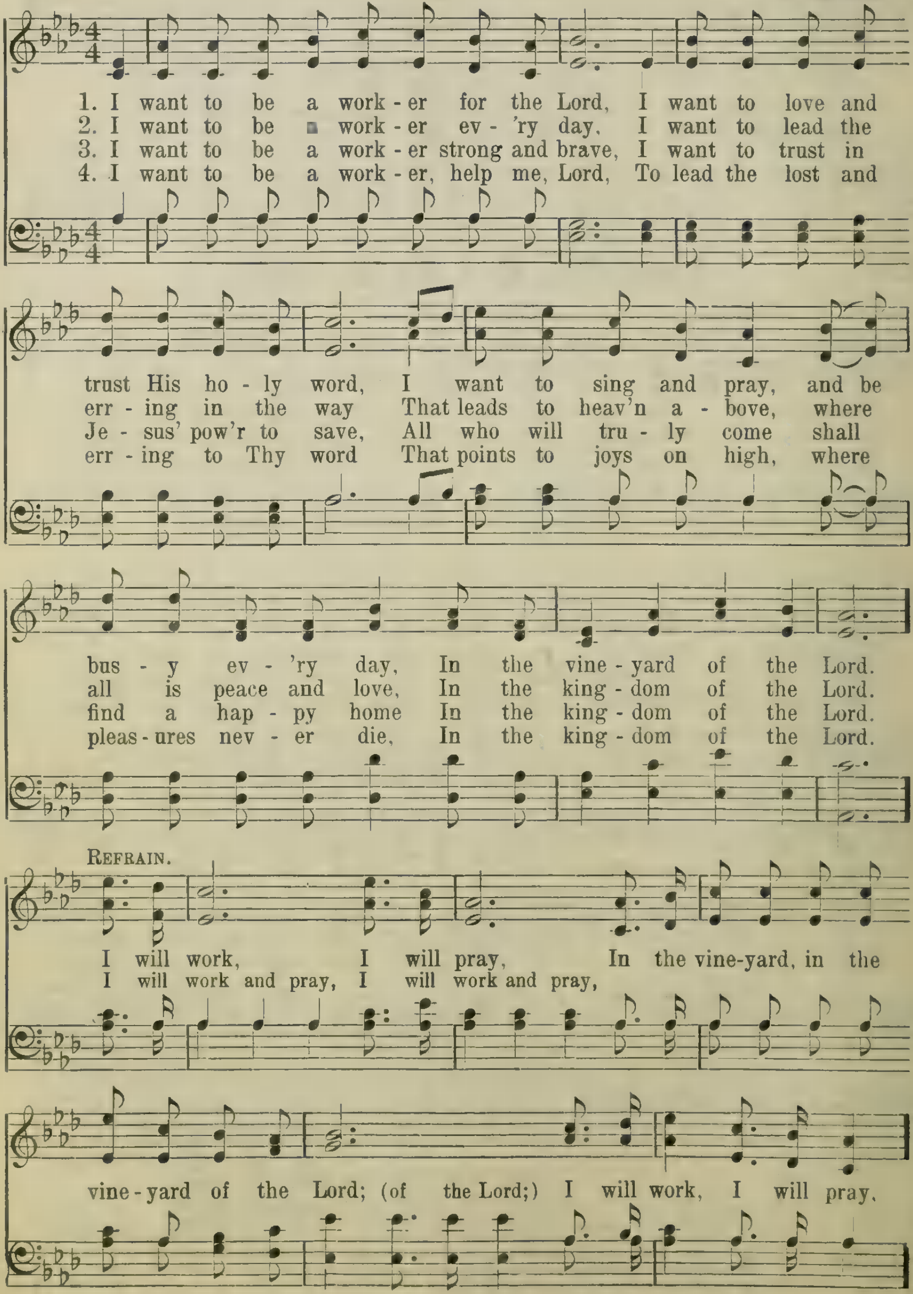
Ernest W. Shurtleff. (LANCASHIRE.) Henry Smart, 1813–1879.

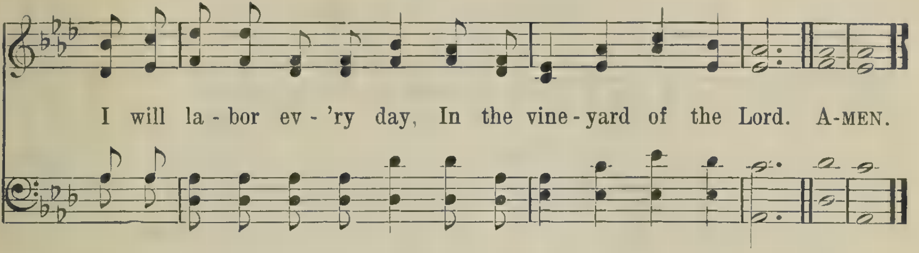

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad - ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light:
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might. A - MEN.

380

I Want to Be a Worker

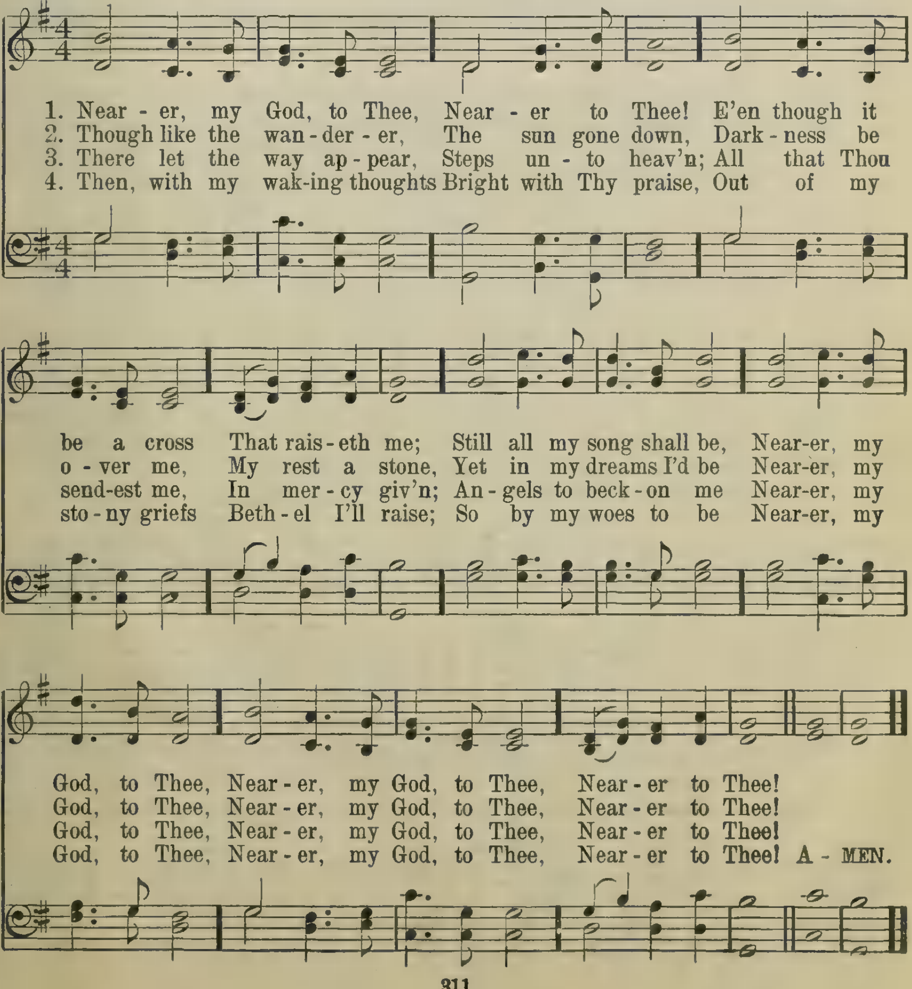
I. B. I. Baltzell.


1. I want to be a work - er for the Lord, I want to love and
2. I want to be a work - er ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the
3. I want to be a work - er strong and brave, I want to trust in
4. I want to be a work - er, help me, Lord, To lead the lost and
trust His ho - ly word, I want to sing and pray, and be
err - ing in the way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where
Je - sus' pow'r to save, All who will tru - ly come shall
err - ing to Thy word That points to joys on high, where
bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord.
all is peace and love, In the king - dom of the Lord.
find a hap - py home In the king - dom of the Lord.
pleas - ures nev - er die, In the king - dom of the Lord.
Refrain.
I will work, I will pray, In the vine-yard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vine - yard of the Lord; (of the Lord;) I will work, I will pray,


I will la - bor ev - 'ry day, In the vine - yard of the Lord. A-MEN.

381 Nearer, My God, to Thee

Sarah F. Adams, 1841. (BETHANY. 6s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

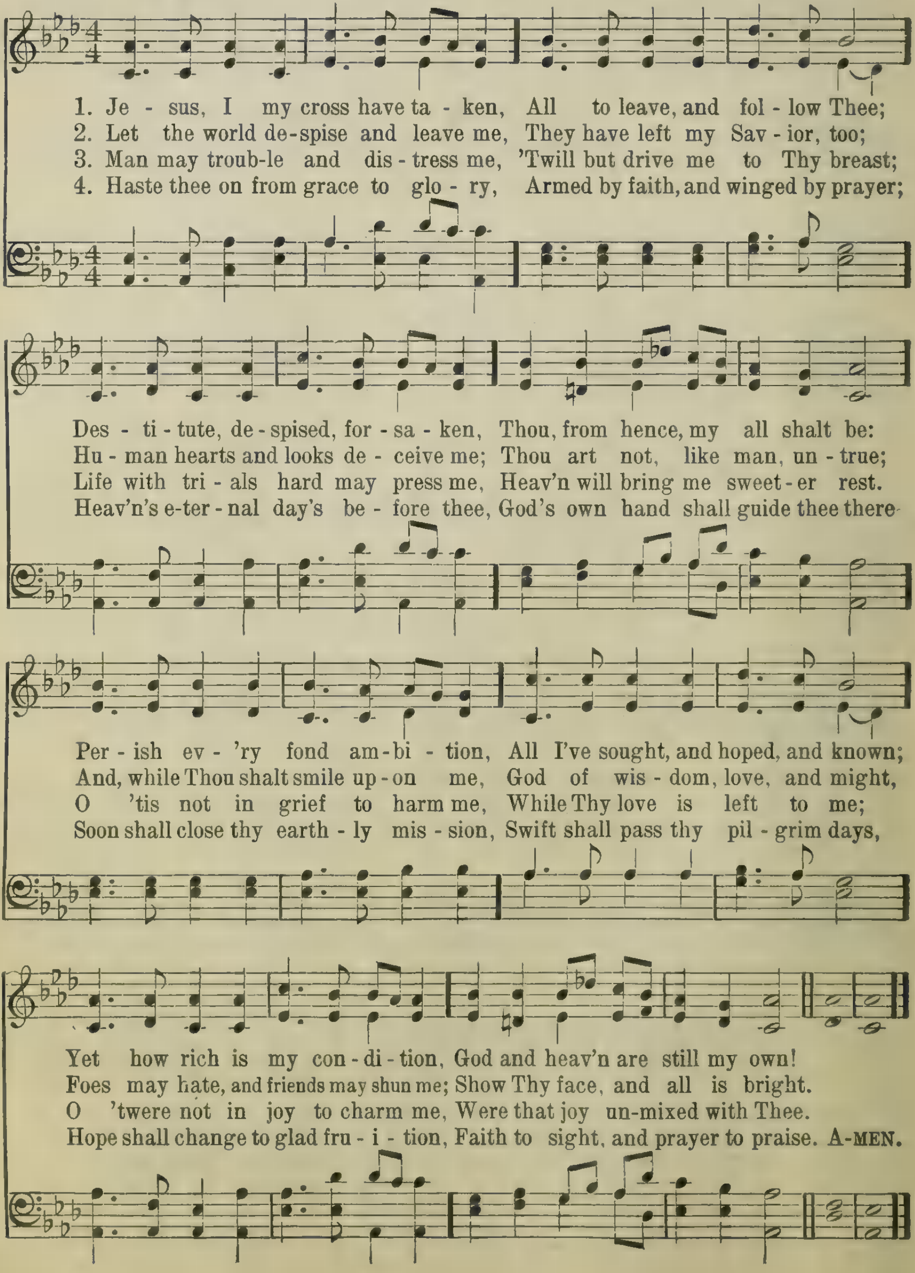

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!
4. Then, with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

382

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

(Ellesdie. 8s, 7s. D.)

Henry F. Lyte, 1827. From Mozart, 1756–1799.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un - true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth - ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un-mixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-men.

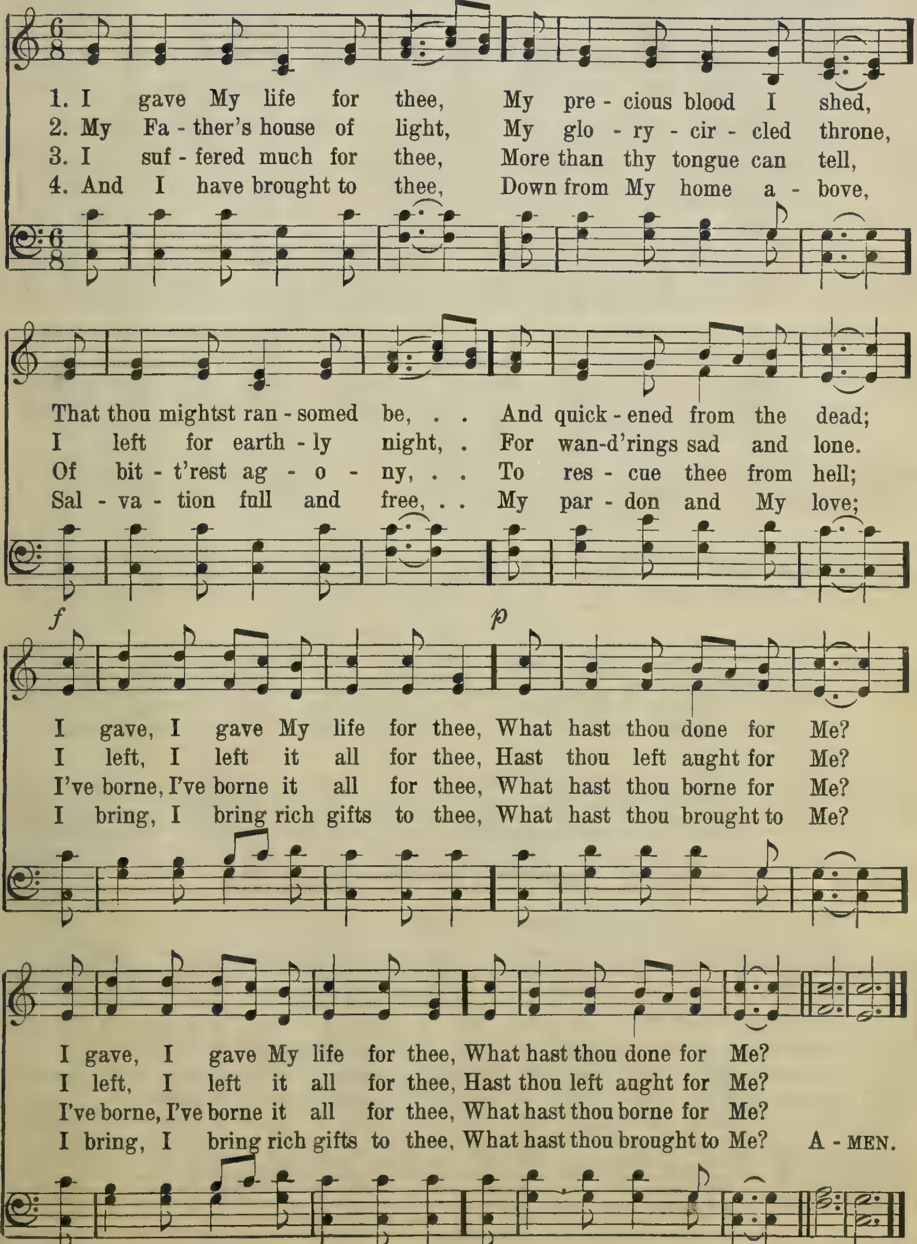
383

I Gave My Life For Thee

(What Hast Thou Done For Me? 6s, 61.)

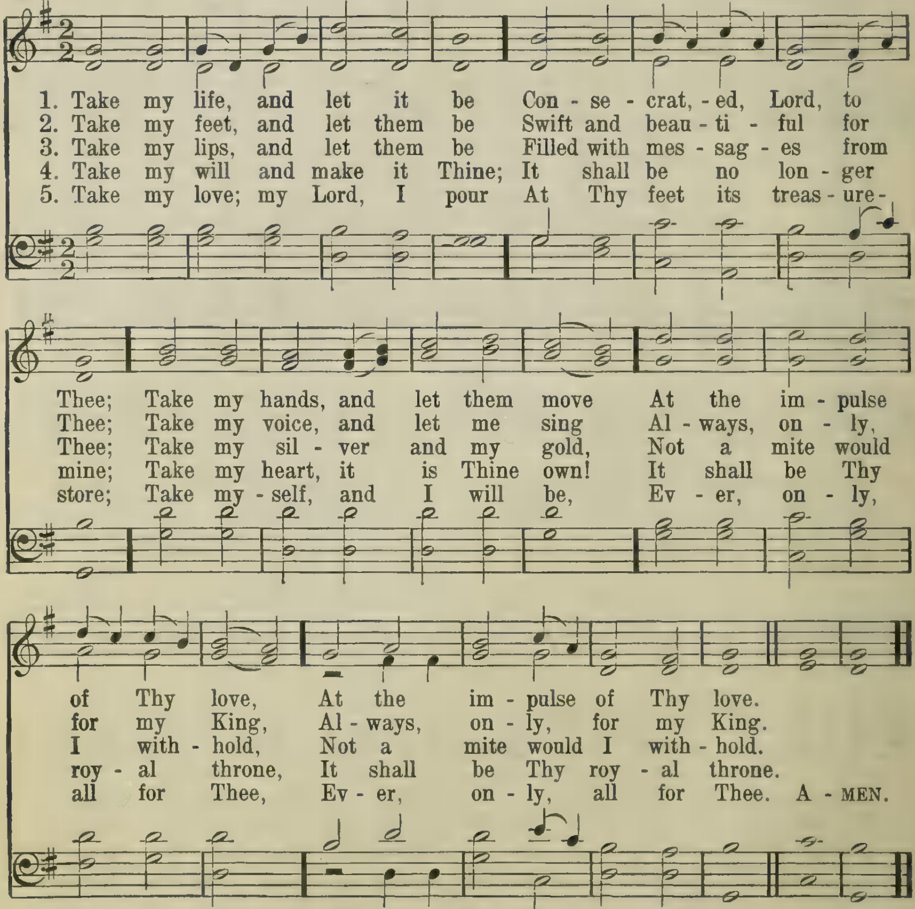
F. R. Havergal, 1836–1879.

P. P. Bliss, 1838–1876.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove,
That thou mightst ran - somed be, . . And quick - ened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, . For wan-d'rings sad and lone.
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, . . To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, . . My par - don and My love;
f
p
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?
A - MEN.

384 Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal. (HENDON. 7s.) Abraham H. C. Malan.



1. Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love,
At the impulse of Thy love.

2. Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King,
Always, only, for my King.

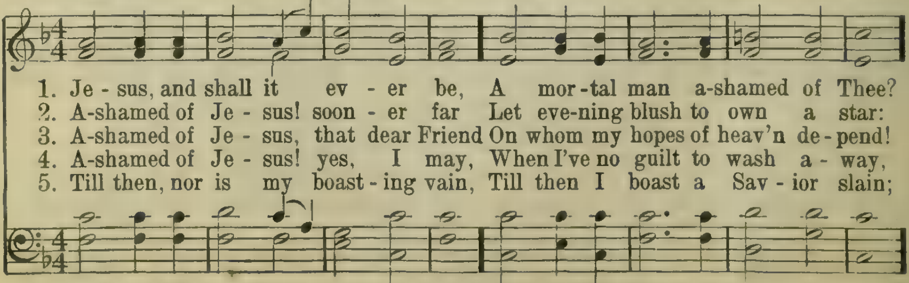
3. Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

4. Take my will and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own!
It shall be Thy royal throne,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

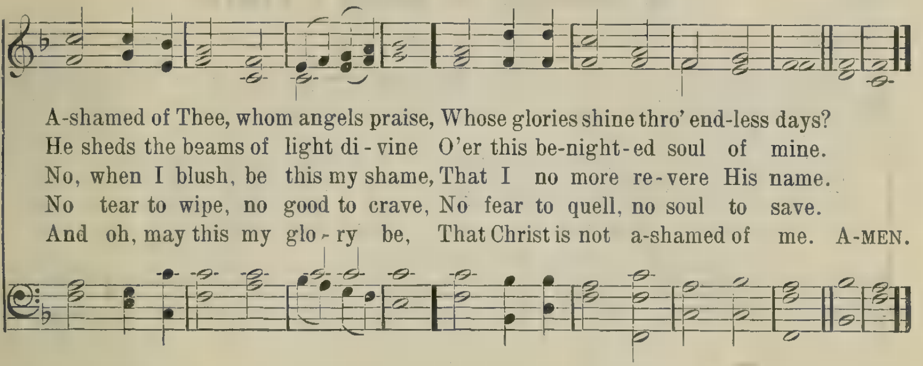
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee,
Ever, only, all for Thee. AMEN.

385 Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be

J. Grigg, 1765. (FEDERAL STREET. L. M.) H. K. Oliver, 1832.



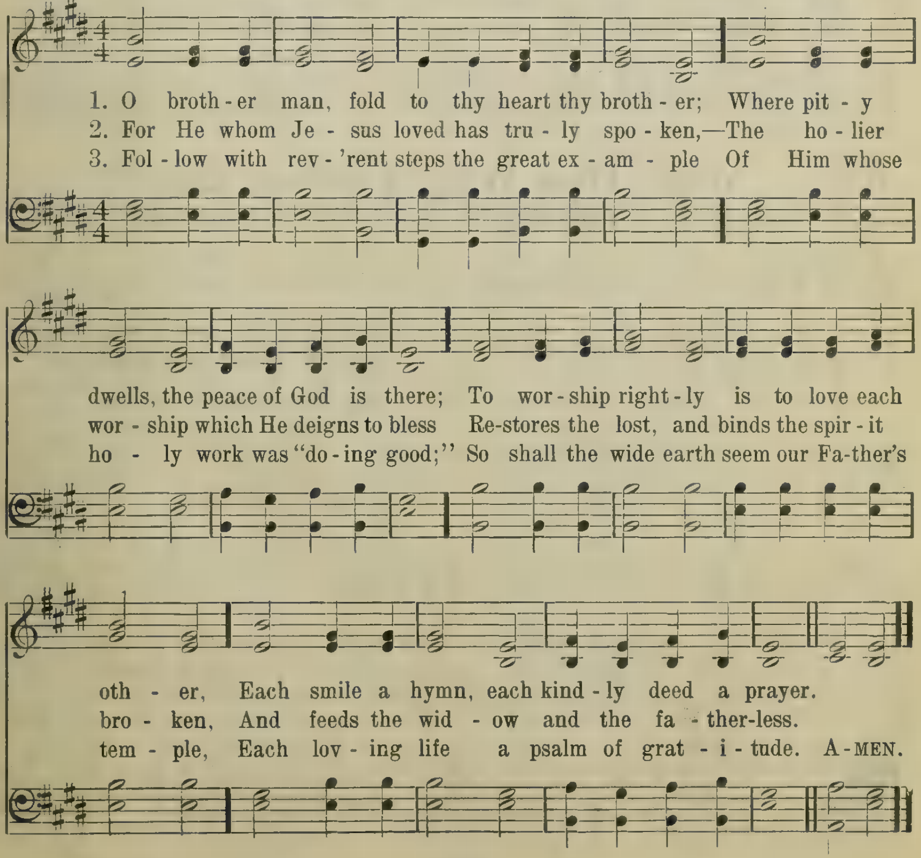
1. Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
2. Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far Let evening blush to own a star:
3. Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
4. Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash away,
5. Till then, nor is my boasting vain, Till then I boast a Savior slain;


A-shamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
He sheds the beams of light di-vine O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

386 O Brother Man, Fold to Thy Heart

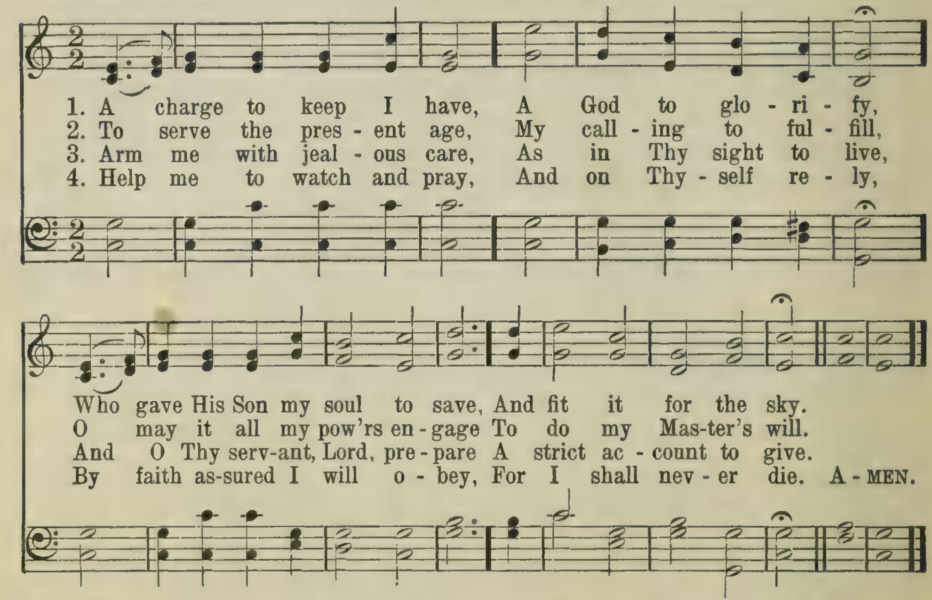
(HENLEY. 11, 10, 11, 10.)

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1848. Lowell Mason, 1854.


1. O broth-er man, fold to thy heart thy broth-er; Where pit-y dwells, the peace of God is there; To wor-ship right-ly is to love each oth-er, Each smile a hymn, each kind-ly deed a prayer.
2. For He whom Je-sus loved has tru-ly spo-ken,—The ho-lier wor-ship which He deigns to bless Re-stores the lost, and binds the spir-it bro-ken, And feeds the wid-ow and the fa-ther-less.
3. Fol-low with rev-'rent steps the great ex-am-ple Of Him whose ho-ly work was "do-ing good;" So shall the wide earth seem our Fa-ther's tem-ple, Each lov-ing life a psalm of grat-i-tude. A-MEN.

387 A Charge to Keep I Have

Charles Wesley. (Laban. S. M.) Lowell Mason, 1792–1875.

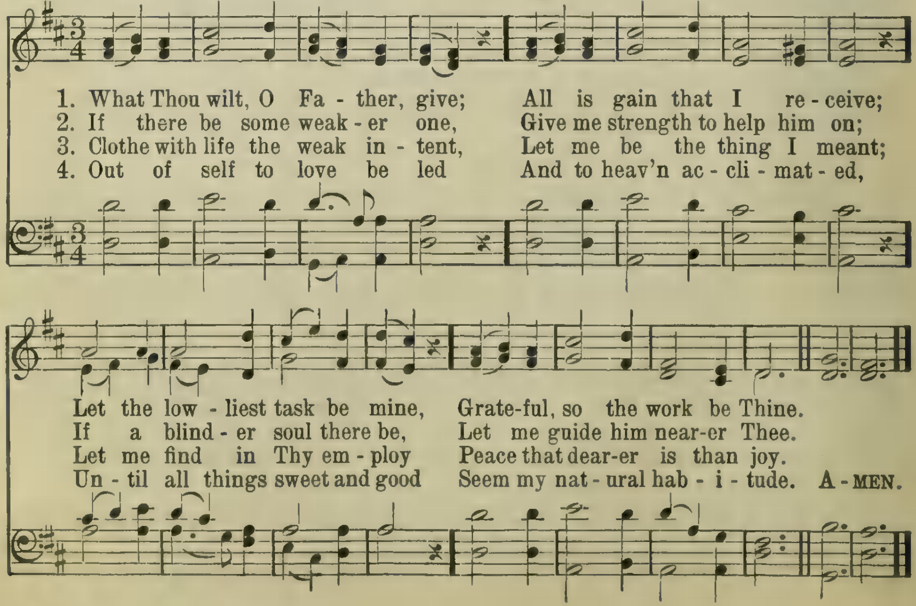


1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas-ter's will.
And O Thy serv-ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
By faith as-sured I will o - bey, For I shall nev - er die. A - men.

388 What Thou Wilt, O Father, Give

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1863. (Dallas. 7, 7, 7, 7.) Arr. from Cherubini.



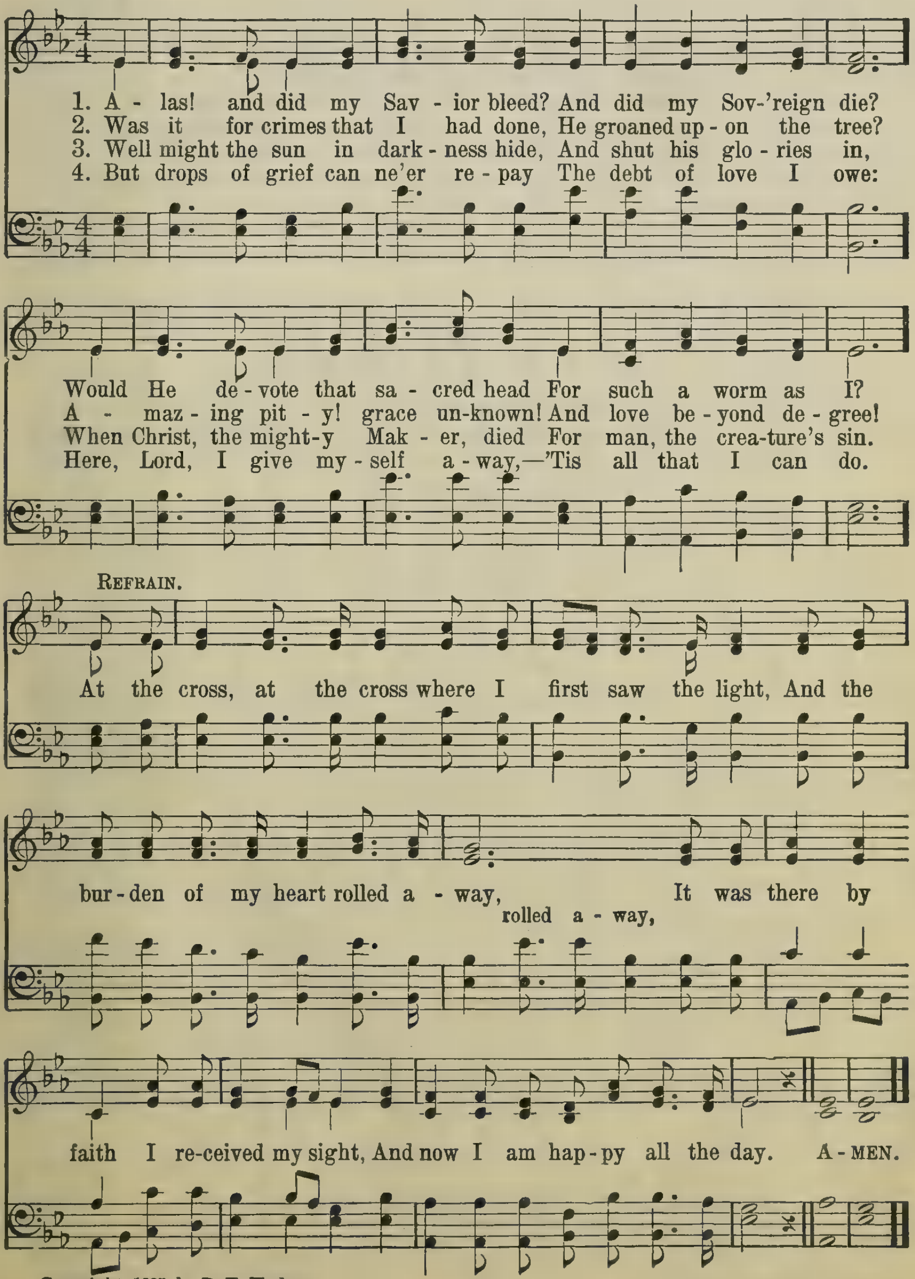
1. What Thou wilt, O Fa - ther, give; All is gain that I re - ceive;
2. If there be some weak - er one, Give me strength to help him on;
3. Clothe with life the weak in - tent, Let me be the thing I meant;
4. Out of self to love be led And to heav'n ac - cli - mat - ed,

Let the low - liest task be mine, Grate-ful, so the work be Thine.
If a blind - er soul there be, Let me guide him near-er Thee.
Let me find in Thy em - ploy Peace that dear-er is than joy.
Un - til all things sweet and good Seem my nat - ural hab - i - tude. A - men.

389

At the Cross

Isaac Watts. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
Refrain.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by
rolled a - way,
faith I re-ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day. A - MEN.

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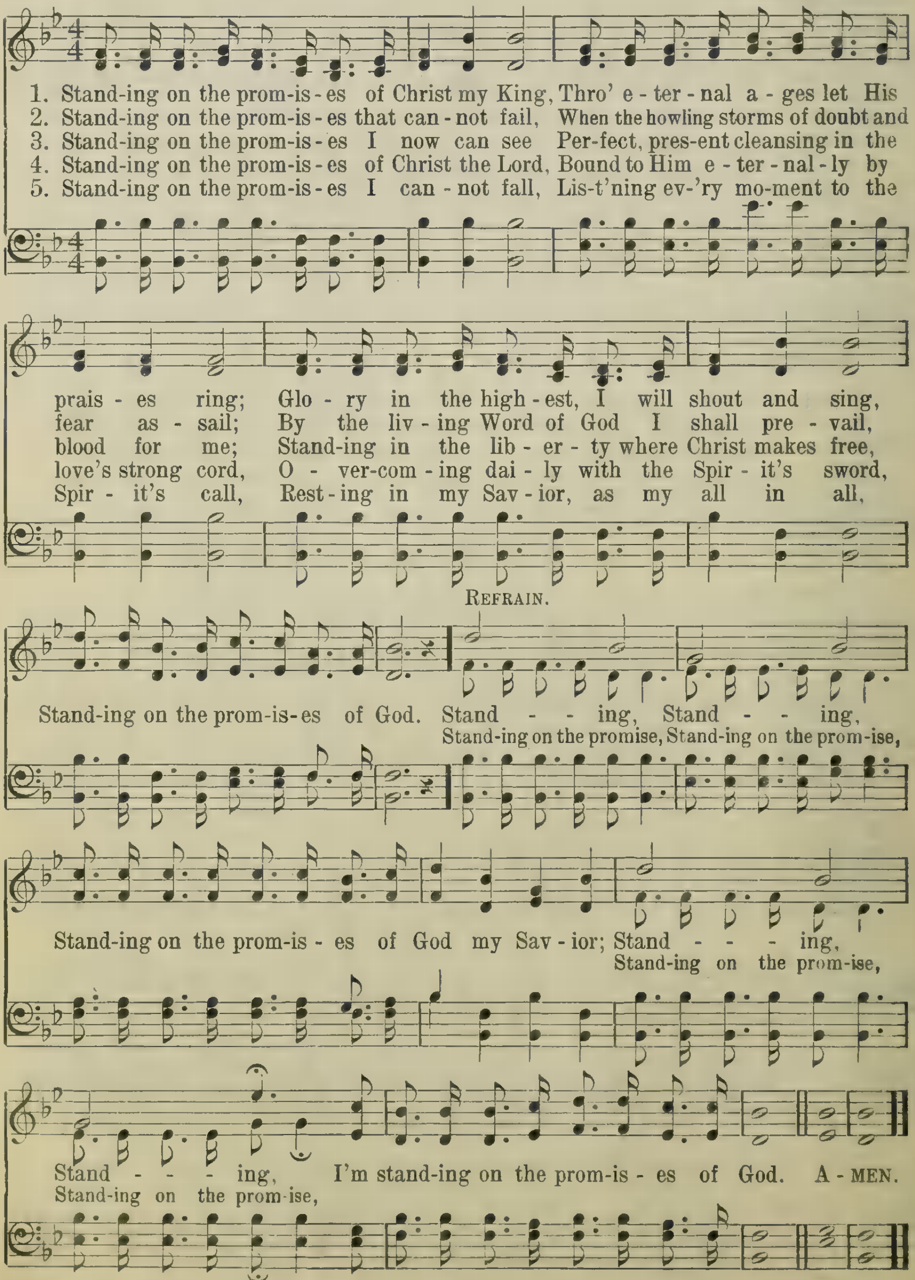
390

Standing On the Promises

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.


1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e-ter-nal a-ges let His prais-es ring; Glo-ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can-not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear as-sail; By the liv-ing Word of God I shall pre-vail,
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing in the blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib-er-ty where Christ makes free,
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e-ter-nal-ly by love's strong cord, O-ver-com-ing dai-ly with the Spir-it's sword,
5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can-not fall, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the Spir-it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav-ior, as my all in all,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God.
Refrain.
Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the promise, Stand-ing on the prom-ise,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God my Sav-ior; Stand - - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-ise,
Stand - - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. A-MEN.
Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

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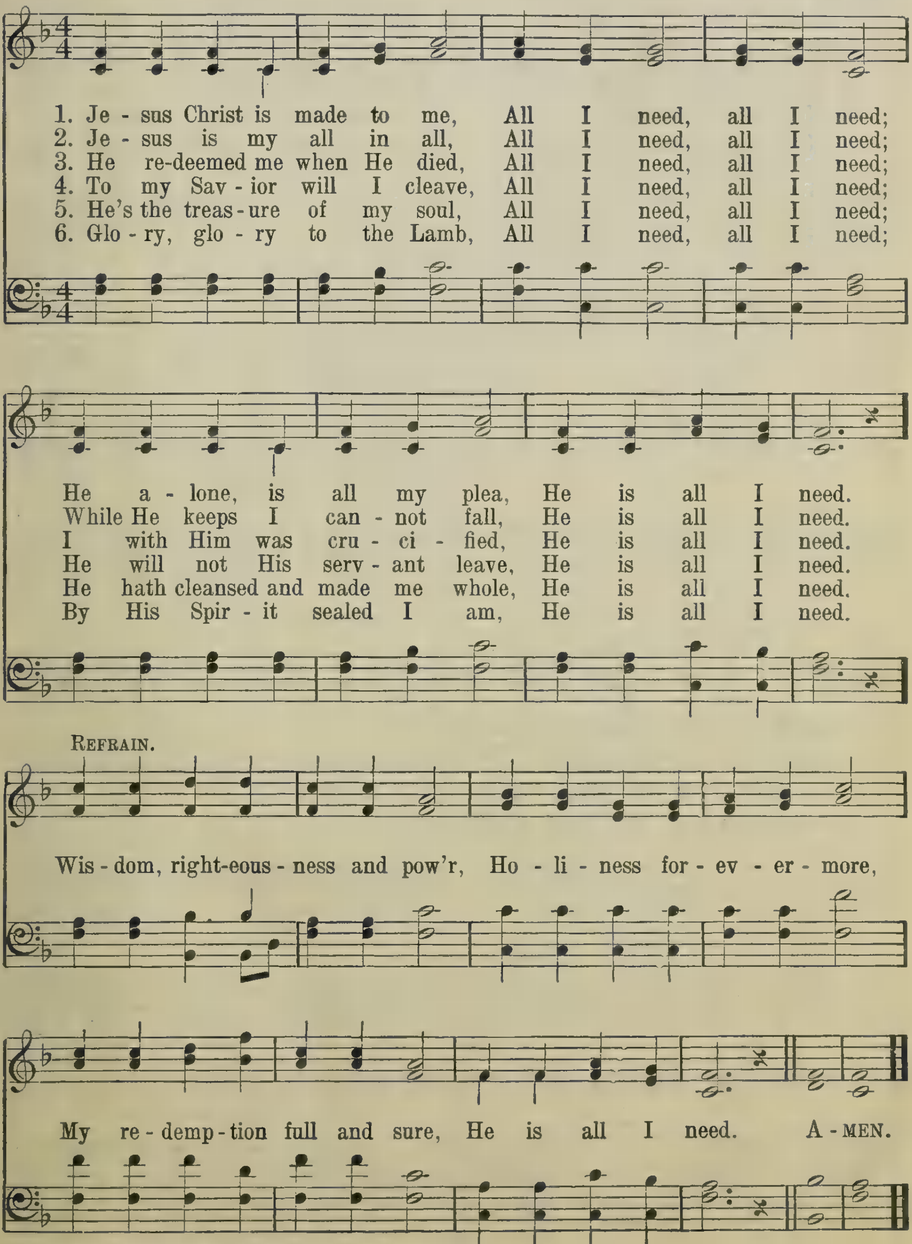
391

All I Need

"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption."—1 Cor. 1: 30.

C. P. J. Chas. P. Jones.


1. Je - sus Christ is made to me, All I need, all I need; He a - lone, is all my plea, He is all I need.
2. Je - sus is my all in all, All I need, all I need; While He keeps I can - not fall, He is all I need.
3. He re-deemed me when He died, All I need, all I need; I with Him was cru - ci - fied, He is all I need.
4. To my Sav - ior will I cleave, All I need, all I need; He will not His serv - ant leave, He is all I need.
5. He's the treas - ure of my soul, All I need, all I need; He hath cleansed and made me whole, He is all I need.
6. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, All I need, all I need; By His Spir - it sealed I am, He is all I need.
Refrain.
Wis - dom, right-eous - ness and pow'r, Ho - li - ness for - ev - er - more, My re - demp - tion full and sure, He is all I need. A - men.

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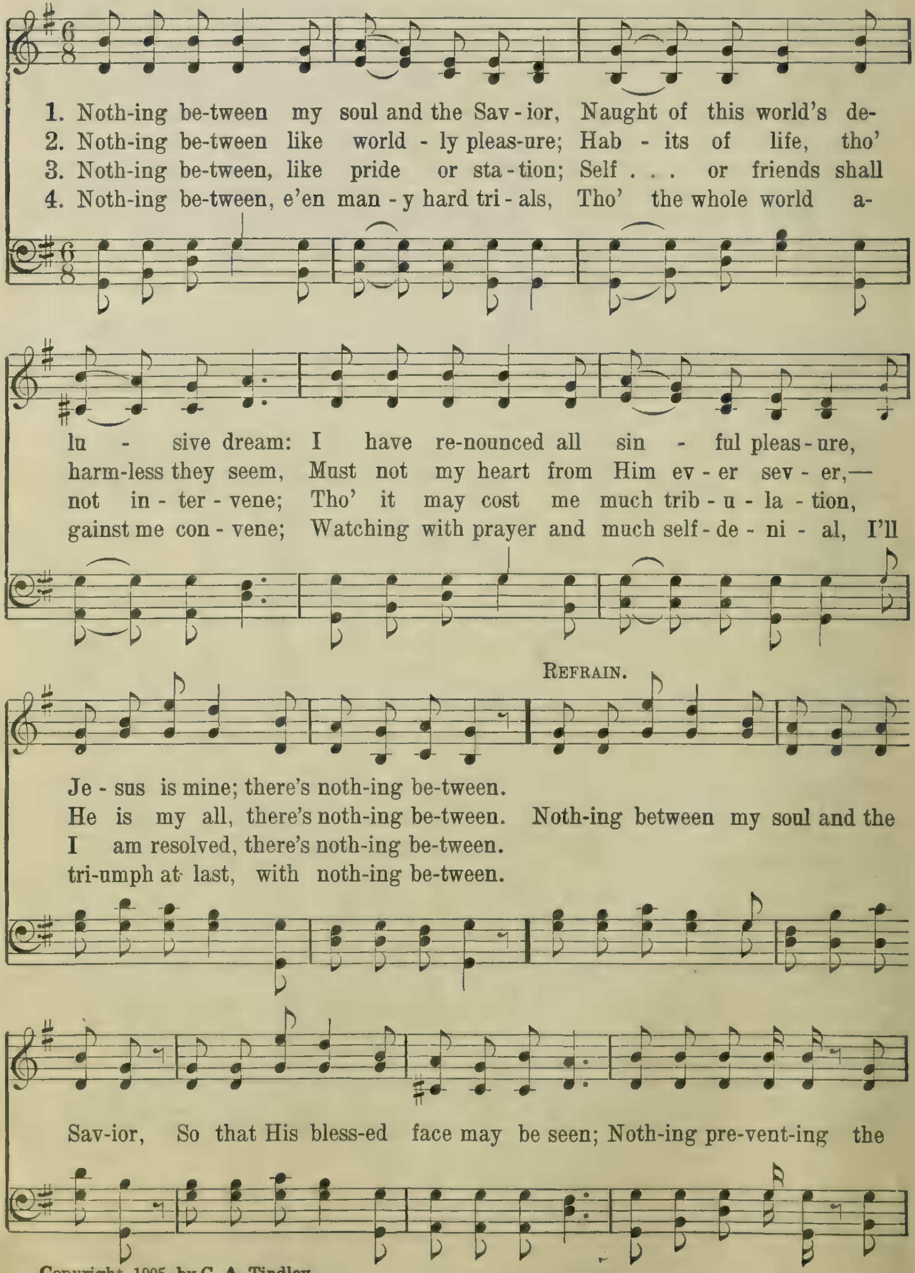
392 Nothing Between

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley. Arr. by F. A. Clark.


1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self . . . or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-
lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,—
not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
gainst me con - vene; Watching with prayer and much self - de - ni - al, I'll
Je - sus is mine; there's noth-ing be-tween.
He is my all, there's noth-ing be-tween.
I am resolved, there's noth-ing be-tween.
tri-umph at last, with noth-ing be-tween.
Refrain.
Noth-ing between my soul and the
Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing the

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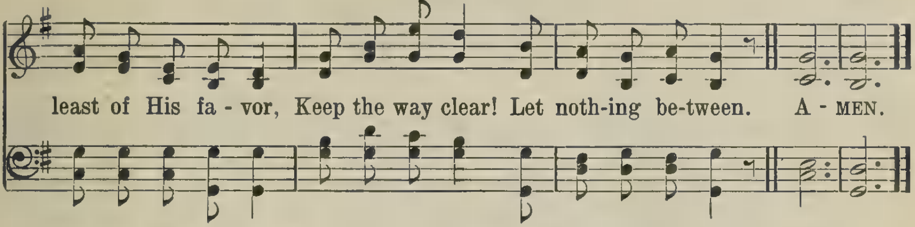
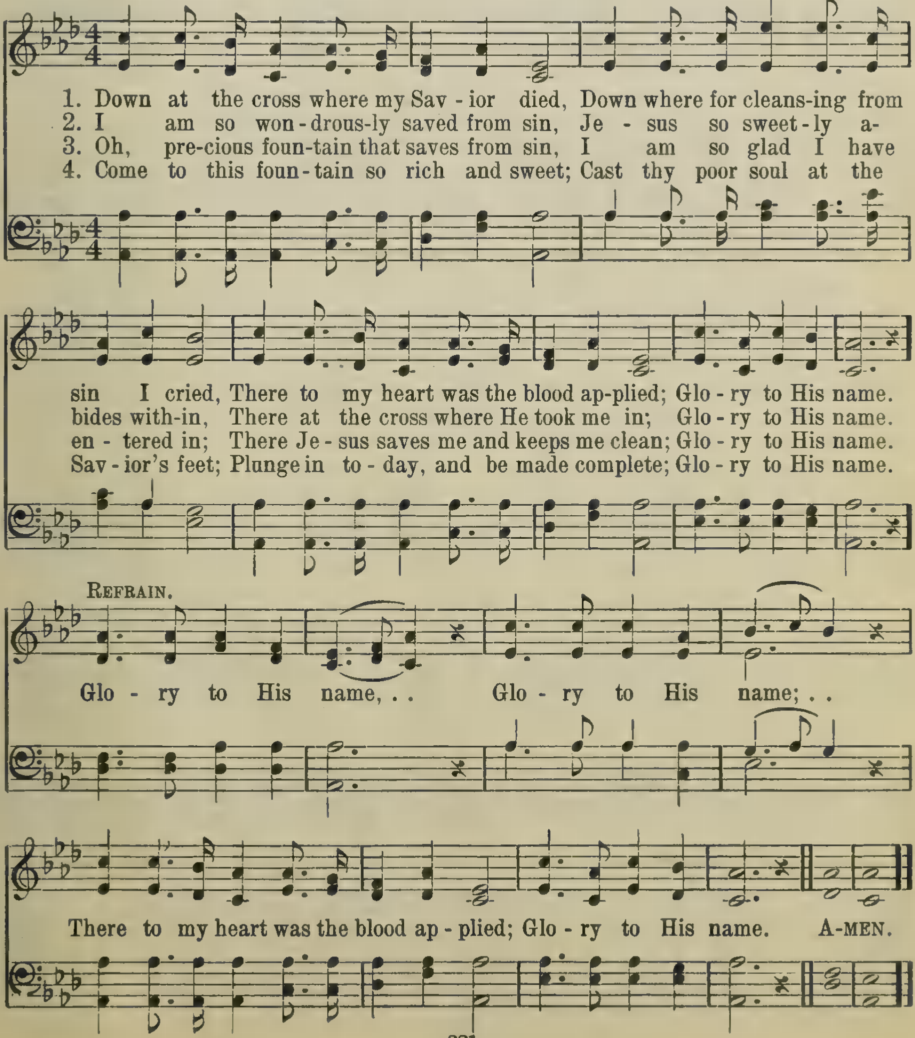

least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween. A - MEN.

393 Down At the Cross Where My Savior Died

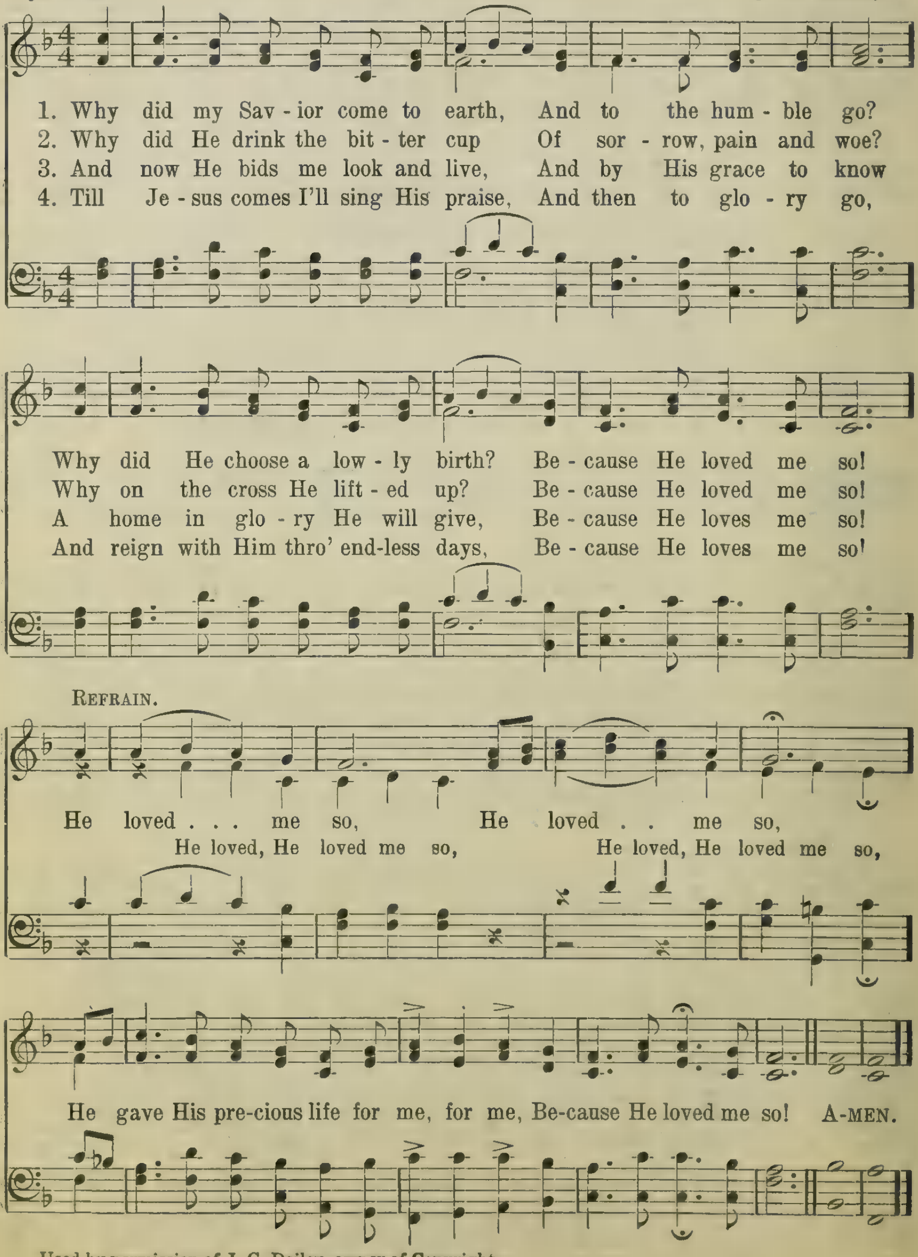
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. (GLORY TO HIS NAME.) Rev. J. H. Stockton.


1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans-ing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo - ry to His name.
2. I am so won - drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a- bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His name.
3. Oh, pre-cious foun-tain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to His name.
4. Come to this foun - tain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His name.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry to His name, . . Glo - ry to His name; . .
There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; Glo - ry to His name. A-MEN.

394 Why Did My Savior Come to Earth?

(THE LOVE-SONG.)

J. G. D. J. G. Dailey.


1. Why did my Sav-ior come to earth, And to the hum-ble go?
2. Why did He drink the bit-ter cup Of sor-row, pain and woe?
3. And now He bids me look and live, And by His grace to know
4. Till Je-sus comes I'll sing His praise, And then to glo-ry go,
Why did He choose a low-ly birth? Be-cause He loved me so!
Why on the cross He lift-ed up? Be-cause He loved me so!
A home in glo-ry He will give, Be-cause He loves me so!
And reign with Him thro' end-less days, Be-cause He loves me so!
REFRAIN.
He loved . . . me so, He loved . . me so,
He loved, He loved me so, He loved, He loved me so,
He gave His pre-cious life for me, for me, Be-cause He loved me so! A-MEN.

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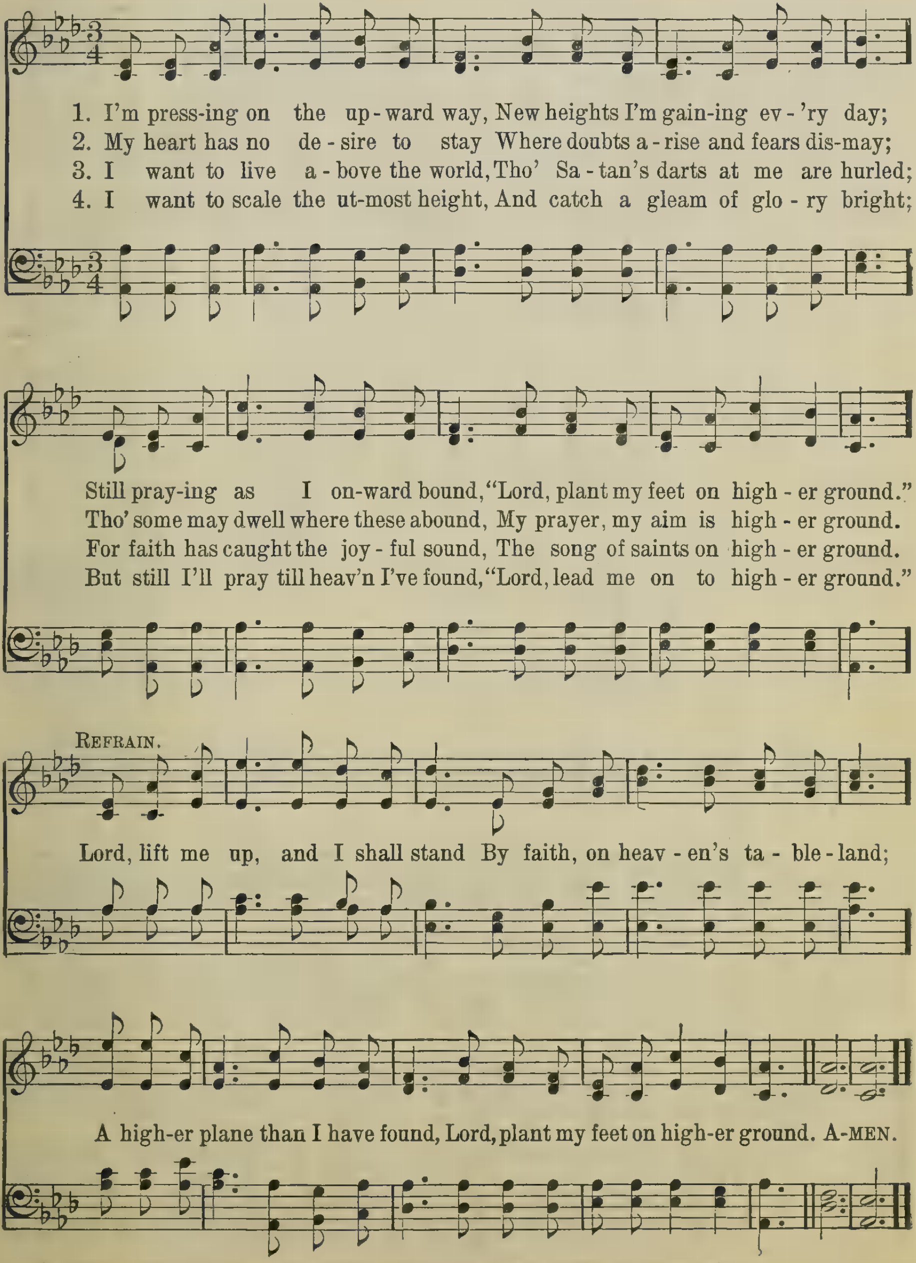
395

Higher Ground

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.　　　　Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."
REFRAIN.
Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A-MEN.

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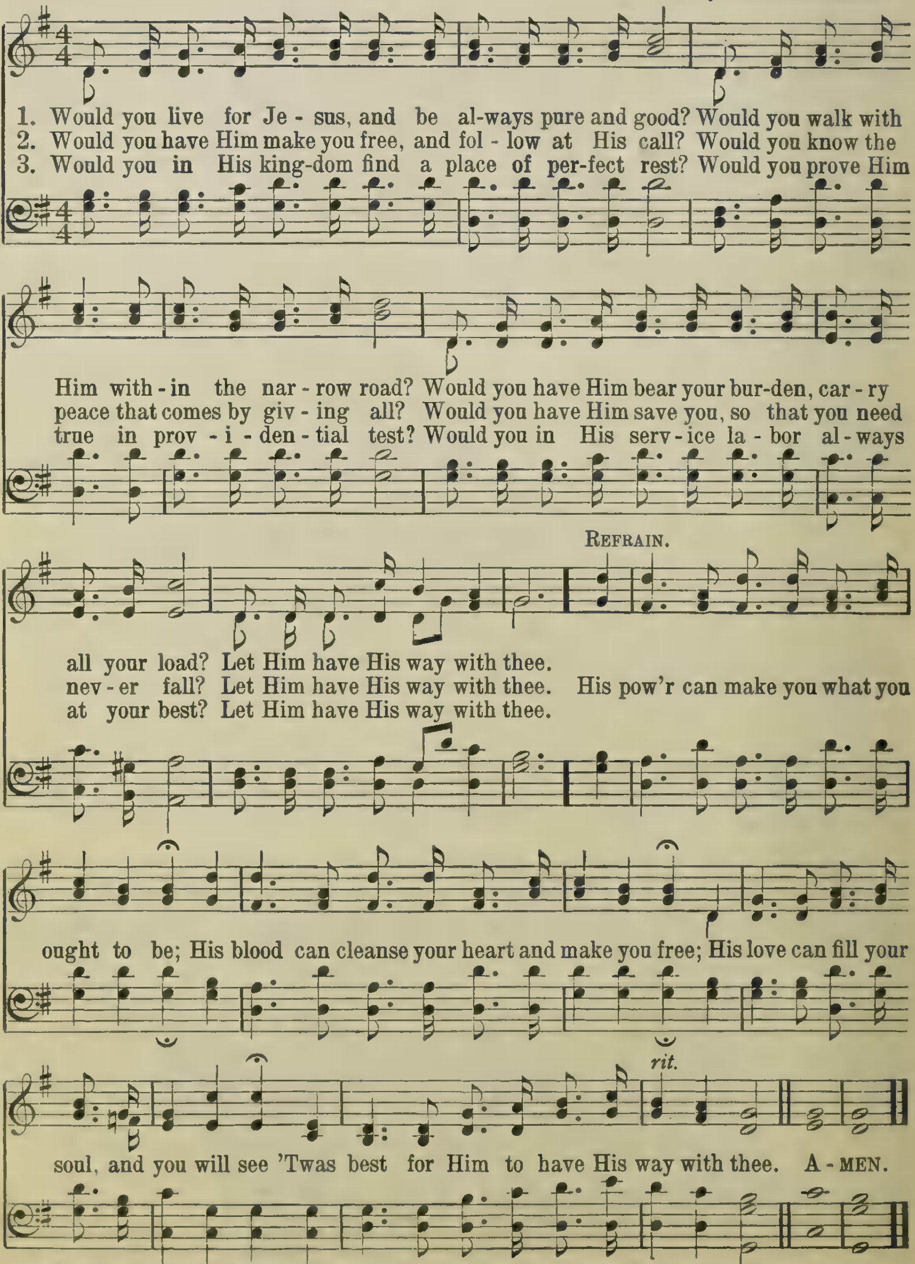
396

His Way With Thee

C. S. N. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of per-fect rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al - ways
REFRAIN.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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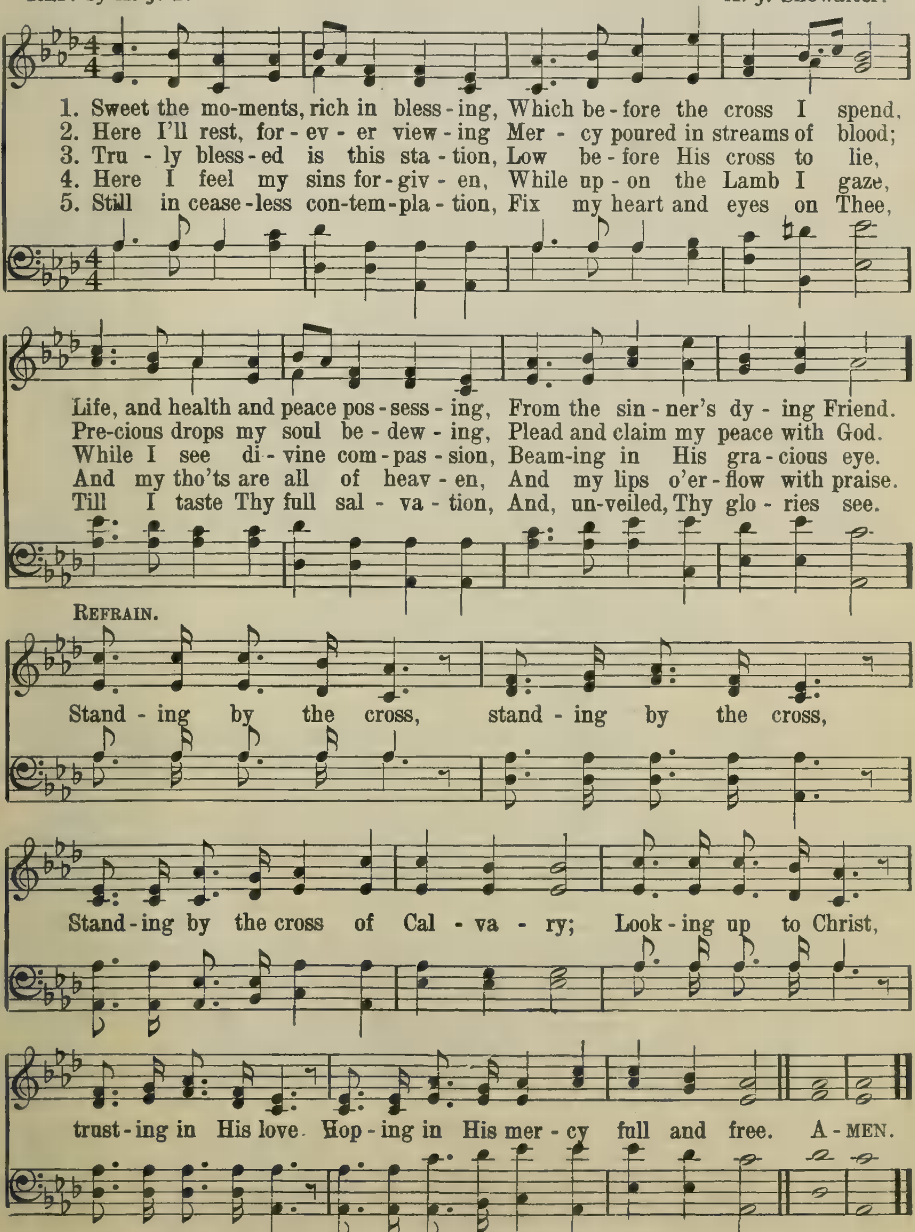
397

Standing By the Cross

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."—JOHN 19: 25.

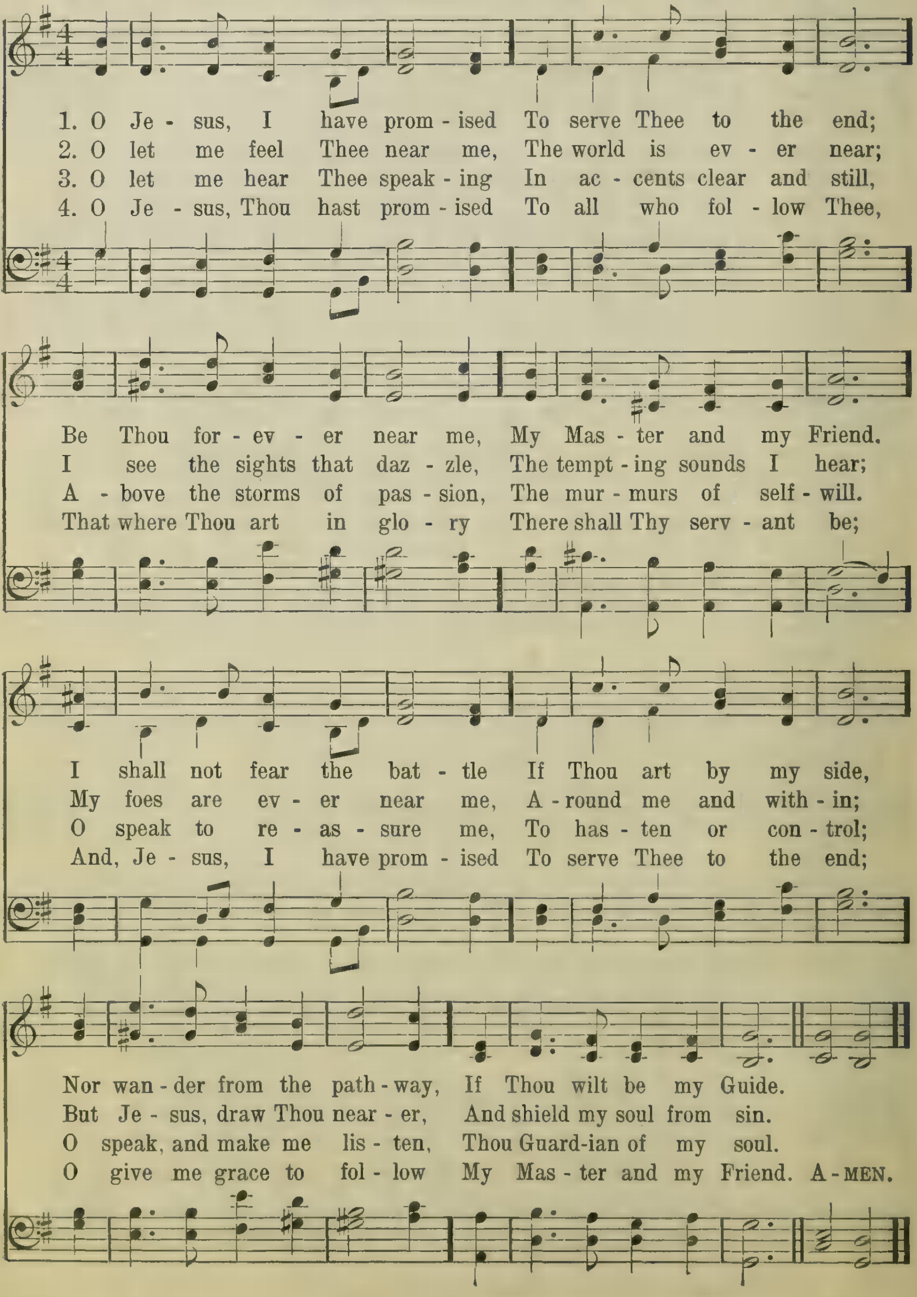
Allan Shirley.
REF. by A. J. S.
A. J. Showalter.


1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,
2. Here I'll rest, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze,
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,
Life, and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion, Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And, un-veiled, Thy glo-ries see.
REFRAIN.
Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross,
Stand-ing by the cross of Cal-va-ry; Look-ing up to Christ,
trust-ing in His love. Hop-ing in His mer-cy full and free. A-MEN.

From "Perennial Songs." Used by permission of A. J. Showalter.

398 O Jesus, I Have Promised

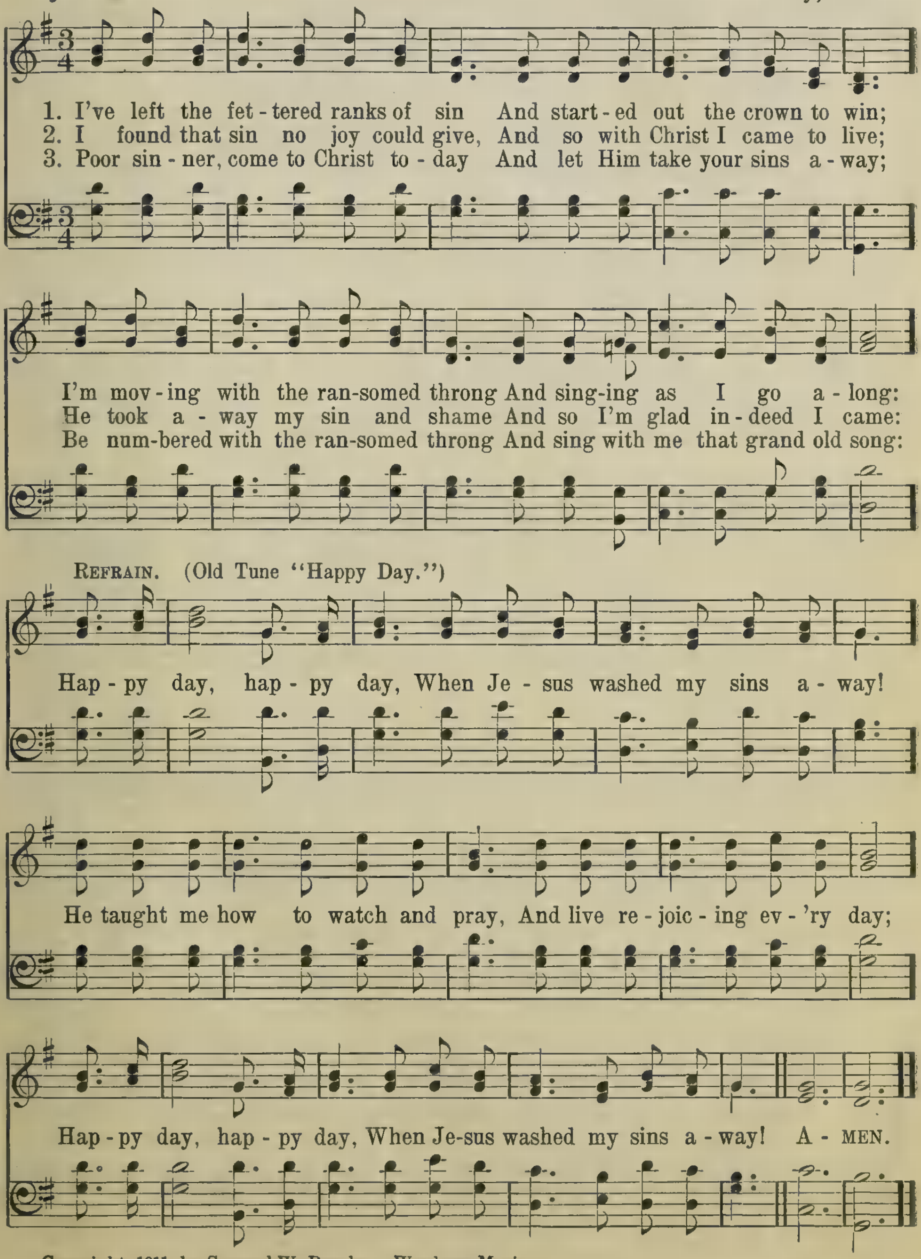
John E. Bode, 1860. (ANGELS' STORY. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.) Arthur H. Mann, 1881.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near;
3. O let me hear Thee speak - ing In ac - cents clear and still,
4. O Je - sus, Thou hast prom - ised To all who fol - low Thee,
Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend.
I see the sights that daz - zle, The tempt - ing sounds I hear;
A - bove the storms of pas - sion, The mur - murs of self - will.
That where Thou art in glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be;
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,
My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me and with - in;
O speak to re - as - sure me, To has - ten or con - trol;
And, Je - sus, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;
Nor wan - der from the path - way, If Thou wilt be my Guide.
But Je - sus, draw Thou near - er, And shield my soul from sin.
O speak, and make me lis - ten, Thou Guard-ian of my soul.
O give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend. A - MEN.

399 I've Left the Fettered Ranks of Sin

(I'VE JOINED THE CHRISTIAN THRONG.)

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I've left the fet-tered ranks of sin And start-ed out the crown to win;
2. I found that sin no joy could give, And so with Christ I came to live;
3. Poor sin-ner, come to Christ to-day And let Him take your sins a-way;
I'm mov-ing with the ran-somed throng And sing-ing as I go a-long:
He took a-way my sin and shame And so I'm glad in-deed I came:
Be num-bered with the ran-somed throng And sing with me that grand old song:
REFRAIN. (Old Tune "Happy Day.")
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way!
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way! A-MEN.

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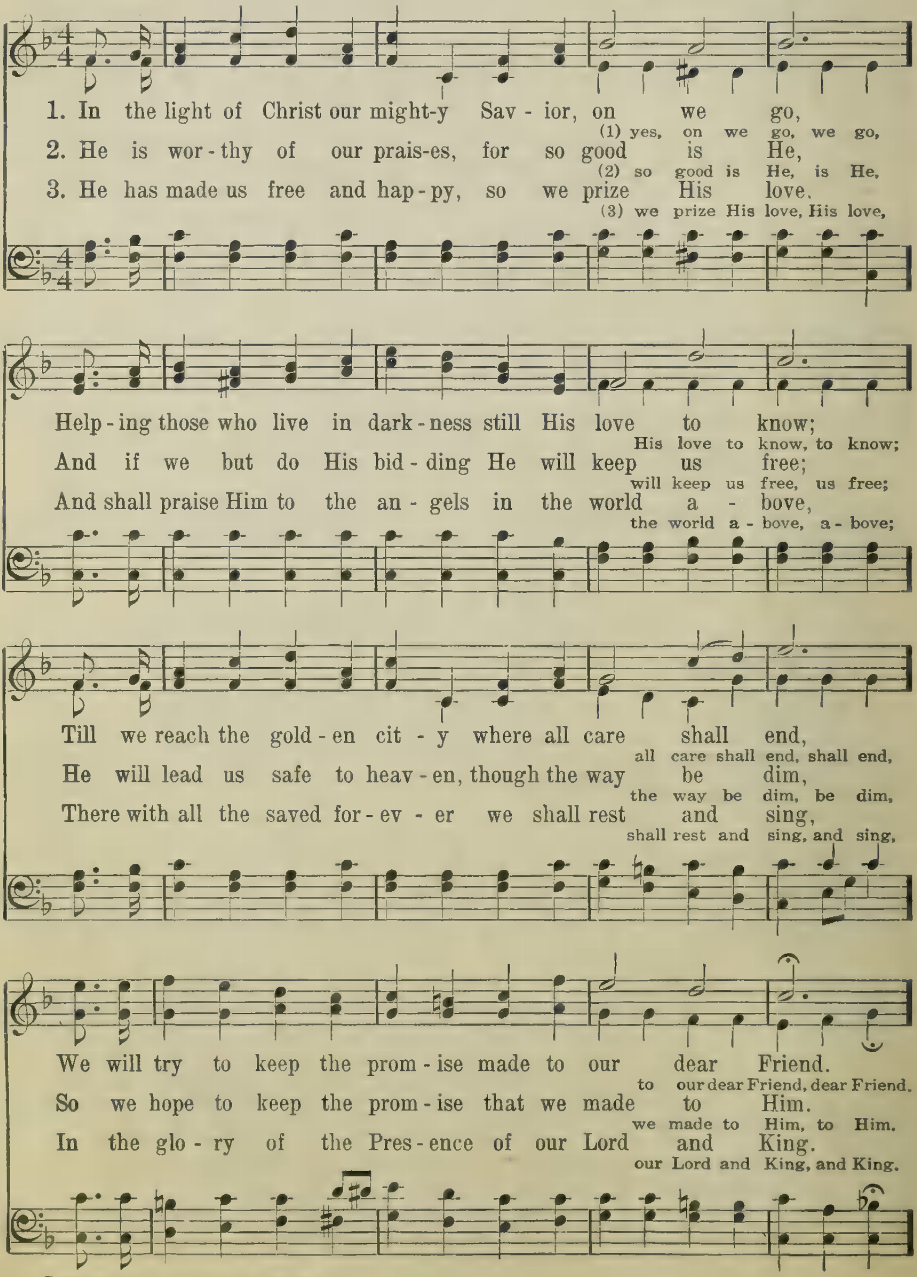
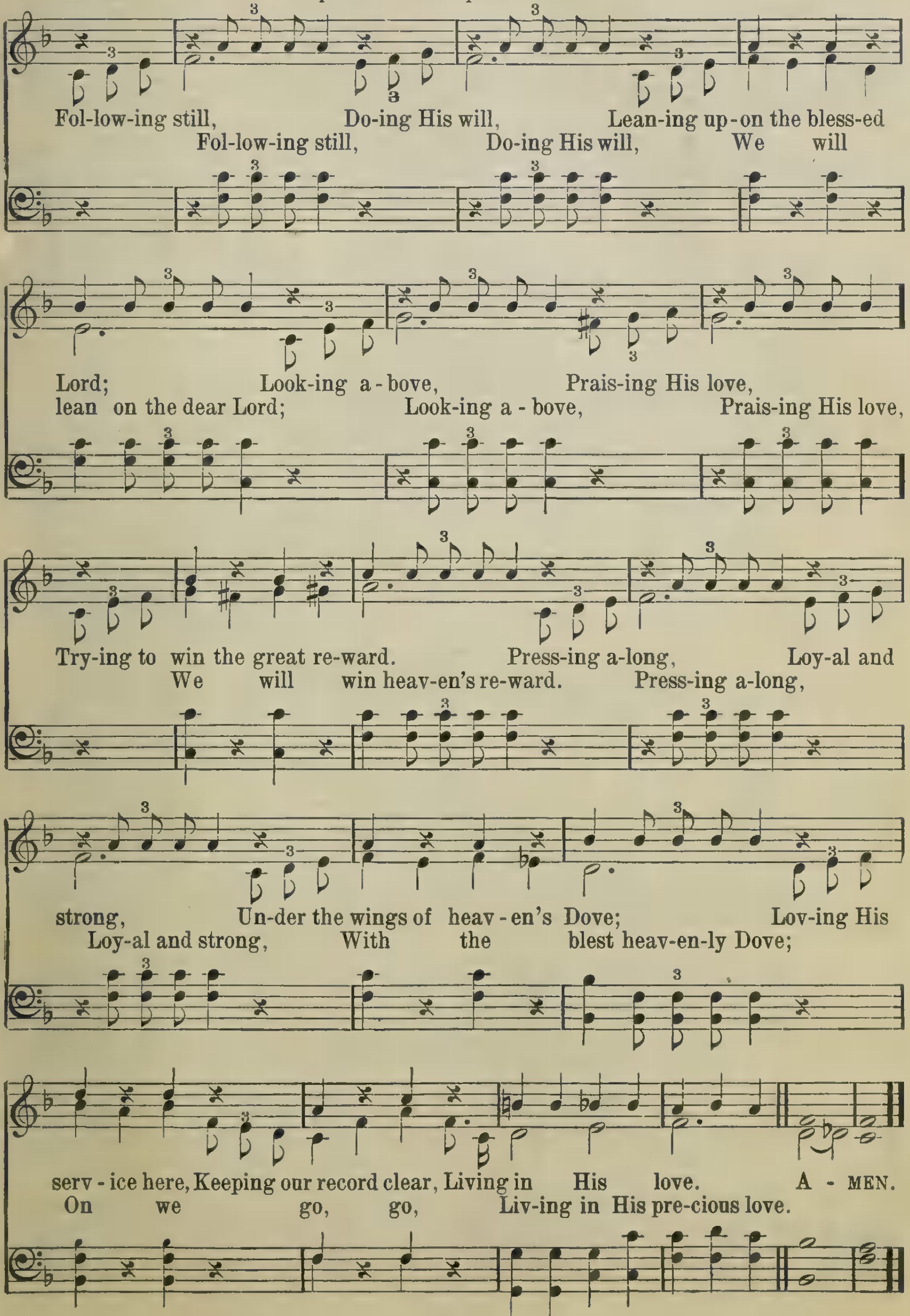
400 Following On

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. In the light of Christ our might-y Sav - ior, on we go,
(1) yes, on we go, we go,
2. He is wor - thy of our prais-es, for so good is He,
(2) so good is He, is He,
3. He has made us free and hap - py, so we prize His love.
(3) we prize His love, His love,
Help - ing those who live in dark - ness still His love to know;
His love to know, to know;
And if we but do His bid - ding He will keep us free;
will keep us free, us free;
And shall praise Him to the an - gels in the world a - bove,
the world a - bove, a - bove;
Till we reach the gold - en cit - y where all care shall end,
all care shall end, shall end,
He will lead us safe to heav - en, though the way be dim,
the way be dim, be dim,
There with all the saved for - ev - er we shall rest and sing,
shall rest and sing, and sing,
We will try to keep the prom - ise made to our dear Friend.
to our dear Friend, dear Friend.
So we hope to keep the prom - ise that we made to Him.
we made to Him, to Him.
In the glo - ry of the Pres - ence of our Lord and King.
our Lord and King, and King.

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.

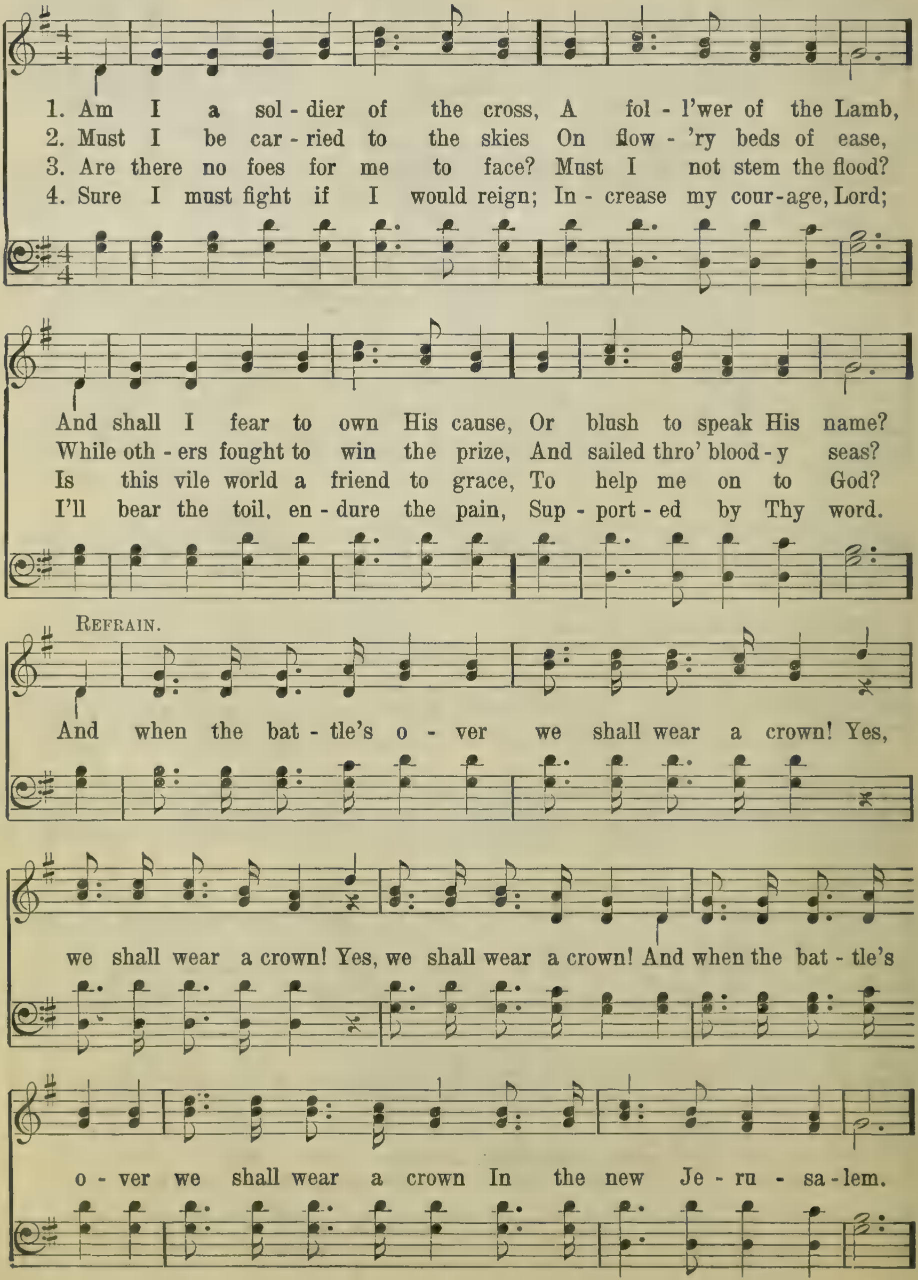
REFRAIN. *The Alto must predominate in power.*

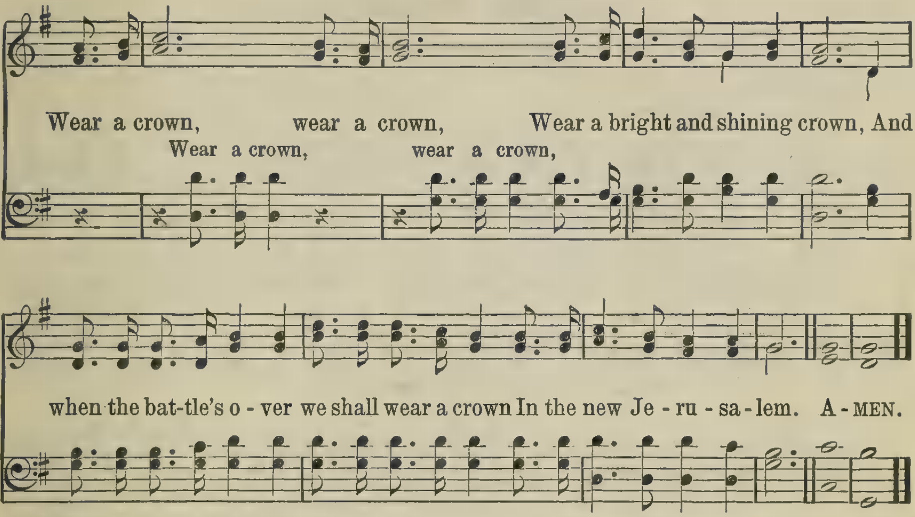

Fol-low-ing still, Do-ing His will, Lean-ing up-on the bless-ed
Fol-low-ing still, Do-ing His will, We will
Lord; Look-ing a-bove, Prais-ing His love,
lean on the dear Lord; Look-ing a-bove, Prais-ing His love,
Try-ing to win the great re-ward. Press-ing a-long, Loy-al and
We will win heav-en's re-ward. Press-ing a-long,
strong, Un-der the wings of heav-en's Dove; Lov-ing His
Loy-al and strong, With the blest heav-en-ly Dove;
serv-ice here, Keeping our record clear, Living in His love. A-MEN.
On we go, go, Liv-ing in His pre-cious love.

401

Wear a Crown

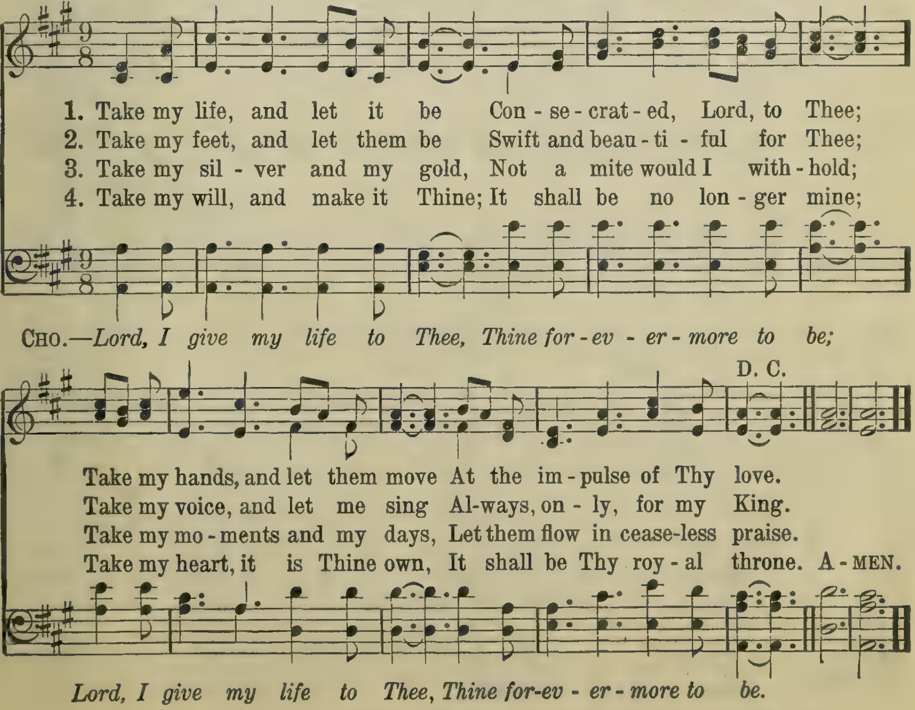
Isaac Watts. English. Arr.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb,
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
Refrain.
And when the bat - tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,
we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat - tle's
o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.


Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown, And
Wear a crown, wear a crown,
when the bat-tle's o - ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem. A - MEN.

402 Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.

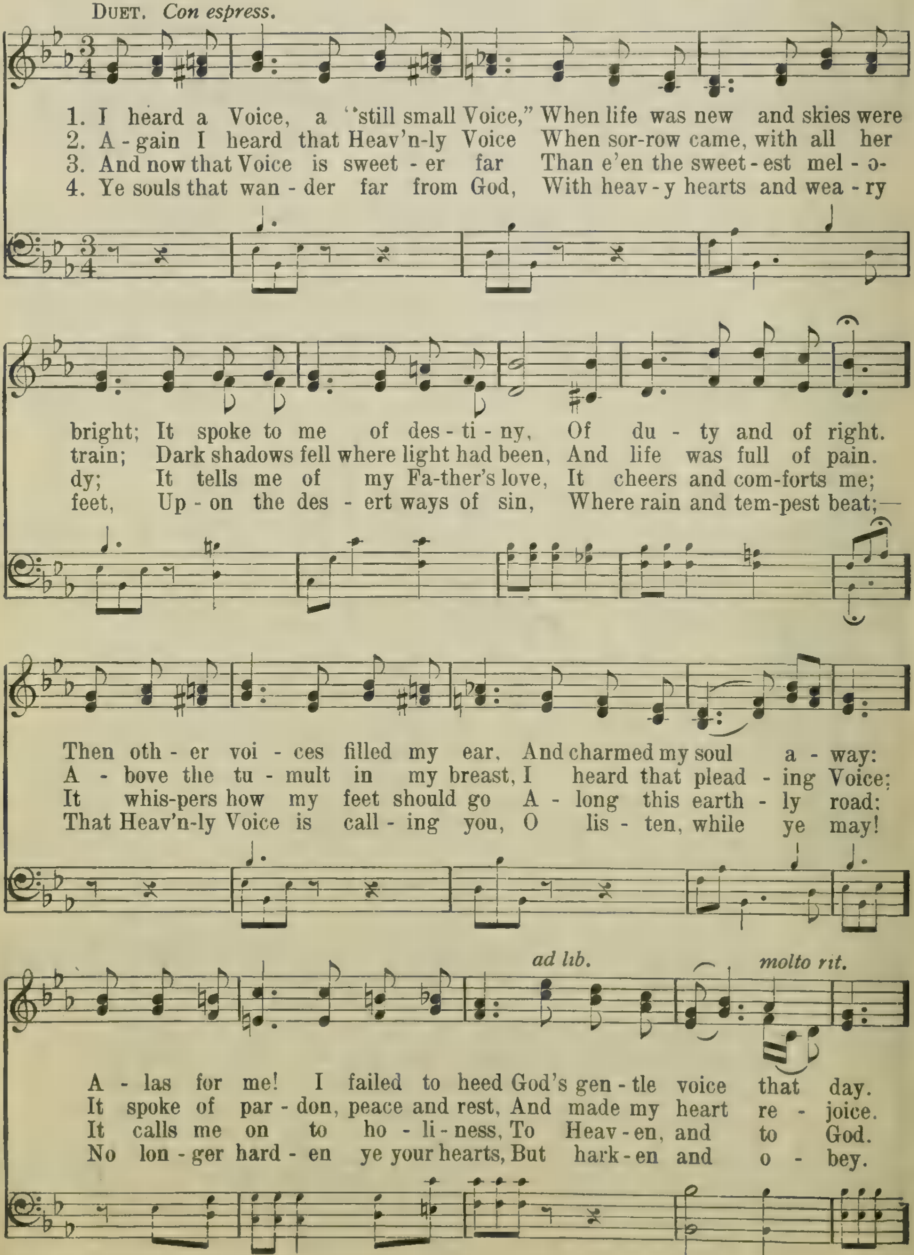

9
8
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;
Cho.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne. A - MEN.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev - er - more to be.

403

The Still Small Voice

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


DUET. *Con espress.*
1. I heard a Voice, a "still small Voice," When life was new and skies were
2. A-gain I heard that Heav'n-ly Voice When sor-row came, with all her
3. And now that Voice is sweet-er far Than e'en the sweet-est mel-o-
4. Ye souls that wan-der far from God, With heav-y hearts and wea-ry
bright; It spoke to me of des-ti-ny, Of du-ty and of right.
train; Dark shadows fell where light had been, And life was full of pain.
dy; It tells me of my Fa-ther's love, It cheers and com-forts me;
feet, Up-on the des-ert ways of sin, Where rain and tem-pest beat;—
Then oth-er voi-ces filled my ear, And charmed my soul a-way:
A-bove the tu-mult in my breast, I heard that plead-ing Voice:
It whis-pers how my feet should go A-long this earth-ly road:
That Heav'n-ly Voice is call-ing you, O lis-ten, while ye may!
ad lib.
molto rit.
A-las for me! I failed to heed God's gen-tle voice that day.
It spoke of par-don, peace and rest, And made my heart re-joice.
It calls me on to ho-li-ness, To Heav-en, and to God.
No lon-ger hard-en ye your hearts, But hark-en and o-bey.

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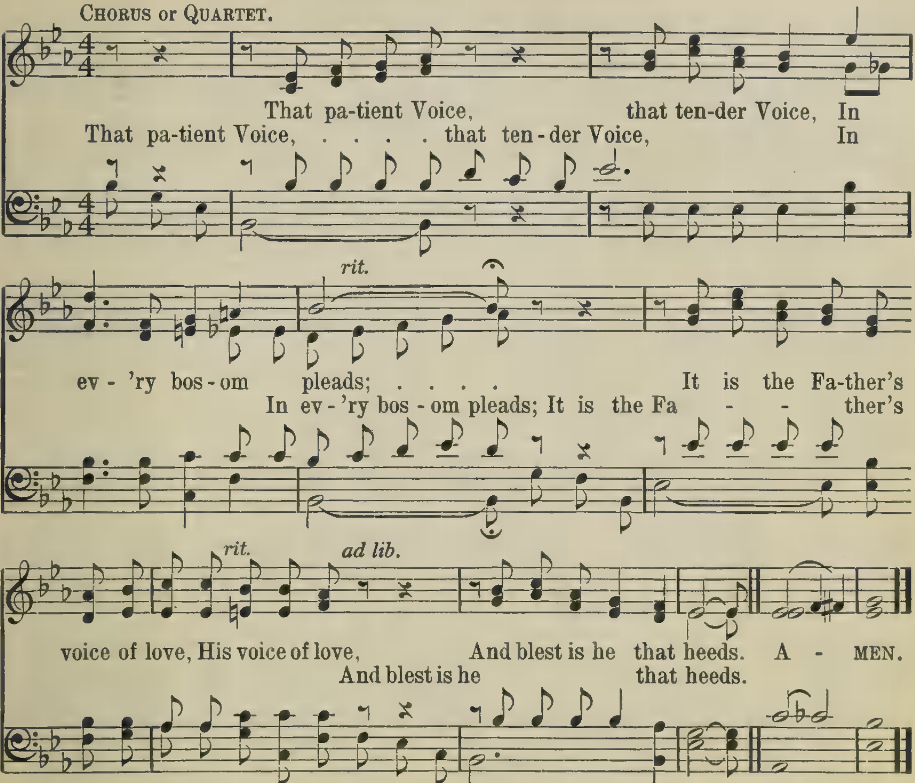
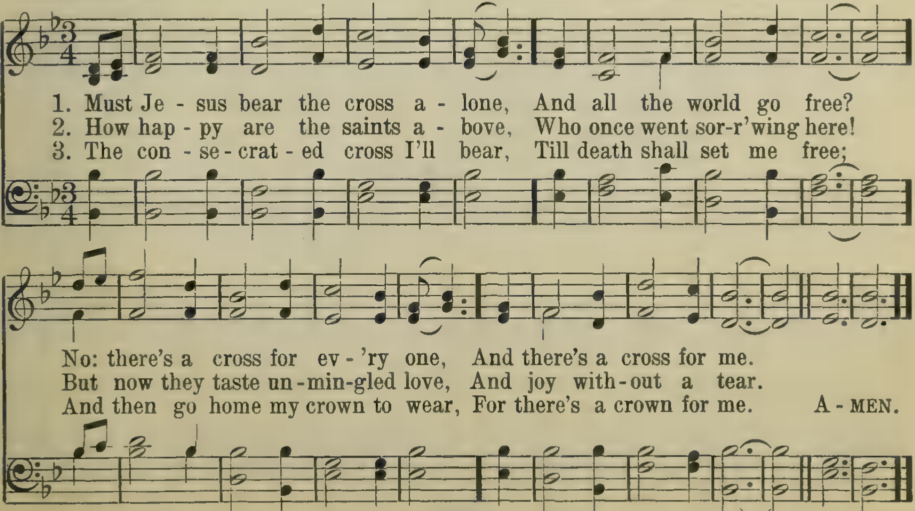

CHORUS OR QUARTET.
That pa-tient Voice, that ten-der Voice, In ev - 'ry bos - om pleads; . . . . It is the Fa-ther's voice of love, His voice of love, And blest is he that heeds. A - MEN.
That pa-tient Voice, ... that ten - der Voice, In ev - 'ry bos - om pleads; It is the Fa - - ther's
And blest is he that heeds.
rit.
rit.
ad lib.

404 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

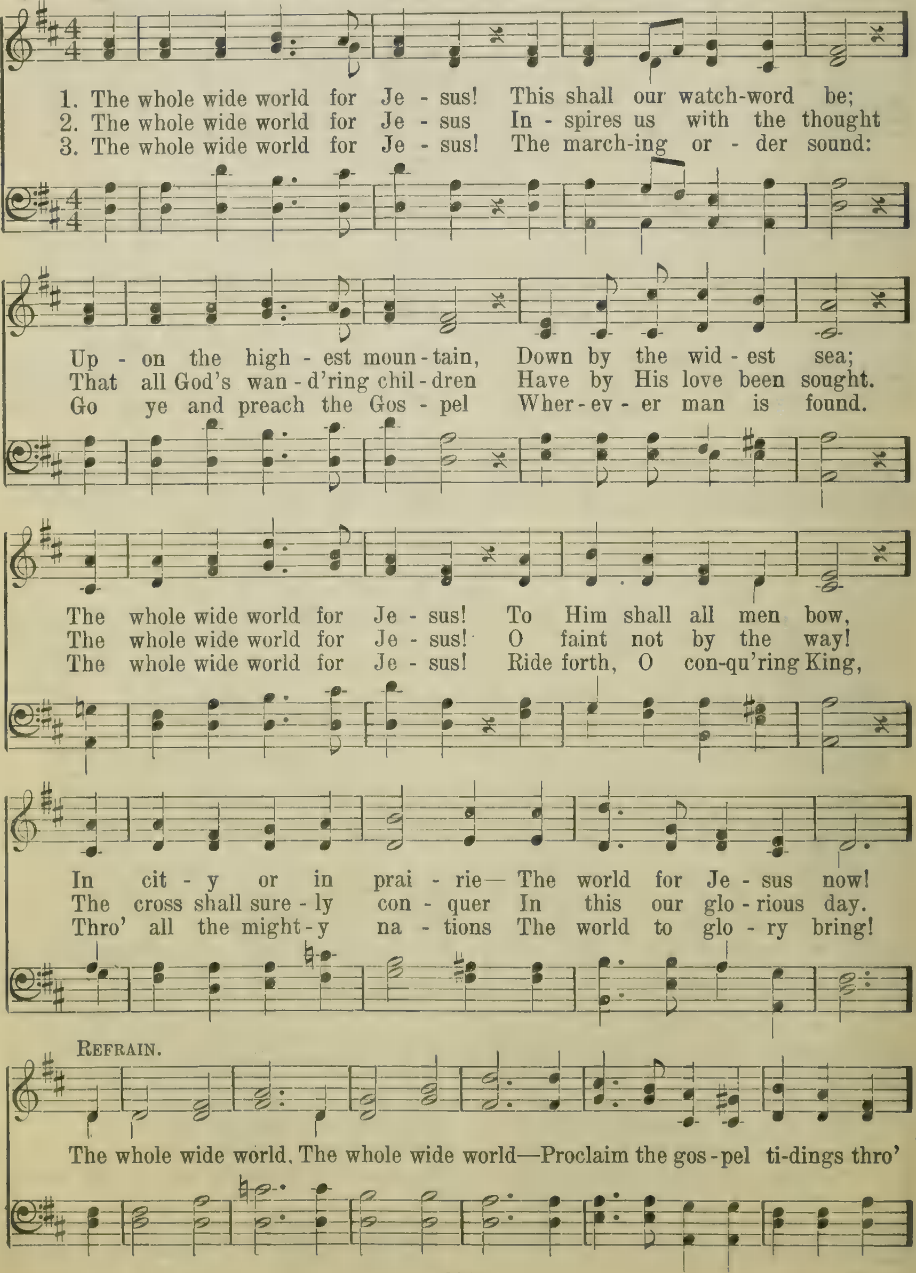
G. N. Allen, 1852. (MAITLAND. C. M.) George N. Allen, 1812–1877.

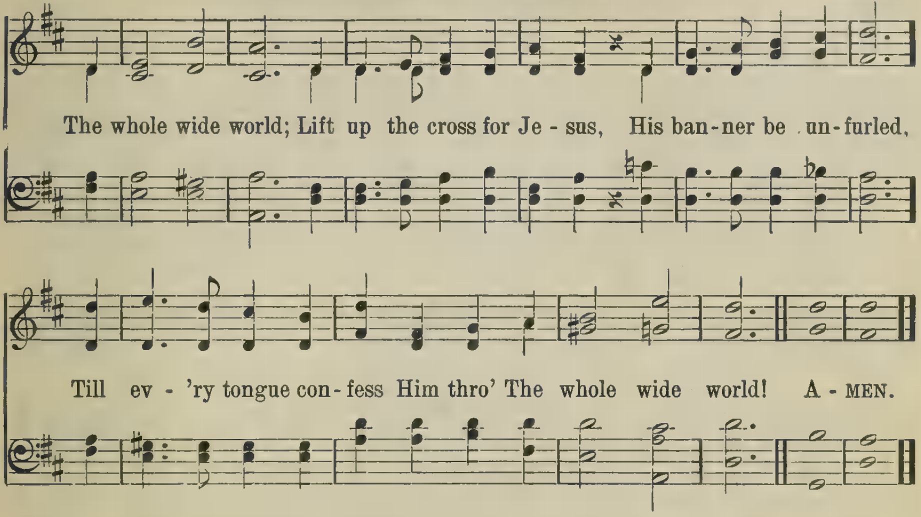

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-r'wing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un - min-gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me. A - MEN.

405 The Whole Wide World For Jesus

(THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.)

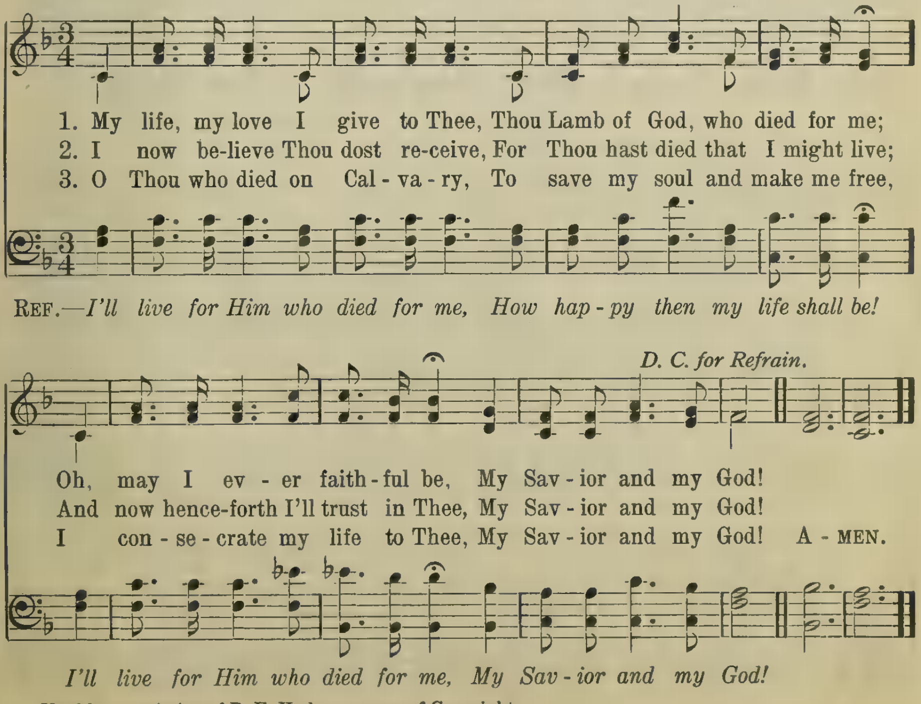
J. Dempster Hammond, 1880. John H. Maunder, 1894.


1. The whole wide world for Je - sus! This shall our watch-word be;
2. The whole wide world for Je - sus In - spires us with the thought
3. The whole wide world for Je - sus! The march-ing or - der sound:
Up - on the high - est moun - tain, Down by the wid - est sea;
That all God's wan - d'ring chil - dren Have by His love been sought.
Go ye and preach the Gos - pel Wher - ev - er man is found.
The whole wide world for Je - sus! To Him shall all men bow,
The whole wide world for Je - sus! O faint not by the way!
The whole wide world for Je - sus! Ride forth, O con-qu'ring King,
In cit - y or in prai - rie— The world for Je - sus now!
The cross shall sure - ly con - quer In this our glo - rious day.
Thro' all the might - y na - tions The world to glo - ry bring!
REFRAIN.
The whole wide world, The whole wide world—Proclaim the gos - pel ti-dings thro'


The whole wide world; Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His ban-ner be un-furled,
Till ev - 'ry tongue con-fess Him thro' The whole wide world! A - MEN.

406 My Life, My Love, I Give to Thee

R. E. Hudson. (I'll Live For Him.) C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,
REF.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!
D. C. for Refrain.
Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God! A - MEN.
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

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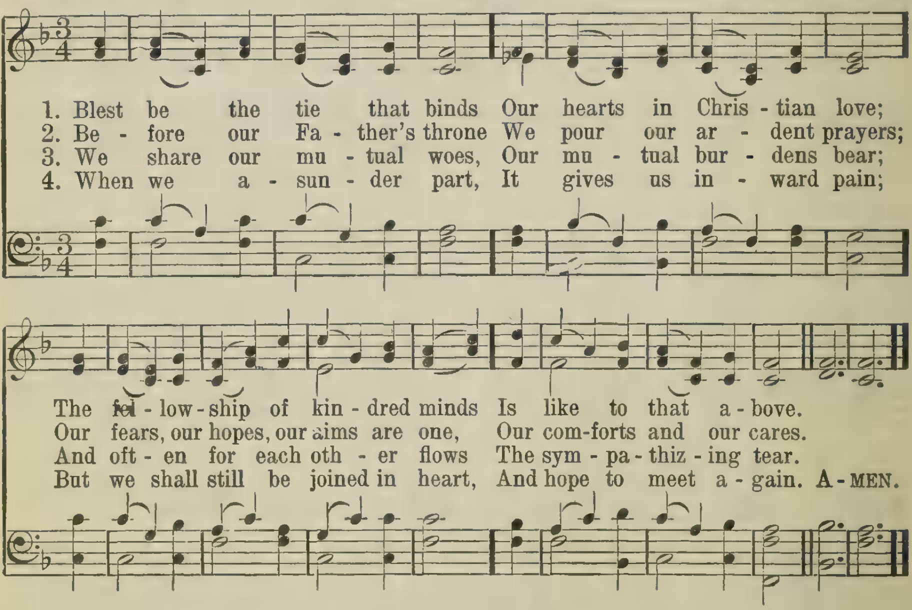
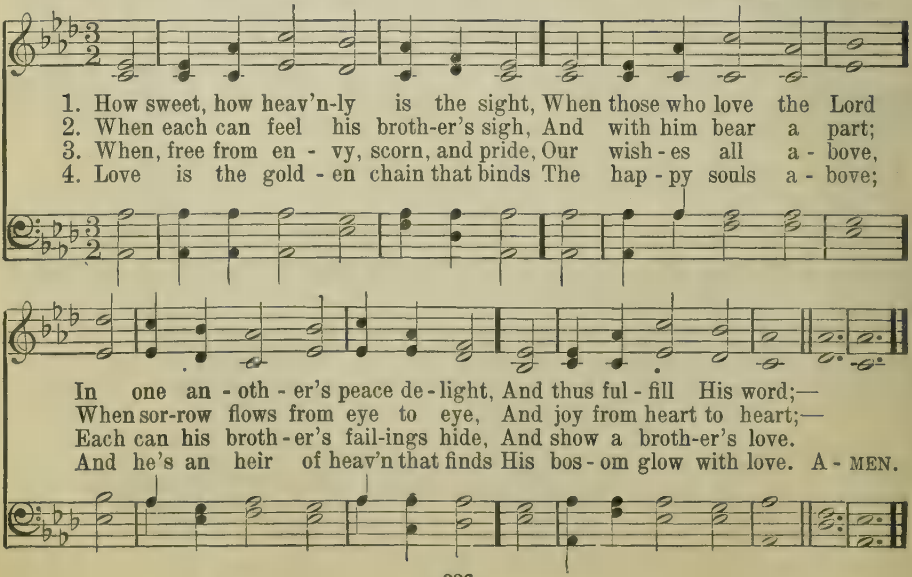
407 Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett, 1782. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

408 How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight

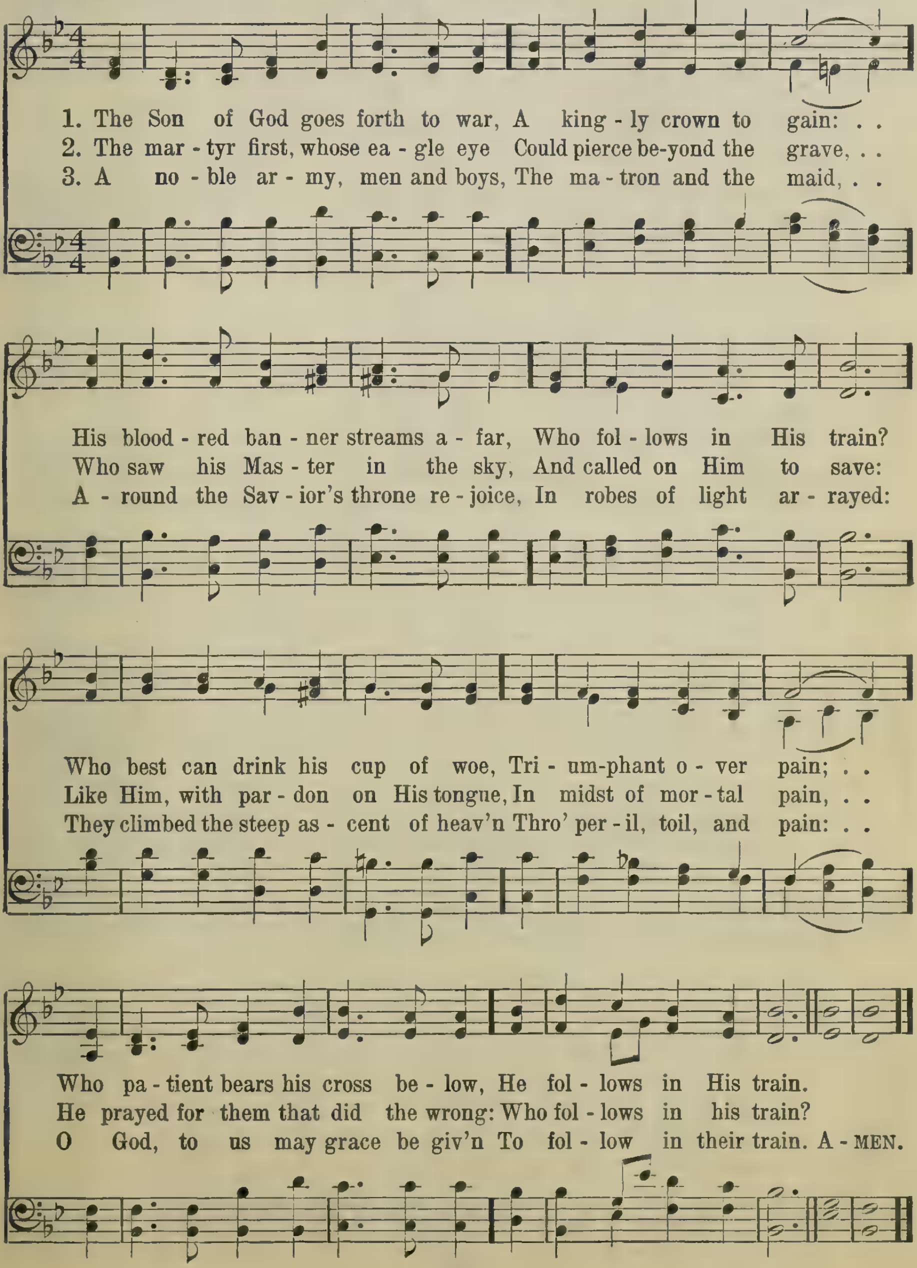
Joseph Swain, 1792. (EVAN. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793–1870.


1. How sweet, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
2. When each can feel his broth-er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;
In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And thus ful - fill His word;—
When sor-row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;—
Each can his broth - er's fail-ings hide, And show a broth-er's love.
And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bos - om glow with love. A - MEN.

409 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

PROCESSIONAL

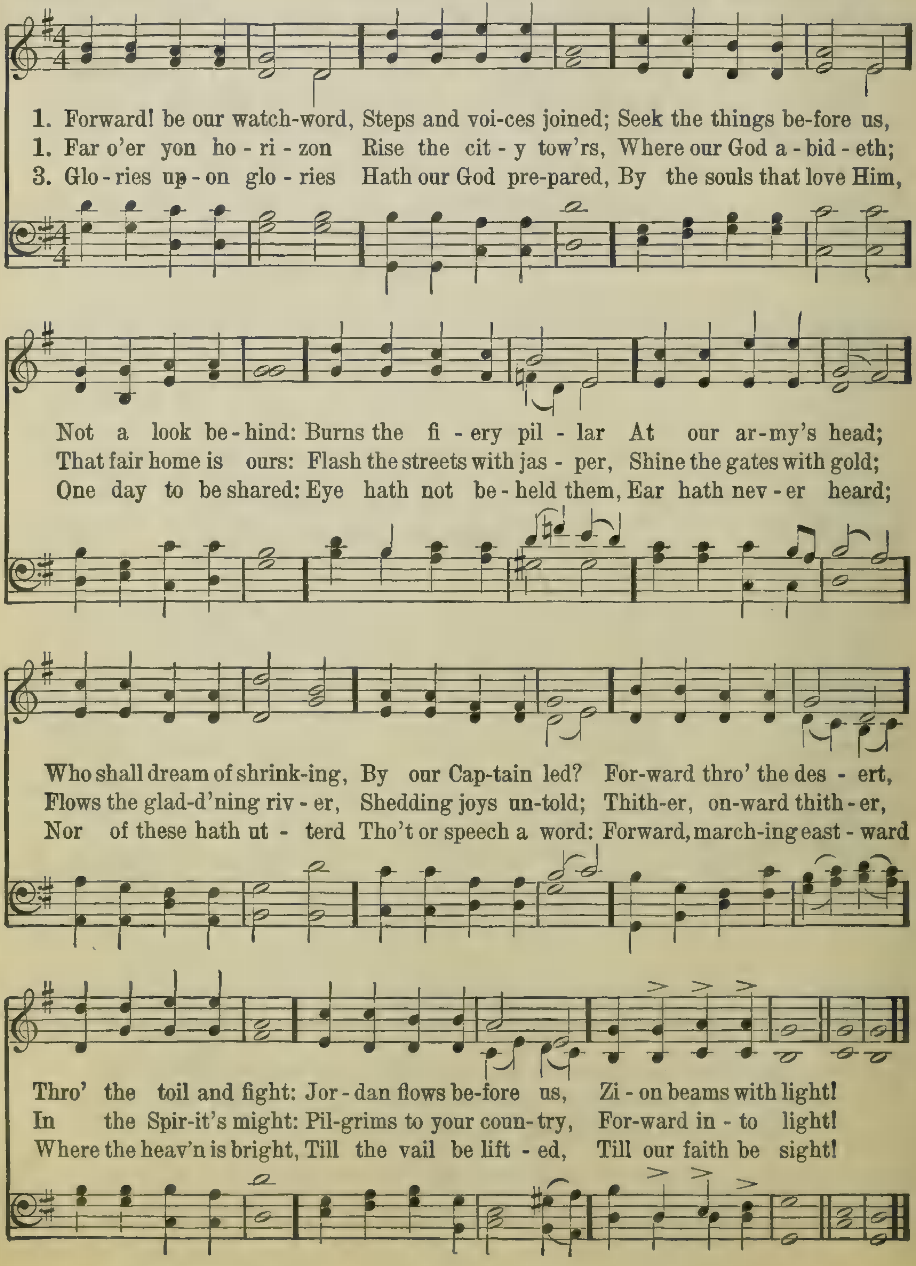
Reginald Heber, 1827. (EMULATION. C. M. D.) Dr. H. S. Cutler, 1871.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: . .
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave, . .
3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid, . .
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain; . .
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain, . .
They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: . .
Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

410 Forward Be Our Watchword!

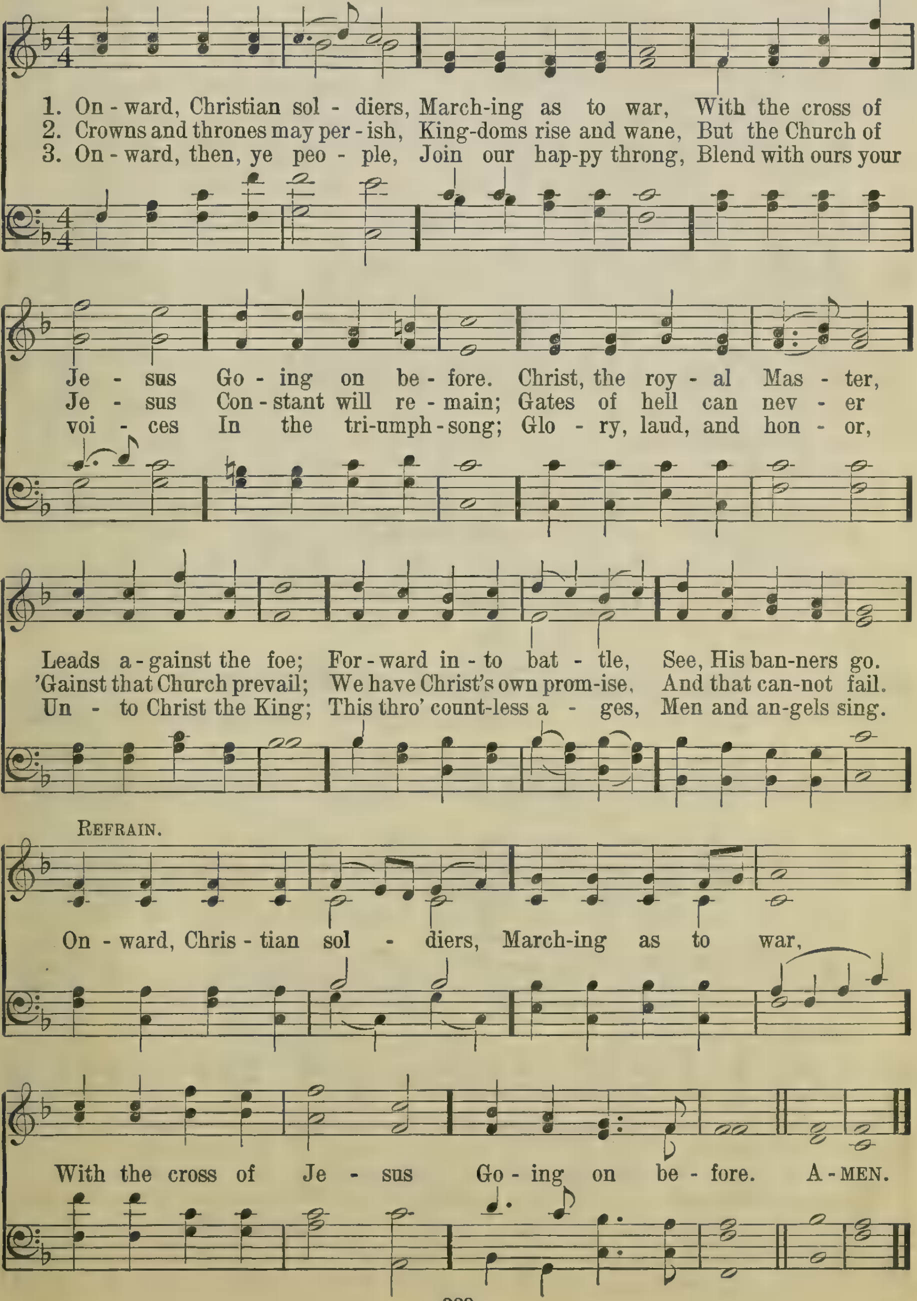
PROCESSIONAL

Henry Alford, 1865. (St. Alban's. 6s, 5s. D.) F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.


1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined; Seek the things be-fore us,
1. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a - bid - eth;
3. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him,
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our ar-my's head;
That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold;
One day to be shared: Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
Flows the glad-d'ning riv - er, Shedding joys un-told; Thith-er, on-ward thith - er,
Nor of these hath ut - terd Tho't or speech a word: Forward, march-ing east - ward
Thro' the toil and fight: Jor - dan flows be-fore us, Zi - on beams with light!
In the Spir-it's might: Pil-grims to your coun-try, For-ward in - to light!
Where the heav'n is bright, Till the vail be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!

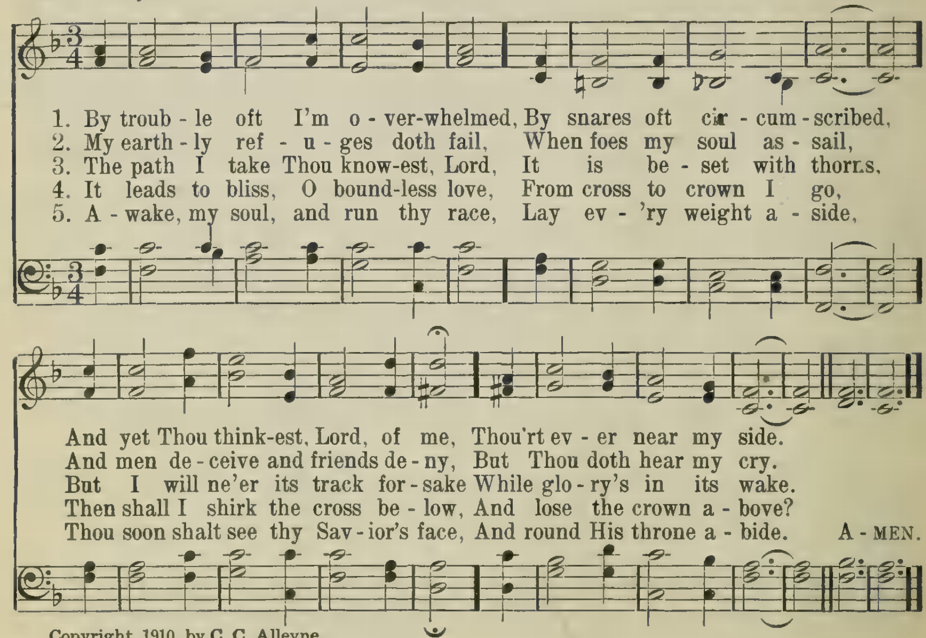
411 Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould. (GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.) A. S. Sullivan, 1872.


1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of
3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voi - ces In the tri-umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, And that can-not fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' count-less a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.
REFRAIN.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

412 Comfort in Trouble

C. C. Alleyne. (COMFORT. C. M.) J. T. Nickens.



1. By trouble oft I'm overwhelmed, By snares oft circumscribed,
And yet Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, Thou'rt ever near my side.

2. My earthly refuges doth fail, When foes my soul assail,
And men deceive and friends deny, But Thou doth hear my cry.

3. The path I take Thou knowest, Lord, It is beset with thorns,
But I will ne'er its track forsake While glory's in its wake.

4. It leads to bliss, O boundless love, From cross to crown I go,
Then shall I shirk the cross below, And lose the crown above?

5. Awake, my soul, and run thy race, Lay ev'ry weight aside,
Thou soon shalt see thy Savior's face, And round His throne abide. A-MEN.

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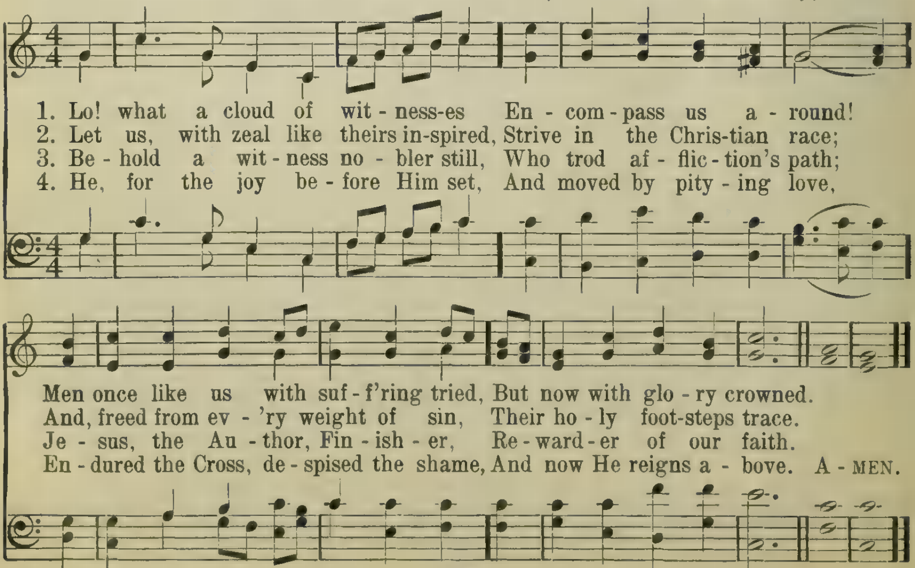
413 Lo! What a Cloud of Witnesses

(WINONA. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Lo! what a cloud of witnesses Encompass us around!
Men once like us with suff'ring tried, But now with glory crowned.

2. Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired, Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from ev'ry weight of sin, Their holy footsteps trace.

3. Behold a witness nobler still, Who trod affliction's path;
Jesus, the Author, Finisher, Rewarder of our faith.

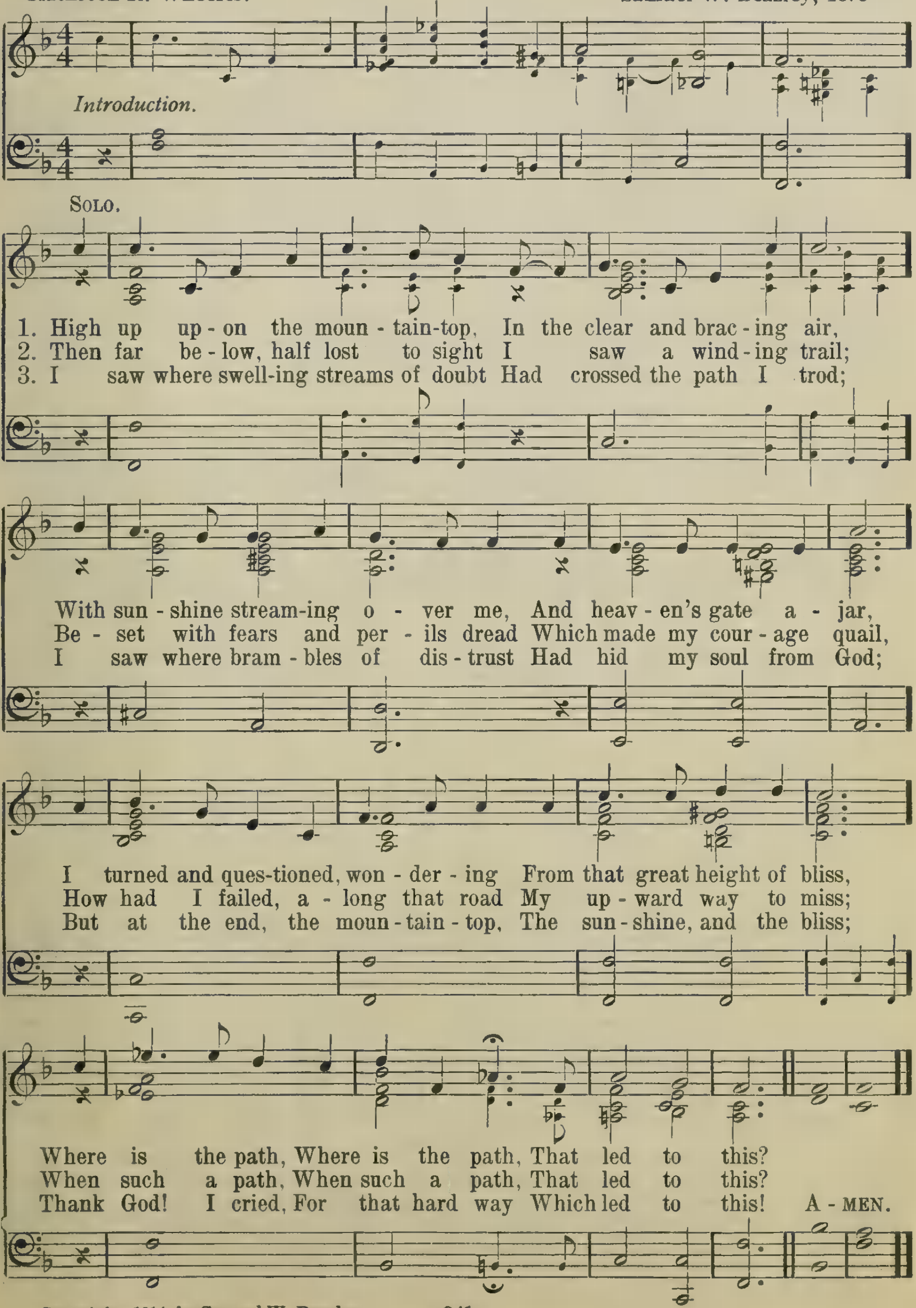
4. He, for the joy before Him set, And moved by pitying love,
Endured the Cross, despised the shame, And now He reigns above. A-MEN.

414

The Path

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873–


Introduction.
SOLO.
1. High up up - on the moun - tain-top, In the clear and brac - ing air,
2. Then far be - low, half lost to sight I saw a wind - ing trail;
3. I saw where swell-ing streams of doubt Had crossed the path I trod;
With sun - shine stream-ing o - ver me, And heav - en's gate a - jar,
Be - set with fears and per - ils dread Which made my cour - age quail,
I saw where bram - bles of dis - trust Had hid my soul from God;
I turned and ques-tioned, won - der - ing From that great height of bliss,
How had I failed, a - long that road My up - ward way to miss;
But at the end, the moun - tain - top, The sun - shine, and the bliss;
Where is the path, Where is the path, That led to this?
When such a path, When such a path, That led to this?
Thank God! I cried, For that hard way Which led to this! A - MEN.

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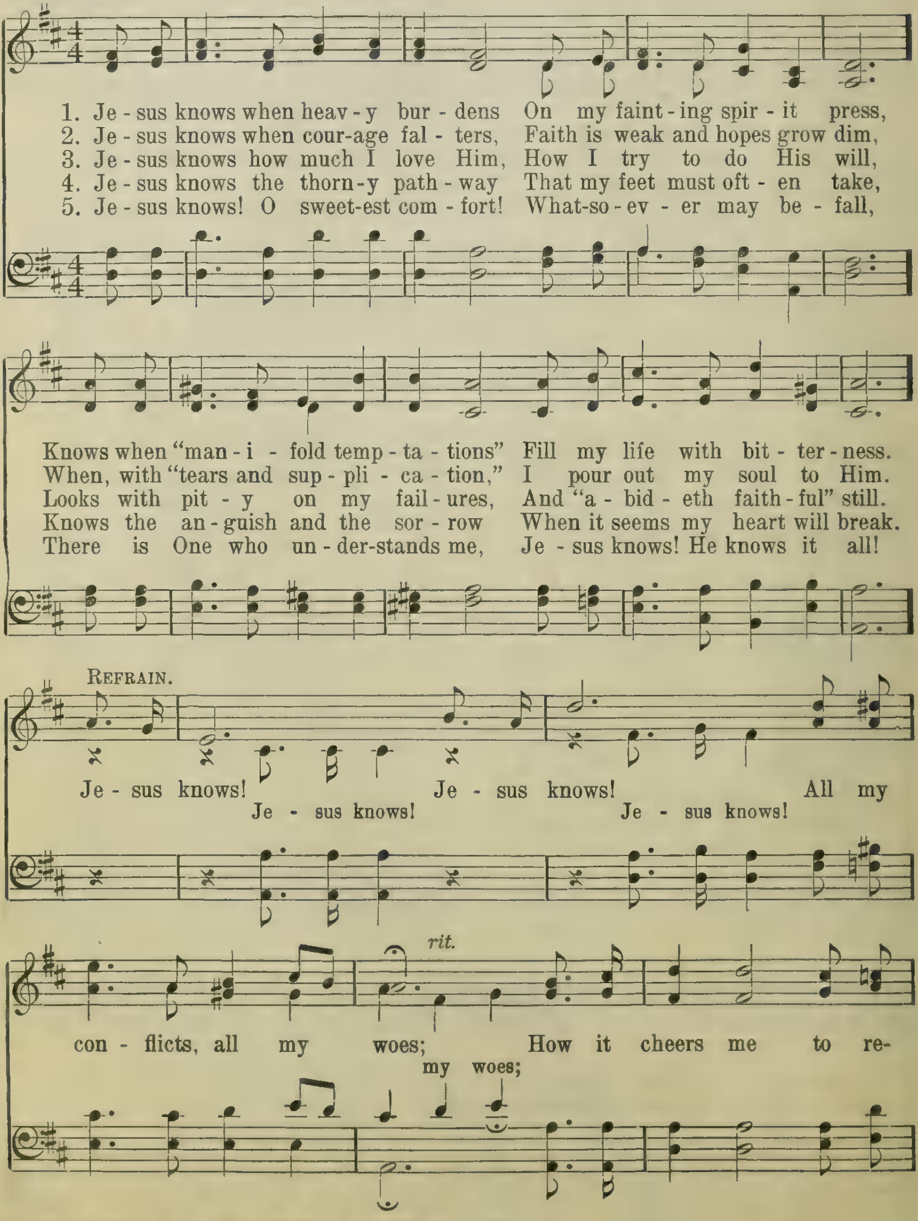
415

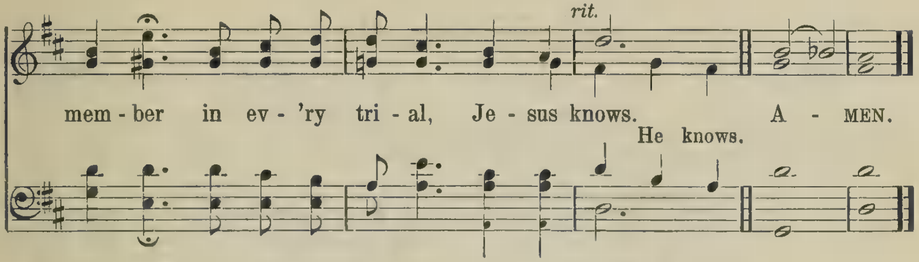
Jesus Knows

"I know their sorrow."—Ex. 3: 7.
"He knoweth the way that I take."—Job. 23: 10.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Je-sus knows when heav-y bur-dens On my faint-ing spir-it press,
2. Je-sus knows when cour-age fal-ters, Faith is weak and hopes grow dim,
3. Je-sus knows how much I love Him, How I try to do His will,
4. Je-sus knows the thorn-y path-way That my feet must oft-en take,
5. Je-sus knows! O sweet-est com-fort! What-so-ev-er may be-fall,
Knows when "man-i-fold temp-ta-tions" Fill my life with bit-ter-ness.
When, with "tears and sup-pli-ca-tion," I pour out my soul to Him.
Looks with pit-y on my fail-ures, And "a-bid-eth faith-ful" still.
Knows the an-guish and the sor-row When it seems my heart will break.
There is One who un-der-stands me, Je-sus knows! He knows it all!
Refrain.
Je-sus knows! Je-sus knows! All my
Je-sus knows! Je-sus knows!
con-flicts, all my woes;
my woes;
rit.
How it cheers me to re-

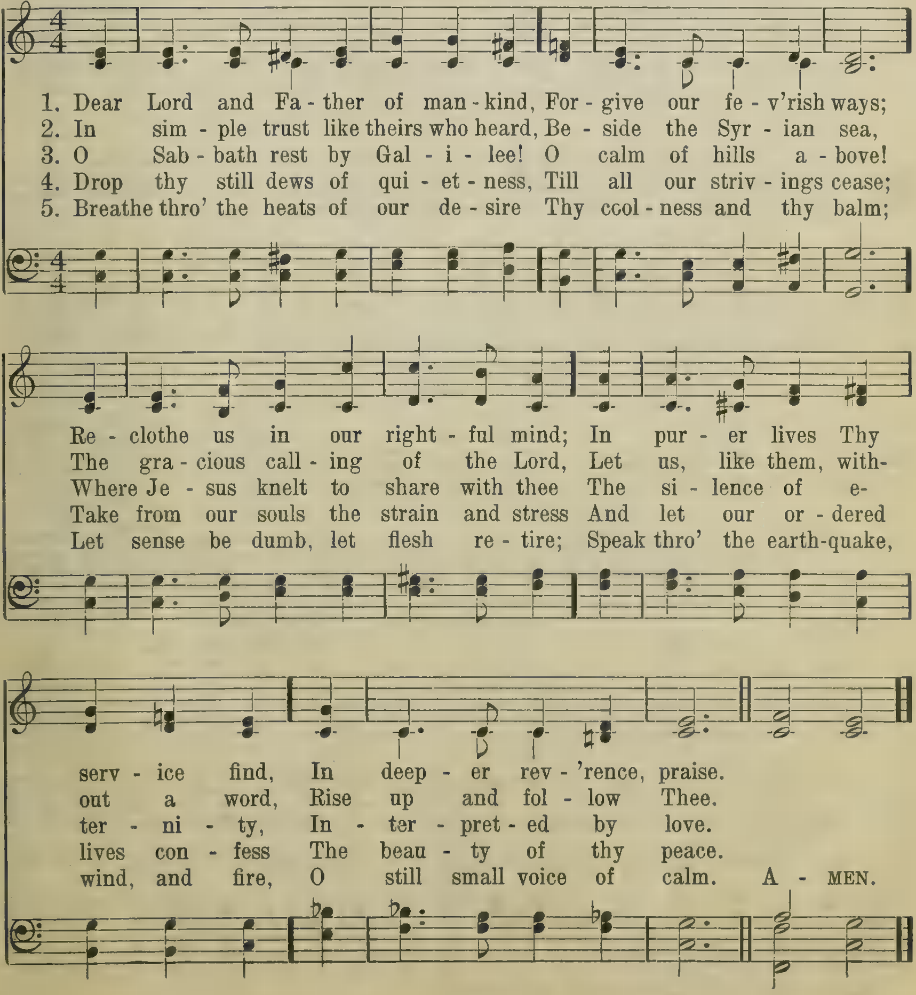
Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."


rit.
mem - ber in ev - 'ry tri - al, Je - sus knows. A - MEN.
He knows.

416 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind

(WHITTIER. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.)

John G. Whittier, 1872. Frederick C. Maker, 1887.

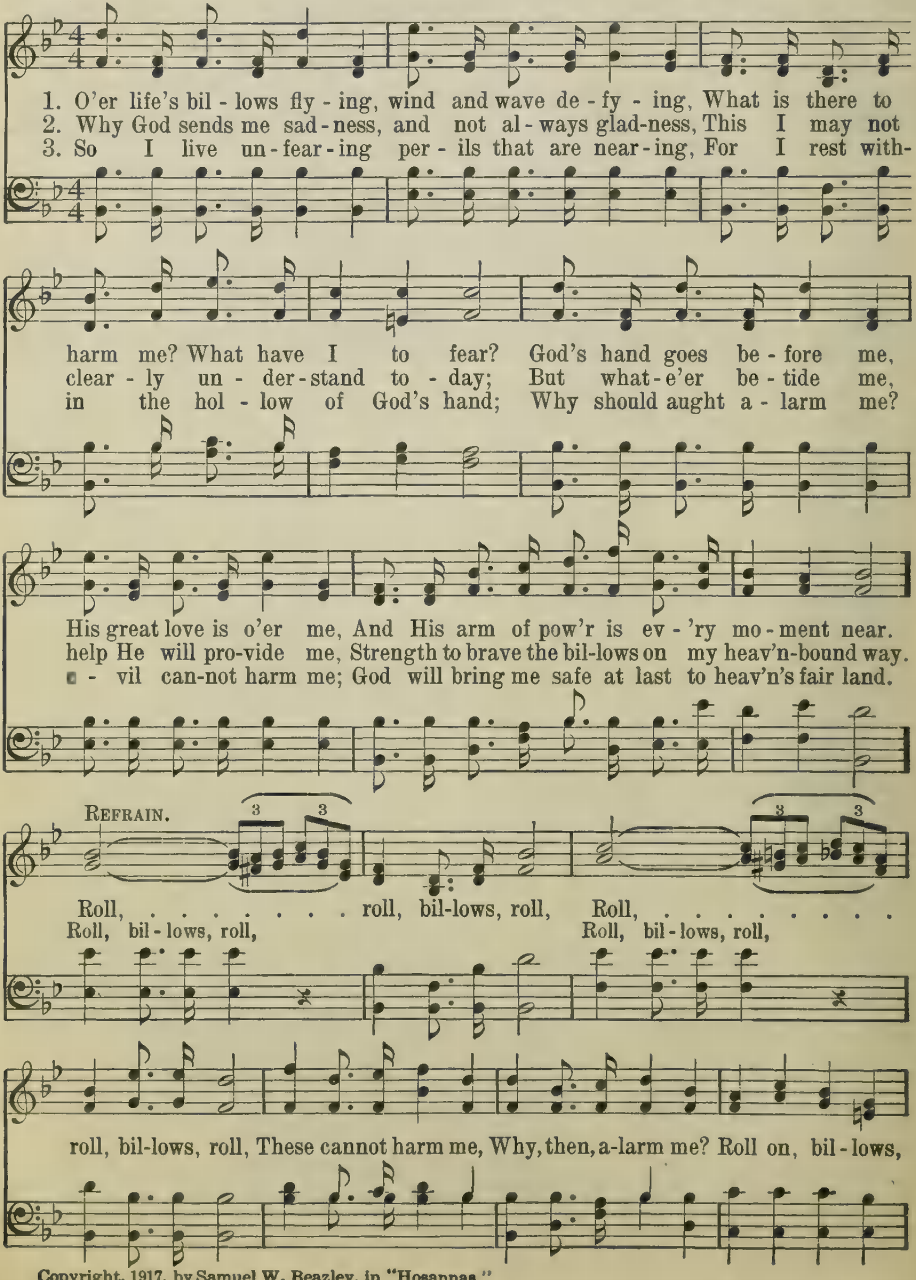

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fe - v'rish ways;
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian sea,
3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a - bove!
4. Drop thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings cease;
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and thy balm;
Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy
The gra - cious call - ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-
Where Je - sus knelt to share with thee The si - lence of e-
Take from our souls the strain and stress And let our or - dered
Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire; Speak thro' the earth-quake,
serv - ice find, In deep - er rev - 'rence, praise.
out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love.
lives con - fess The beau - ty of thy peace.
wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm. A - MEN.

417

Roll, Billows, Roll

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. O'er life's bil - lows fly - ing, wind and wave de - fy - ing, What is there to harm me? What have I to fear? God's hand goes be - fore me, His great love is o'er me, And His arm of pow'r is ev - 'ry mo - ment near.
2. Why God sends me sad - ness, and not al - ways glad-ness, This I may not clear - ly un - der - stand to - day; But what - e'er be - tide me, help He will pro - vide me, Strength to brave the bil - lows on my heav'n-bound way.
3. So I live un - fear - ing per - ils that are near - ing, For I rest with - in the hol - low of God's hand; Why should aught a - larm me? E - vil can-not harm me; God will bring me safe at last to heav'n's fair land.
Refrain.
Roll, ... roll, bil-lows, roll, Roll, ...
Roll, bil - lows, roll, Roll, bil - lows, roll,
roll, bil-lows, roll, These cannot harm me, Why, then, a-larm me? Roll on, bil - lows,

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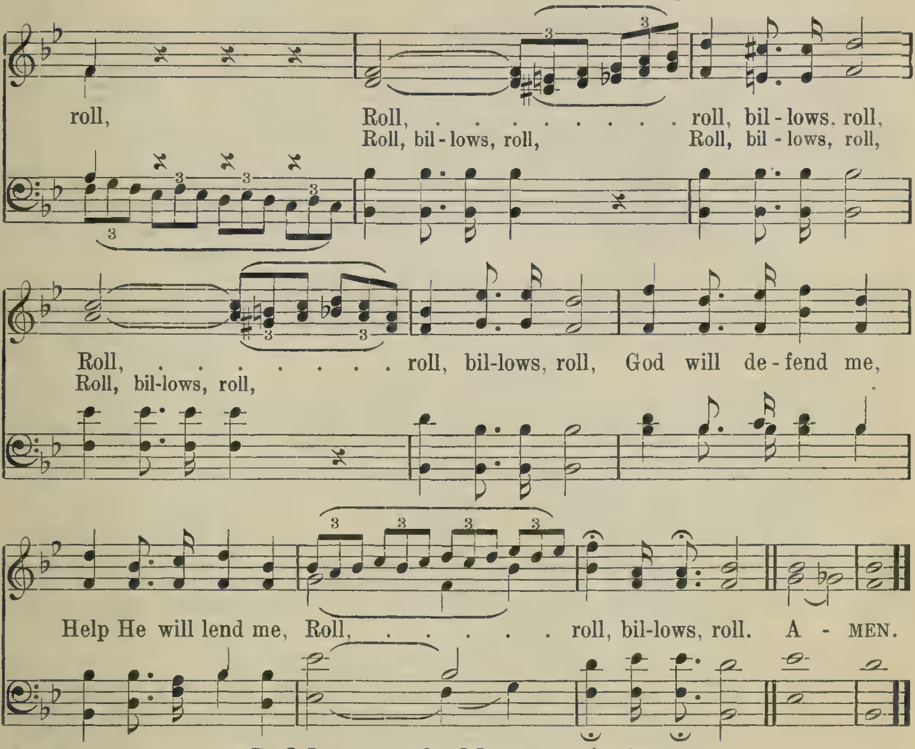
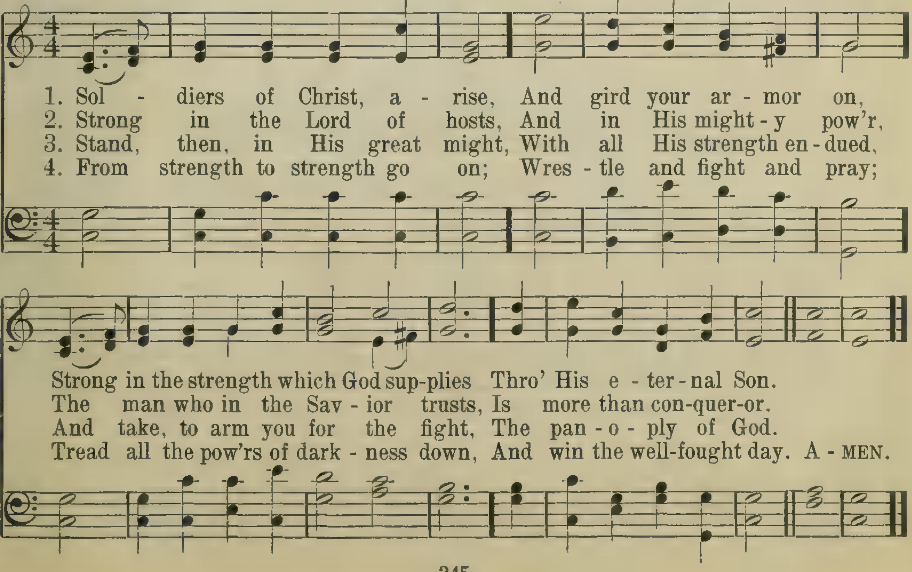

roll,
Roll, ... roll, bil - lows, roll,
Roll, bil - lows, roll, Roll, bil - lows, roll,
Roll, ... roll, bil-lows, roll, God will de - fend me,
Roll, bil-lows, roll,
Help He will lend me, Roll, ... roll, bil-lows, roll. A - MEN.

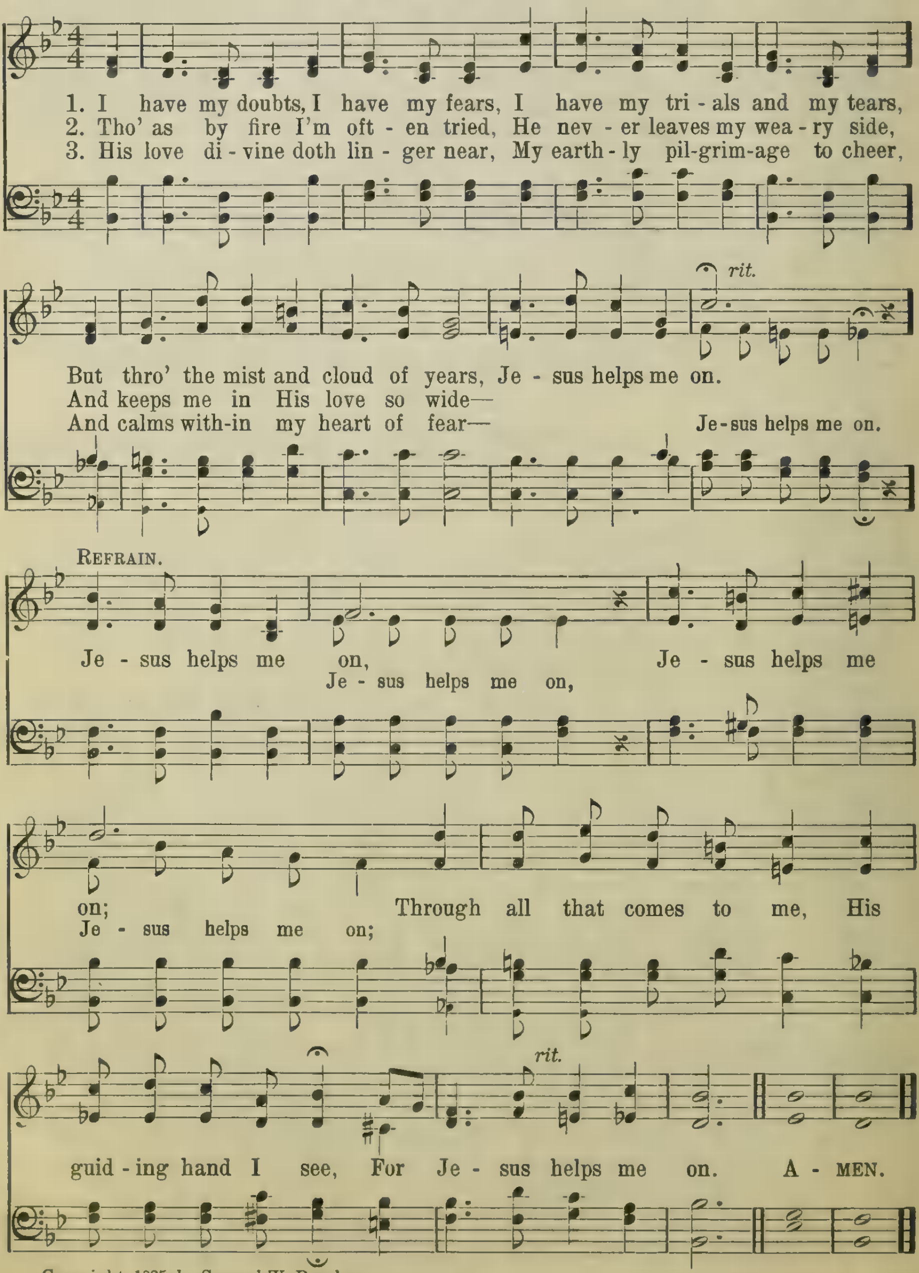
418 Soldiers of Christ, Arise

Charles Wesley, 1745. (LABAN. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on,
2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued,
4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle and fight and pray;
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
The man who in the Sav - ior trusts, Is more than con-quer-or.
And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.
Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day. A - MEN.

419 I Have My Doubts, I Have My Fears

S. W. B. (JESUS HELPS ME ON.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I have my doubts, I have my fears, I have my tri - als and my tears,
2. Tho' as by fire I'm oft - en tried, He nev - er leaves my wea - ry side,
3. His love di - vine doth lin - ger near, My earth - ly pil-grim-age to cheer,
rit.
But thro' the mist and cloud of years, Je - sus helps me on.
And keeps me in His love so wide—
And calms with-in my heart of fear— Je-sus helps me on.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus helps me on, Je - sus helps me
Je - sus helps me on,
on; Through all that comes to me, His
Je - sus helps me on;
rit.
guid - ing hand I see, For Je - sus helps me on. A - MEN.

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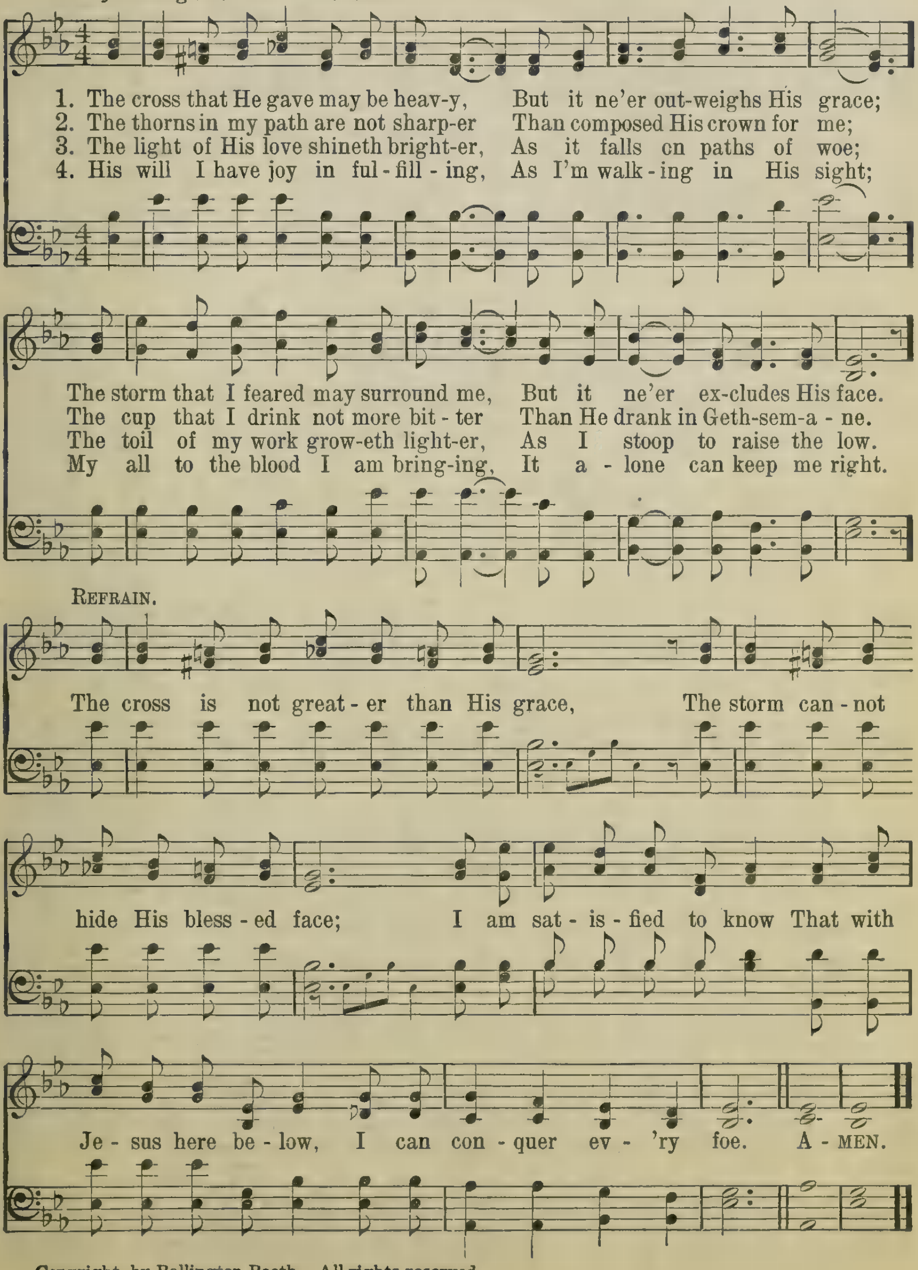
420

The Cross is Not Greater

Ballington Booth.

May be song as a Solo and Chorus.


1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than composed His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er, As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walk-ing in His sight;
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
The toil of my work grow-eth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.
REFRAIN.
The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe. A-MEN.

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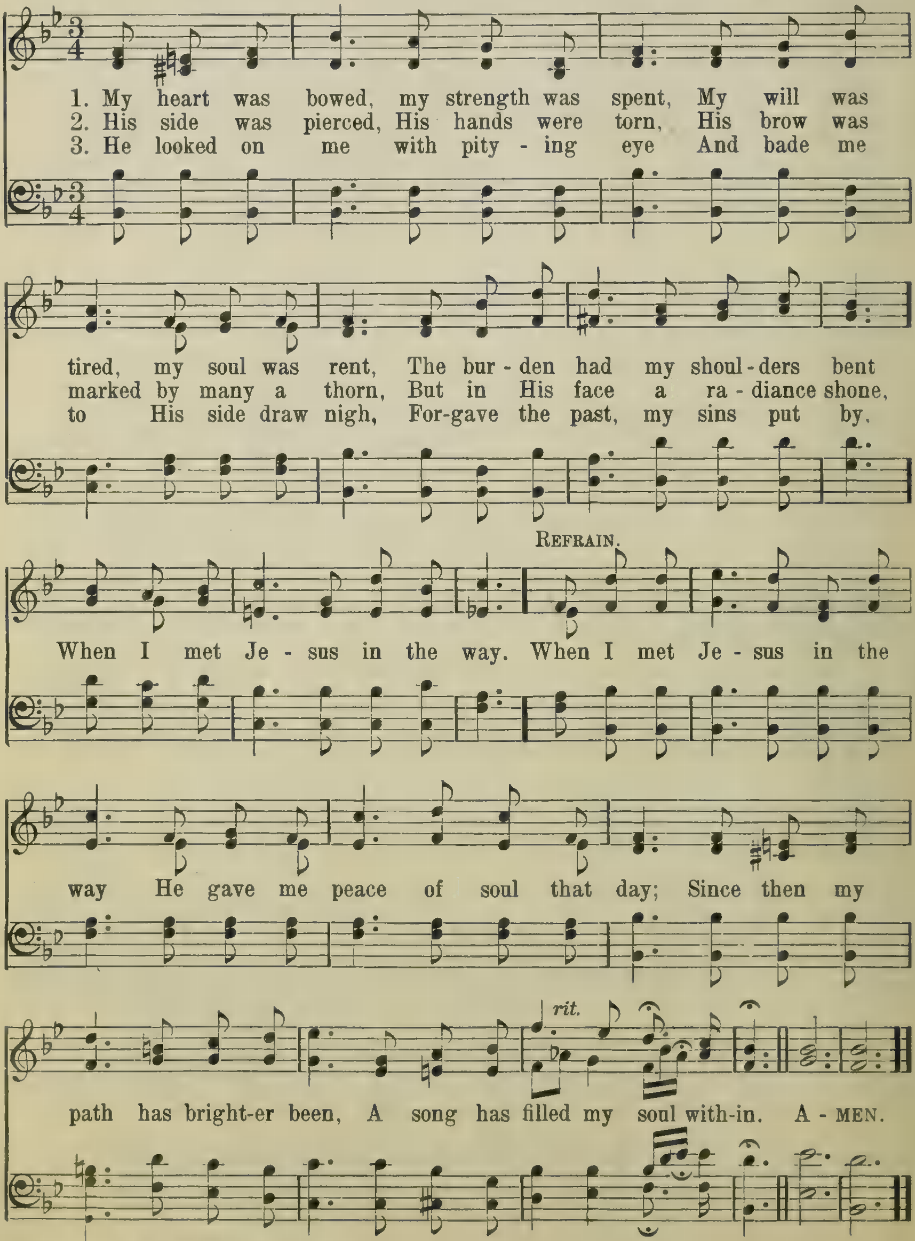
421 My Heart Was Bowed, My Strength Was Spent

(When I Met Jesus in the Way.)

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. My heart was bowed, my strength was spent, My will was tired, my soul was rent, The bur-den had my shoul-ders bent
2. His side was pierced, His hands were torn, His brow was marked by many a thorn, But in His face a ra-diance shone,
3. He looked on me with pity-ing eye And bade me to His side draw nigh, For-gave the past, my sins put by,
When I met Je-sus in the way.
Refrain.
When I met Je-sus in the way He gave me peace of soul that day; Since then my path has bright-er been, A song has filled my soul with-in.
rit.
A-men.

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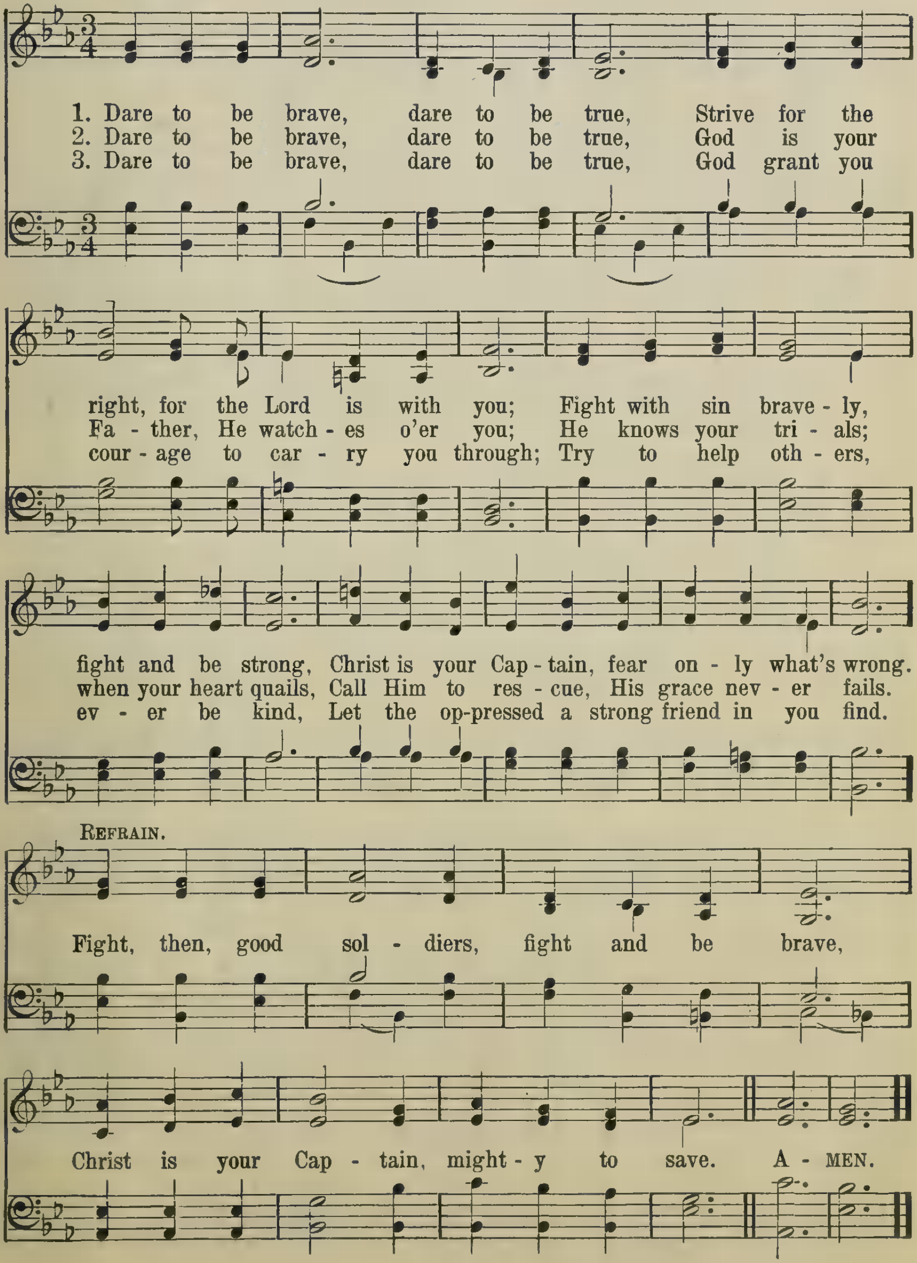
422 Dare to Be Brave, Dare to Be True

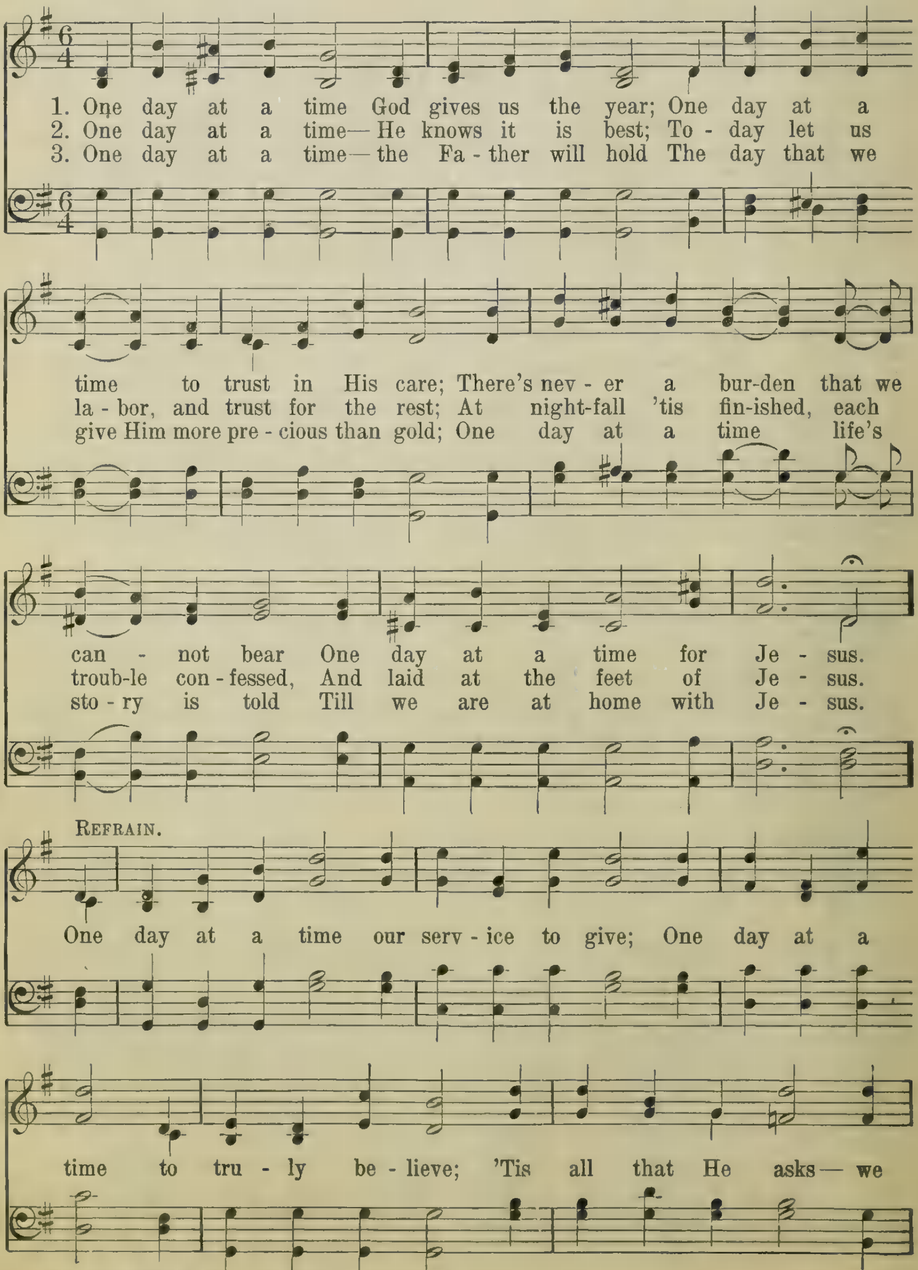
(Dare to be Brave. 8, 10, 9, 10. With Refrain.)

W. J. Rooper. Duncan Hume.


1. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, Strive for the
2. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God is your
3. Dare to be brave, dare to be true, God grant you
right, for the Lord is with you; Fight with sin brave - ly,
Fa - ther, He watch - es o'er you; He knows your tri - als;
cour - age to car - ry you through; Try to help oth - ers,
fight and be strong, Christ is your Cap - tain, fear on - ly what's wrong.
when your heart quails, Call Him to res - cue, His grace nev - er fails.
ev - er be kind, Let the op-pressed a strong friend in you find.
Refrain.
Fight, then, good sol - diers, fight and be brave,
Christ is your Cap - tain, might - y to save. A - men.

423 One Day At a Time

Katharine Atherton Grimes. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. One day at a time God gives us the year; One day at a
2. One day at a time— He knows it is best; To - day let us
3. One day at a time— the Fa - ther will hold The day that we
time to trust in His care; There's nev - er a bur-den that we
la - bor, and trust for the rest; At night-fall 'tis fin-ished, each
give Him more pre - cious than gold; One day at a time life's
can - not bear One day at a time for Je - sus.
troub-le con - fessed, And laid at the feet of Je - sus.
sto - ry is told Till we are at home with Je - sus.
REFRAIN.
One day at a time our serv - ice to give; One day at a
time to tru - ly be - lieve; 'Tis all that He asks— we

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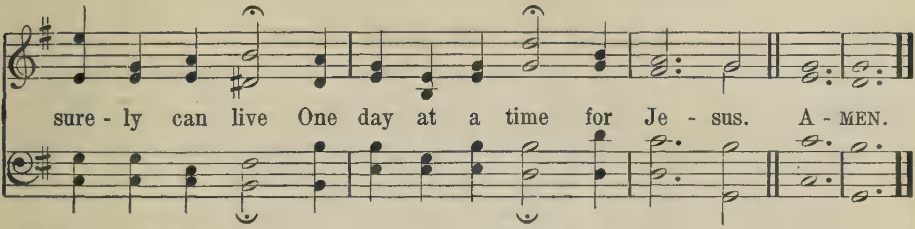
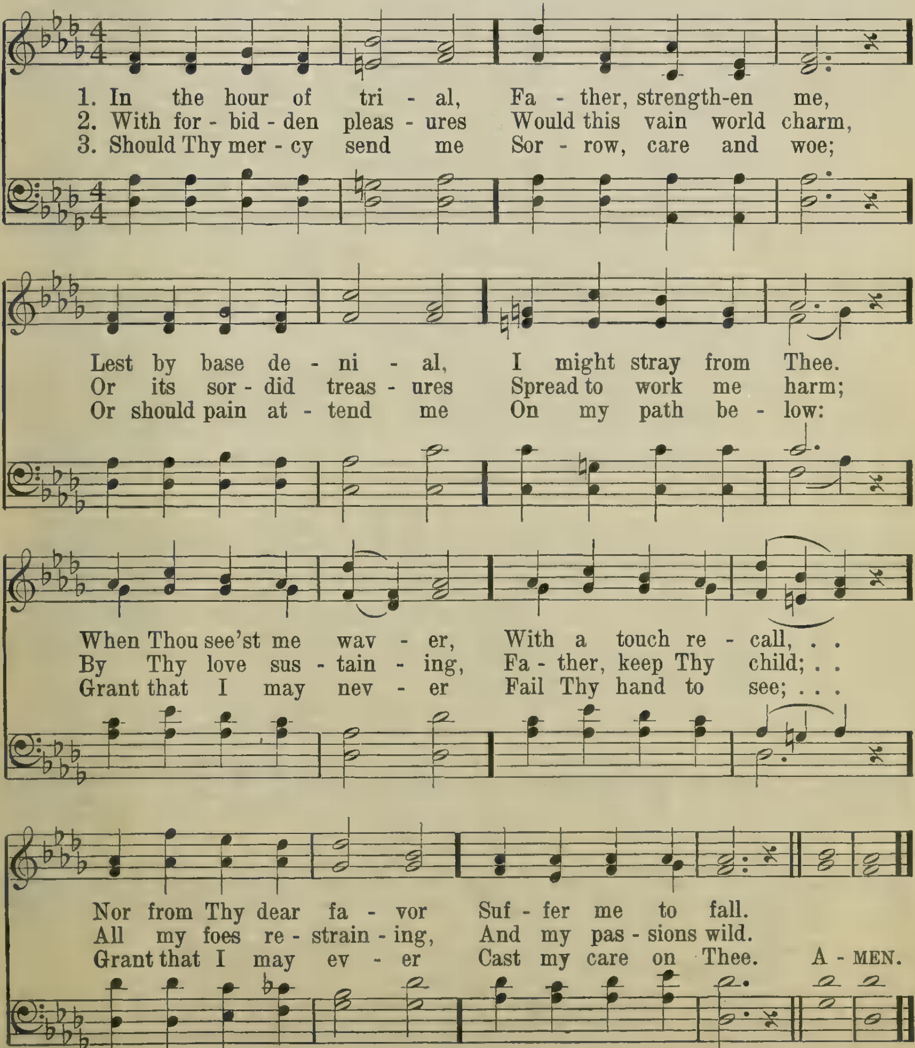

sure - ly can live One day at a time for Je - sus. A - MEN.

424 In the Hour of Trial

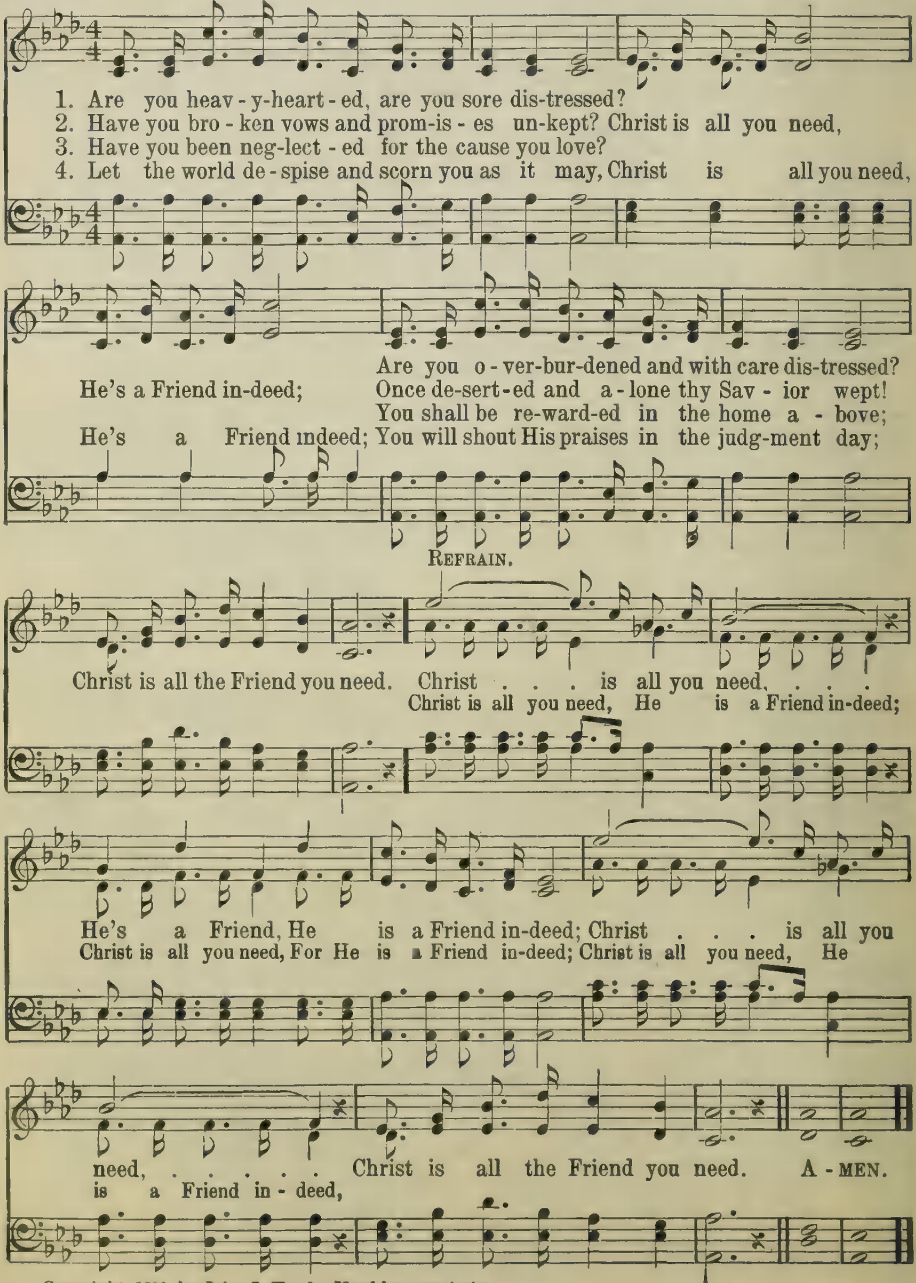
J. Montgomery. (PENITENCE. 6s, 5s. D.) Spencer Lane.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa - ther, strength-en me,
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, care and woe;
Lest by base de - ni - al, I might stray from Thee.
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low:
When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a touch re - call, . .
By Thy love sus - tain - ing, Fa - ther, keep Thy child; . .
Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see; . . .
Nor from Thy dear fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
All my foes re - strain - ing, And my pas - sions wild.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - MEN.

425

Christ is All You Need

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Are you heav-y-heart-ed, are you sore dis-tressed?
2. Have you bro-ken vows and prom-is-es un-kept? Christ is all you need,
3. Have you been neg-lect-ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world de-spise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,
He's a Friend in-deed;
He's a Friend indeed;
Are you o-ver-bur-dened and with care dis-tressed?
Once de-sert-ed and a-lone thy Sav-ior wept!
You shall be re-ward-ed in the home a-bove;
You will shout His praises in the judg-ment day;
REFRAIN.
Christ is all the Friend you need. Christ . . . is all you need, . . .
Christ is all you need, He is a Friend in-deed;
He's a Friend, He is a Friend in-deed; Christ . . . is all you
Christ is all you need, For He is a Friend in-deed; Christ is all you need, He
need, ... Christ is all the Friend you need. A-MEN.
is a Friend in-deed,

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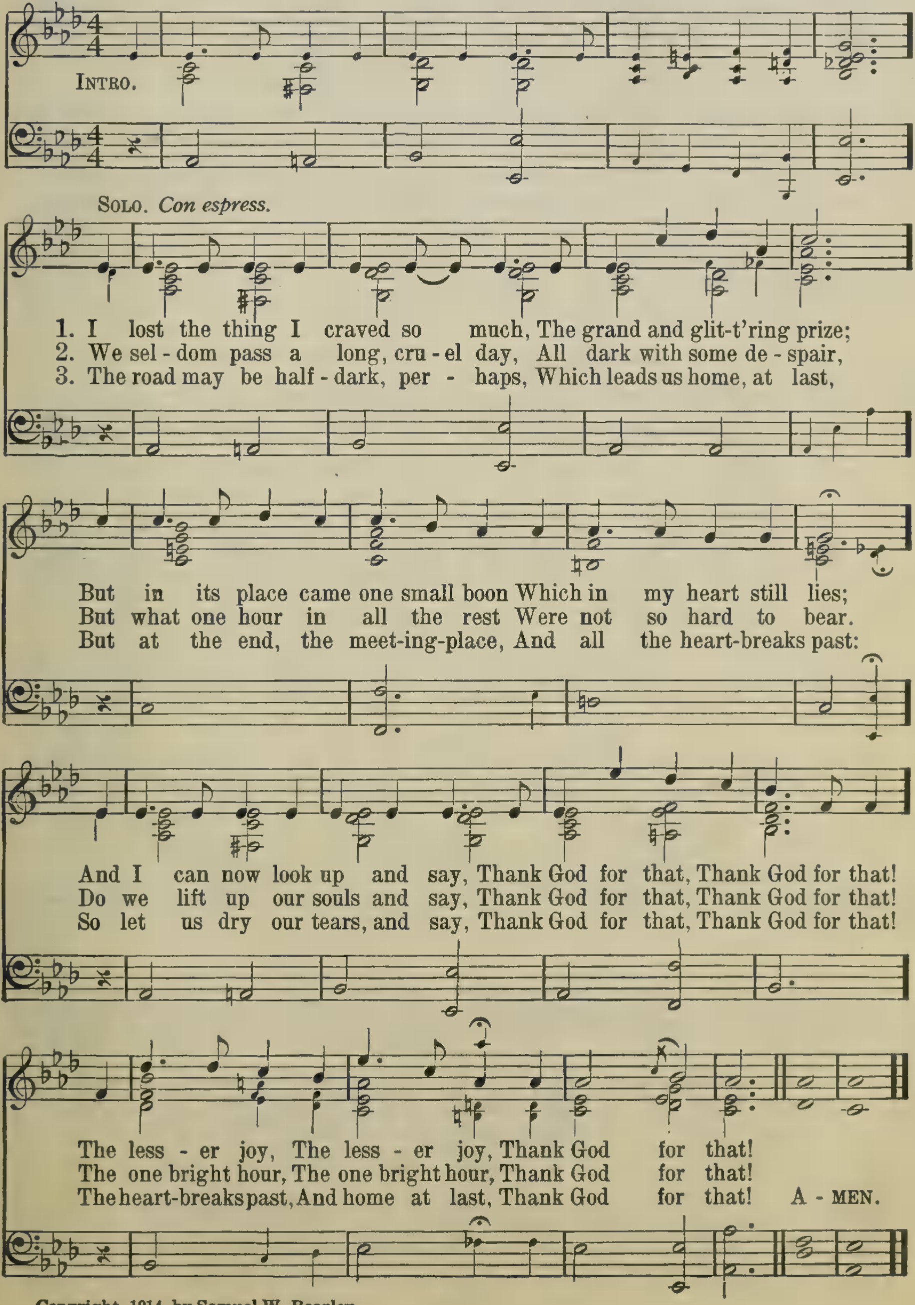
Recompense

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


INTRO.
SOLO. Con espress.
1. I lost the thing I craved so much, The grand and glit-t'ring prize;
2. We sel-dom pass a long, cru-el day, All dark with some de-spair,
3. The road may be half-dark, per-haps, Which leads us home, at last,
But in its place came one small boon Which in my heart still lies;
But what one hour in all the rest Were not so hard to bear.
But at the end, the meet-ing-place, And all the heart-breaks past:
And I can now look up and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!
Do we lift up our souls and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!
So let us dry our tears, and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!
The less-er joy, The less-er joy, Thank God for that!
The one bright hour, The one bright hour, Thank God for that!
The heart-breaks past, And home at last, Thank God for that! A-MEN.

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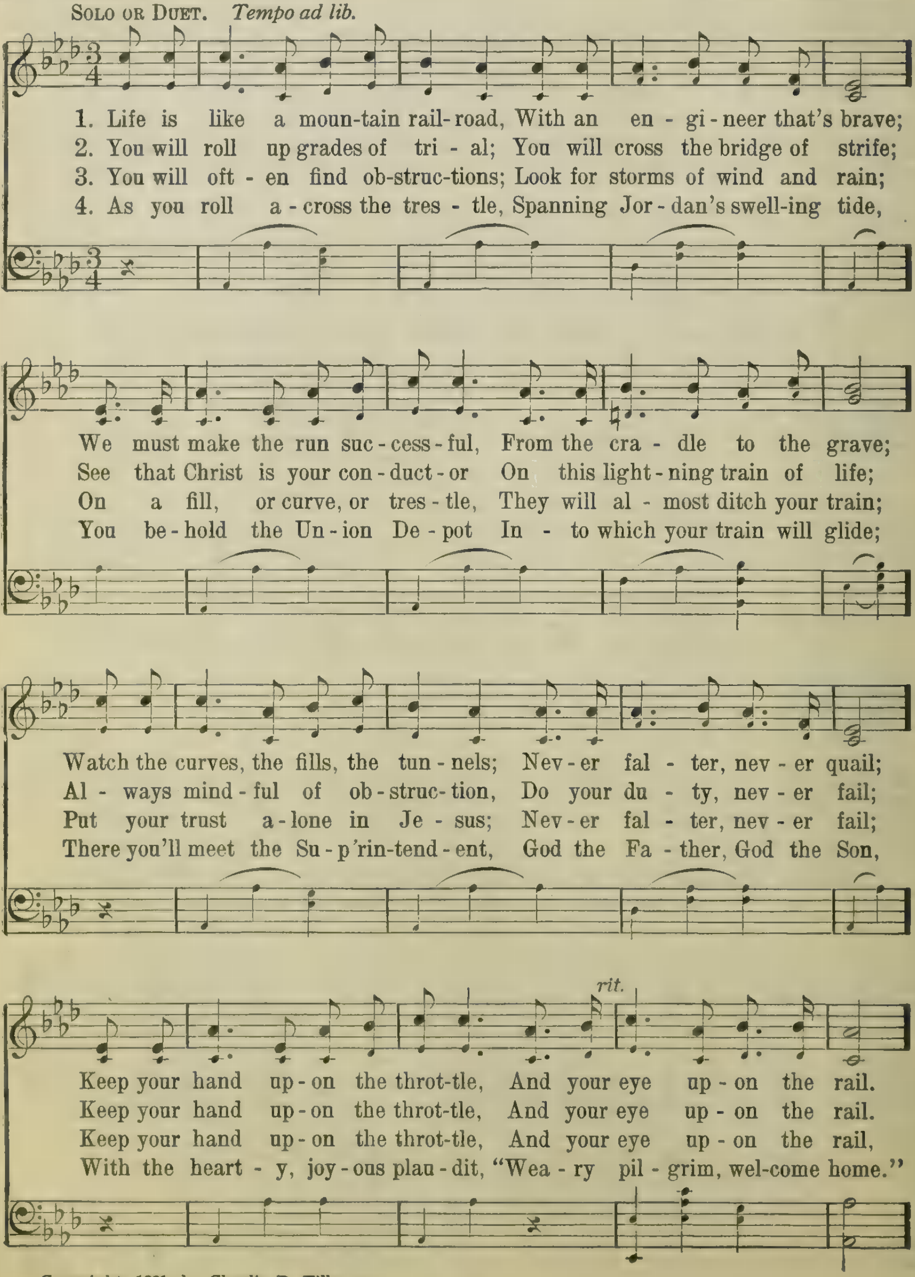
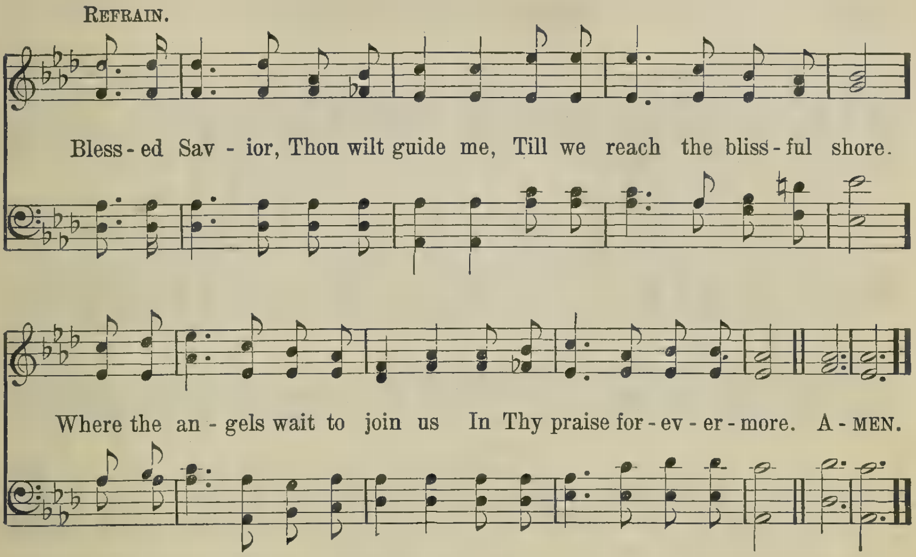
427 Life's Railway to Heaven

M. E. Abbey. Charlie D. Tillman.


Solo or Duet. *Tempo ad lib.*
1. Life is like a moun-tain rail-road, With an en - gi - neer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor - dan's swell-ing tide,
We must make the run suc - cess - ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
See that Christ is your con - duct - or On this light - ning train of life;
On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
There you'll meet the Su - p'rin-tend - ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail,
With the heart - y, joy - ous plau - dit, "Wea - ry pil - grim, wel-come home."
rit.

Copyright, 1891, by Charlie D. Tillman.

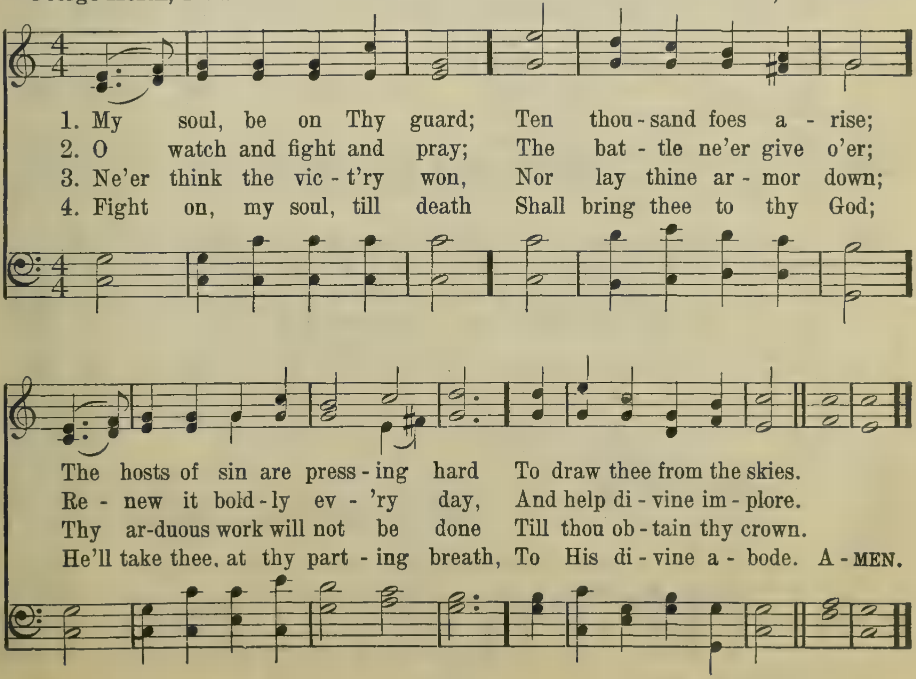

REFRAIN.
Bless-ed Sav-ior, Thou wilt guide me, Till we reach the bliss-ful shore.
Where the an-gels wait to join us In Thy praise for-ev-er-more. A-MEN.

428

My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

(LABAN. S. M.)

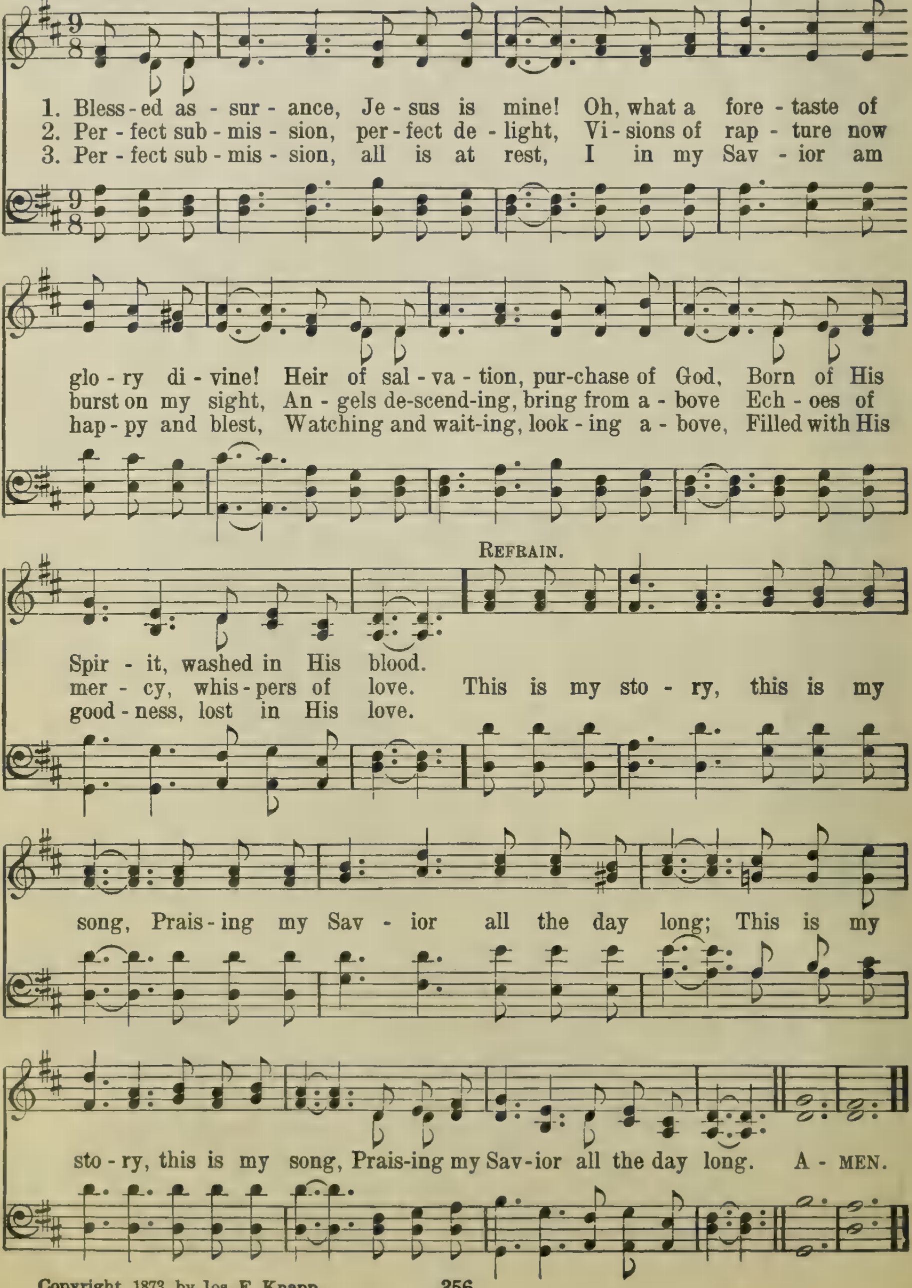
George Heath, 1781.
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. My soul, be on Thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise;
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re-new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore.
Thy ar-duous work will not be done Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A-MEN.

429

Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

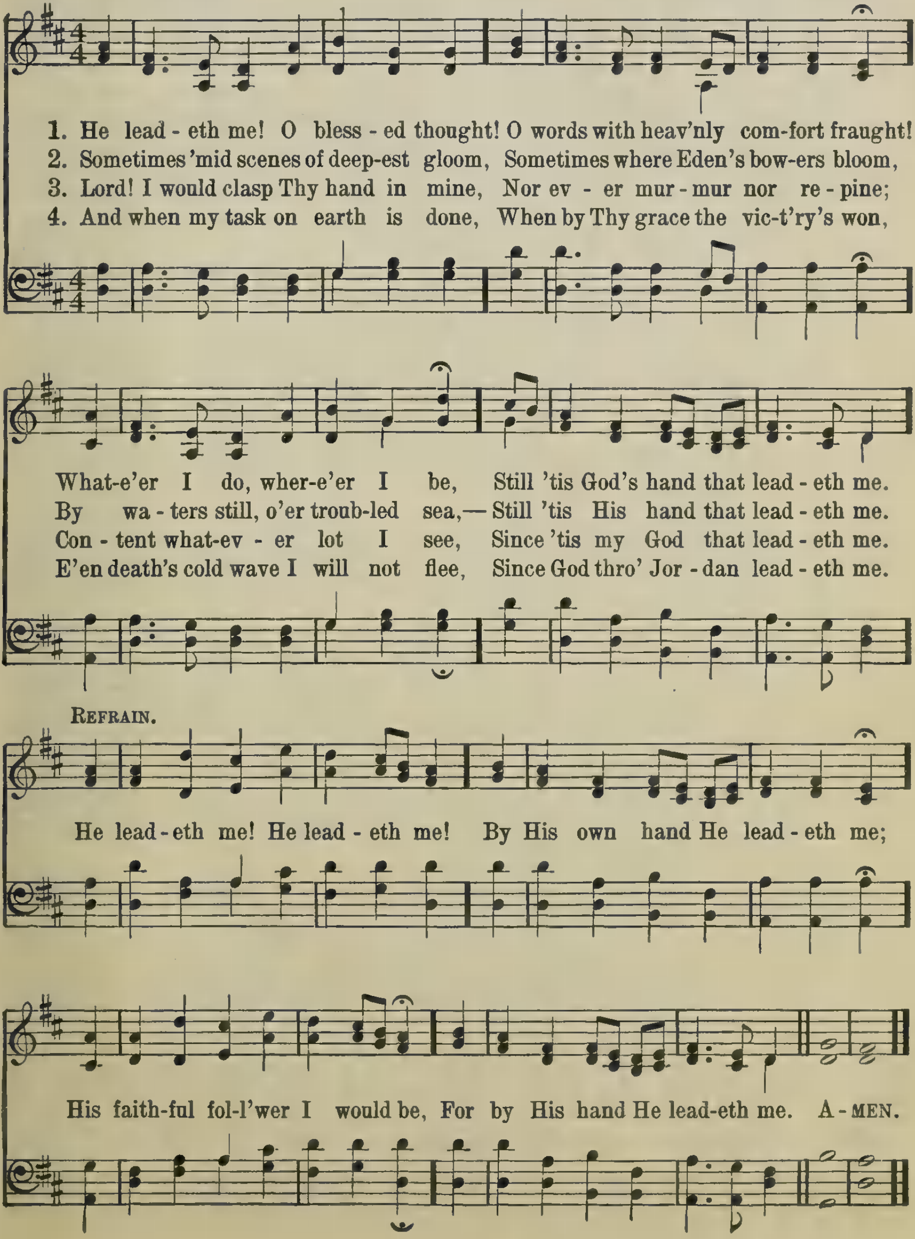

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight, An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest, Watching and wait-ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis - pers of love.
good - ness, lost in His love.
REFRAIN.
This is my sto - ry, this is my
song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1873, by Jos. F. Knapp.

430 He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

(He Leadeth Me. L. M. D.)

J. H. Gilmore, 1861. W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.

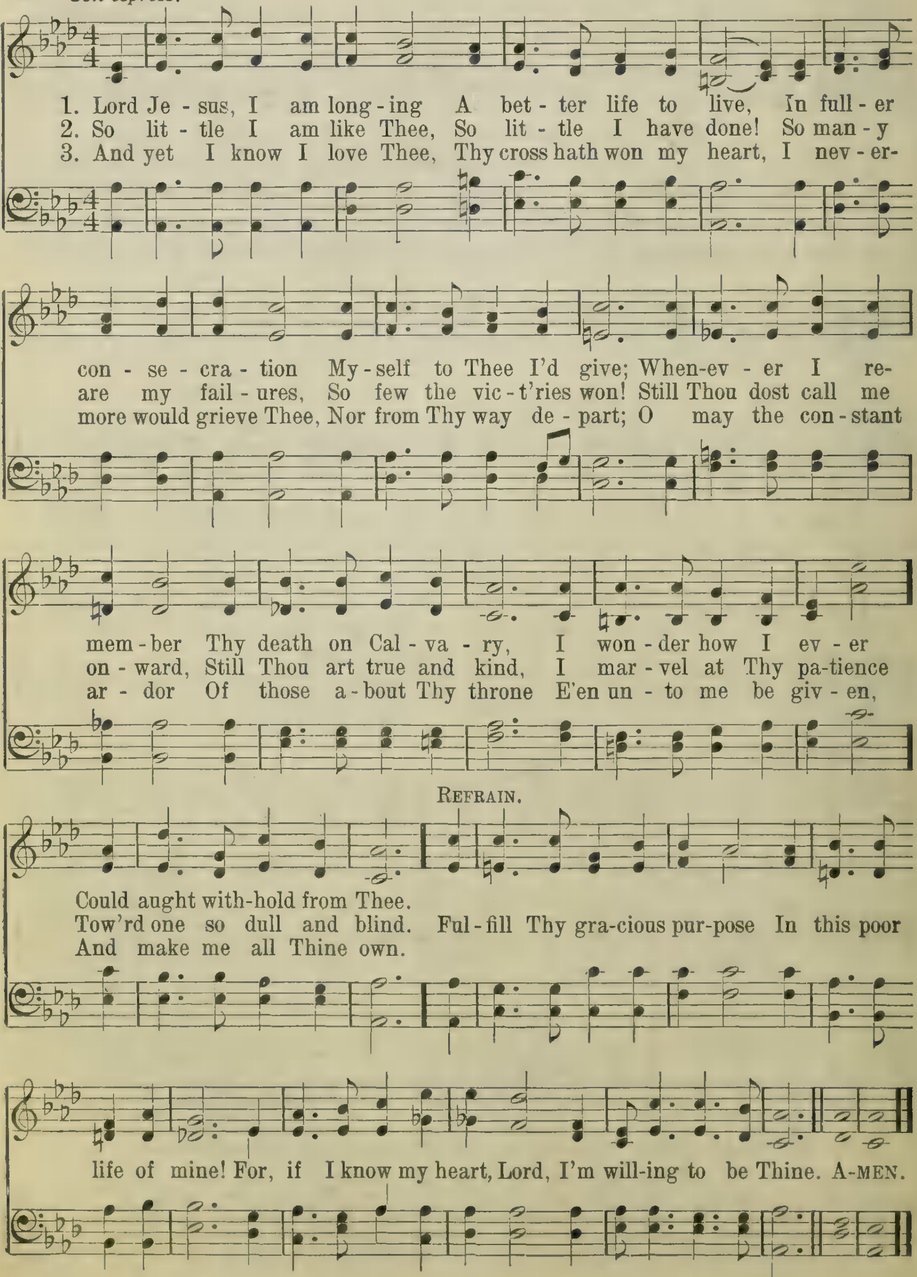

1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.
Refrain.
He lead-eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;
His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A - men.

431

I'm Willing to Be Thine

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Con espress.


1. Lord Je - sus, I am long - ing A bet - ter life to live, In full - er
2. So lit - tle I am like Thee, So lit - tle I have done! So man - y
3. And yet I know I love Thee, Thy cross hath won my heart, I nev - er-
con - se - cra - tion My - self to Thee I'd give; When-ev - er I re-
are my fail - ures, So few the vic - t'ries won! Still Thou dost call me
more would grieve Thee, Nor from Thy way de - part; O may the con - stant
mem - ber Thy death on Cal - va - ry, I won - der how I ev - er
on - ward, Still Thou art true and kind, I mar - vel at Thy pa-tience
ar - dor Of those a - bout Thy throne E'en un - to me be giv - en,
Could aught with-hold from Thee.
Tow'rd one so dull and blind.
And make me all Thine own.
REFRAIN.
Ful - fill Thy gra-cious pur-pose In this poor
life of mine! For, if I know my heart, Lord, I'm will-ing to be Thine. A-MEN.

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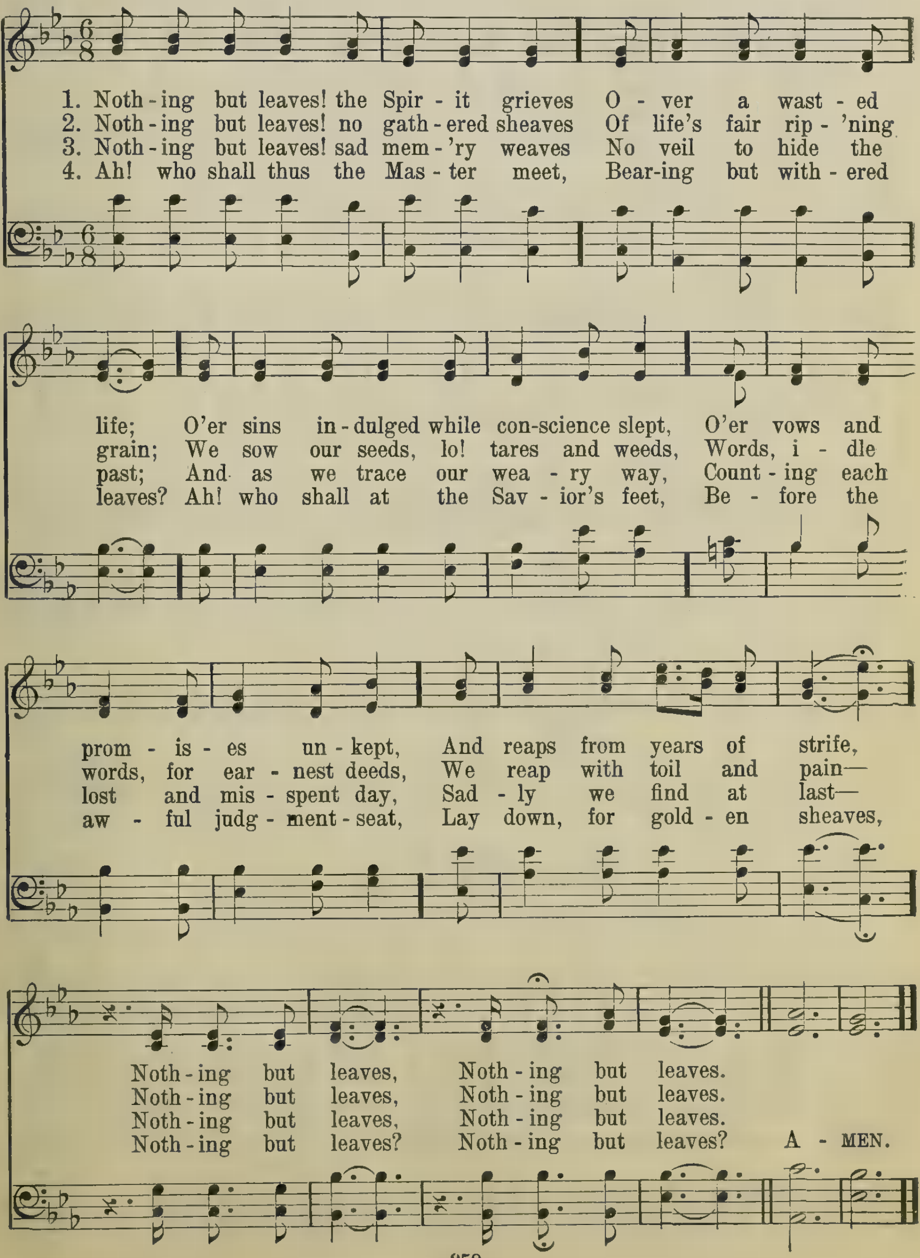
432 Nothing But Leaves! the Spirit Grieves

(NOTHING BUT LEAVES. P. M.)

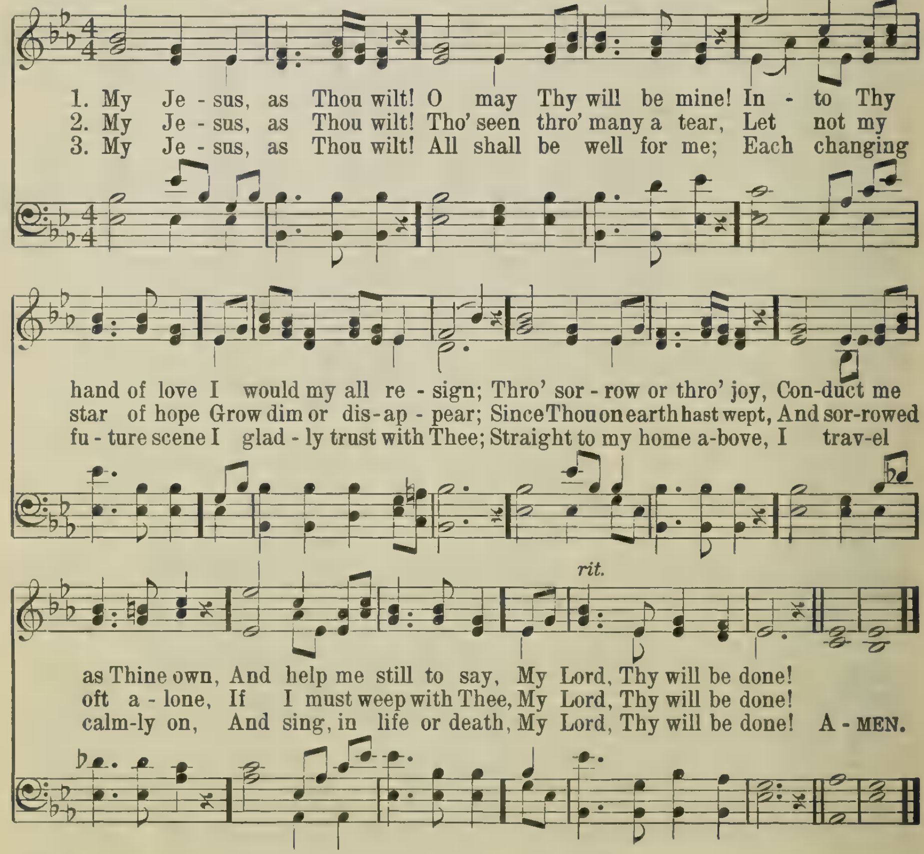
Mrs. Lucy E. Akerman. S. J. Vail.


1. Noth-ing but leaves! the Spir-it grieves O-ver a wast-ed
2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gath-ered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning
3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the
4. Ah! who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, Bear-ing but with-ered
life; O'er sins in-dulged while con-science slept, O'er vows and
grain; We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, i-dle
past; And as we trace our wea-ry way, Count-ing each
leaves? Ah! who shall at the Sav-ior's feet, Be-fore the
prom-is-es un-kept, And reaps from years of strife,
words, for ear-nest deeds, We reap with toil and pain—
lost and mis-spent day, Sad-ly we find at last—
aw-ful judg-ment-seat, Lay down, for gold-en sheaves,
Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
Noth-ing but leaves? Noth-ing but leaves? A-MEN.

433

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

B. Schmolke, 1716. (Jewett. 6s. D.)
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854. C. M. von Weber, 1786–1826.

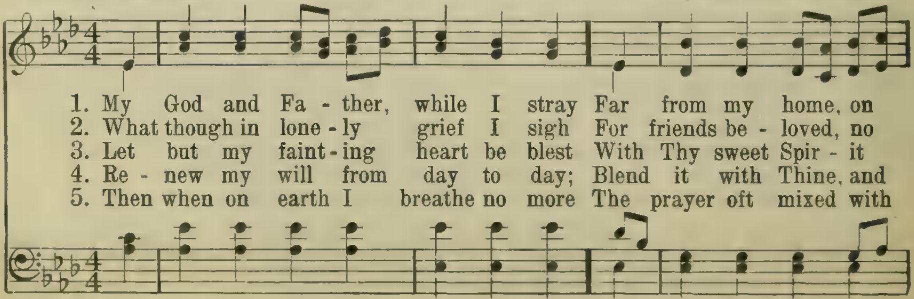

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con-duct me
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-rowed
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a-bove, I trav-el
rit.
as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - MEN.

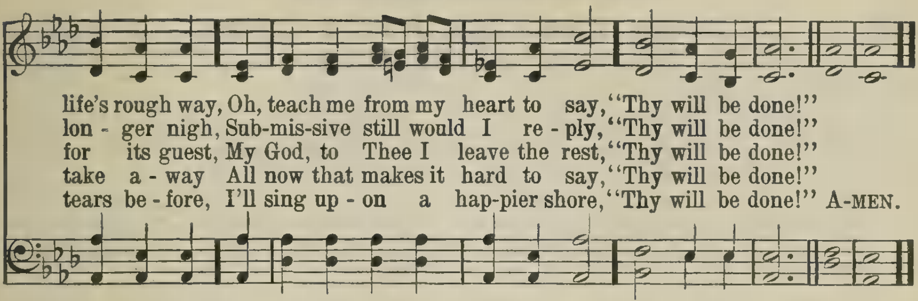
434

Thy Will Be Done

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."—Matt. 6: 10.

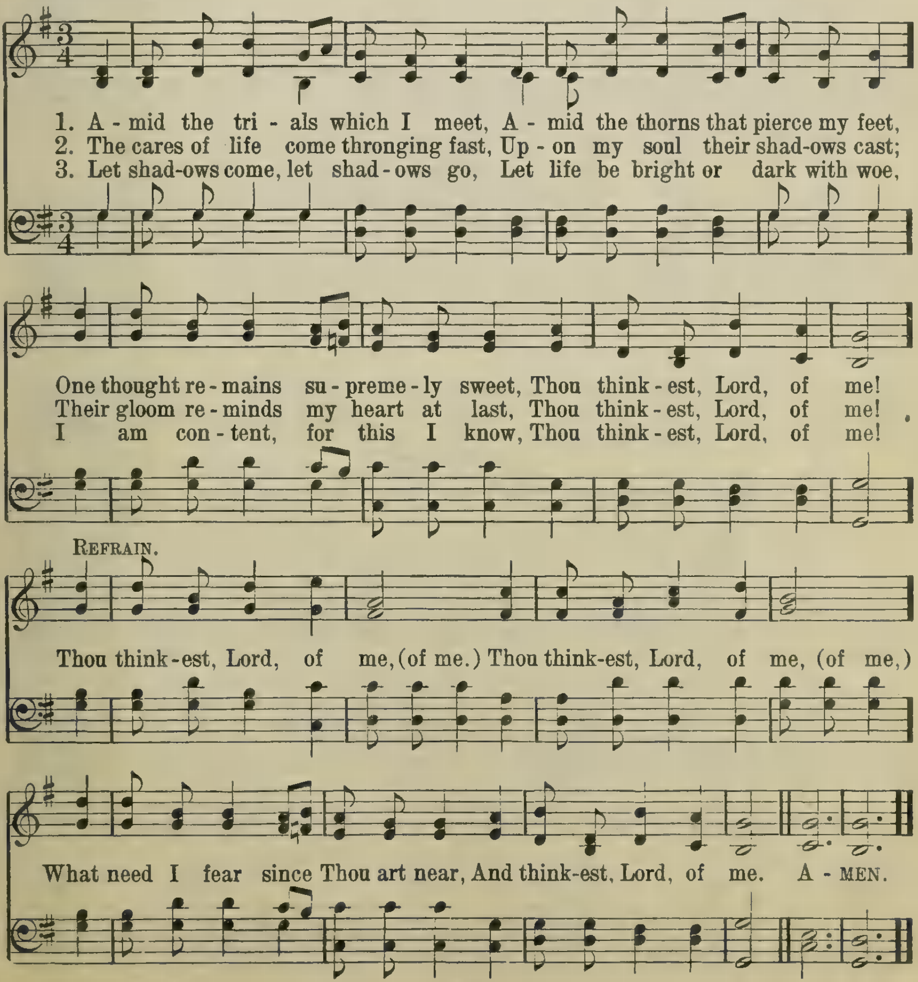
Charlotte Elliott. James McGranahan.


1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint - ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with


life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
lon - ger nigh, Sub-mis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.

435 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.


1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come throng-ing fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
3. Let shad-ows come, let shad - ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,
One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
REFRAIN.
Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me.) Thou think-est, Lord, of me, (of me,)
What need I fear since Thou art near, And think-est, Lord, of me. A - MEN.

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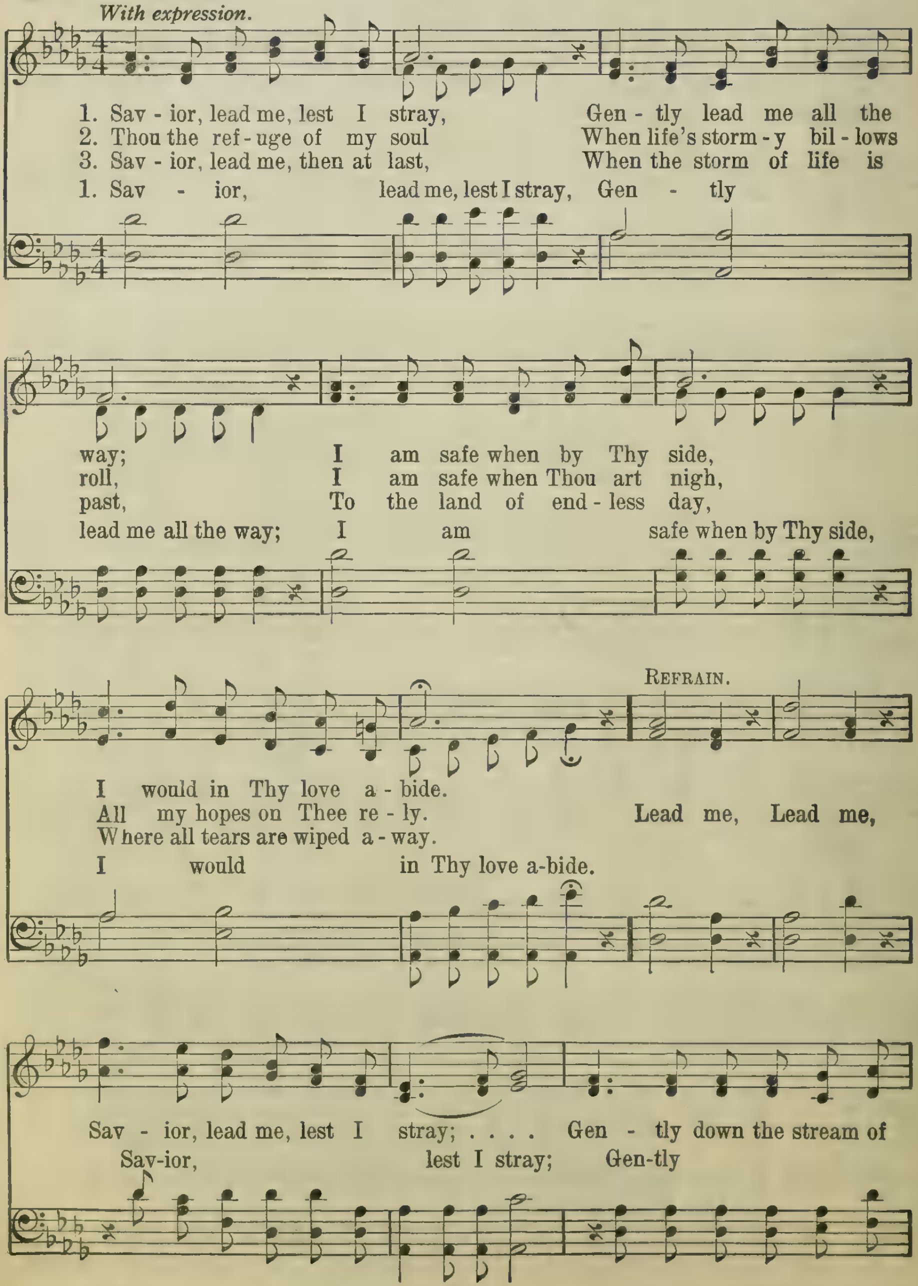
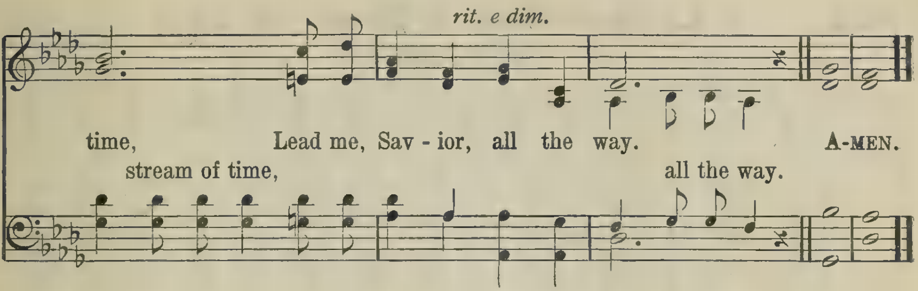
436

Savior, Lead Me, Lest I Stray

"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

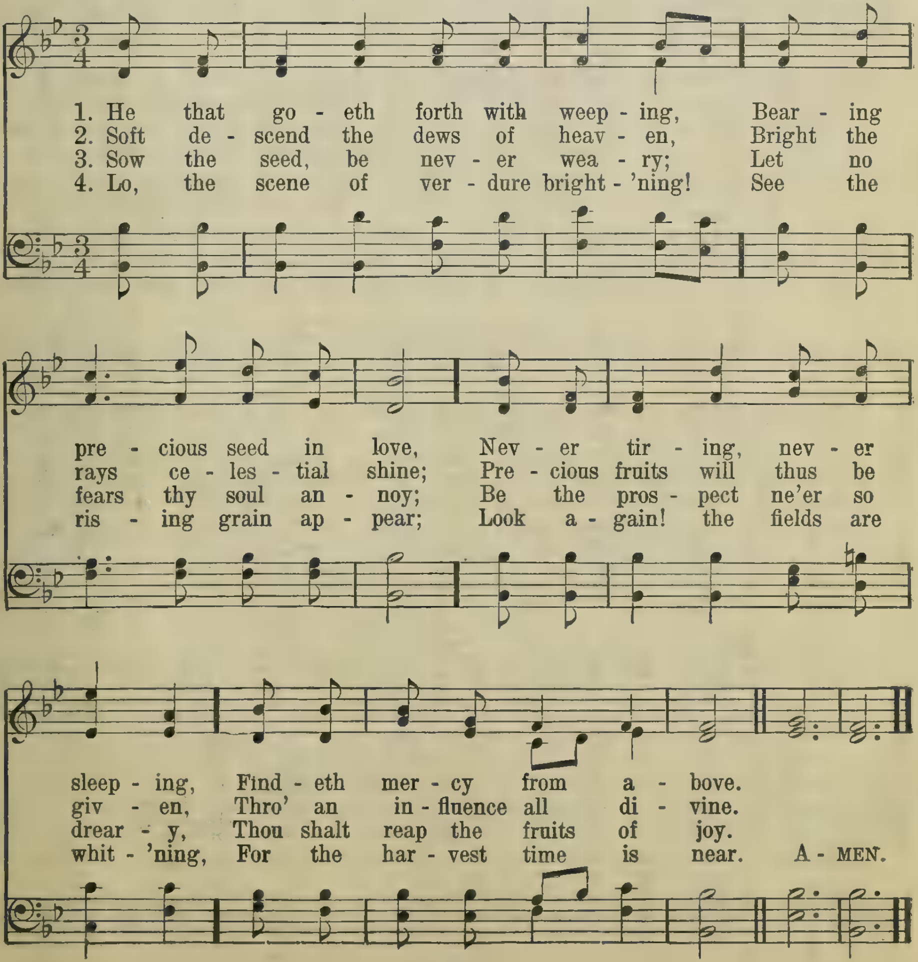
F. M. D. Frank M. Davis.


With expression.
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul When life's storm - y bil - lows
3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly
way; I am safe when by Thy side,
roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
past, To the land of end - less day,
lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,
I would in Thy love a - bide.
All my hopes on Thee re - ly.
Where all tears are wiped a - way.
I would in Thy love a-bide.
REFRAIN.
Lead me, Lead me,
Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray; . . . . Gen - tly down the stream of
Sav-ior, lest I stray; Gen-tly


rit. e dim.
time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. A-MEN.
stream of time, all the way.

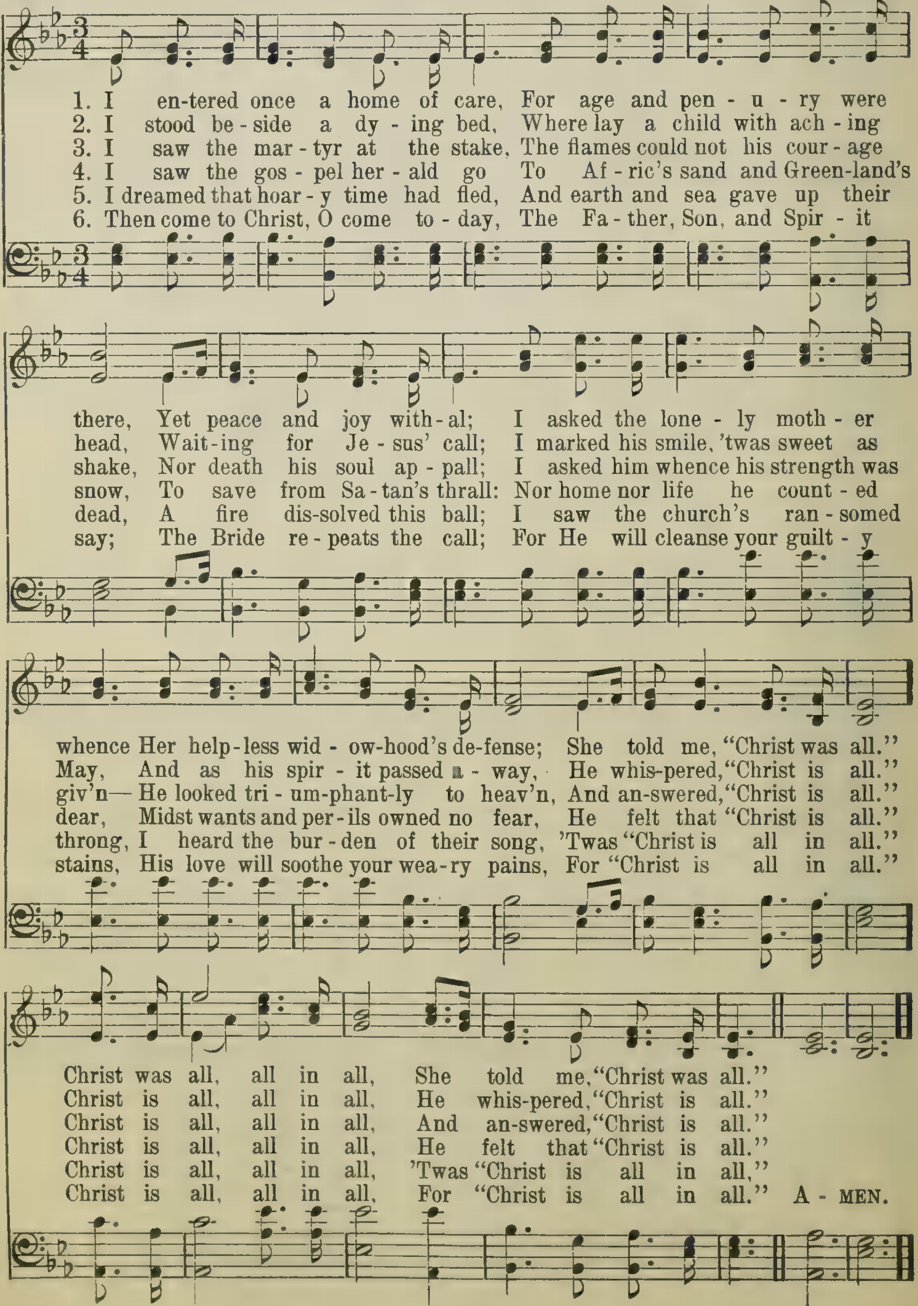
437 He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

T. Hastings, 1784–1872. (STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.) D. E. Jones, 1847.


1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the
3. Sow the seed, be nev - er wea - ry; Let no
4. Lo, the scene of ver - dure bright - 'ning! See the
pre - cious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
rays ce - les - tial shine; Pre - cious fruits will thus be
fears thy soul an - noy; Be the pros - pect ne'er so
ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a - gain! the fields are
sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
giv - en, Thro' an in - fluence all di - vine.
drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
whit - 'ning, For the har - vest time is near. A - MEN.

438 I Entered Once a Home of Care

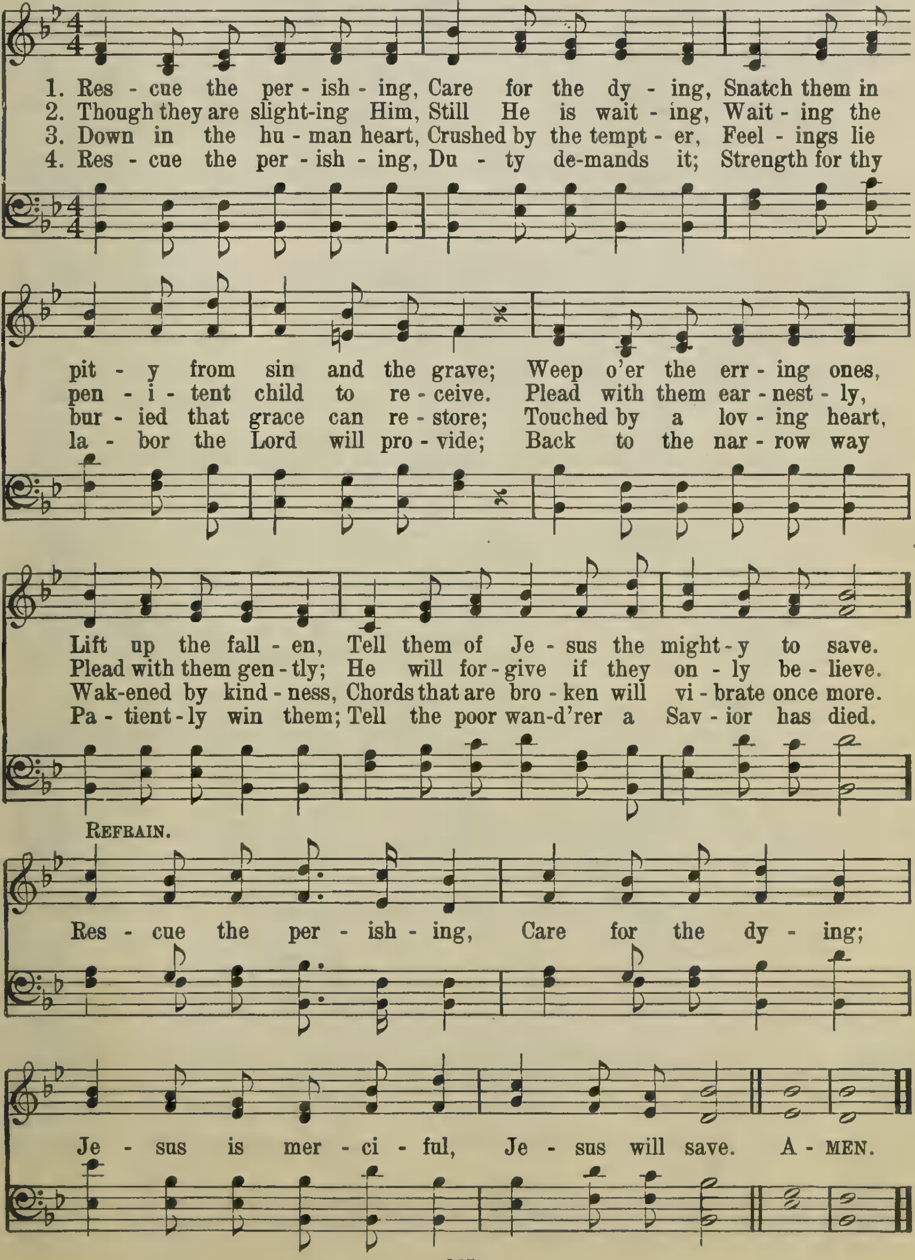
(CHRIST IS ALL.) W. A. Williams.


1. I en-tered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Green-land's
5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their
6. Then come to Christ, O come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son, and Spir - it
there, Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
head, Wait-ing for Je - sus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
shake, Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
snow, To save from Sa - tan's thrall: Nor home nor life he count - ed
dead, A fire dis-solved this ball; I saw the church's ran - somed
say; The Bride re - peats the call; For He will cleanse your guilt - y
whence Her help-less wid - ow-hood's de-fense; She told me, "Christ was all."
May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
giv'n— He looked tri - um-phant-ly to heav'n, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
dear, Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
stains, His love will soothe your wea - ry pains, For "Christ is all in all."
Christ was all, all in all, She told me, "Christ was all."
Christ is all, all in all, He whis-pered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, And an-swered, "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, He felt that "Christ is all."
Christ is all, all in all, 'Twas "Christ is all in all,"
Christ is all, all in all, For "Christ is all in all." A - MEN.

439 Rescue the Perishing

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 28.

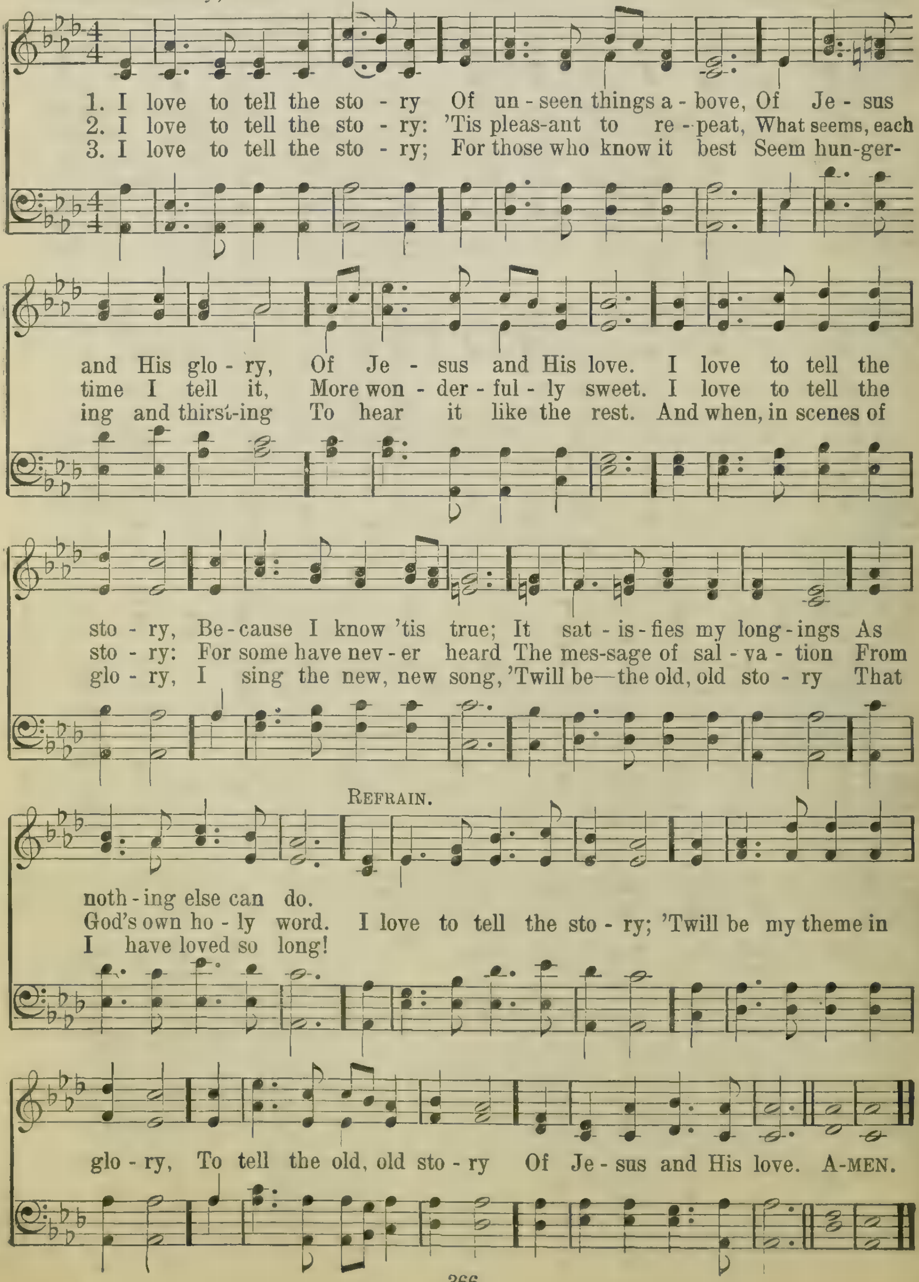
Fanny J. Crosby. (P. M.) W. H. Doane. By per.


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
2. Though they are slight-ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the
3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy
pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones,
pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way
Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Wak-ened by kind - ness, Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
REFRAIN.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing;
Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.

440 I Love to Tell the Story

(I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.)

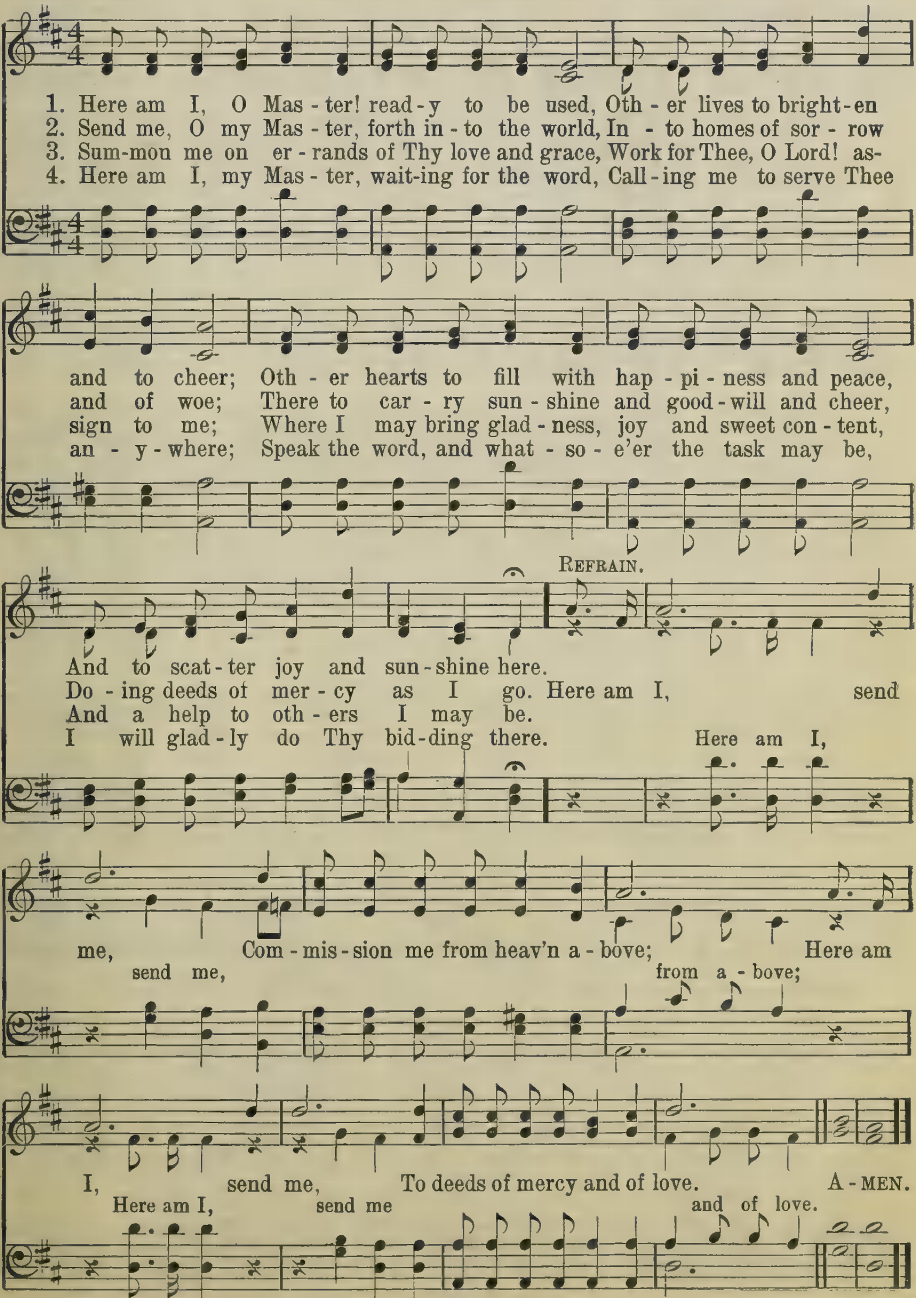
Katherine Hankey, 1865. W. G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat, What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of
sto - ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be—the old, old sto - ry That
noth - ing else can do.
God's own ho - ly word.
I have loved so long!
REFRAIN.
I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme in
glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A-MEN.

441

Here Am I

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.　　Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Here am I, O Mas-ter! read-y to be used, Oth-er lives to bright-en and to cheer; Oth-er hearts to fill with hap-pi-ness and peace, And to scat-ter joy and sun-shine here.
2. Send me, O my Mas-ter, forth in-to the world, In-to homes of sor-row and of woe; There to car-ry sun-shine and good-will and cheer, Do-ing deeds of mer-cy as I go.
3. Sum-mon me on er-rands of Thy love and grace, Work for Thee, O Lord! as-sign to me; Where I may bring glad-ness, joy and sweet con-tent, And a help to oth-ers I may be.
4. Here am I, my Mas-ter, wait-ing for the word, Call-ing me to serve Thee an-y-where; Speak the word, and what-so-e'er the task may be, I will glad-ly do Thy bid-ding there.
REFRAIN.
Here am I, send me, Com-mis-sion me from heav'n a-bove; Here am I, send me, To deeds of mercy and of love. A-MEN.
Here am I, send me, from a-bove; Here am I, send me and of love.

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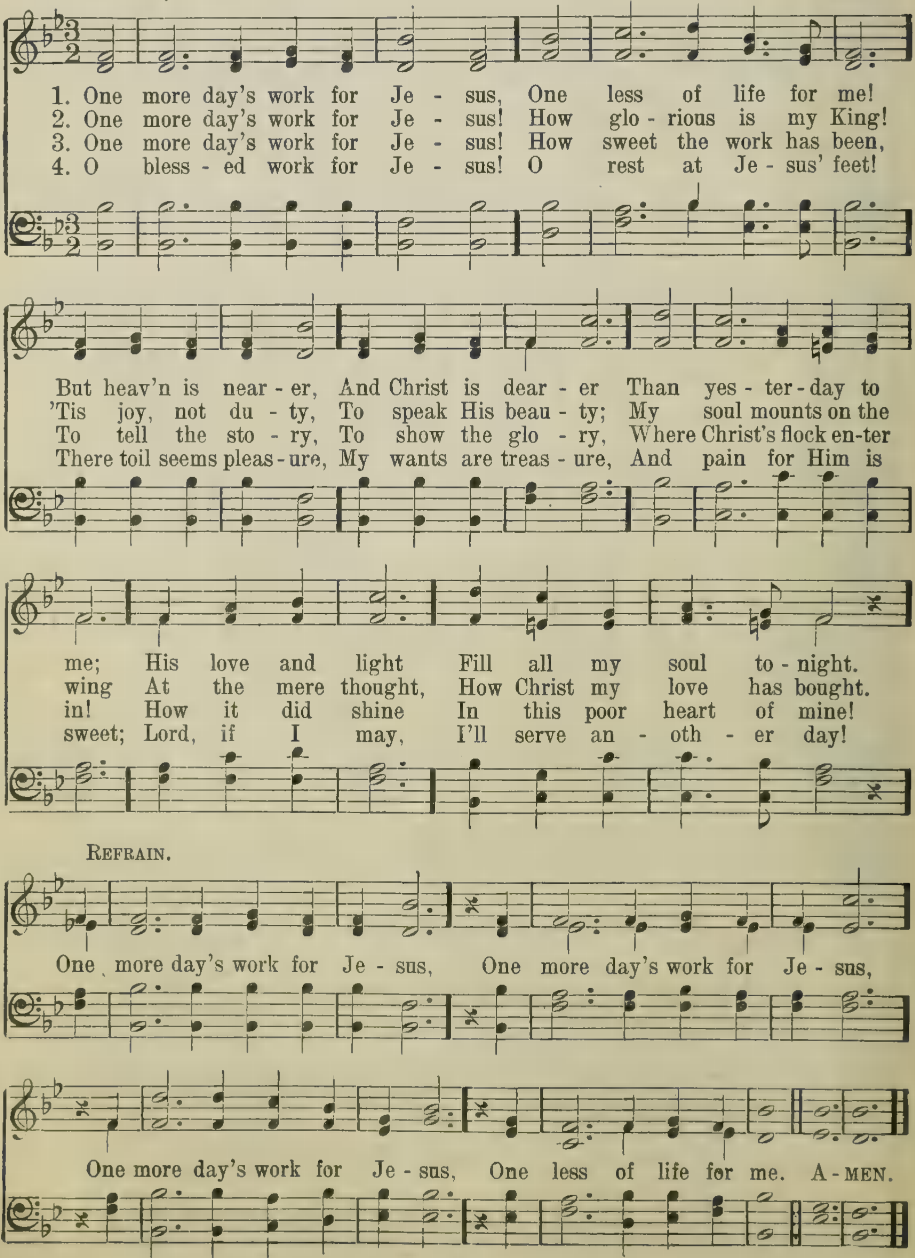
442 One More Day's Work For Jesus

(ONE MORE DAY'S WORK. P. M.)

Anna Warner, 1874. Rev. Robert Lowry.

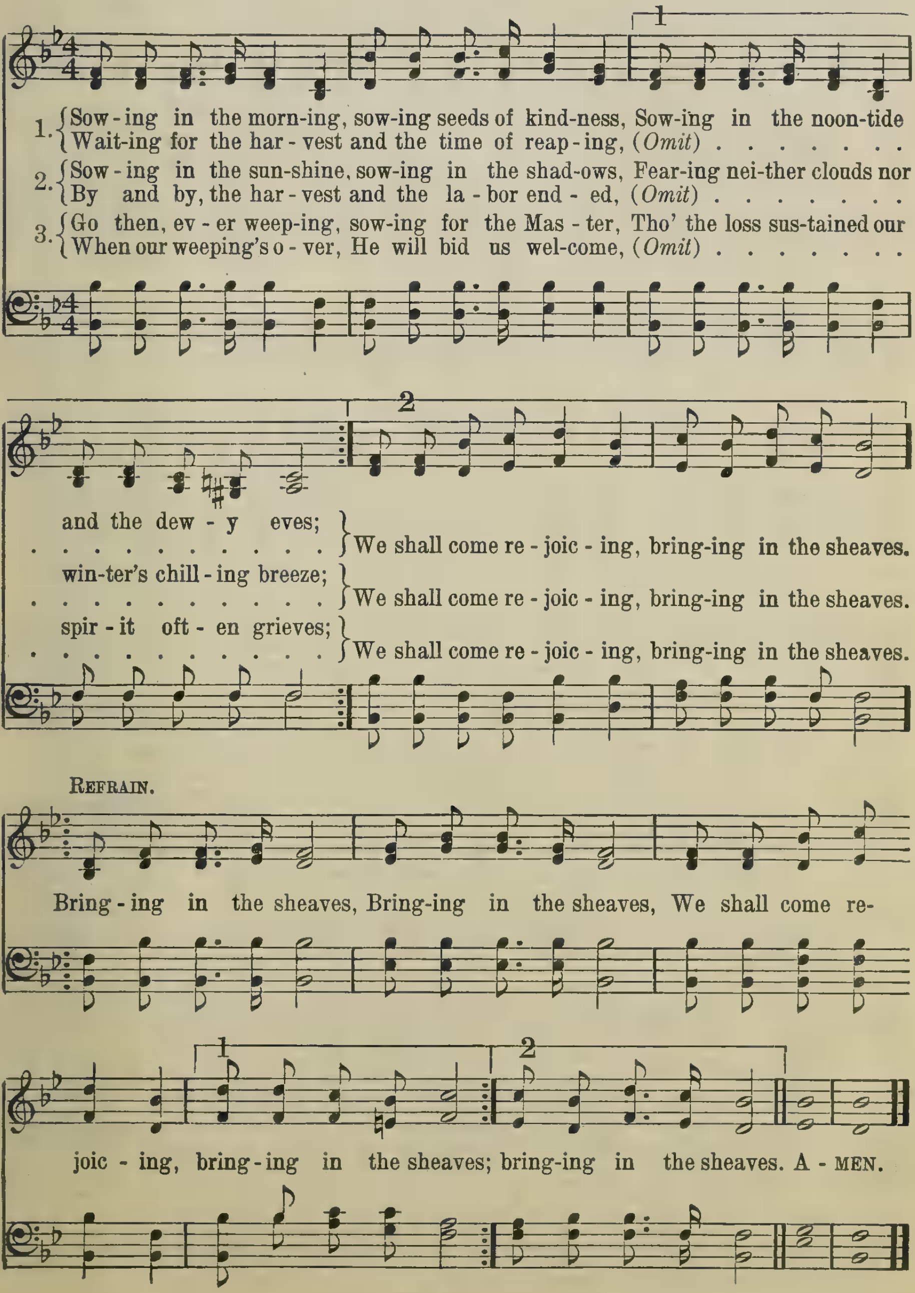

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!
2. One more day's work for Je - sus! How glo - rious is my King!
3. One more day's work for Je - sus! How sweet the work has been,
4. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet!
But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter - day to
'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty; My soul mounts on the
To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock en - ter
There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain for Him is
me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
wing At the mere thought, How Christ my love has bought.
in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day!
REFRAIN.
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,
One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me. A - MEN.

443

Bringing in the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

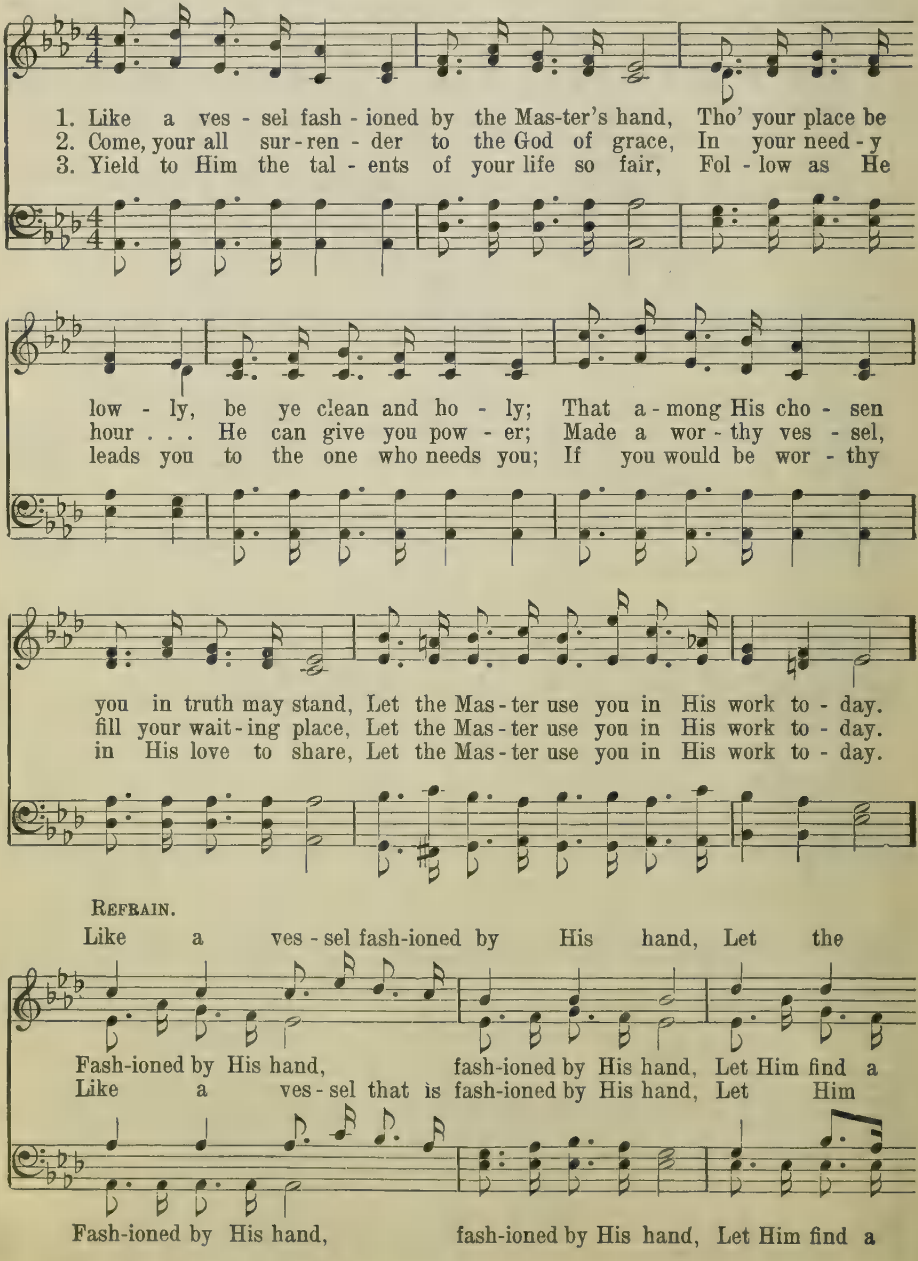

1. {Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide and the dew-y eves;
Wait-ing for the har-vest and the time of reap-ing, (Omit) . . . . We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
2. {Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor win-ter's chill-ing breeze;
By and by, the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed, (Omit) . . . . We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
3. {Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our spir-it oft-en grieves;
When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (Omit) . . . . We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
1
2
Refrain.
Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; bring-ing in the sheaves. A-men.
1
2

444

Let the Master Use You

Laurene Highfield.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Like a ves - sel fash - ioned by the Mas-ter's hand, Tho' your place be
2. Come, your all sur - ren - der to the God of grace, In your need - y
3. Yield to Him the tal - ents of your life so fair, Fol - low as He
low - ly, be ye clean and ho - ly; That a - mong His cho - sen
hour . . . He can give you pow - er; Made a wor - thy ves - sel,
leads you to the one who needs you; If you would be wor - thy
you in truth may stand, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.
fill your wait - ing place, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.
in His love to share, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.
Refrain.
Like a ves - sel fash-ioned by His hand, Let the
Fash-ioned by His hand, fash-ioned by His hand, Let Him find a
Like a ves - sel that is fash-ioned by His hand, Let Him
Fash-ioned by His hand, fash-ioned by His hand, Let Him find a

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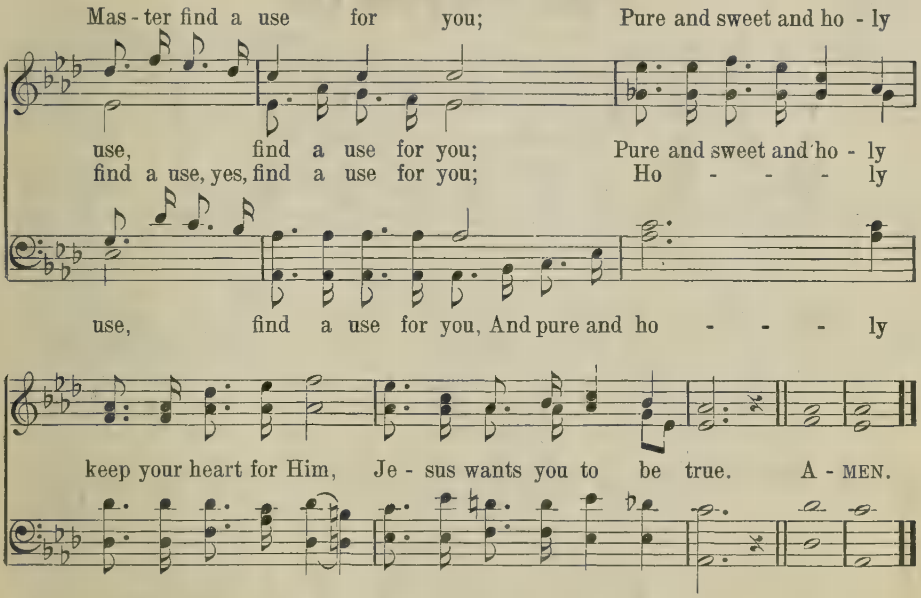
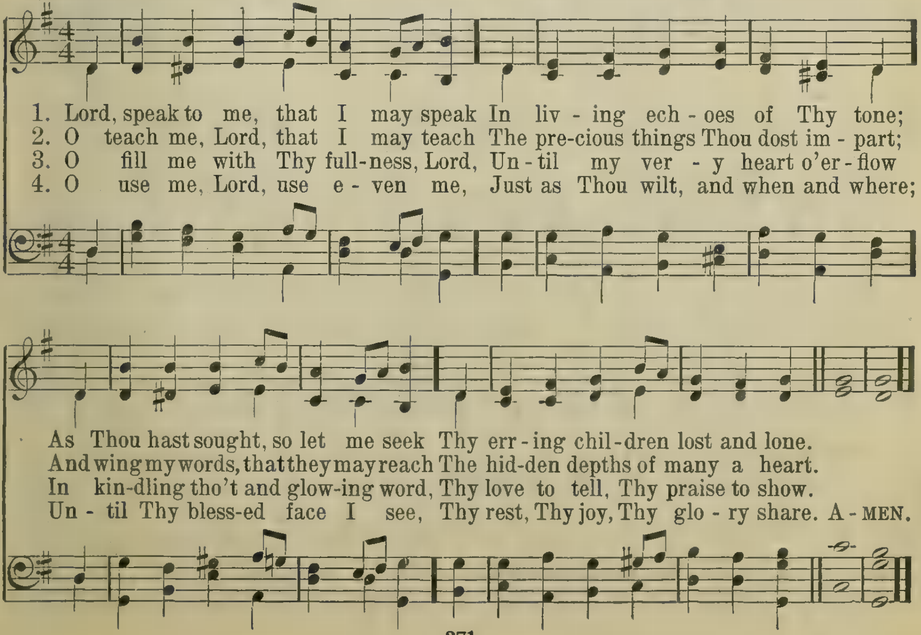

Mas - ter find a use for you; Pure and sweet and ho - ly
use, find a use for you; Pure and sweet and ho - ly
find a use, yes, find a use for you; Ho - - - ly
use, find a use for you, And pure and ho - - - ly
keep your heart for Him, Je - sus wants you to be true. A - MEN.

445 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak

(CANONBURY. L. M.)

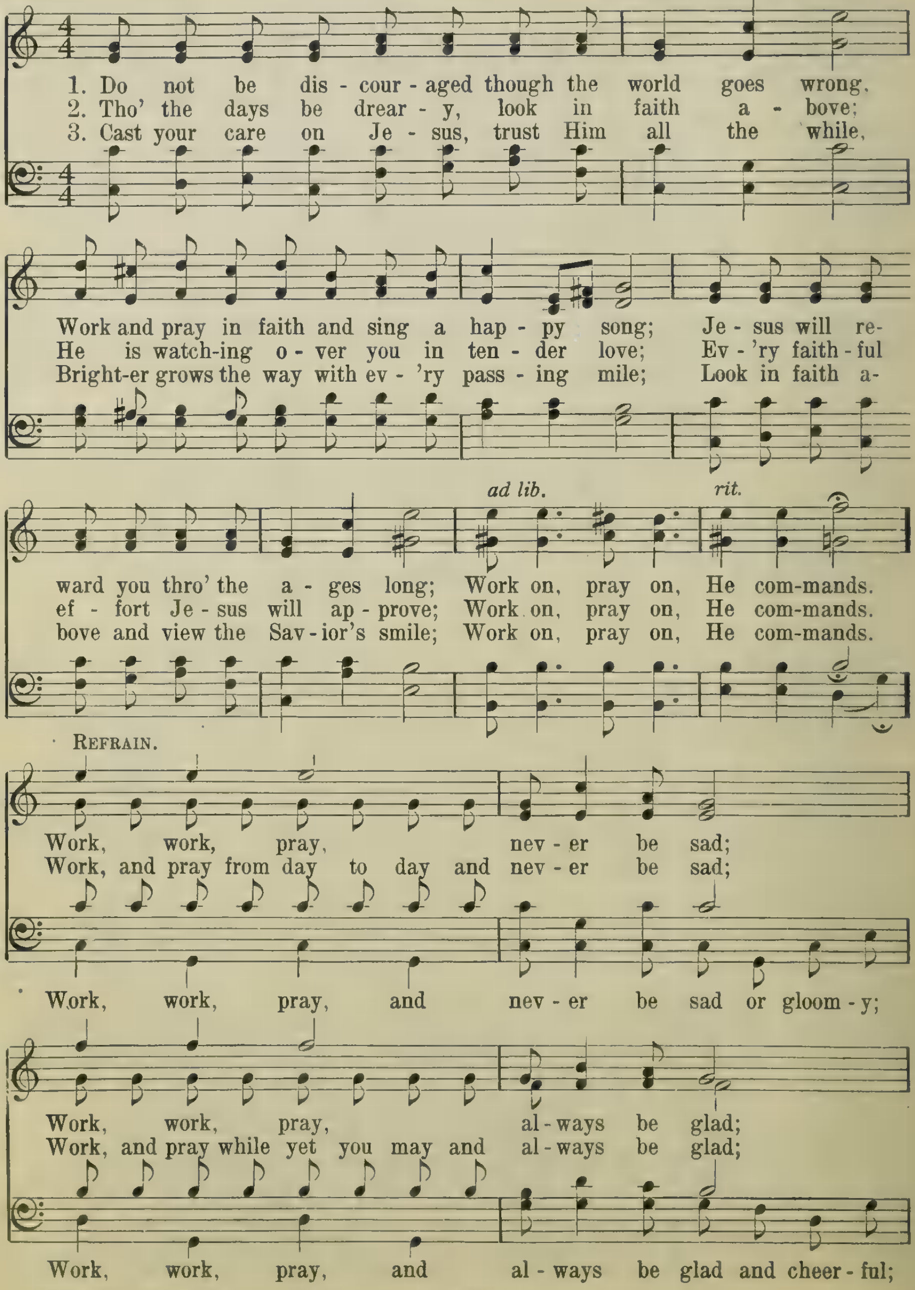
Frances R. Havergal, 1872.
Robert Schumann, 1833.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre-cious things Thou dost im - part;
3. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow
4. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil-dren lost and lone.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid-den depths of many a heart.
In kin-dling tho't and glow-ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un - til Thy bless-ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share. A - MEN.

446

Work On, Pray On

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Do not be dis - cour - aged though the world goes wrong,
2. Tho' the days be drear - y, look in faith a - bove;
3. Cast your care on Je - sus, trust Him all the while,
Work and pray in faith and sing a hap - py song; Je - sus will re-
He is watch-ing o - ver you in ten - der love; Ev - 'ry faith - ful
Bright-er grows the way with ev - 'ry pass - ing mile; Look in faith a-
ad lib.
rit.
ward you thro' the a - ges long; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.
ef - fort Je - sus will ap - prove; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.
bove and view the Sav - ior's smile; Work on, pray on, He com-mands.
Refrain.
Work, work, pray, nev - er be sad;
Work, and pray from day to day and nev - er be sad;
Work, work, pray, and nev - er be sad or gloom - y;
Work, work, pray, al - ways be glad;
Work, and pray while yet you may and al - ways be glad;
Work, work, pray, and al - ways be glad and cheer - ful;

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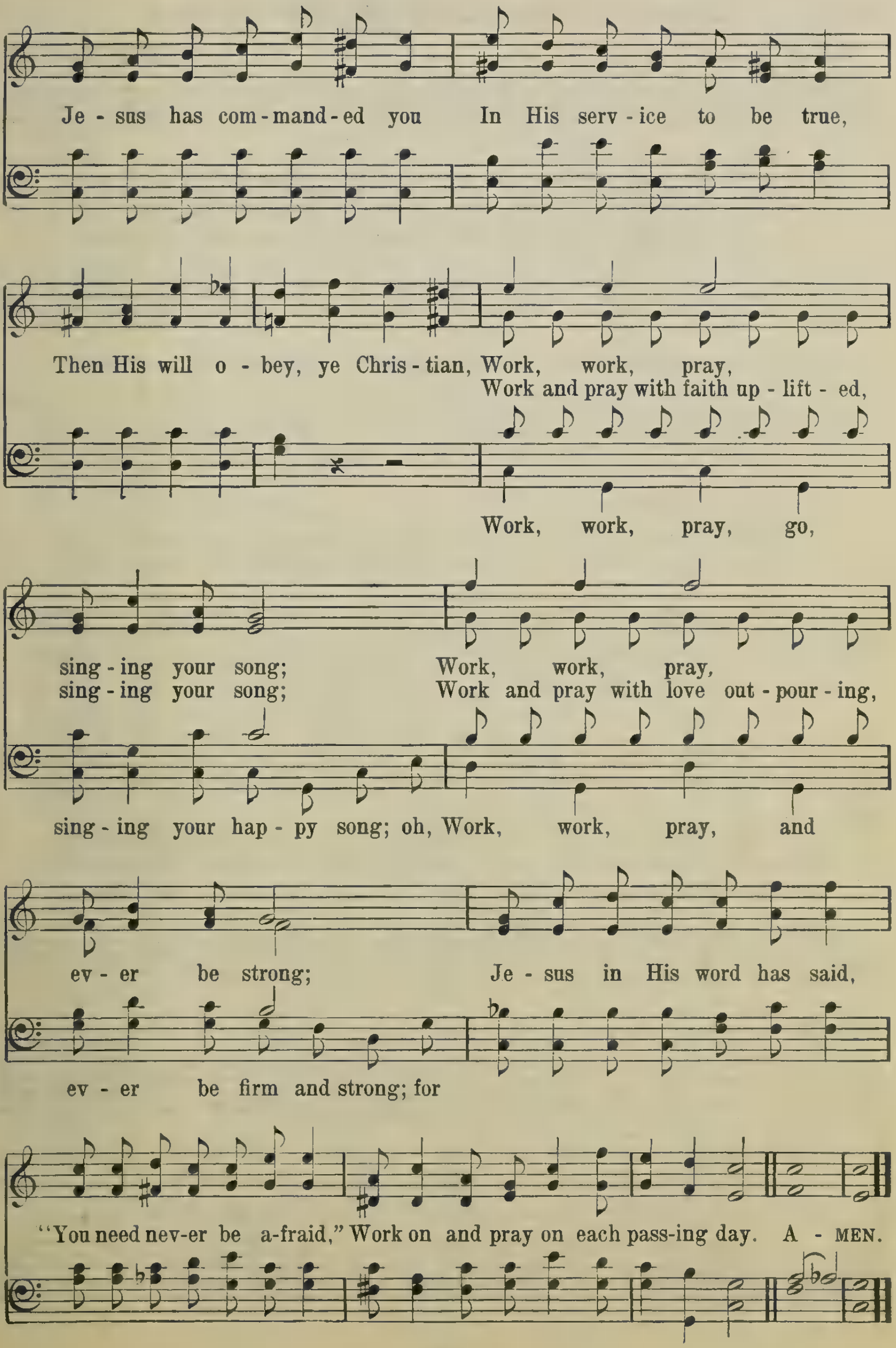
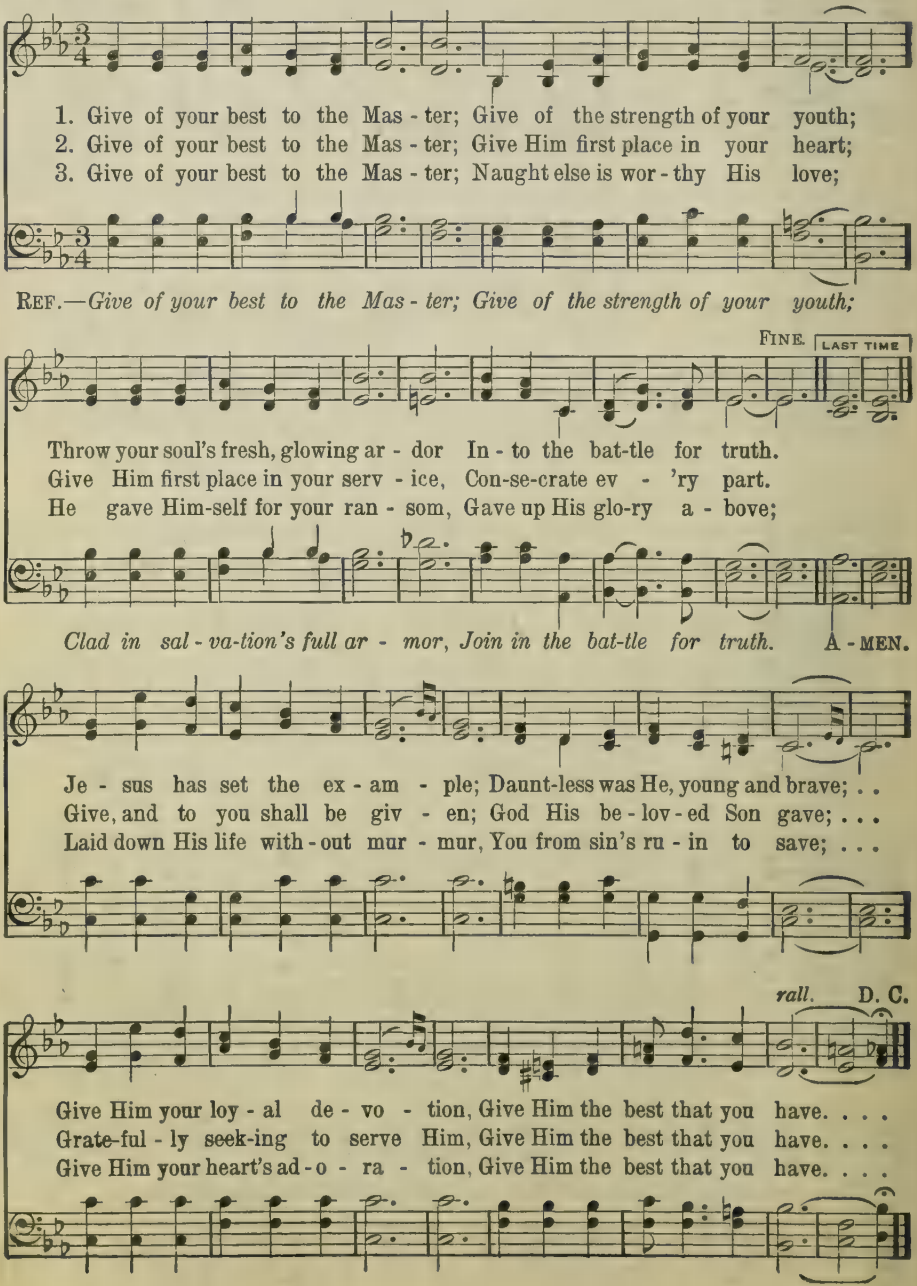

Je - sus has com - mand - ed you In His serv - ice to be true,
Then His will o - bey, ye Chris - tian, Work, work, pray,
Work and pray with faith up - lift - ed,
Work, work, pray, go,
sing - ing your song;
sing - ing your song;
Work, work, pray,
Work and pray with love out - pour - ing,
sing - ing your hap - py song; oh, Work, work, pray, and
ev - er be strong;
Je - sus in His word has said,
ev - er be firm and strong; for
"You need nev-er be a-fraid," Work on and pray on each pass-ing day. A - MEN.

447 Give of Your Best to the Master

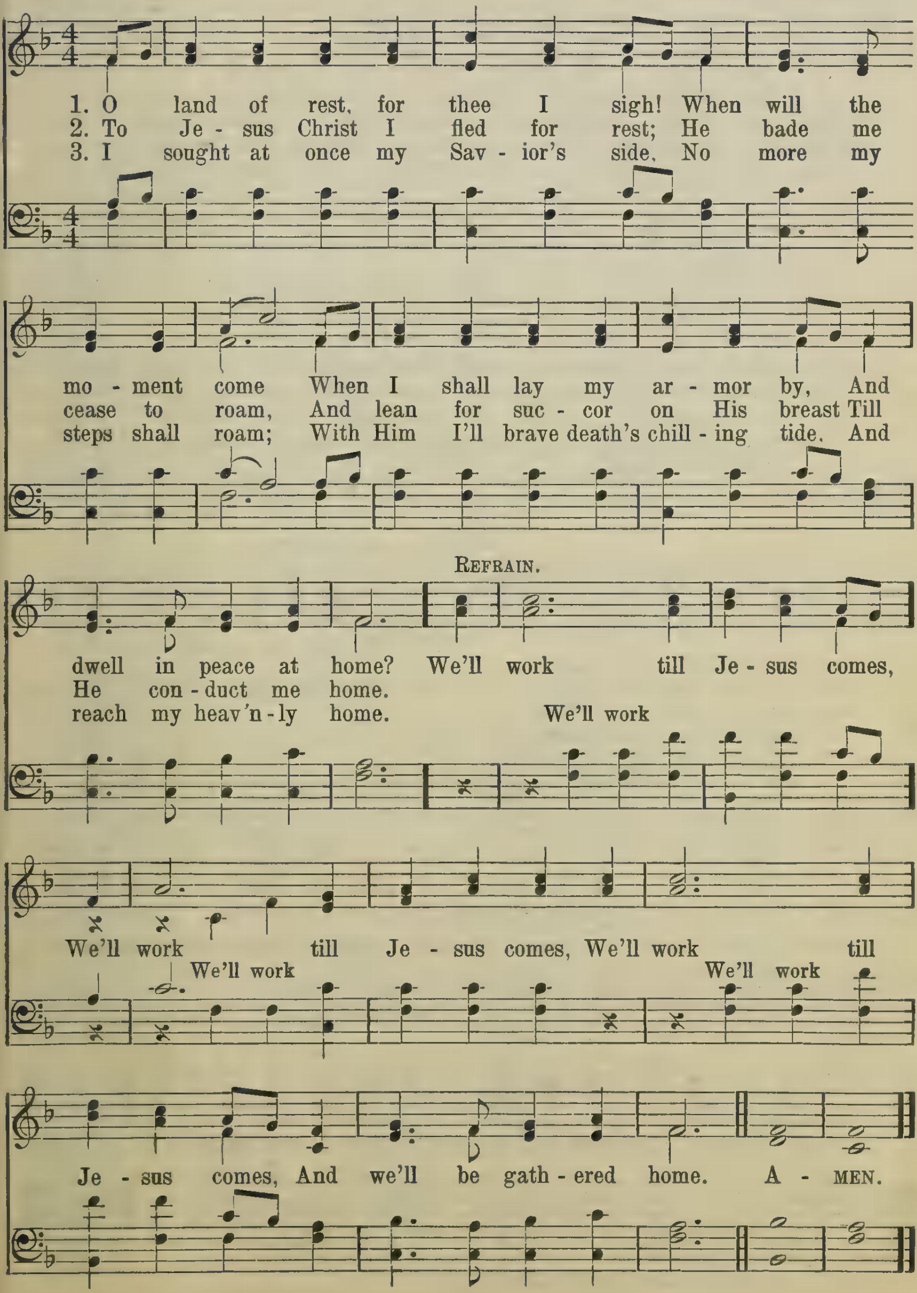
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;
REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
FINE.
LAST TIME
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.
A - MEN.
Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Daunt-less was He, young and brave; . .
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave; . . .
Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save; . . .
rall.
D. C.
Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .

448

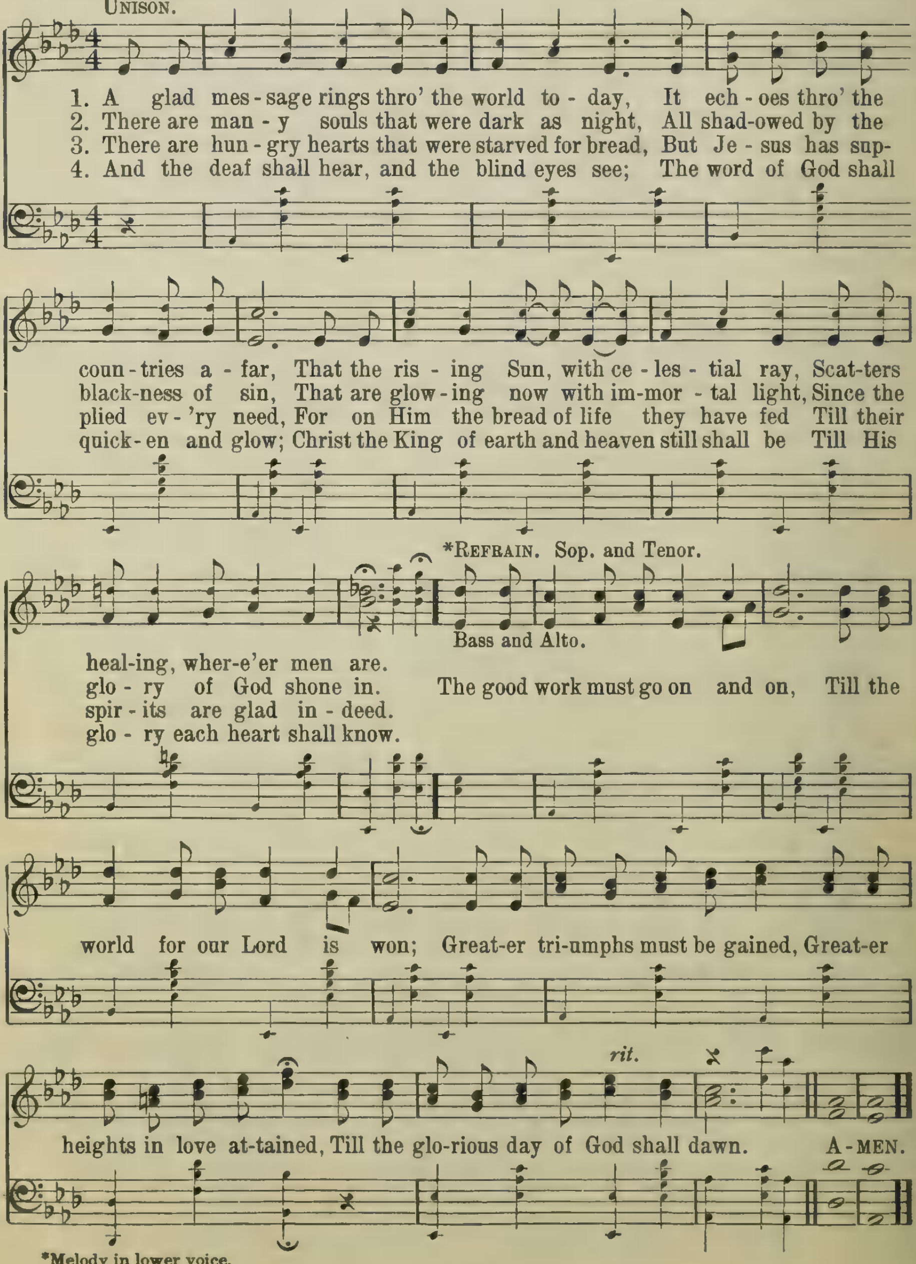
We'll Work Till Jesus Comes

Elizabeth Mills. William Miller.


1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the
2. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me
3. I sought at once my Sav - ior's side. No more my
mo - ment come When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And
cease to roam, And lean for suc - cor on His breast Till
steps shall roam; With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide. And
dwell in peace at home?
He con - duct me home.
reach my heav'n - ly home.
REFRAIN.
We'll work till Je - sus comes,
We'll work
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till
We'll work
We'll work
Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home. A - MEN.

449 The Work Must Go On

Laurene Highfield.
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


UNISON.
1. A glad mes-sage rings thro' the world to-day, It ech-oes thro' the
2. There are man-y souls that were dark as night, All shad-owed by the
3. There are hun-gry hearts that were starved for bread, But Je-sus has sup-
4. And the deaf shall hear, and the blind eyes see; The word of God shall
coun-tries a-far, That the ris-ing Sun, with ce-les-tial ray, Scat-ters
black-ness of sin, That are glow-ing now with im-mor-tal light, Since the
plied ev-'ry need, For on Him the bread of life they have fed Till their
quick-en and glow; Christ the King of earth and heaven still shall be Till His
heal-ing, wher-e'er men are.
glo-ry of God shone in.
spir-its are glad in-deed.
glo-ry each heart shall know.
*REFRAIN. Sop. and Tenor.
Bass and Alto.
The good work must go on and on, Till the
world for our Lord is won; Great-er tri-umphs must be gained, Great-er
heights in love at-tained, Till the glo-rious day of God shall dawn.
rit.
A-MEN.

*Melody in lower voice.

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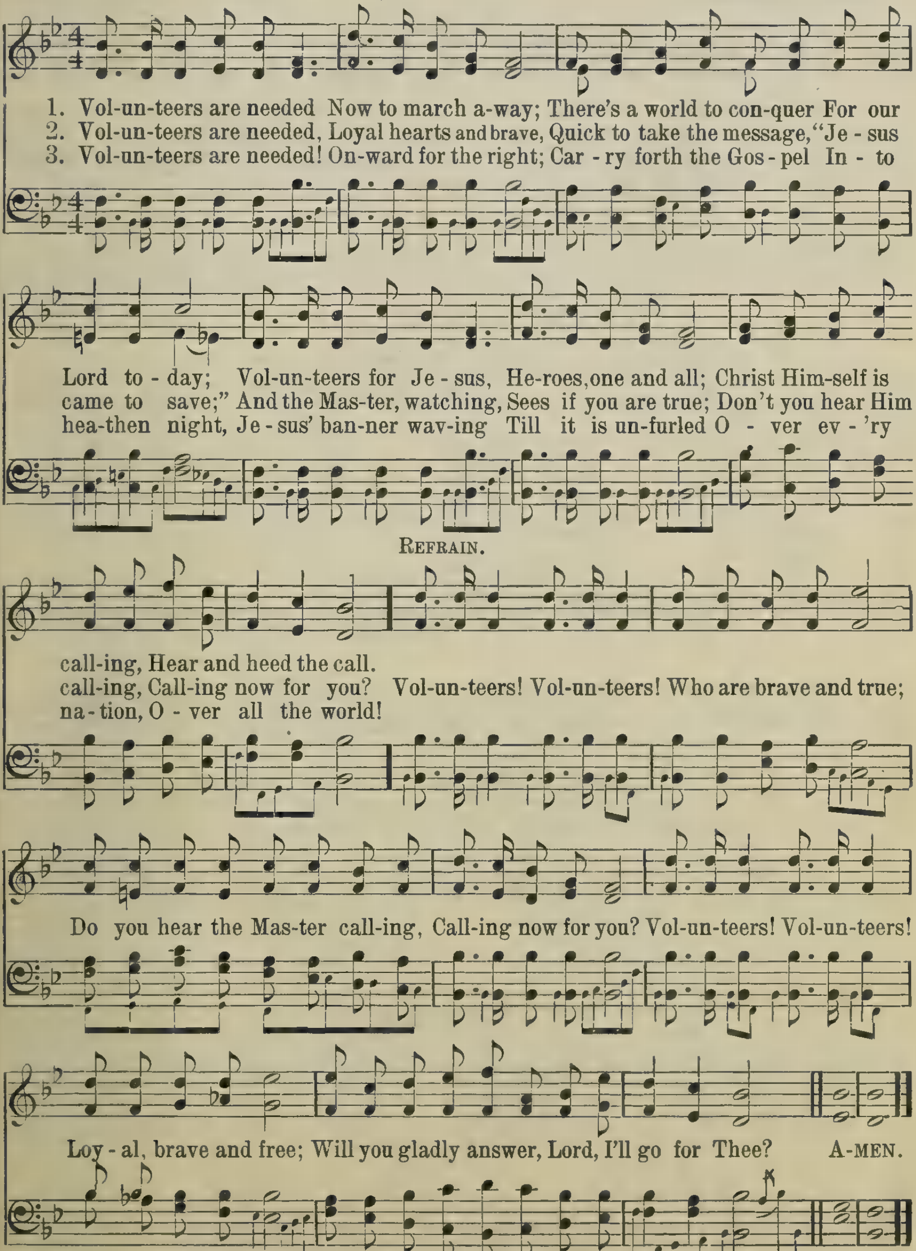
450 Volunteers For Jesus

Rev. W. C. Poole. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Vol-un-teers are needed Now to march a-way; There's a world to con-quer For our
2. Vol-un-teers are needed, Loyal hearts and brave, Quick to take the message, "Je - sus
3. Vol-un-teers are needed! On-ward for the right; Car - ry forth the Gos - pel In - to
Lord to - day; Vol-un-teers for Je - sus, He-roes, one and all; Christ Him-self is
came to save;" And the Mas-ter, watching, Sees if you are true; Don't you hear Him
hea-then night, Je - sus' ban-ner wav-ing Till it is un-furled O - ver ev - 'ry
call-ing, Hear and heed the call.
call-ing, Call-ing now for you?
na - tion, O - ver all the world!
REFRAIN.
Vol-un-teers! Vol-un-teers! Who are brave and true;
Do you hear the Mas-ter call-ing, Call-ing now for you? Vol-un-teers! Vol-un-teers!
Loy - al, brave and free; Will you gladly answer, Lord, I'll go for Thee?
A-MEN.

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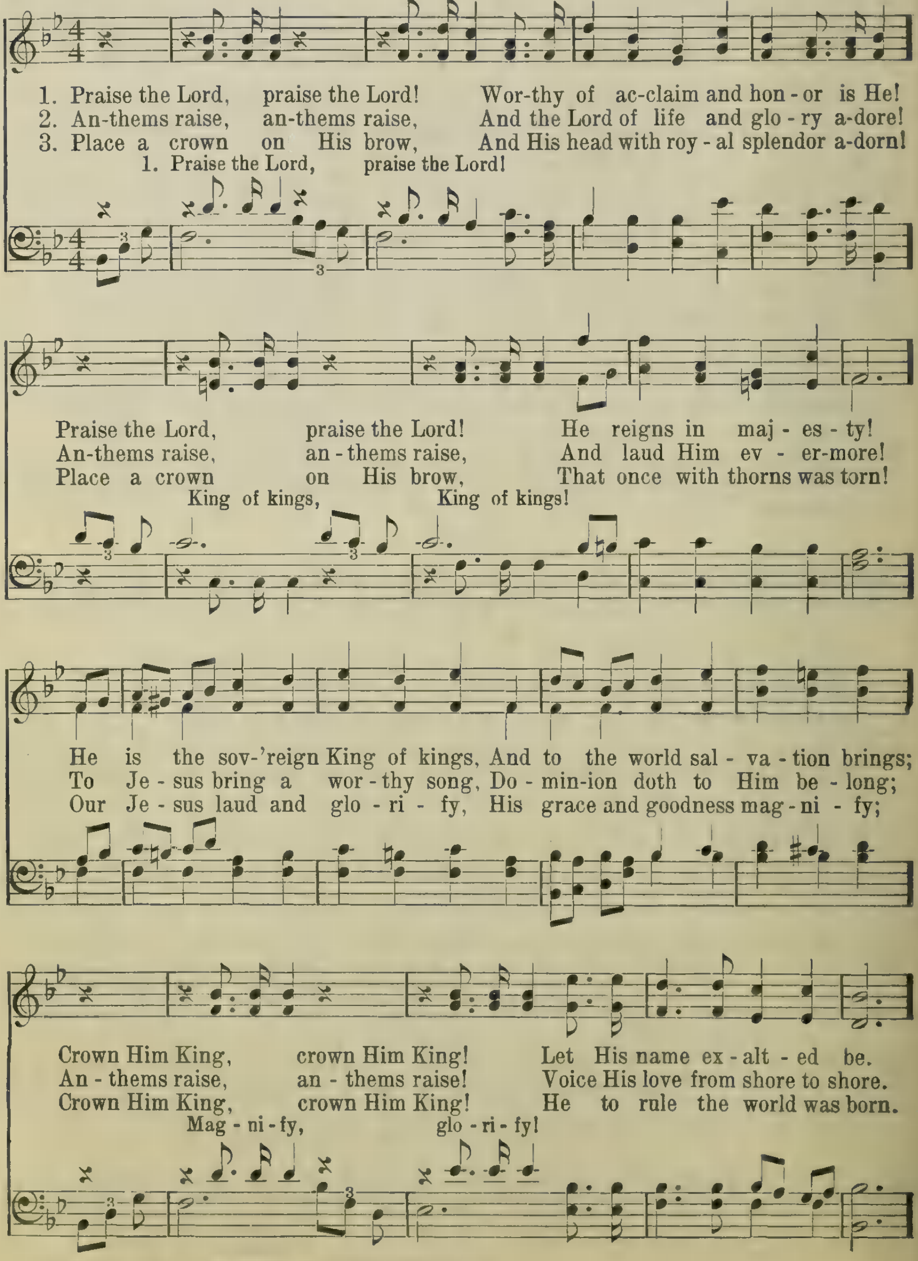
451

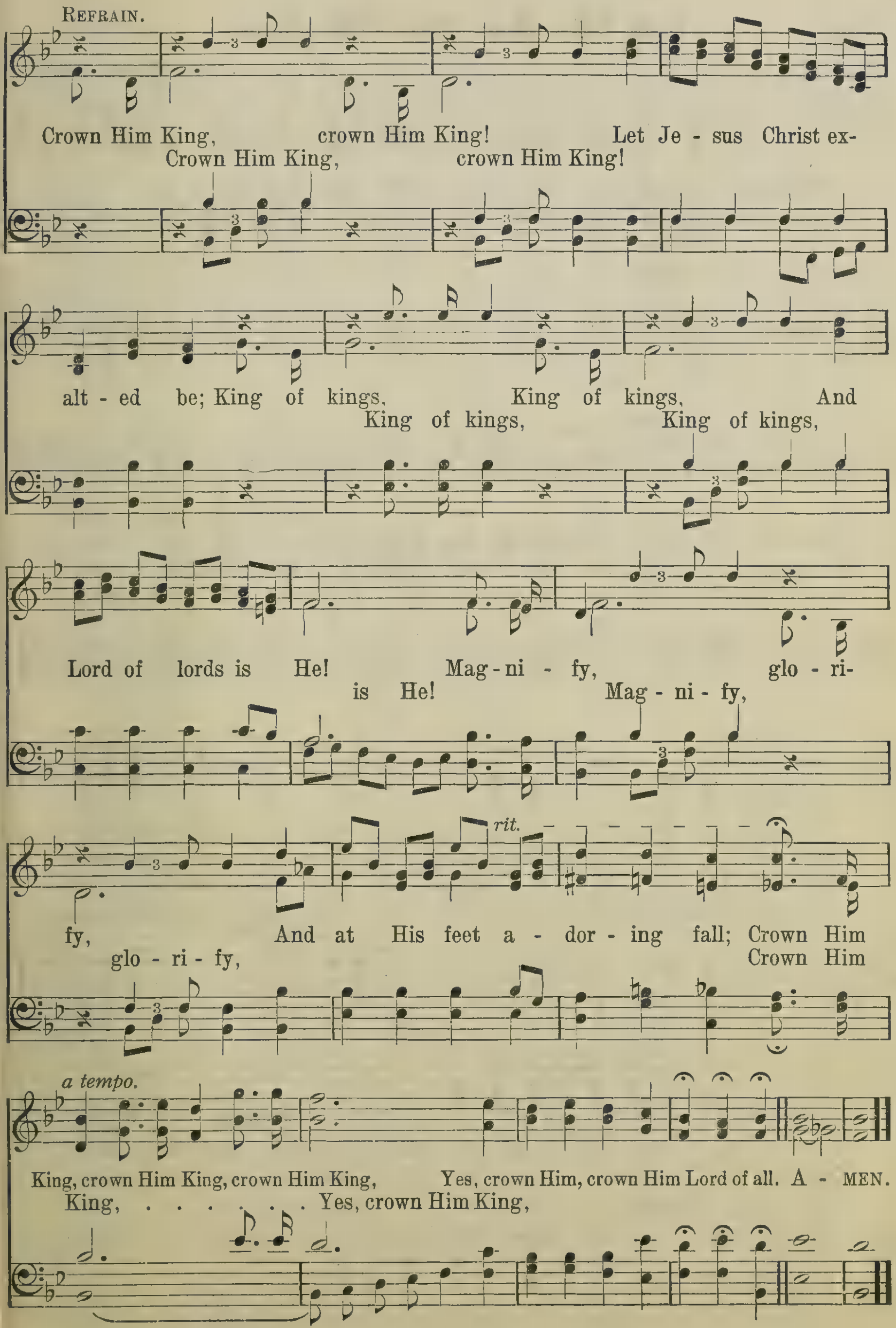
Crown Him King

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

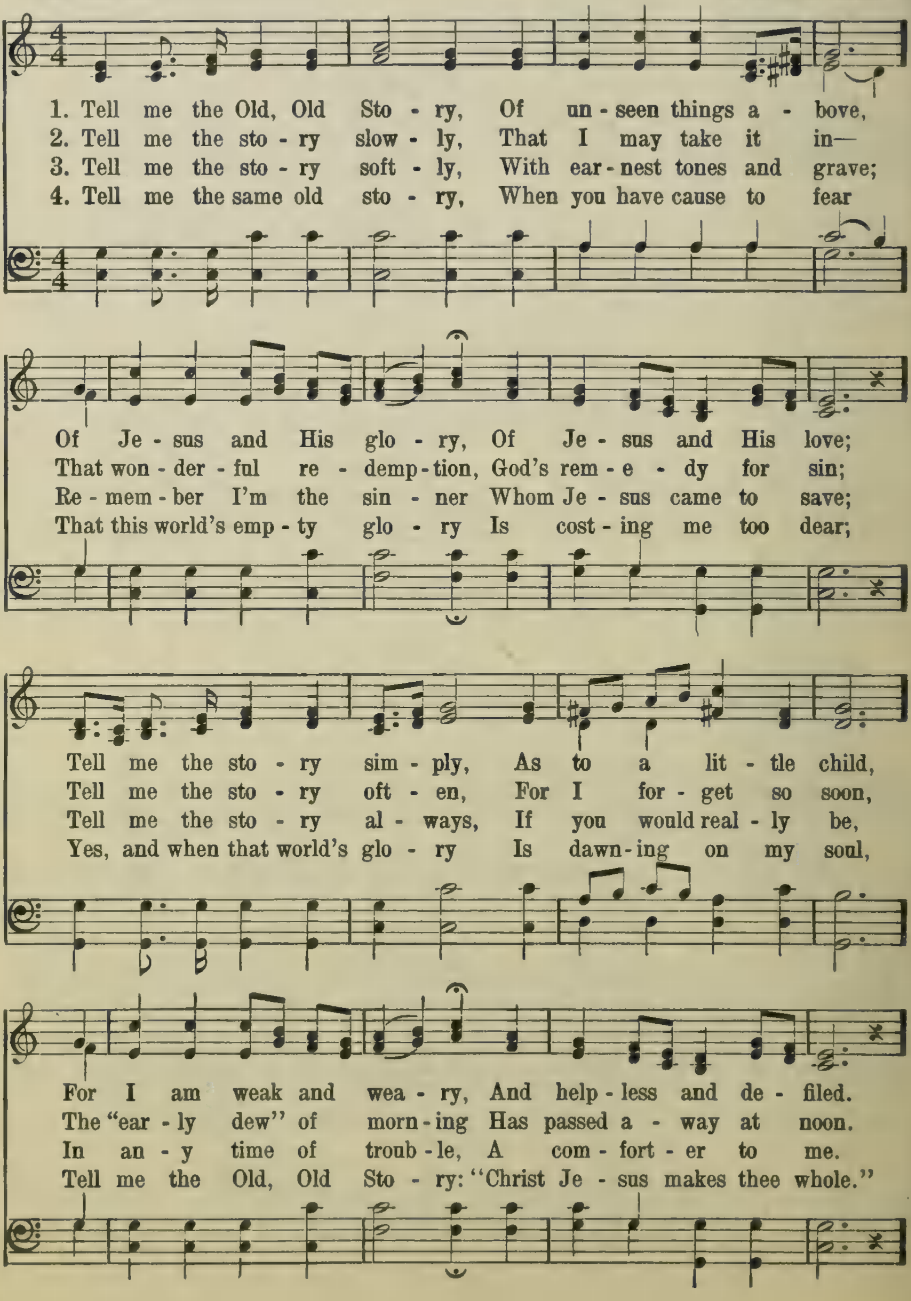

1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Wor-thy of ac-claim and hon - or is He!
2. An-thems raise, an-thems raise, And the Lord of life and glo - ry a-dore!
3. Place a crown on His brow, And His head with roy - al splendor a-dorn!
1. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! He reigns in maj - es - ty!
An-thems raise, an - thems raise, And laud Him ev - er-more!
Place a crown on His brow, That once with thorns was torn!
King of kings, King of kings!
He is the sov-'reign King of kings, And to the world sal - va - tion brings;
To Je - sus bring a wor - thy song, Do - min-ion doth to Him be - long;
Our Je - sus laud and glo - ri - fy, His grace and goodness mag - ni - fy;
Crown Him King, crown Him King! Let His name ex - alt - ed be.
An - thems raise, an - thems raise! Voice His love from shore to shore.
Crown Him King, crown Him King! He to rule the world was born.
Mag - ni - fy, glo - ri - fy!

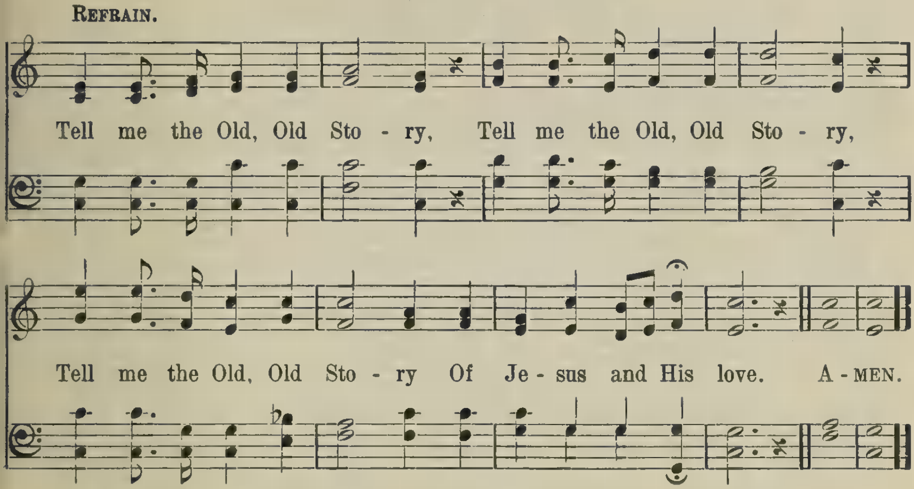
Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."


Refrain.
Crown Him King, crown Him King! Let Je - sus Christ ex-
Crown Him King, crown Him King!
alt - ed be; King of kings, King of kings, And
King of kings, King of kings,
Lord of lords is He! Mag - ni - fy, glo - ri-
is He! Mag - ni - fy,
fy, And at His feet a - dor - ing fall; Crown Him
glo - ri - fy, Crown Him
rit.
a tempo.
King, crown Him King, crown Him King, Yes, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.
King, ... Yes, crown Him King,

452 Tell Me the Old, Old Story

Kate Hankey. W. H. Doane, 1832.

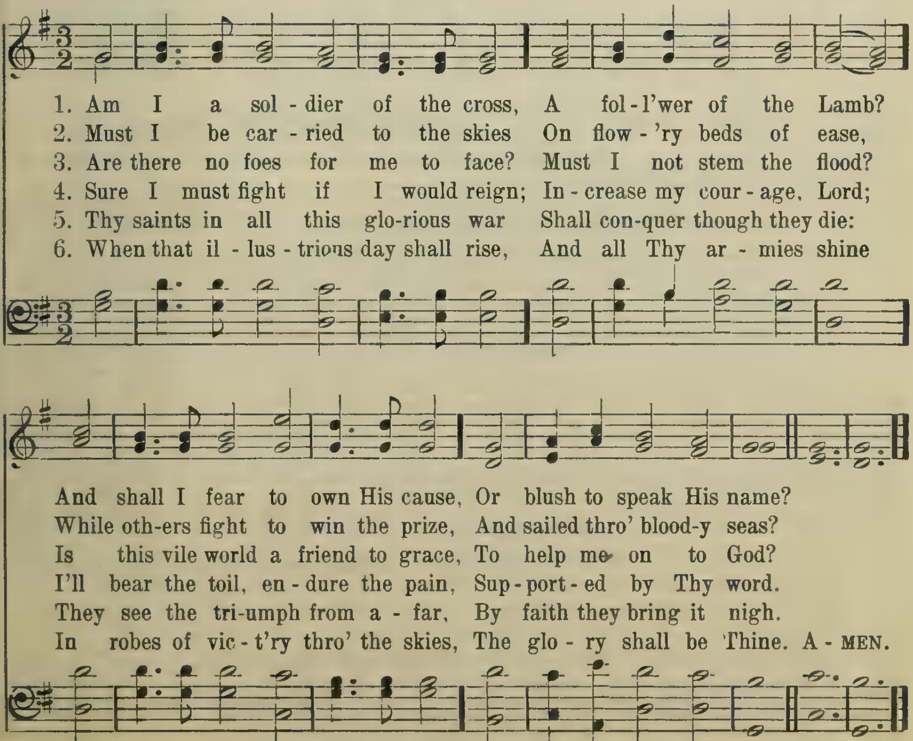

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in—
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear - nest tones and grave;
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love;
That won - der - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin;
Re - mem - ber I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save;
That this world's emp - ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear;
Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,
Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon,
Tell me the sto - ry al - ways, If you would real - ly be,
Yes, and when that world's glo - ry Is dawn - ing on my soul,
For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.
The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.
In an - y time of troub - le, A com - fort - er to me.
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ Je - sus makes thee whole."


REFRAIN.
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry,
Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

453 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

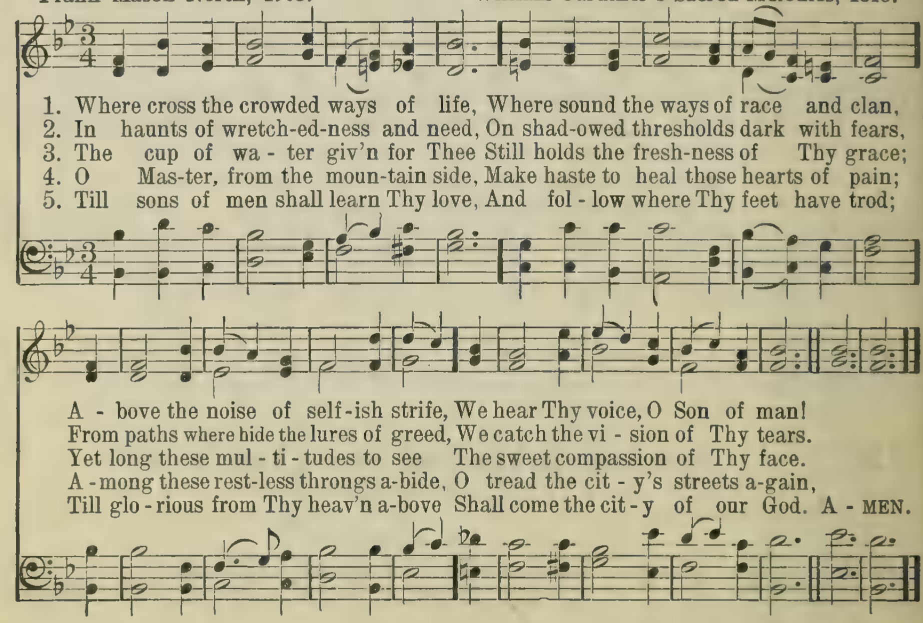
Isaac Watts, 1674-1748. Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710-1778.


1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In - crease my cour - age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer though they die:
6. When that il - lus - trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar - mies shine
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fight to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic - t'ry thro' the skies, The glo - ry shall be Thine. A - MEN.

454 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

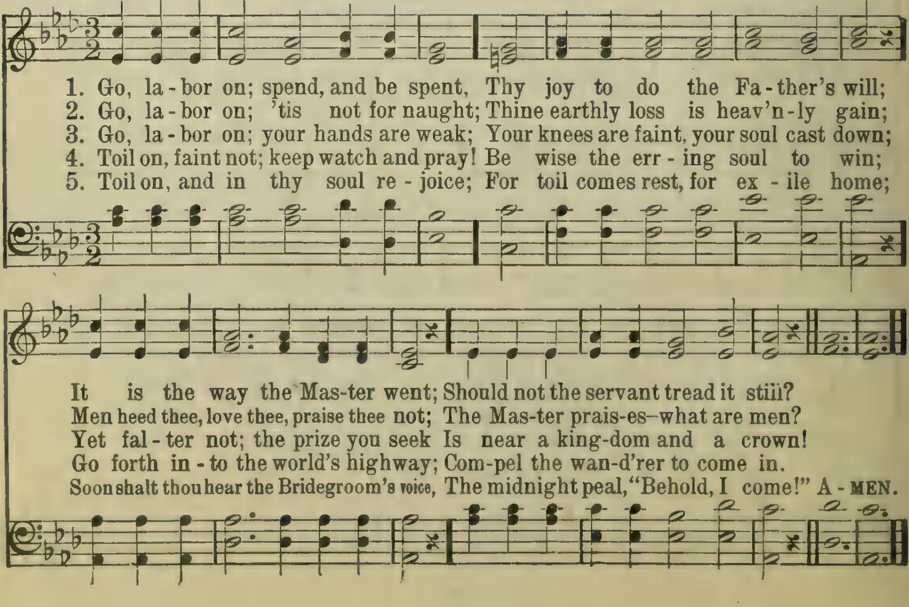
(GERMANY. L. M.)

Frank Mason North, 1903. William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815.


1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the ways of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shad-owed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas-ter, from the moun-tain side, Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love, And fol - low where Thy feet have trod;
A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet compassion of Thy face.
A - mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a-gain,
Till glo - rious from Thy heav'n a-bove Shall come the cit - y of our God. A - MEN.

455 Go, Labor On; Spend, and Be Spent

Horatius Bonar. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. E. Zeuner.

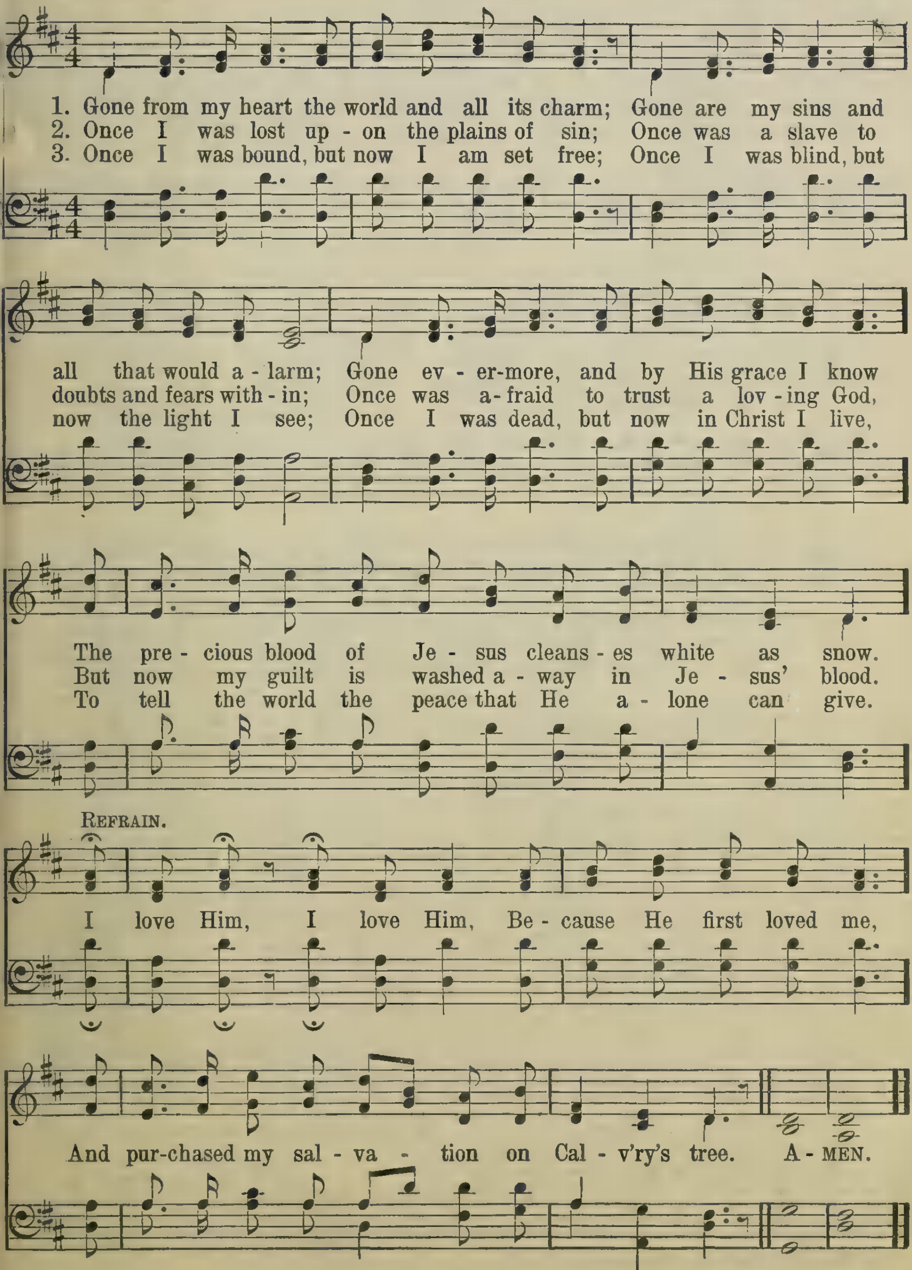

1. Go, la - bor on; spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n-ly gain;
3. Go, la - bor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err - ing soul to win;
5. Toil on, and in thy soul re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas-ter prais-es—what are men?
Yet fal - ter not; the prize you seek Is near a king-dom and a crown!
Go forth in - to the world's highway; Com-pel the wan-d'rer to come in.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!" A - MEN.

456

Gone From My Heart

(I LOVE HIM.)

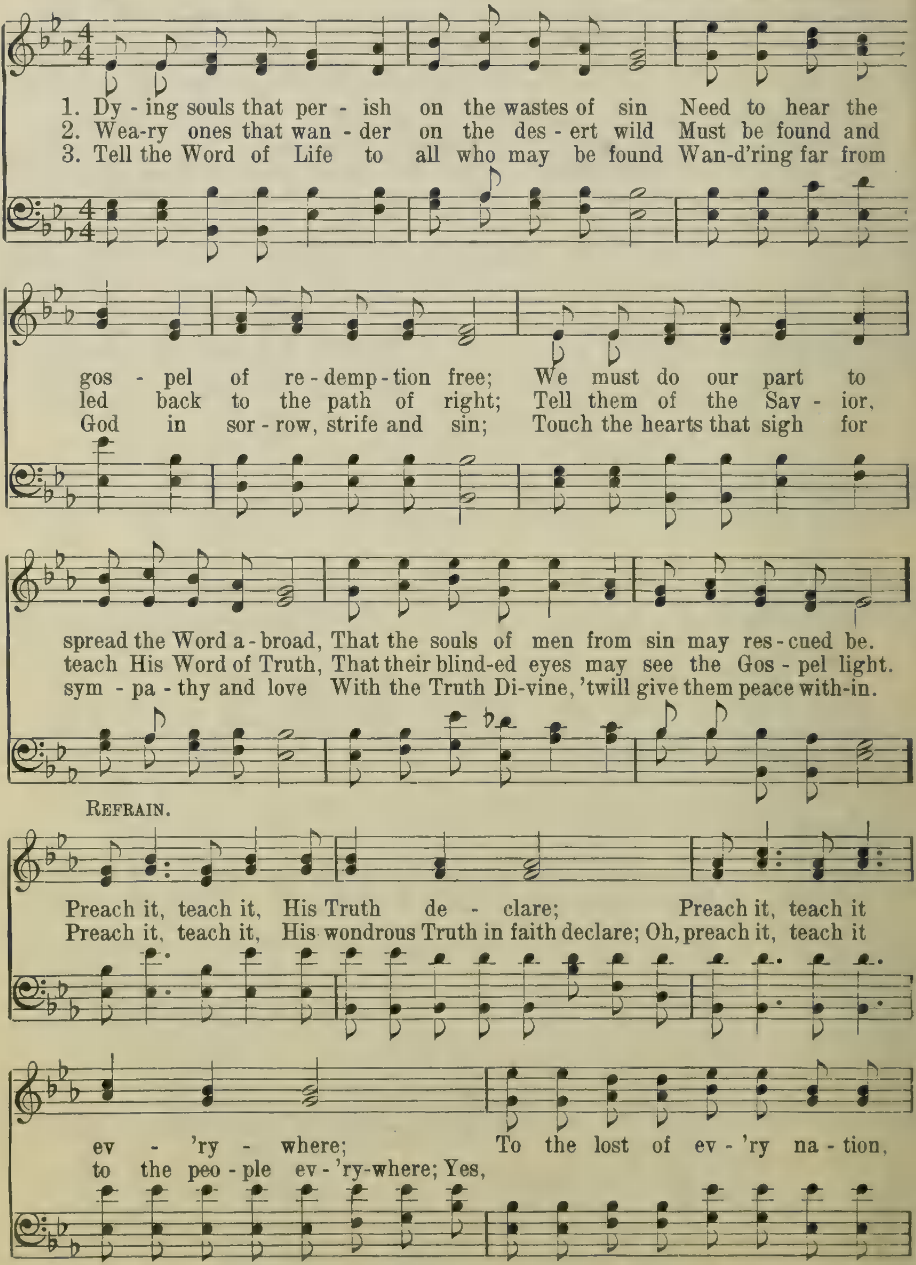
English Hymn Book. S. C. Foster, 1826–1864.


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know
doubts and fears with - in; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God,
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live,
The pre - cious blood of Je - sus cleans - es white as snow.
But now my guilt is washed a - way in Je - sus' blood.
To tell the world the peace that He a - lone can give.
REFRAIN.
I love Him, I love Him, Be - cause He first loved me,
And pur-chased my sal - va - tion on Cal - v'ry's tree. A - MEN.

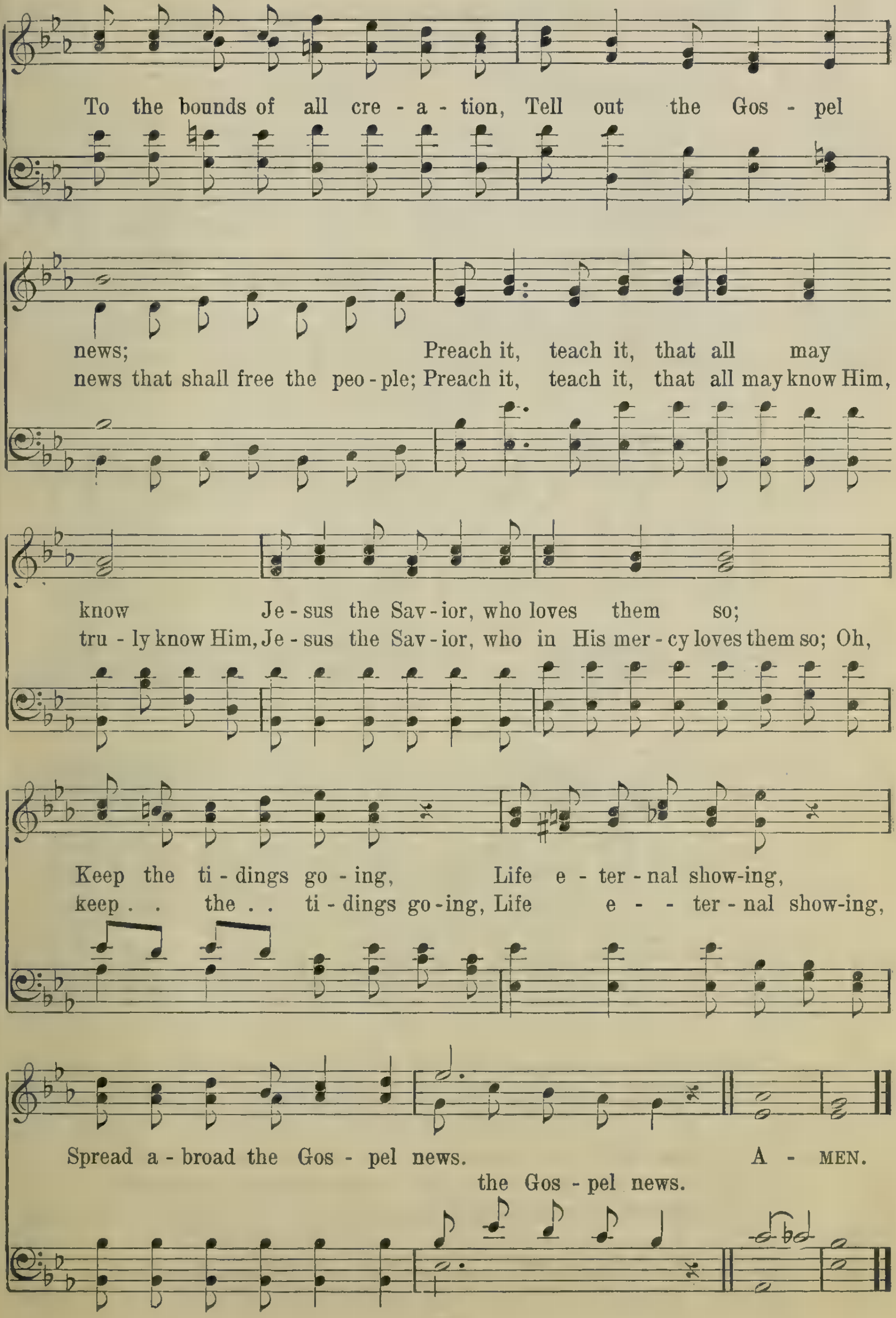
457

The Gospel News

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Dy - ing souls that per - ish on the wastes of sin Need to hear the
2. Wea-ry ones that wan - der on the des - ert wild Must be found and
3. Tell the Word of Life to all who may be found Wan-d'ring far from
gos - pel of re - demp - tion free; We must do our part to
led back to the path of right; Tell them of the Sav - ior,
God in sor - row, strife and sin; Touch the hearts that sigh for
spread the Word a - broad, That the souls of men from sin may res - cued be.
teach His Word of Truth, That their blind-ed eyes may see the Gos - pel light.
sym - pa - thy and love With the Truth Di-vine, 'twill give them peace with-in.
Refrain.
Preach it, teach it, His Truth de - clare; Preach it, teach it
Preach it, teach it, His wondrous Truth in faith declare; Oh, preach it, teach it
ev - 'ry - where; To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion,
to the peo - ple ev - 'ry-where; Yes,

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.

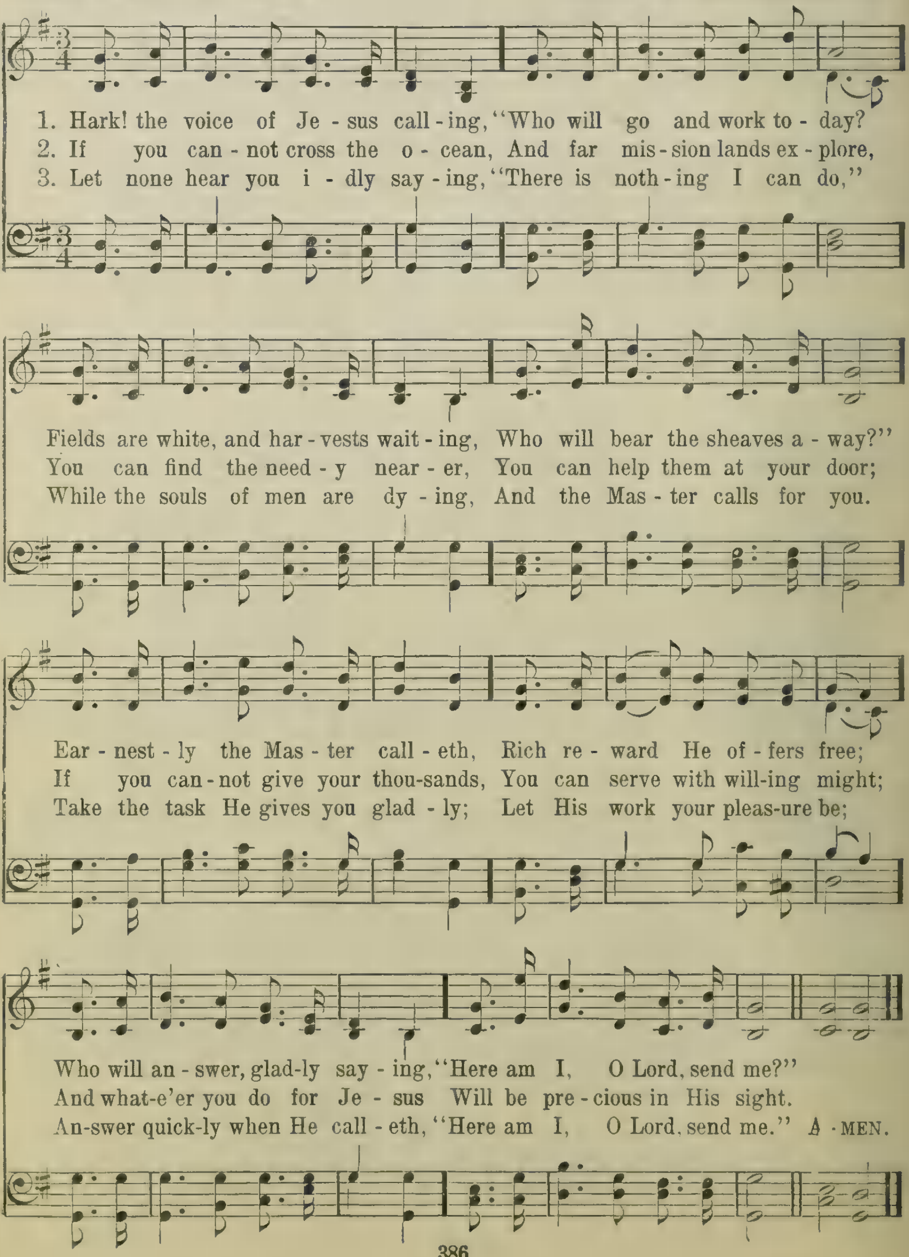

To the bounds of all cre - a - tion, Tell out the Gos - pel
news;
news that shall free the peo - ple; Preach it, teach it, that all may know Him,
Preach it, teach it, that all may
know Je - sus the Sav - ior, who loves them so;
tru - ly know Him, Je - sus the Sav - ior, who in His mer - cy loves them so; Oh,
Keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e - ter - nal show-ing,
keep . . the . . ti - dings go - ing, Life e - - ter - nal show-ing,
Spread a - broad the Gos - pel news.
the Gos - pel news.
A - MEN.

458 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

[*First Tune*]

(AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.)

Daniel March, 1868. Altered. Francois H. Barthelemon, 1785.

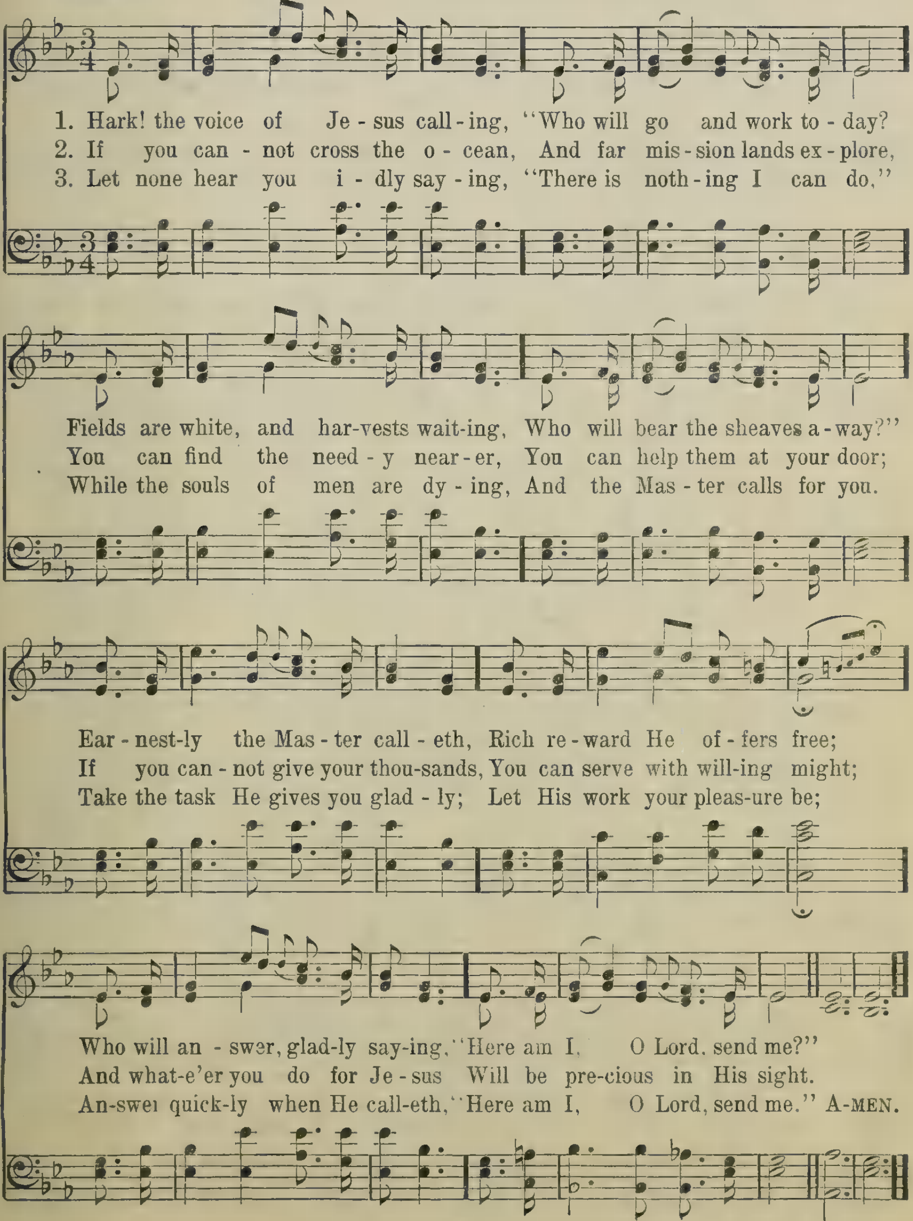

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"
Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.
Ear - nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thou - sands, You can serve with will - ing might;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas - ure be;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
And what - e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - MEN.

459 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

[*Second Tune*]

(The Last Rose of Summer.)

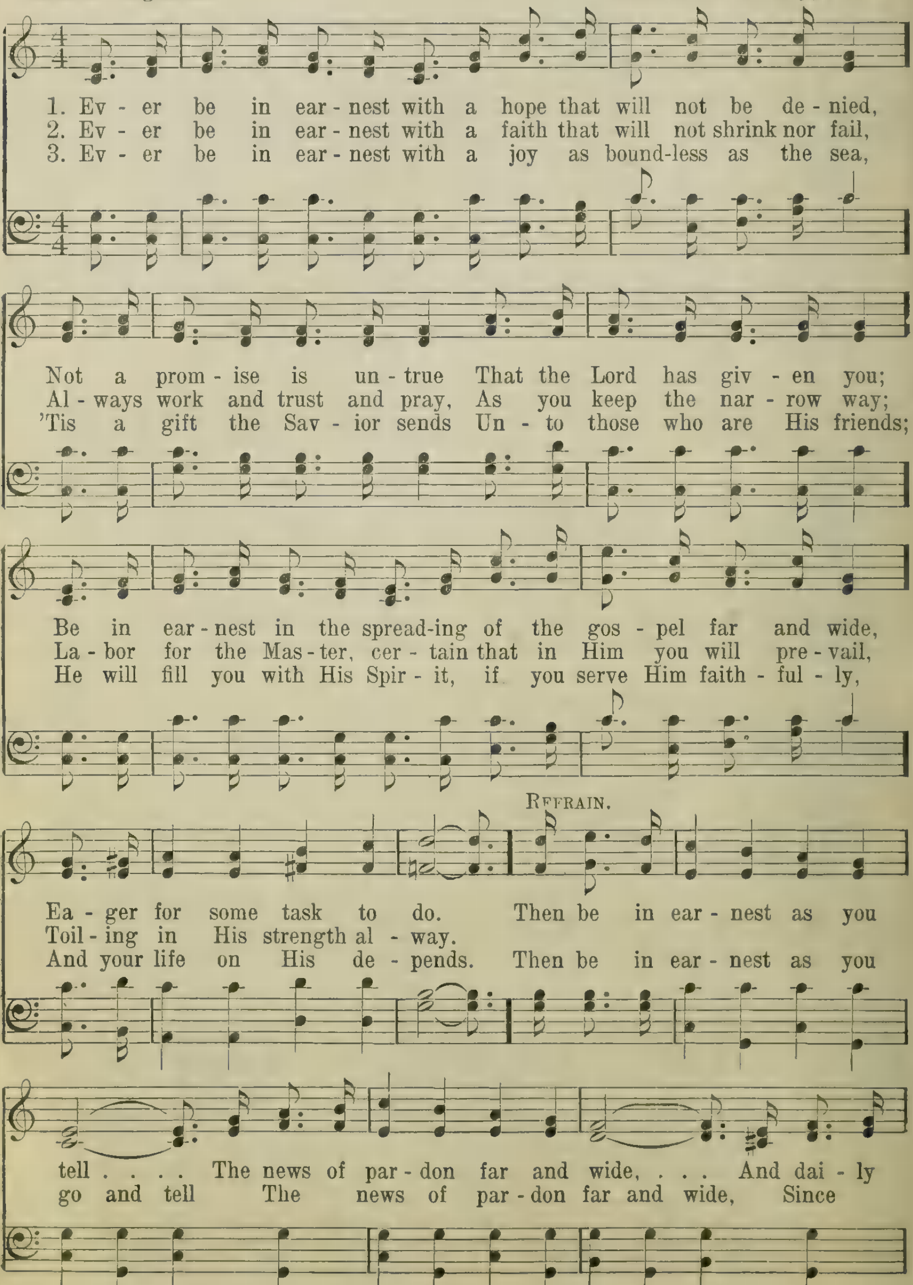
Daniel March, 1868. Altered.
Irish Air.


1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"
Fields are white, and har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.
Ear - nest-ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thou-sands, You can serve with will-ing might;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas-ure be;
Who will an - swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
And what-e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre-cious in His sight.
An-swer quick-ly when He call-eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A-MEN.

460

Be in Earnest

Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a hope that will not be de - nied,
2. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a faith that will not shrink nor fail,
3. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a joy as bound-less as the sea,
Not a prom - ise is un - true That the Lord has giv - en you;
Al - ways work and trust and pray, As you keep the nar - row way;
'Tis a gift the Sav - ior sends Un - to those who are His friends;
Be in ear - nest in the spread-ing of the gos - pel far and wide,
La - bor for the Mas - ter, cer - tain that in Him you will pre - vail,
He will fill you with His Spir - it, if you serve Him faith - ful - ly,
Ea - ger for some task to do.
Toil - ing in His strength al - way.
And your life on His de - pends.
REFRAIN.
Then be in ear - nest as you
tell . . . . The news of par - don far and wide, . . . And dai - ly
go and tell The news of par - don far and wide, Since

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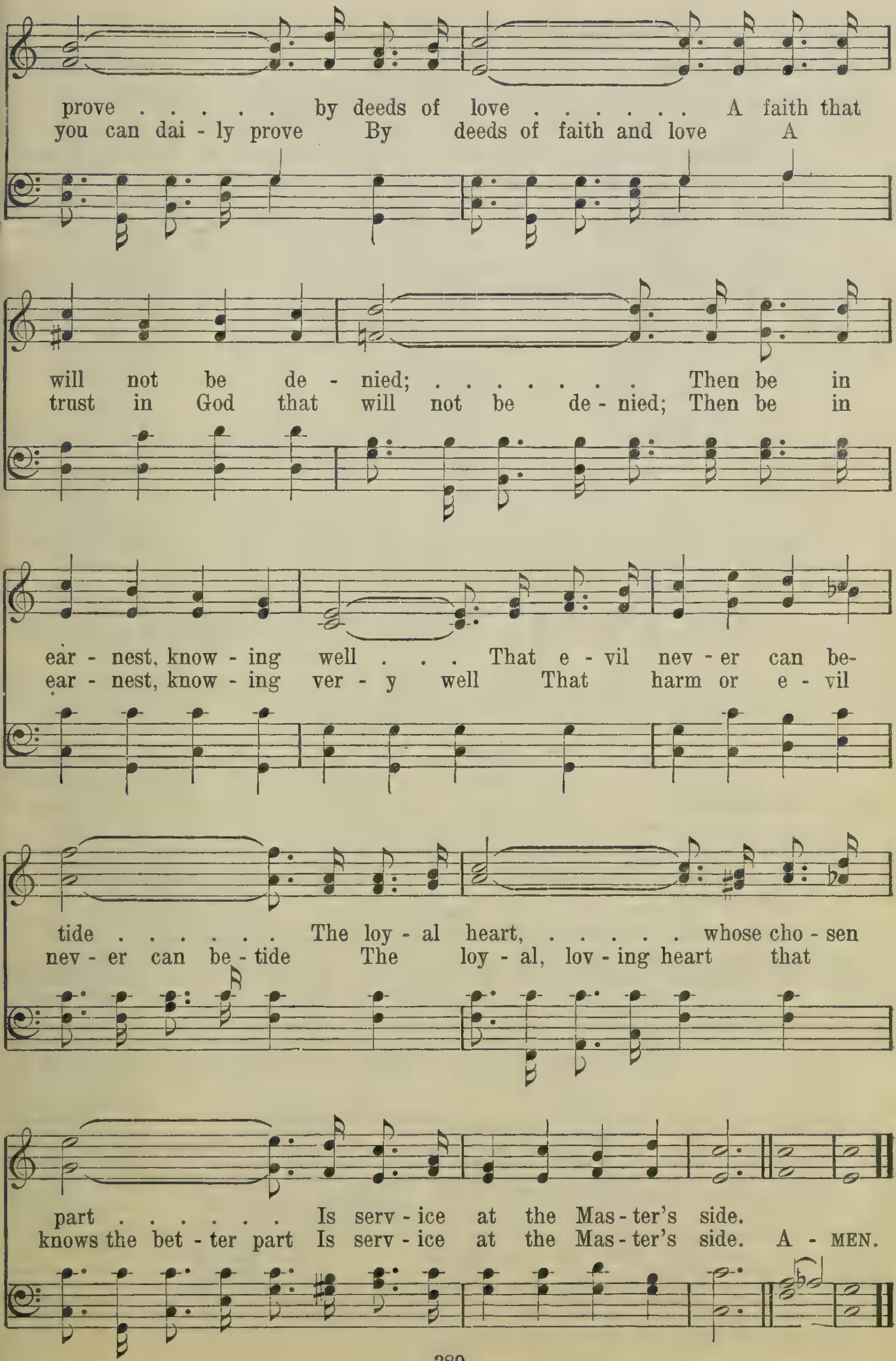
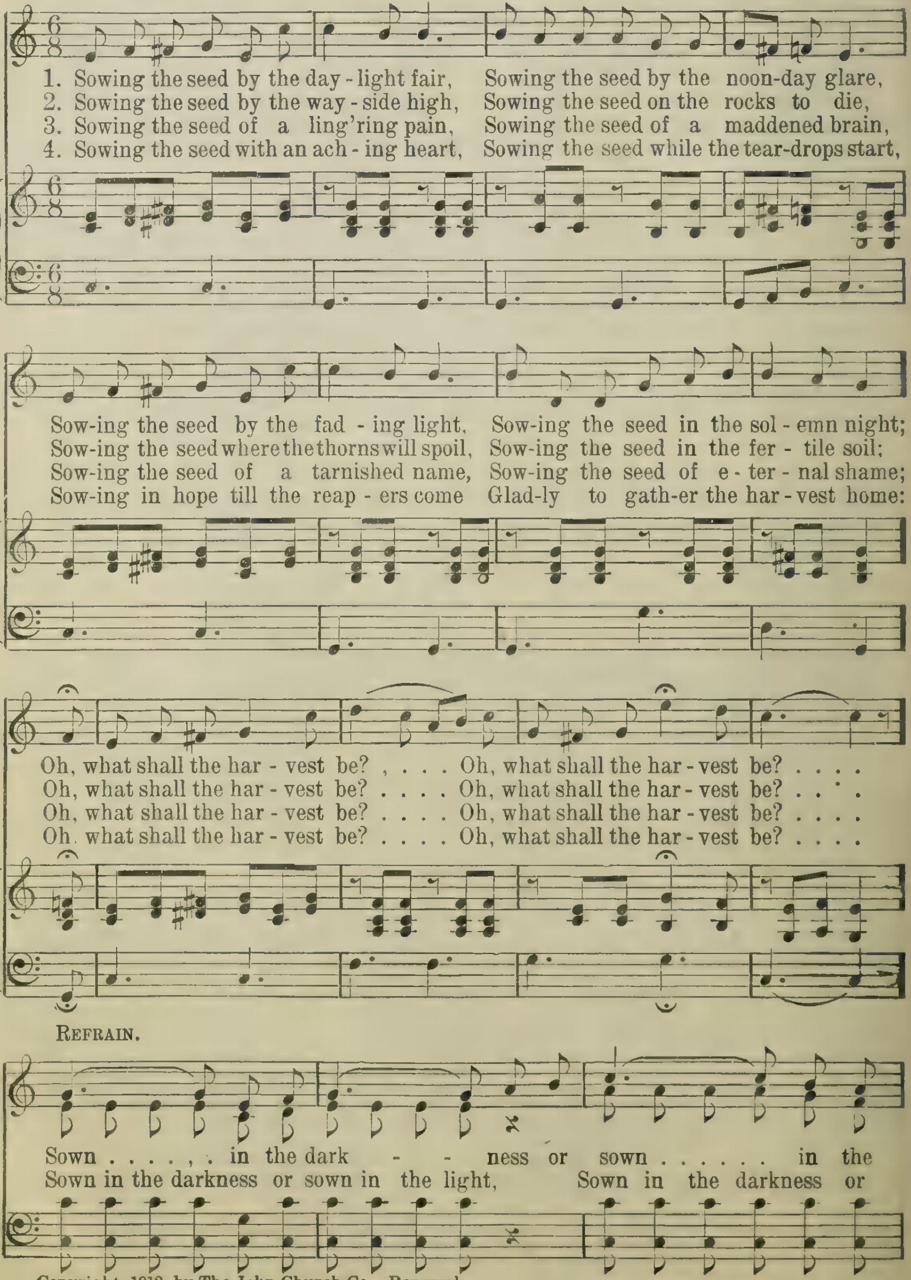

prove . . . . . . by deeds of love . . . . A faith that
you can dai - ly prove By deeds of faith and love A
will not be de - nied; . . . . Then be in
trust in God that will not be de - nied; Then be in
ear - nest, know - ing well . . . That e - vil nev - er can be-
ear - nest, know - ing ver - y well That harm or e - vil
tide . . . . The loy - al heart, ... whose cho - sen
nev - er can be - tide The loy - al, lov - ing heart that
part . . . . Is serv - ice at the Mas - ter's side.
knows the bet - ter part Is serv - ice at the Mas - ter's side. A - MEN.

461

What Shall the Harvest Be

Miss Emily S. Oakey. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sowing the seed by the day - light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sowing the seed by the way - side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
4. Sowing the seed with an ach - ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap - ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har - vest home:
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . .
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . .
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . .
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . .
REFRAIN.
Sown . . . . , . in the dark - - ness or sown . . . . . . in the
Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or

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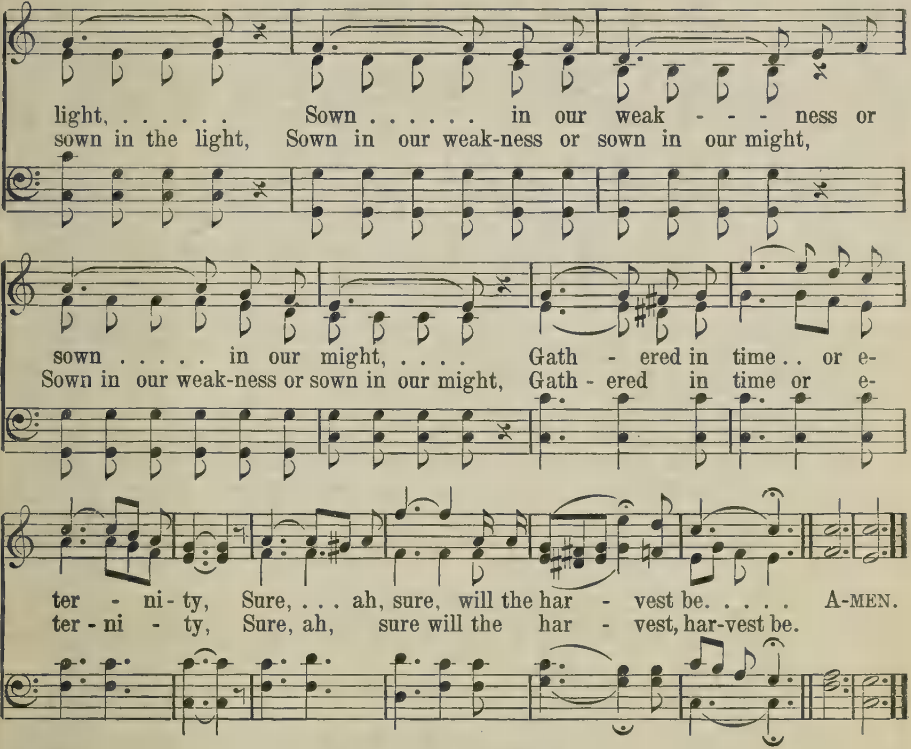
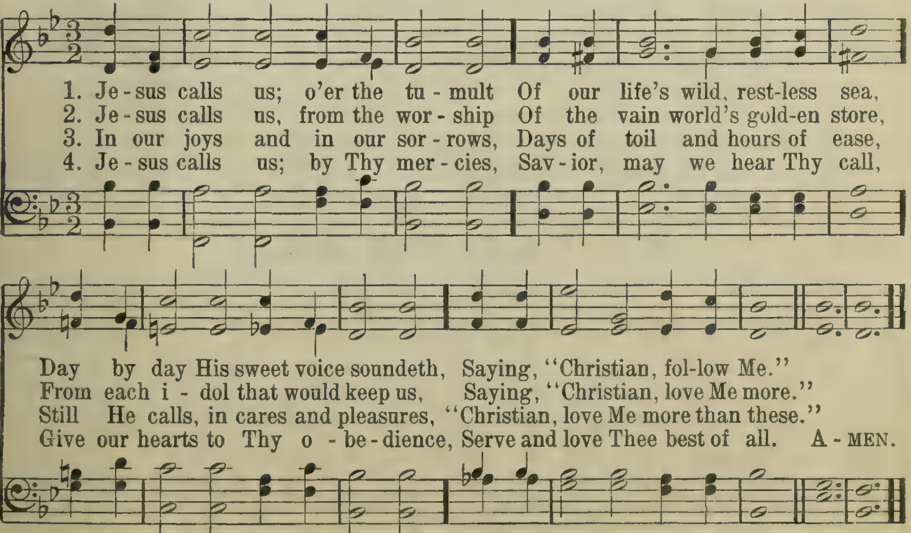

light, ... Sown . . . . . . in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,
sown . . . . . in our might, ... Gath - ered in time . . or e-
Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-
ter - ni - ty, Sure, . . . ah, sure, will the har - vest be. . . . . A-MEN.
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

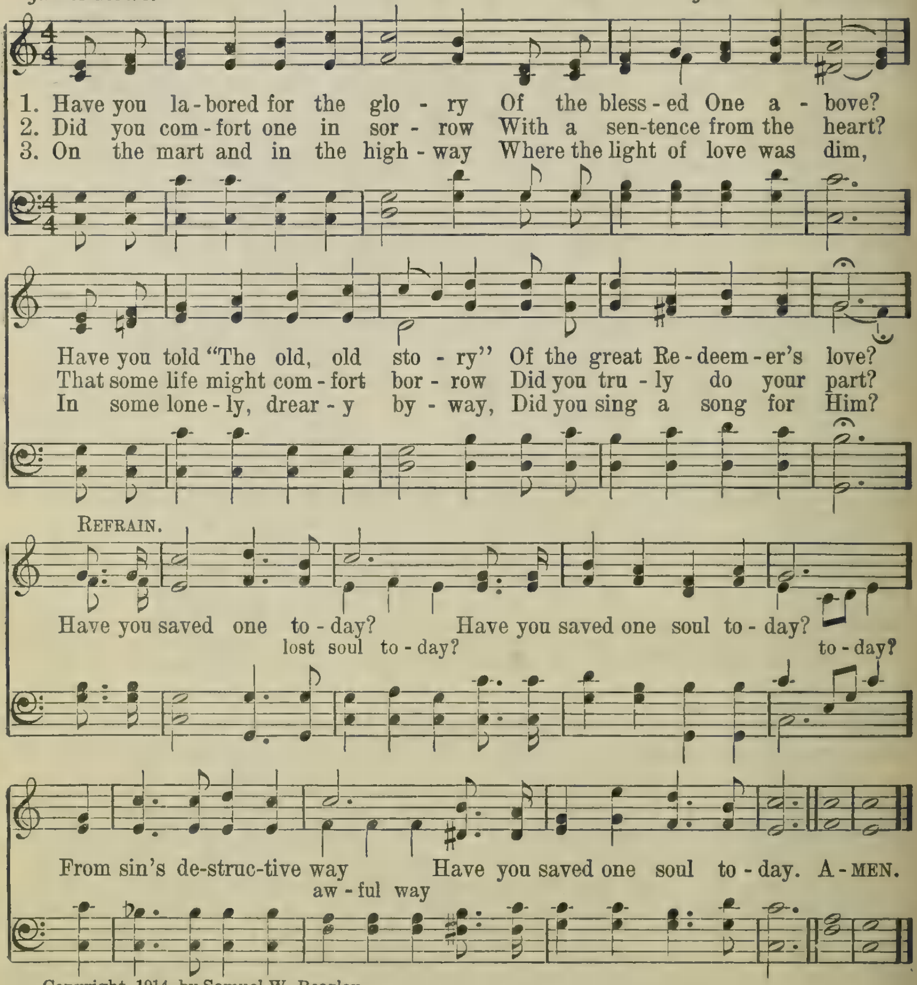
462 Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. (GALILEE. 8, 7, 8, 7.) William H. Jude.


1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us, from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us; by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

463 Have You Saved One To-day?

James Rowe. James H. Ruebush.


1. Have you labored for the glory Of the blessed One above? Have you told "The old, old story" Of the great Redeemer's love?
2. Did you comfort one in sorrow With a sentence from the heart? That some life might comfort borrow Did you truly do your part?
3. On the mart and in the highway Where the light of love was dim, In some lonely, dreary byway, Did you sing a song for Him?
REFRAIN.
Have you saved one to-day? Have you saved one soul to-day?
lost soul to-day? to-day?
From sin's destructive way Have you saved one soul to-day. A-MEN.
awful way

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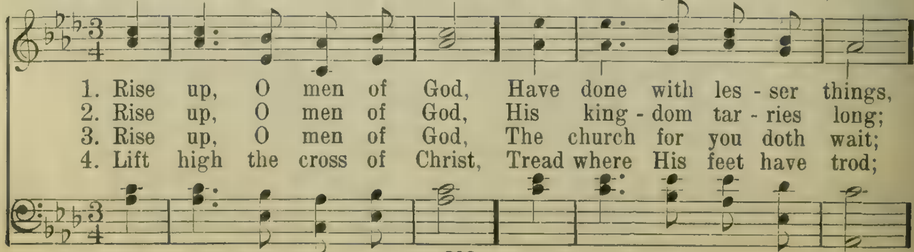
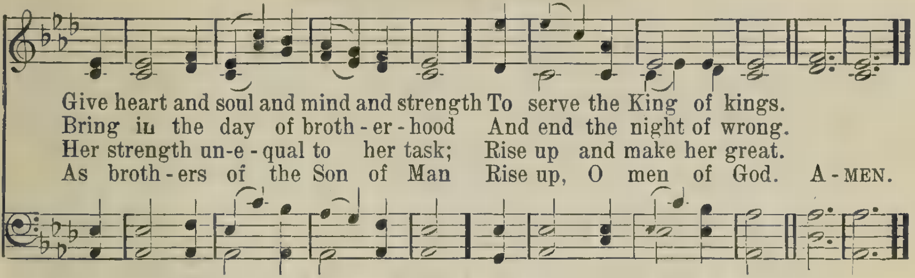
464 Rise Up, O Men of God

William P. Merrill, 1911. (LEIGHTON. S. M.) Henry W. Greatorex, 1849.

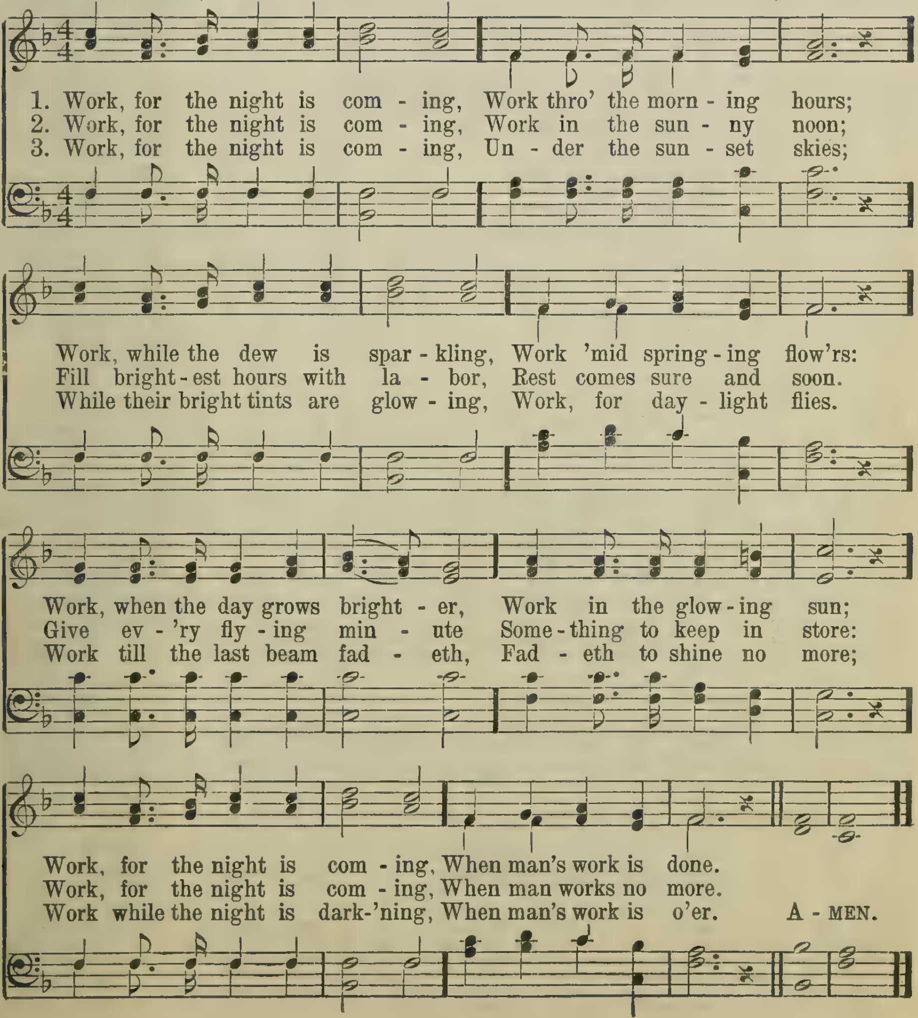

1. Rise up, O men of God, Have done with lesser things,
2. Rise up, O men of God, His kingdom tarries long;
3. Rise up, O men of God, The church for you doth wait;
4. Lift high the cross of Christ, Tread where His feet have trod;


Give heart and soul and mind and strength To serve the King of kings.
Bring in the day of broth-er-hood And end the night of wrong.
Her strength un-e-qual to her task; Rise up and make her great.
As broth-ers of the Son of Man Rise up, O men of God. A-MEN.

465 Work, For the Night is Coming

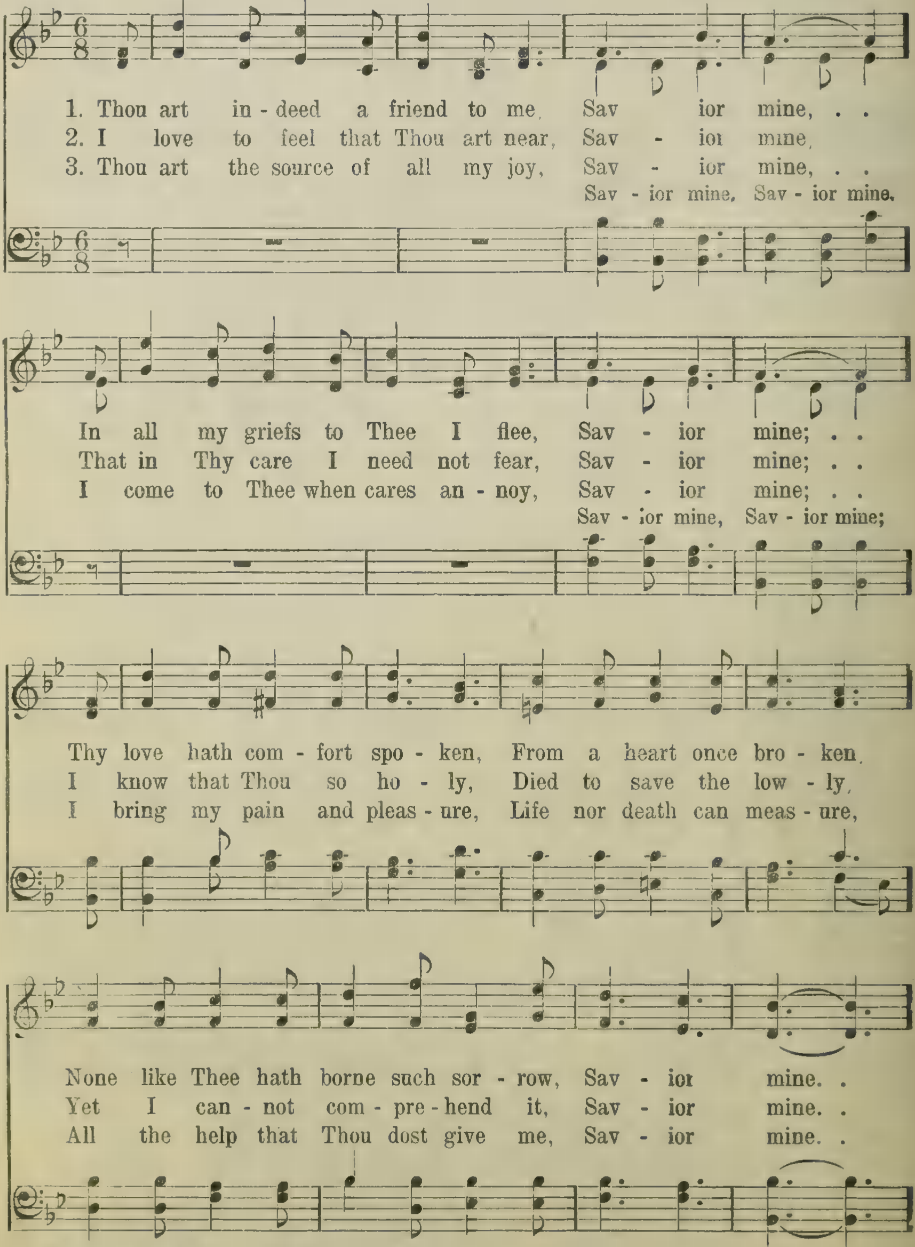
(WORK, FOR THE NIGHT. P. M.)

Annie L. Walker, 1865. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

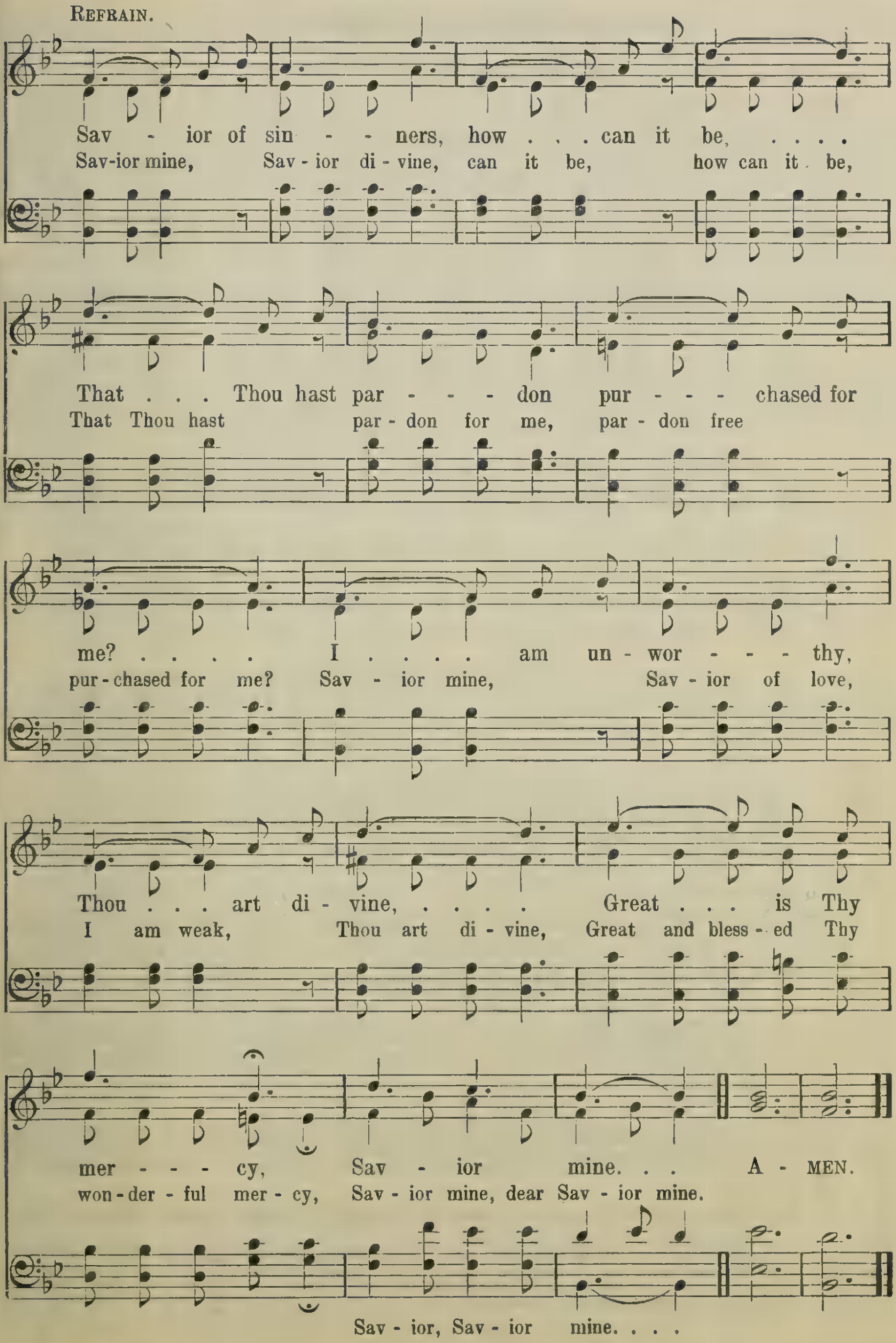

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work in the sun-ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un-der the sun-set skies;
Work, while the dew is spar-kling, Work 'mid spring-ing flow'rs:
Fill bright-est hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies.
Work, when the day grows bright-er, Work in the glow-ing sun;
Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.
Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er. A-MEN.

466 Thou Art Indeed a Friend to Me

Laurene Highfield. (SAVIOR MINE.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Thou art in - deed a friend to me, Sav - ior mine, . .
2. I love to feel that Thou art near, Sav - ior mine,
3. Thou art the source of all my joy, Sav - ior mine, . .
Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior mine,
In all my griefs to Thee I flee, Sav - ior mine; . .
That in Thy care I need not fear, Sav - ior mine; . .
I come to Thee when cares an - noy, Sav - ior mine; . .
Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior mine;
Thy love hath com - fort spo - ken, From a heart once bro - ken,
I know that Thou so ho - ly, Died to save the low - ly,
I bring my pain and pleas - ure, Life nor death can meas - ure,
None like Thee hath borne such sor - row, Sav - ior mine. .
Yet I can - not com - pre - hend it, Sav - ior mine. .
All the help that Thou dost give me, Sav - ior mine. .

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."

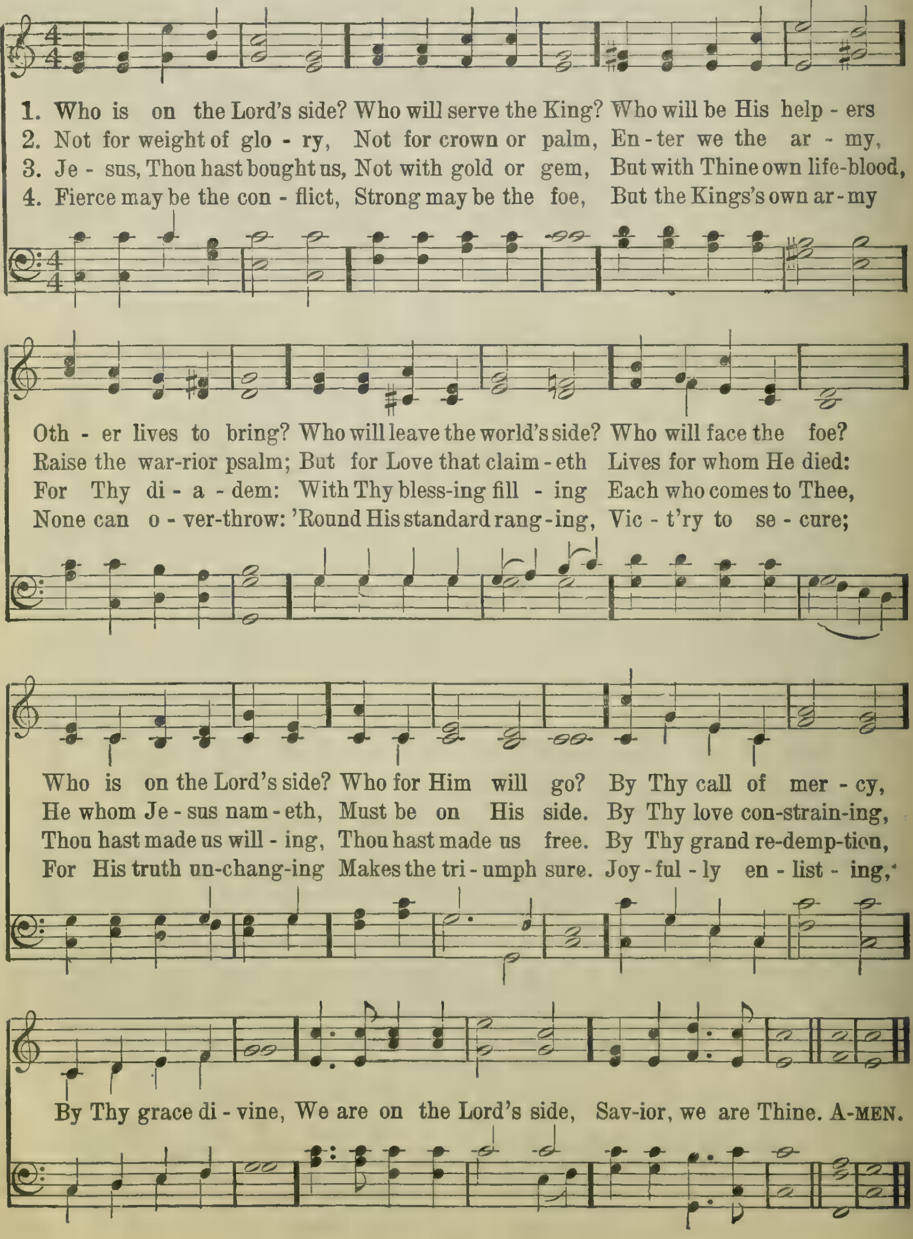

REFRAIN.
Sav - ior of sin - - ners, how . . . can it be, ...
Sav-ior mine, Sav - ior di - vine, can it be, how can it be,
That . . . Thou hast par - - - don pur - - - chased for
That Thou hast par - don for me, par - don free
me? . . . . I . . . . am un - wor - - - thy,
pur - chased for me? Sav - ior mine, Sav - ior of love,
Thou . . . art di - vine, ... Great . . . is Thy
I am weak, Thou art di - vine, Great and bless - ed Thy
mer - - - cy, Sav - ior mine. . . A - MEN.
won - der - ful mer - cy, Sav - ior mine, dear Sav - ior mine.
Sav - ior, Sav - ior mine. . . .

467

Who is On the Lord's Side?

(ARMAGEDDON. 6, 5, 6, 5, 12 lines.)

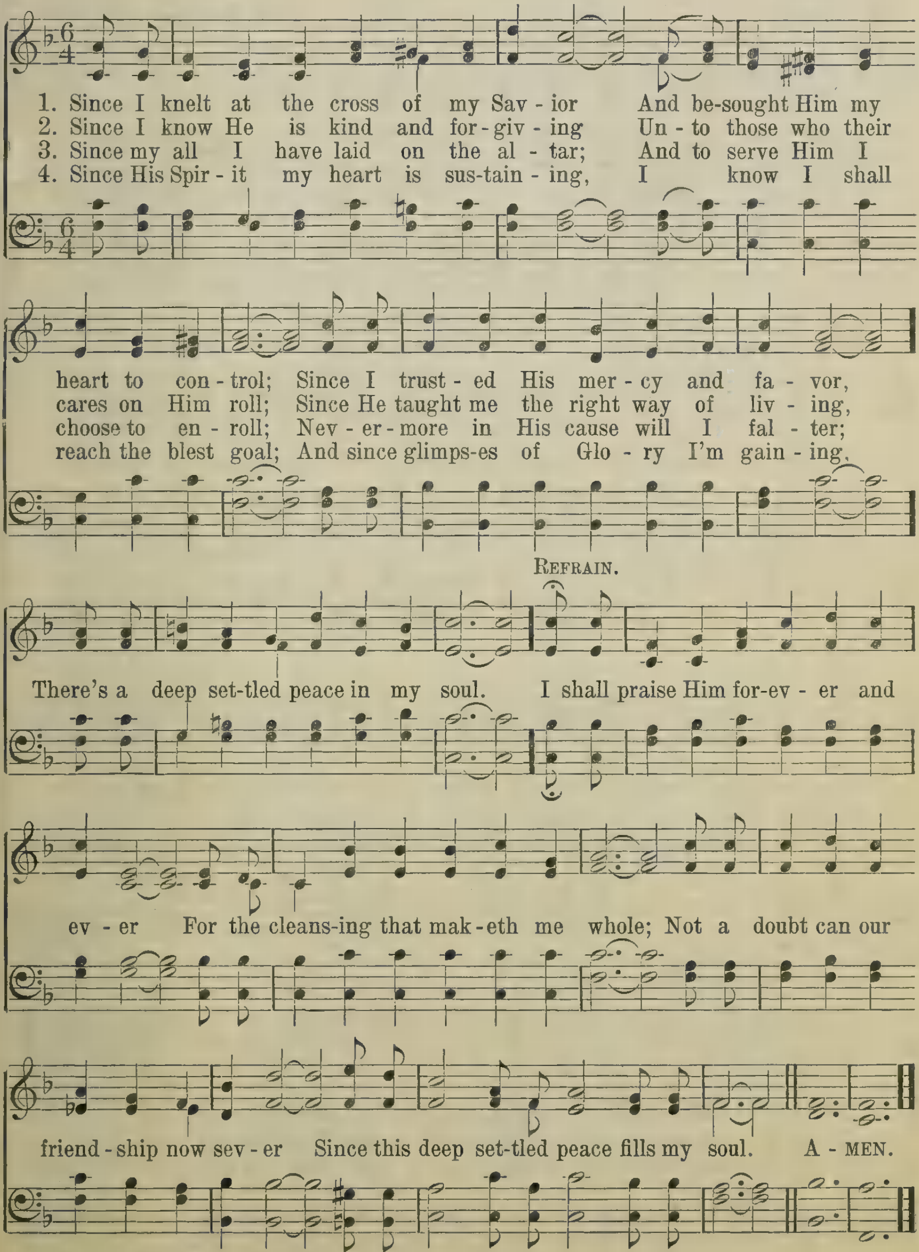
Frances R. Havergal, 1877. Arranged by John Goss, 1871.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown or palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the Kings's own ar - my
Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
Raise the war-rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless-ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
None can o - ver-throw: 'Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry to se - cure;
Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
He whom Je - sus nam - eth, Must be on His side. By Thy love con-strain-ing,
Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re-demp-tion,
For His truth un-chang-ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-ior, we are Thine. A-MEN.

468

Deep Settled Peace

Rev. N. A. McAulay. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

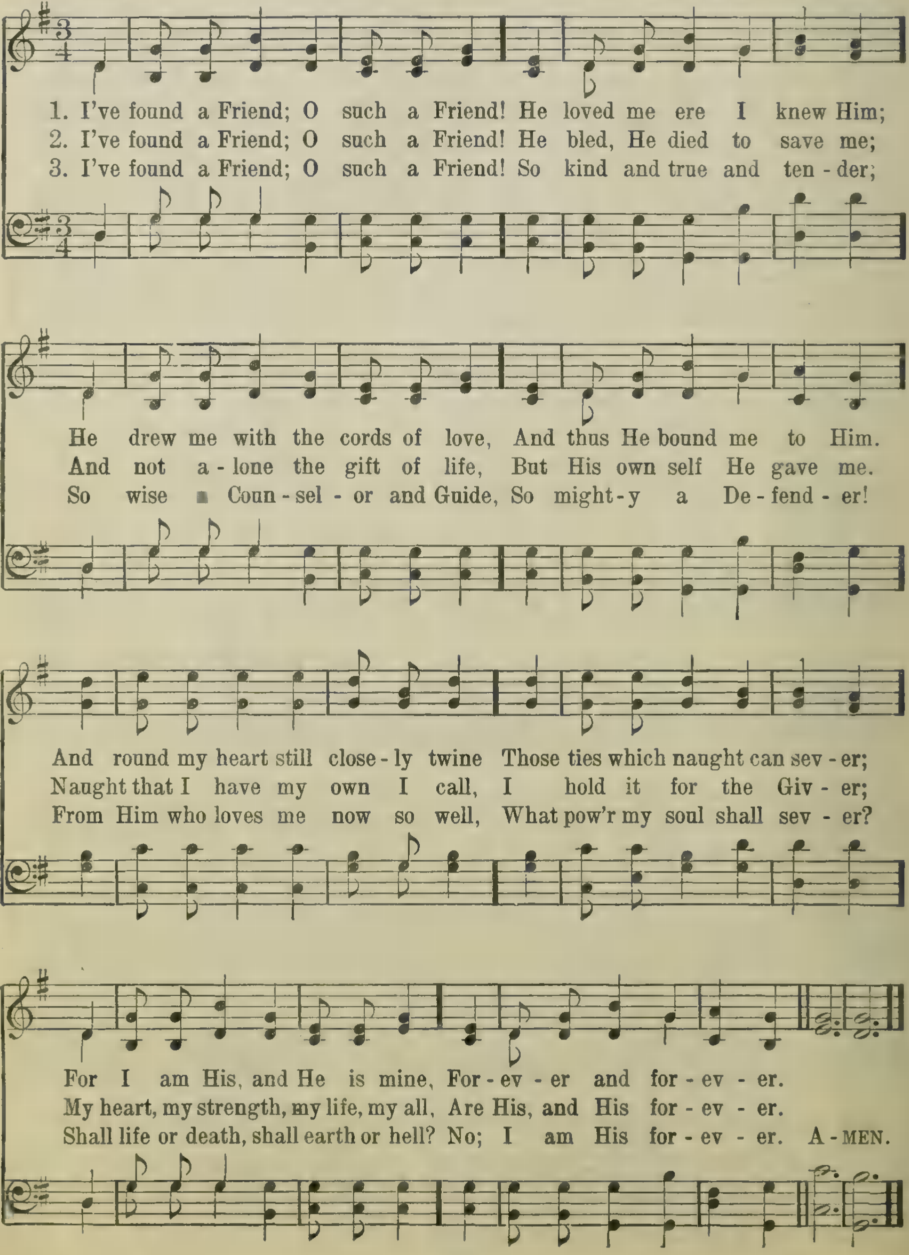

1. Since I knelt at the cross of my Sav - ior And be-sought Him my heart to con - trol; Since I trust - ed His mer - cy and fa - vor, There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul.
2. Since I know He is kind and for - giv - ing Un - to those who their cares on Him roll; Since He taught me the right way of liv - ing,
3. Since my all I have laid on the al - tar; And to serve Him I choose to en - roll; Nev - er - more in His cause will I fal - ter;
4. Since His Spir - it my heart is sus - tain - ing, I know I shall reach the blest goal; And since glimps-es of Glo - ry I'm gain - ing,
REFRAIN.
I shall praise Him for-ev - er and ev - er For the cleans-ing that mak - eth me whole; Not a doubt can our friend - ship now sev - er Since this deep set-tled peace fills my soul.
A - MEN.

Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley. Words and Music.

469 I've Found a Friend; O Such a Friend!

(SWEETEST NAME. 8s, 8s. D.)

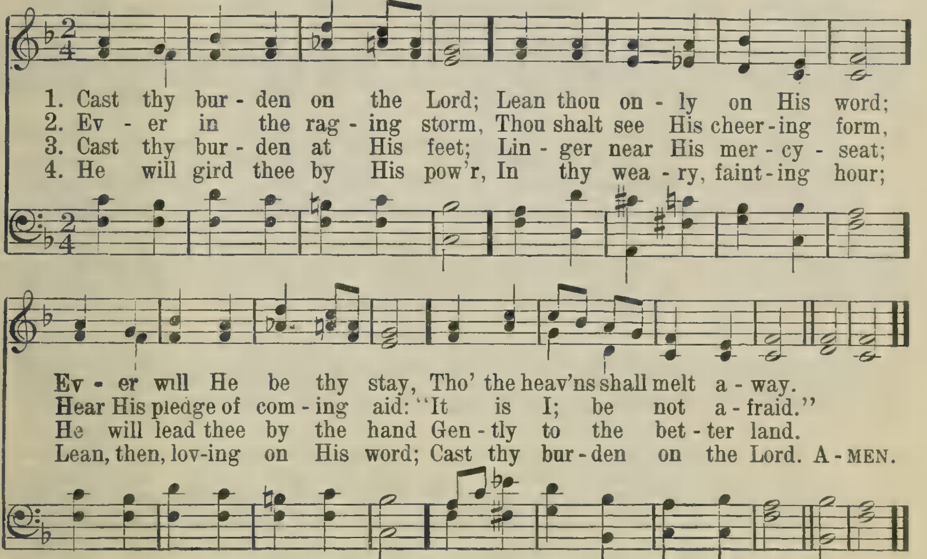
J. G. Small. W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.


1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der;
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!
And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er;
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul shall sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er. A - MEN.

470

Cast Thy Burden On the Lord

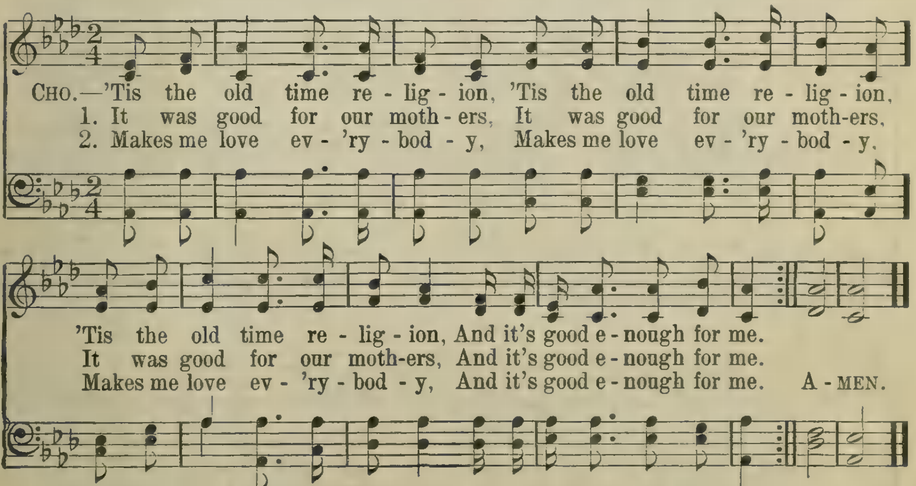
George Rawson, 1857. (SEYMOUR. 7s.) C. M. von Weber, 1786–1826.


1. Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou only on His word;
2. Ever in the raging storm, Thou shalt see His cheering form,
3. Cast thy burden at His feet; Linger near His mercy-seat;
4. He will gird thee by His pow'r, In thy weary, fainting hour;
Ever will He be thy stay, Tho' the heav'ns shall melt away.
Hear His pledge of coming aid: "It is I; be not afraid."
He will lead thee by the hand Gently to the better land.
Lean, then, loving on His word; Cast thy burden on the Lord. A-MEN.

471

Old Time Religion

Arranged.


CHO.—'Tis the old time religion, 'Tis the old time religion,
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers,
2. Makes me love ev'rybody, Makes me love ev'rybody,
'Tis the old time religion, And it's good enough for me.
It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.
Makes me love ev'rybody, And it's good enough for me. A-MEN.

3 It has saved our fathers,
And it's good enough for me.
4 It was good for the prophet Daniel,
And it's good enough for me.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
And it's good enough for me.

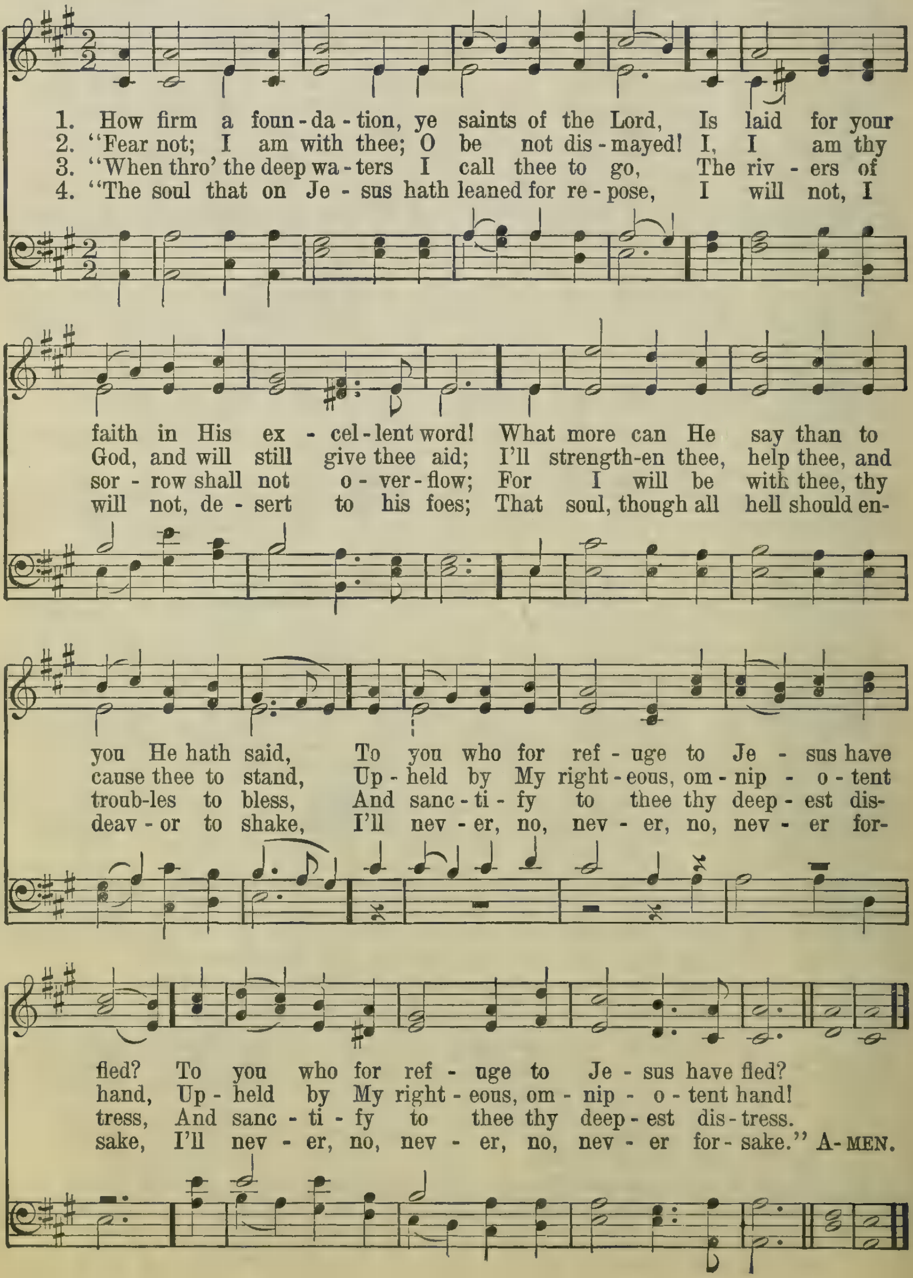
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
And it's good enough for me.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
And it's good enough for me.
8 It will do when I am dying,
And it's good enough for me.

472

How Firm a Foundation

[First Tune]

George Keith, 1787. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) John Reading, 1690–1776.

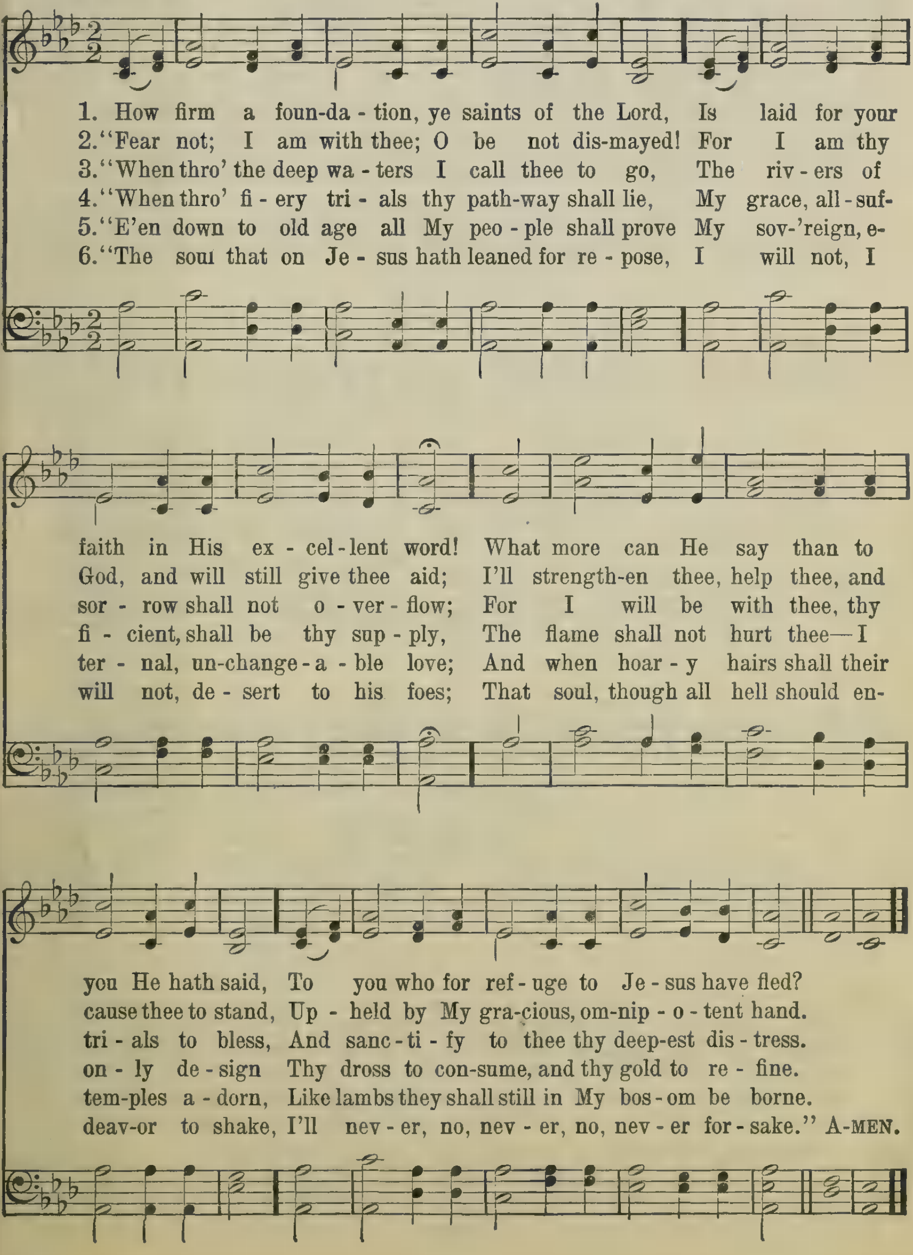

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re-pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent
troub-les to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-
fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand!
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
sake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake." A-MEN.

473 How Firm a Foundation

[*Second Tune*]

(FOUNDATION. 7s.)

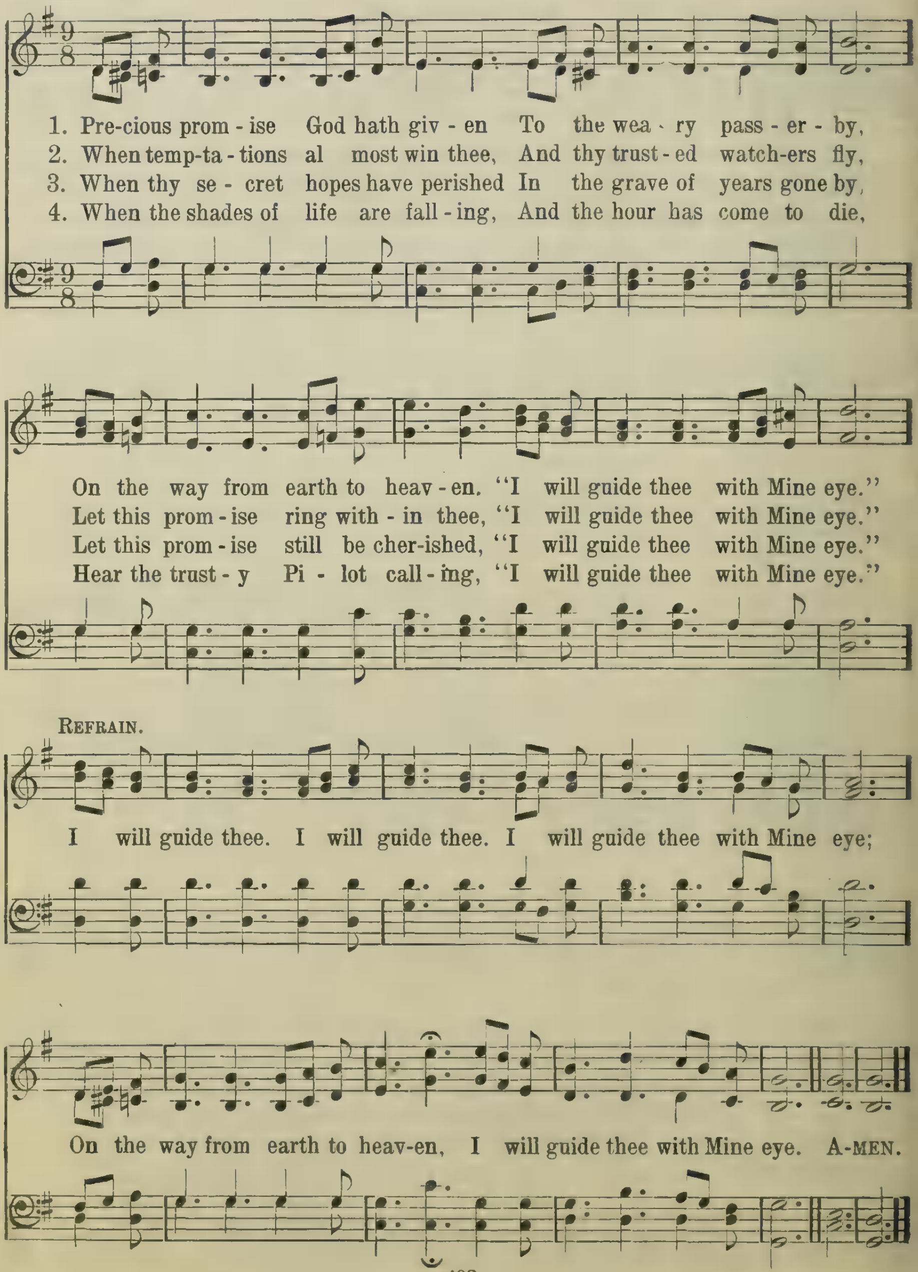
George Keith. Unknown.


1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2.“Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy
3.“When thro’ the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4.“When thro’ fi - ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf-
5.“E’en down to old age all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-’reign, e-
6.“The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I’ll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee—I
ter - nal, un-change - a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not, de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-
you He hath said, To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos - om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I’ll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake.” A-MEN.

474

Precious Promise

Nathaniel Niles. P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876.

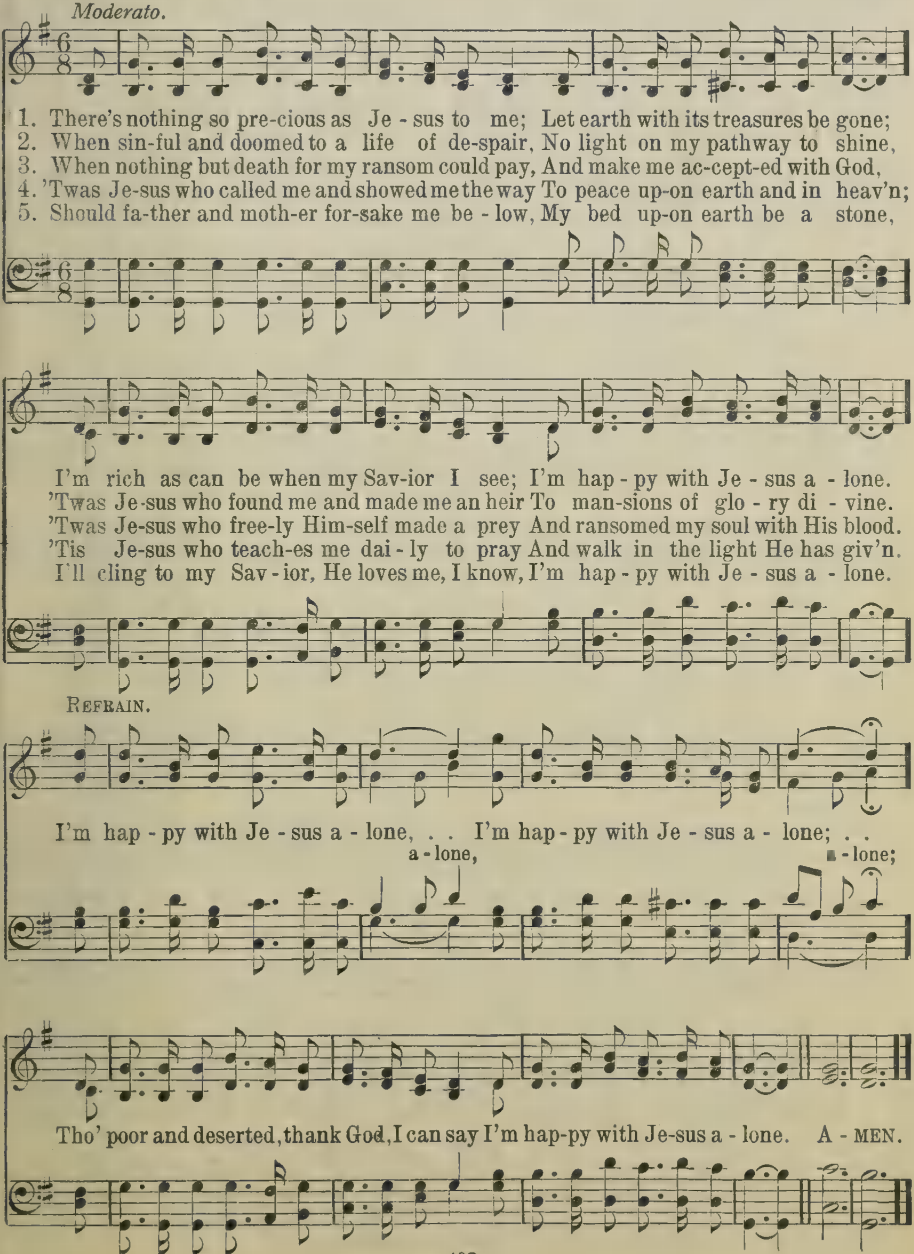

1. Pre-cious prom - ise God hath giv - en To the wea - ry pass - er - by,
2. When temp-ta - tions al most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing, And the hour has come to die,
On the way from earth to heav - en. "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom - ise ring with - in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom - ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear the trust - y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
REFRAIN.
I will guide thee. I will guide thee. I will guide thee with Mine eye;
On the way from earth to heav-en, I will guide thee with Mine eye. A-MEN.

475

I'm Happy With Jesus Alone

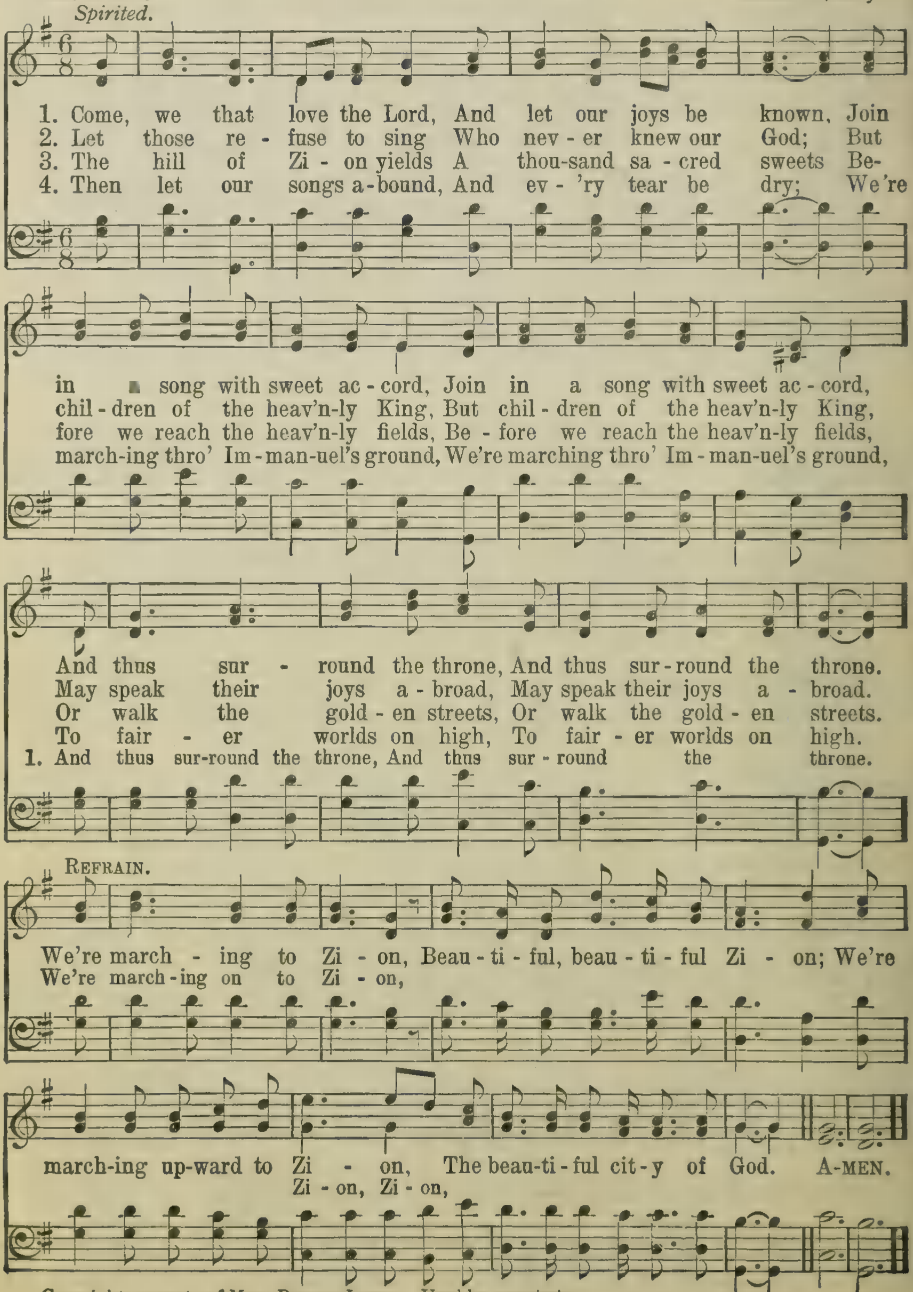
"Blessed is the man that trusted in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—Jer. 17: 7.

C. P. J. Chas. P. Jones.


Moderato.
1. There's nothing so pre-cious as Je - sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sin-ful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Je-sus who called me and showed me the way To peace up-on earth and in heav'n;
5. Should fa-ther and moth-er for-sake me be - low, My bed up-on earth be a stone,
I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.
'Twas Je-sus who found me and made me an heir To man-sions of glo - ry di - vine.
'Twas Je-sus who free-ly Him-self made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
'Tis Je-sus who teach-es me dai - ly to pray And walk in the light He has giv'n.
I'll cling to my Sav - ior, He loves me, I know, I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone.
Refrain.
I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone, . . I'm hap - py with Je - sus a - lone; . .
a - lone, a - lone;
Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone. A - men.

476 We're Marching to Zion

Isaac Watts. Robert Lowry.


Spirited.
1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
march-ing thro' Im - man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man-uel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
1. And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
Refrain.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit - y of God. A-men.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

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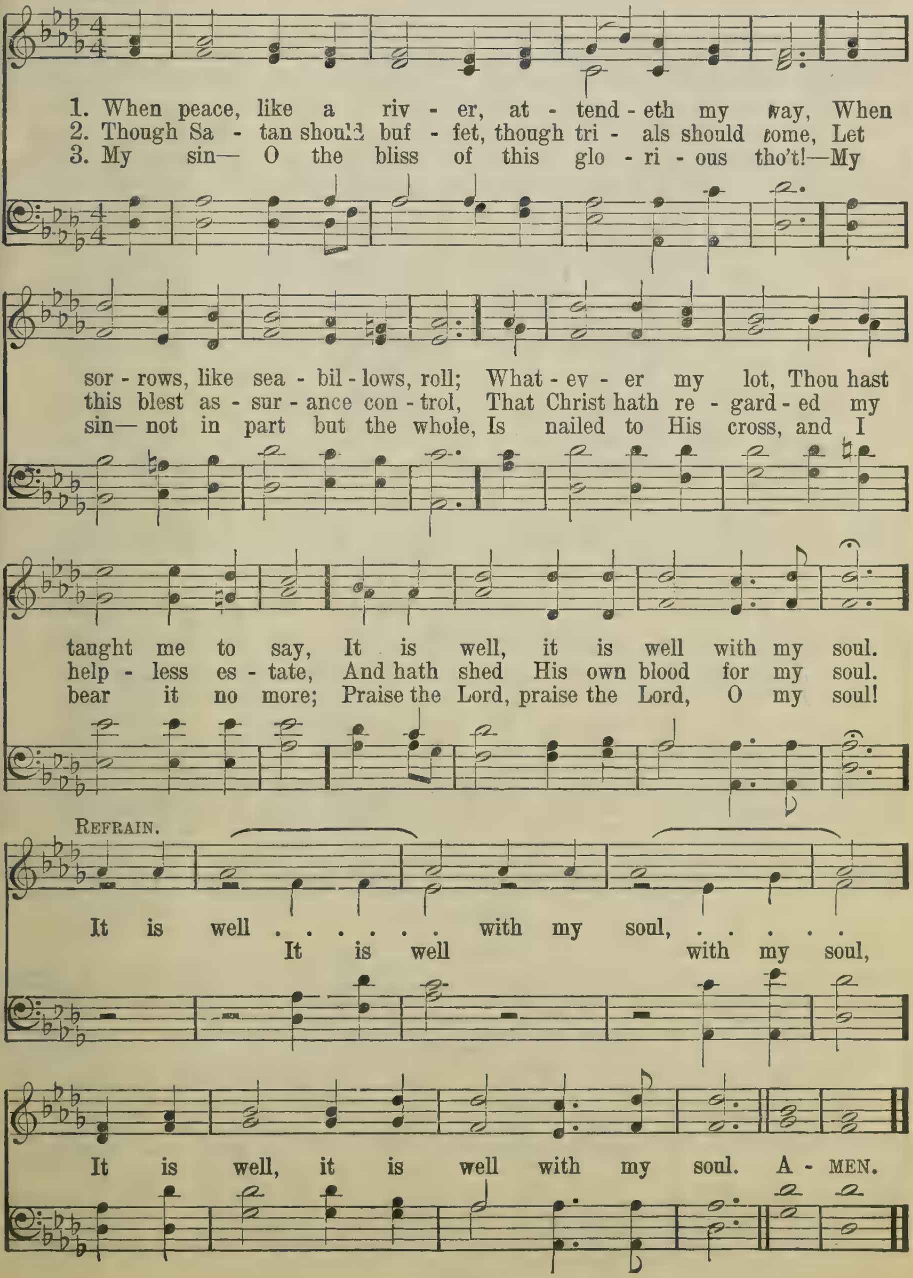
477

When Peace, Like a River

(It is Well With My Soul. P. M.)

H. G. Spafford.

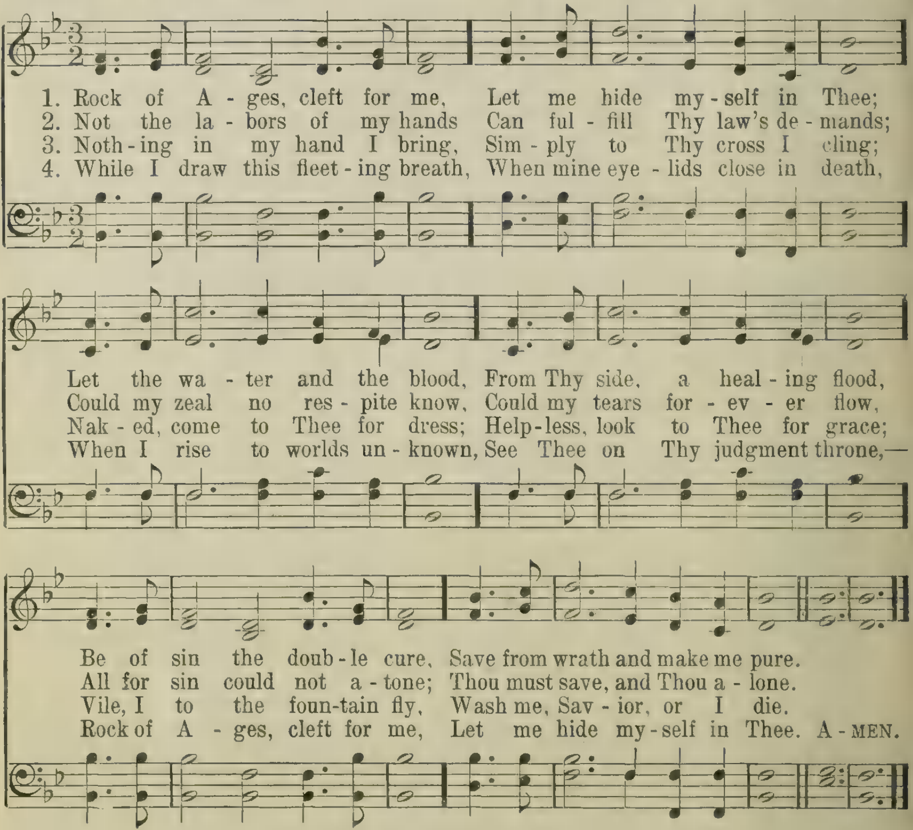
P. P. Bliss, 1838–1877.


1. When peace, like a river, attendeth my way, When
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glorious tho't!—My
sorrows, like sea-billows, roll; Whatever my lot, Thou hast
this blest assurance control, That Christ hath regarded my
sin— not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I
taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
helpless estate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
Refrain.
It is well . . . . . . with my soul, ...
It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul. A-men.

478 Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

[First Tune]

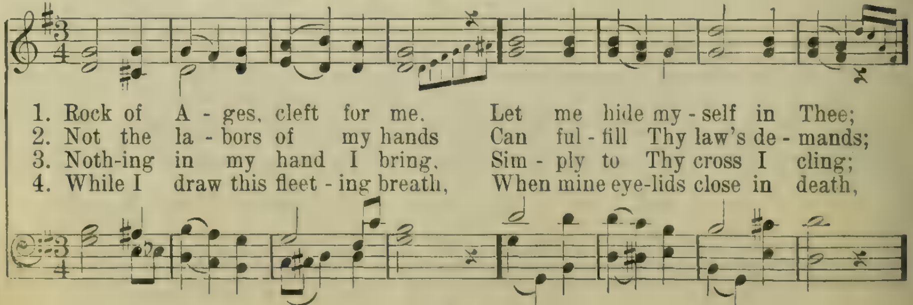
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776. (Toplady. 7s.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784–1873.

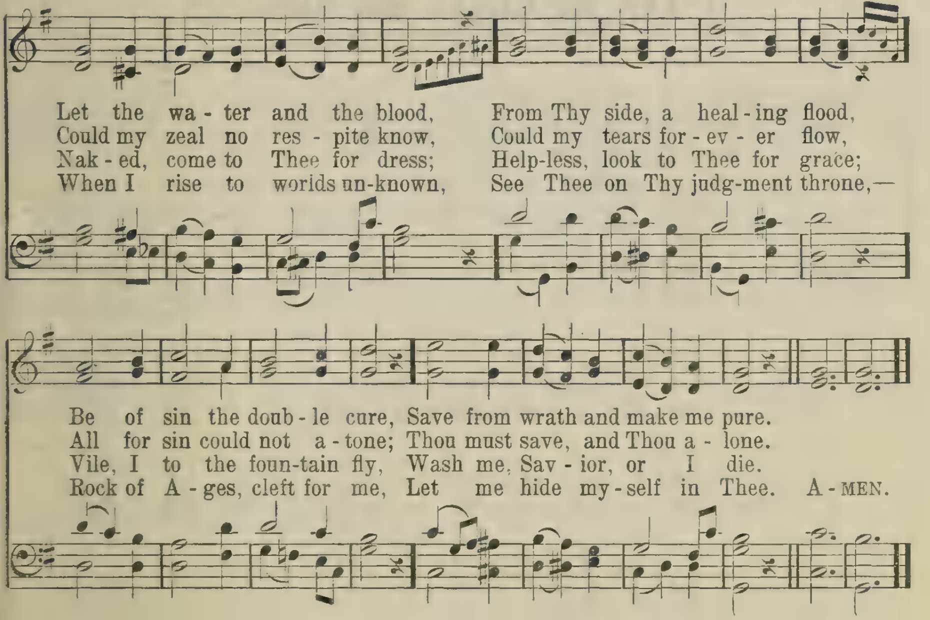

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

479 Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

[Second Tune]

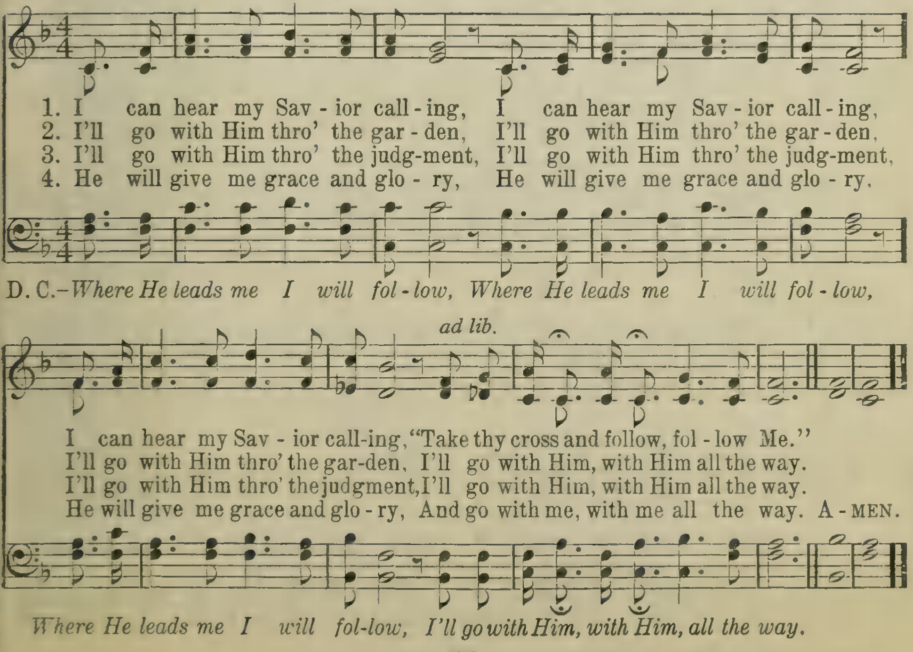
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776. (Grosser Gott. 7s.)


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me. Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
3. Noth-ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye-lids close in death,


Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help-less, look to Thee for grace;
When I rise to worlds un-known, See Thee on Thy judg-ment throne,—
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
Vile, I to the foun-tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

480 I Can Hear My Savior Calling

E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.

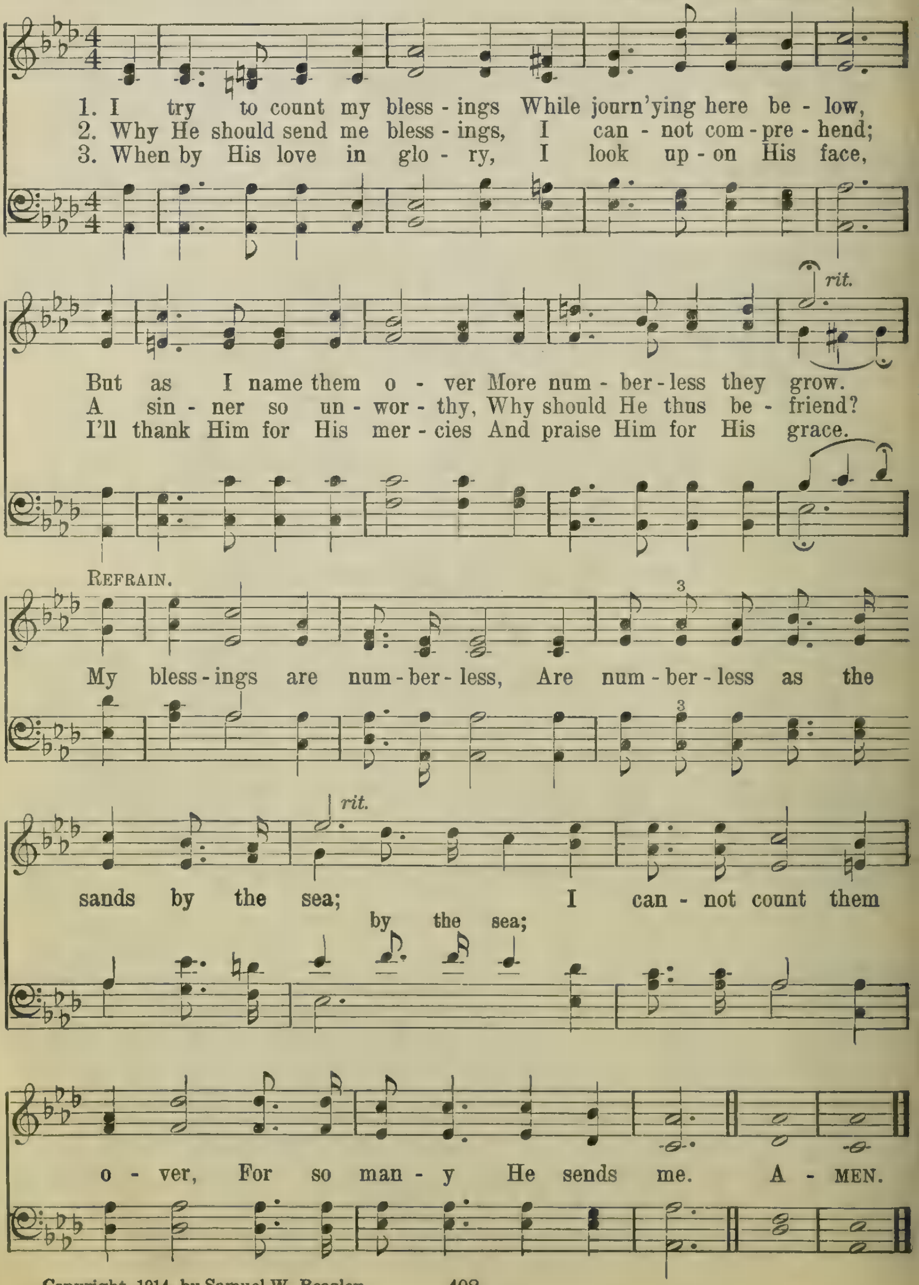

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
ad lib.
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

481

I Try To Count My Blessings

(I CANNOT COUNT MY BLESSINGS.)

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I try to count my bless - ings While journ'ying here be - low,
2. Why He should send me bless - ings, I can - not com - pre - hend;
3. When by His love in glo - ry, I look up - on His face,
But as I name them o - ver More num - ber - less they grow.
A sin - ner so un - wor - thy, Why should He thus be - friend?
I'll thank Him for His mer - cies And praise Him for His grace.
rit.
REFRAIN.
My bless - ings are num - ber - less, Are num - ber - less as the
3
3
sands by the sea; by the sea; I can - not count them
rit.
o - ver, For so man - y He sends me. A - MEN.

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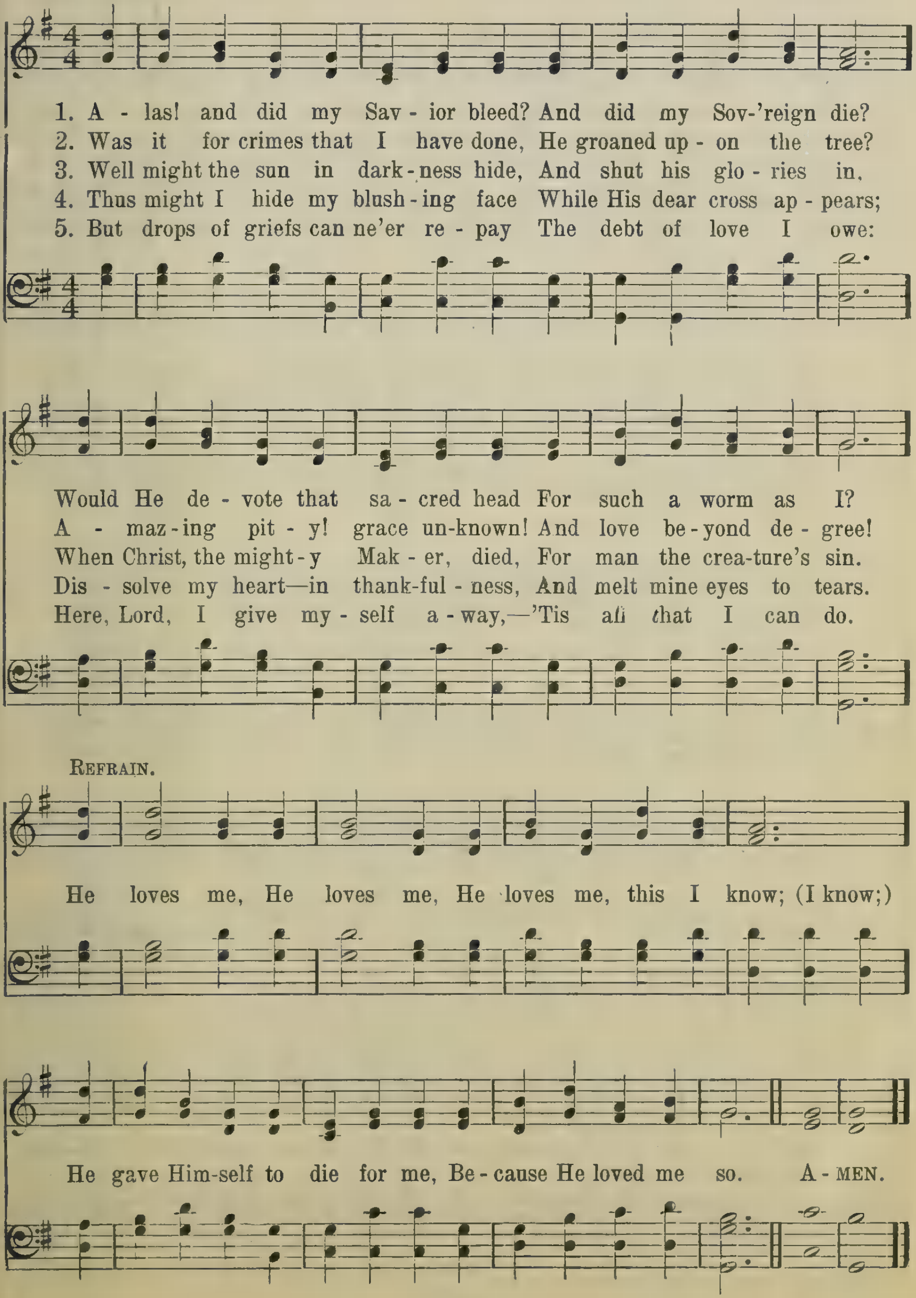
482

He Loves Me

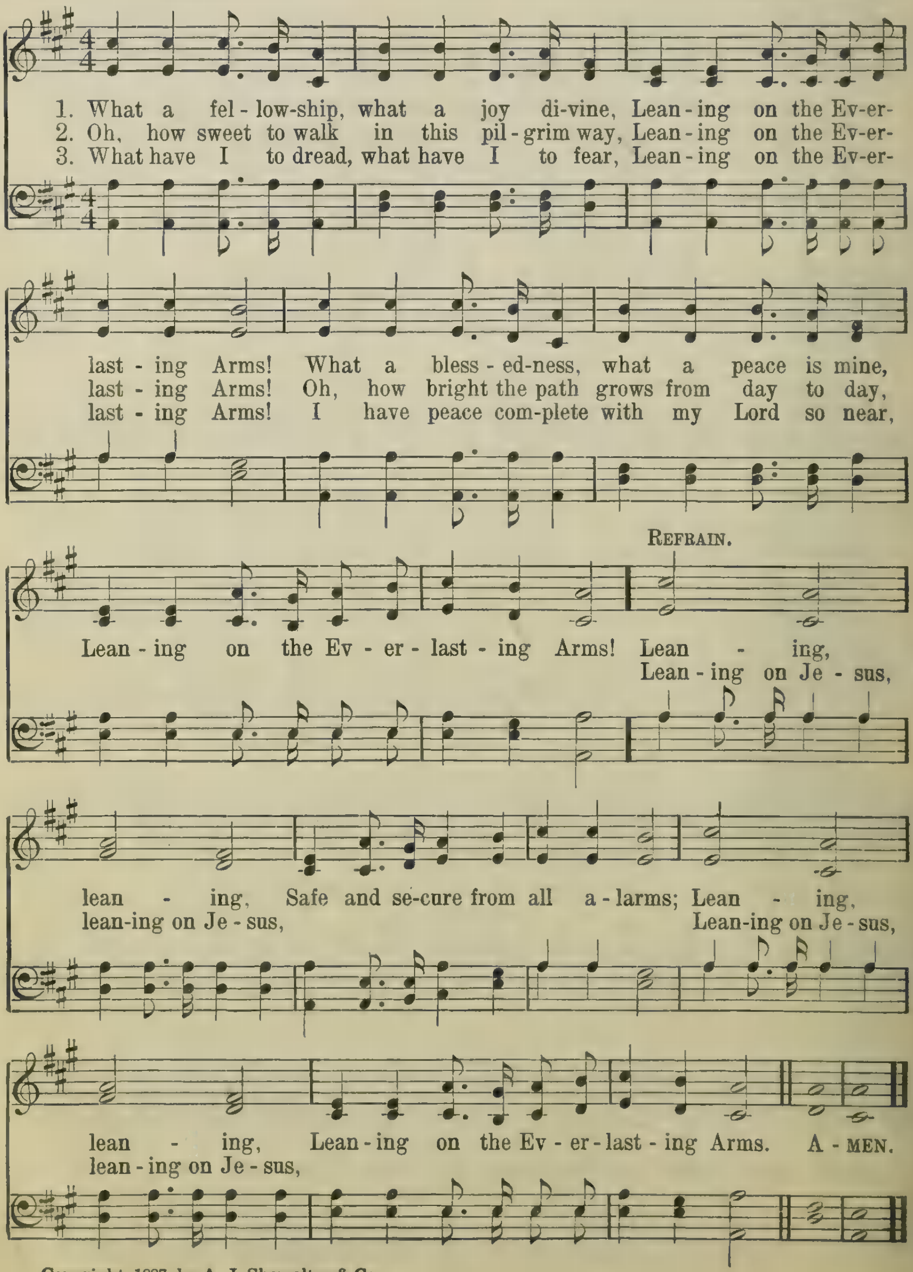
Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

Traditional.


1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush - ing face While His dear cross ap - pears;
5. But drops of griefs can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man the crea-ture's sin.
Dis - solve my heart—in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.
Refrain.
He loves me, He loves me, He loves me, this I know; (I know;)
He gave Him-self to die for me, Be - cause He loved me so. A - MEN.

483 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
last-ing Arms! What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
last-ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last-ing Arms! I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,
Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
REFRAIN.
Lean-ing, lean-ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean-ing, lean-ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms. A-MEN.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

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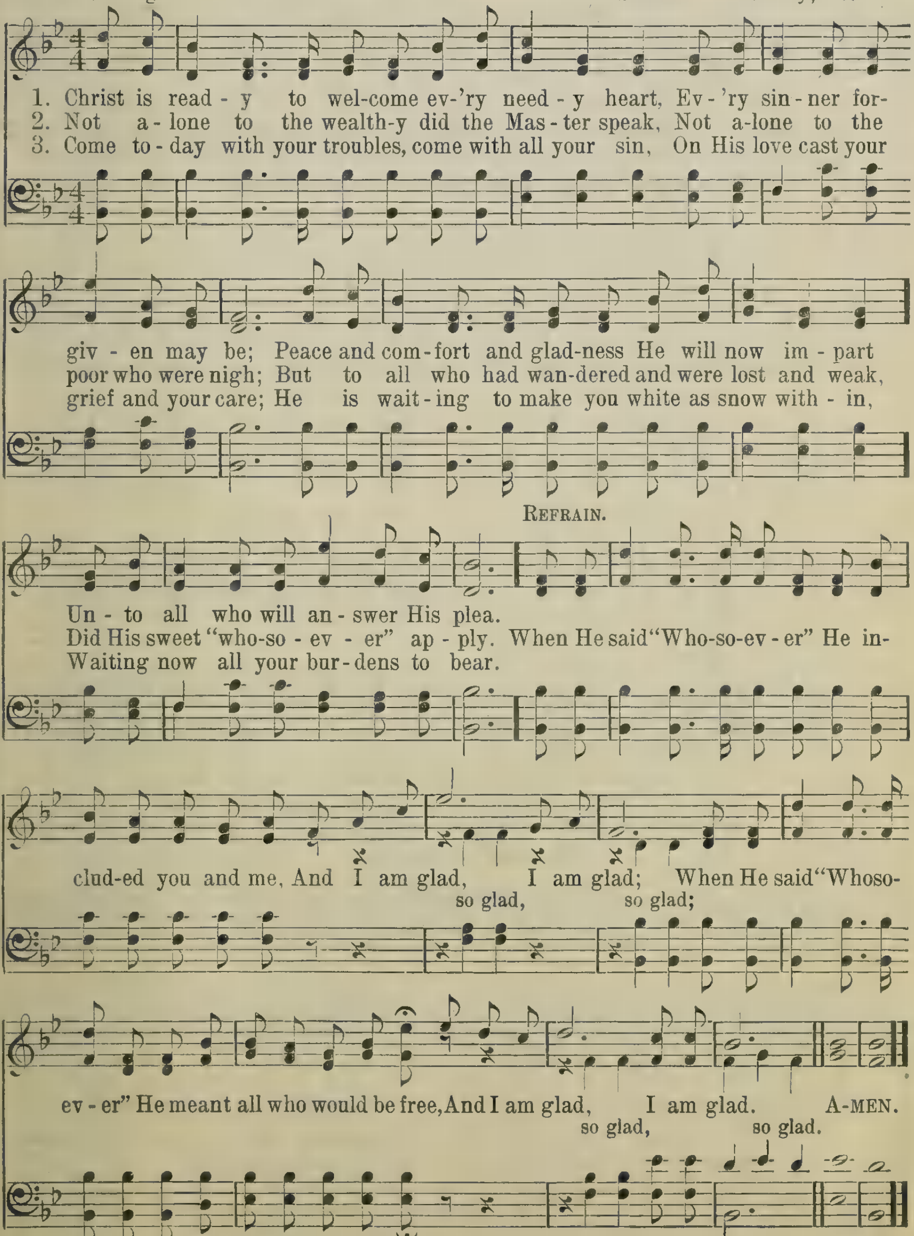
484

Christ Is Ready To Welcome

(HE INCLUDED YOU AND ME. 12, 9.)

B. A. Strong. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Christ is read - y to wel-come ev-'ry need - y heart, Ev - 'ry sin - ner for-
2. Not a - lone to the wealth-y did the Mas - ter speak, Not a-lone to the
3. Come to - day with your troubles, come with all your sin, On His love cast your
giv - en may be; Peace and com - fort and glad-ness He will now im - part
poor who were nigh; But to all who had wan-dered and were lost and weak,
grief and your care; He is wait - ing to make you white as snow with - in,
Un - to all who will an - swer His plea.
Did His sweet "who-so - ev - er" ap - ply.
Waiting now all your bur - dens to bear.
REFRAIN.
When He said "Who-so-ev - er" He in-
clud-ed you and me, And I am glad, I am glad; When He said "Whoso-
so glad, so glad;
ev - er" He meant all who would be free, And I am glad, I am glad. A-MEN.
so glad, so glad.

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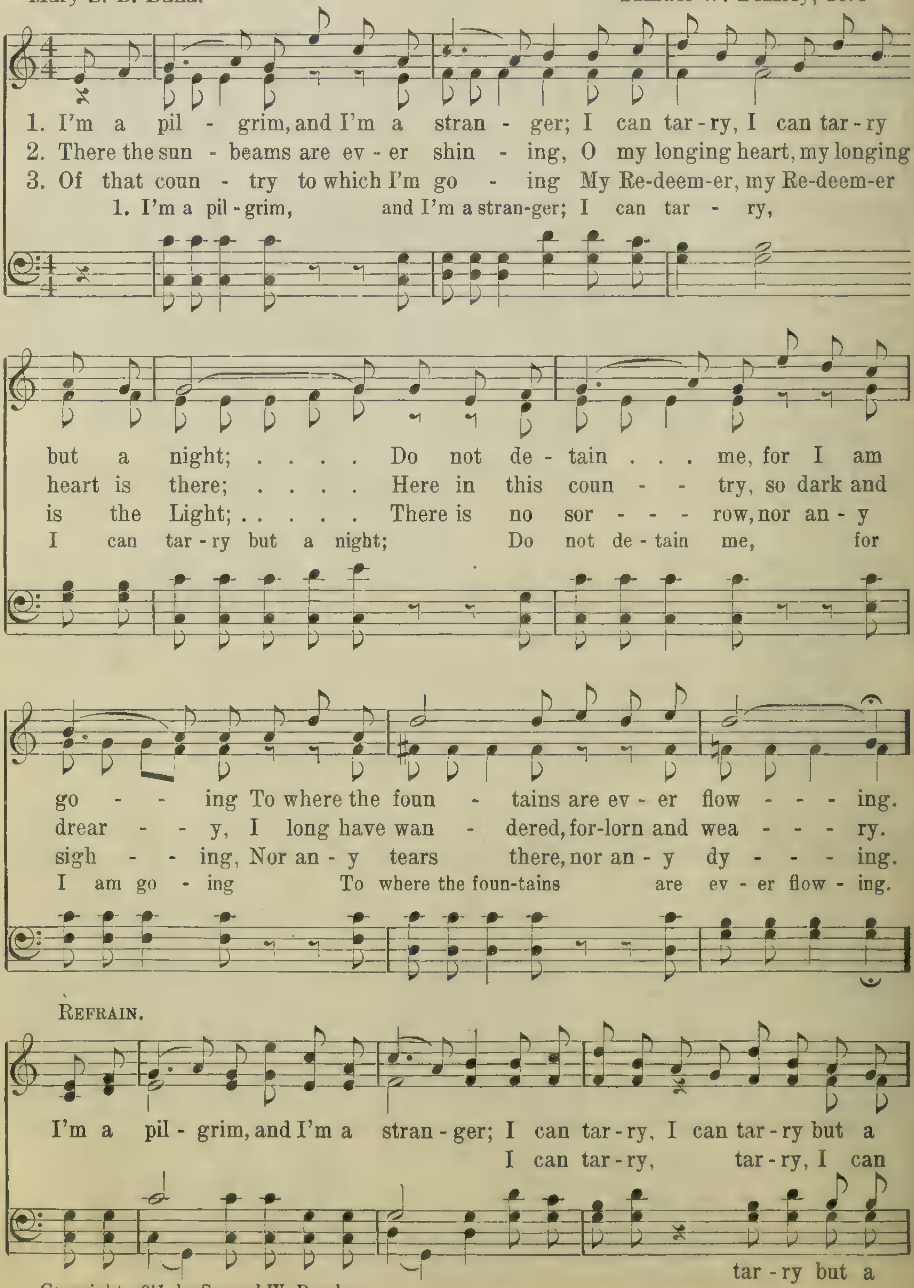
485

I'm a Pilgrim

Mary S. B. Dana. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry
2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my longing heart, my longing
3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er
1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry,
but a night; . . . . Do not de - tain . . . me, for I am
heart is there; . . . . Here in this coun - - try, so dark and
is the Light; . . . . There is no sor - - - row, nor an - y
I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for
go - - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - - - ing.
drear - - y, I long have wan - dered, for-lorn and wea - - - ry.
sigh - - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - - - ing.
I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.
Refrain.
I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a
I can tar - ry, tar - ry, I can
tar - ry but a

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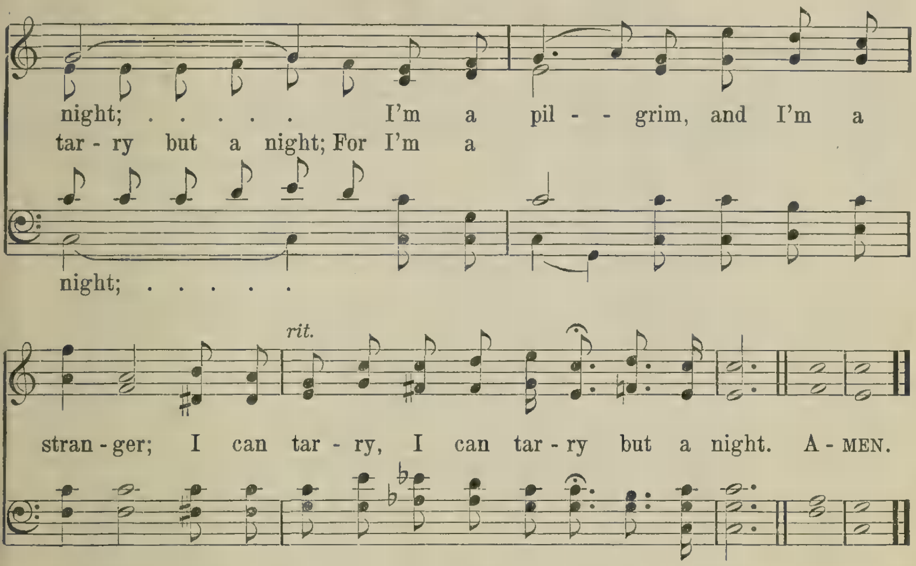
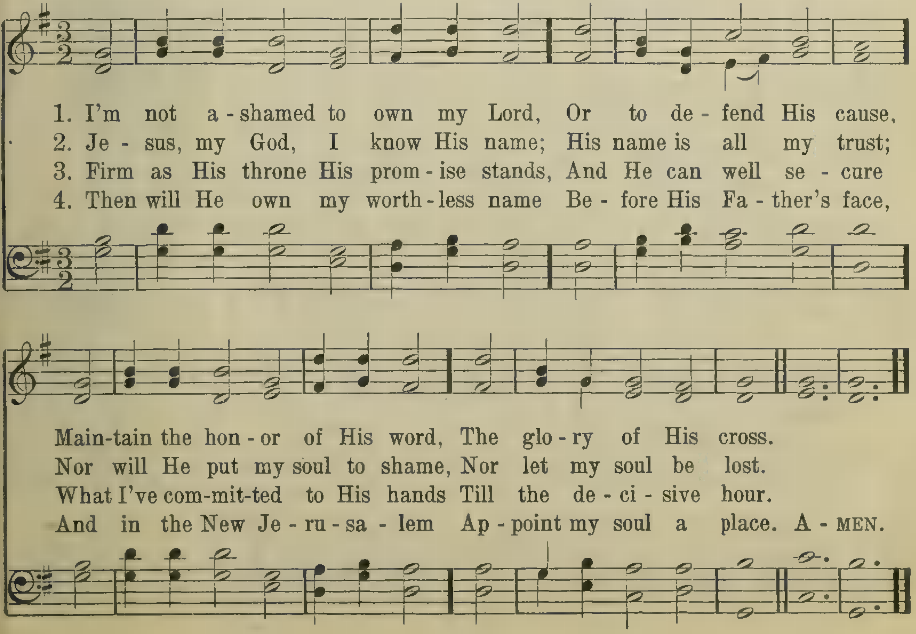

night; . . . . . . I'm a pil - - grim, and I'm a
tar - ry but a night; For I'm a
night; . . . . . .
rit.
stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night. A - MEN.

486 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord

(MARLOW. C. M.)

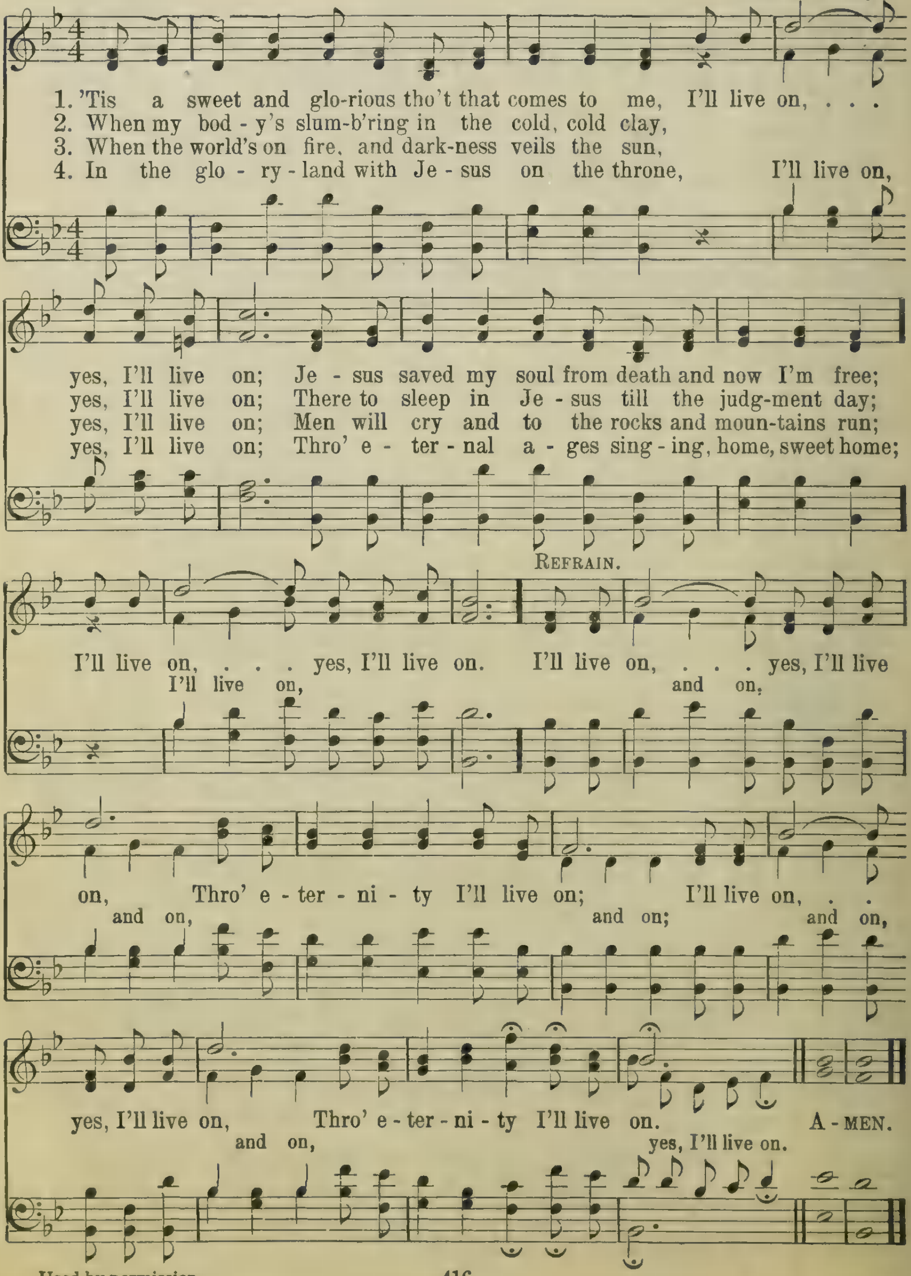
Isaac Watts, 1709. Rev. John Chetam, 1770-1760.


1. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom - ise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worth - less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,
Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.
What I've com-mit-ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place. A - MEN.

489

I'll Live On

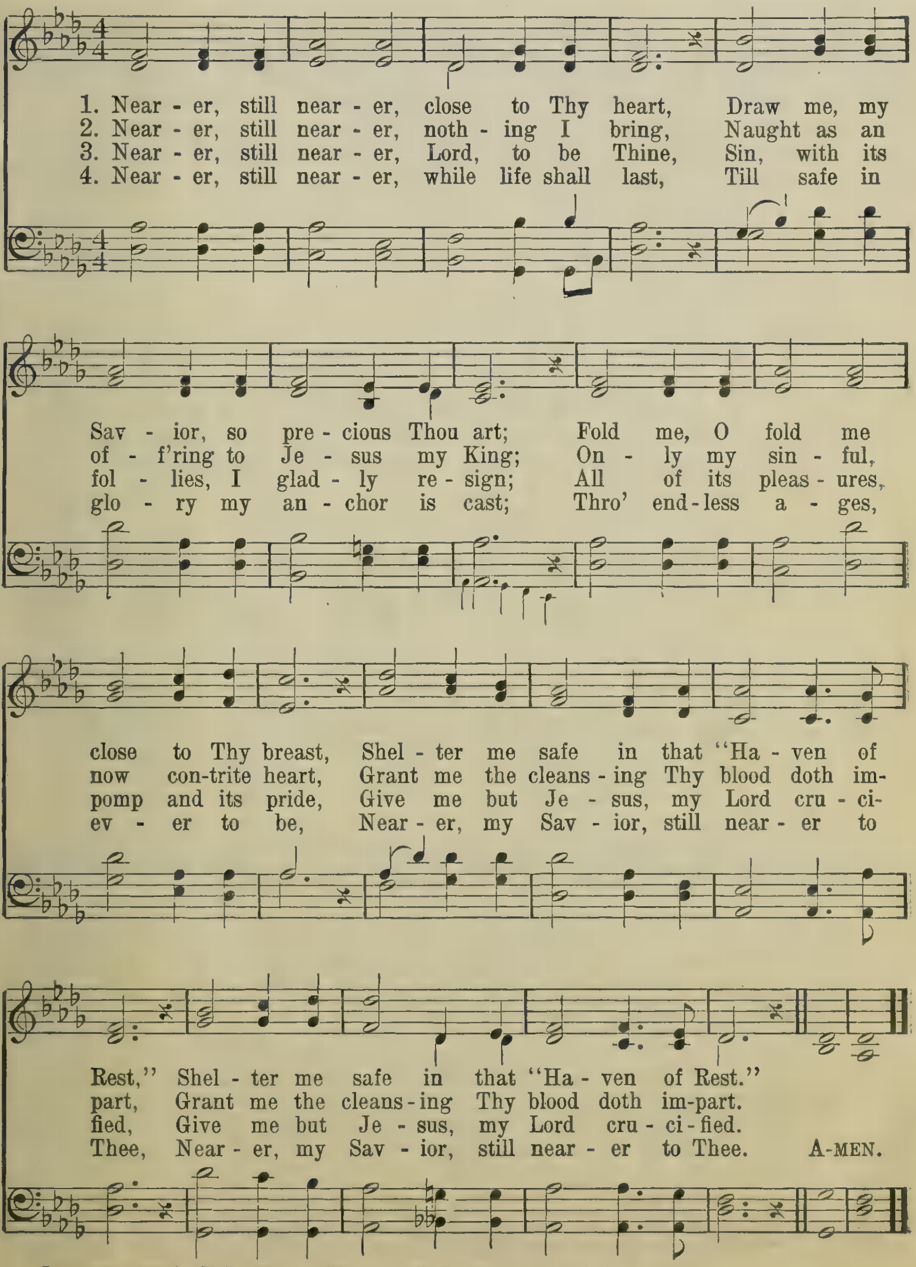
T. J. L. Thos. J. Laney.


1. 'Tis a sweet and glo-rious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on, . . .
2. When my bod - y's slum-b'ring in the cold, cold clay,
3. When the world's on fire, and dark-ness veils the sun,
4. In the glo - ry - land with Je - sus on the throne, I'll live on,
yes, I'll live on; Je - sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free;
yes, I'll live on; There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg-ment day;
yes, I'll live on; Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run;
yes, I'll live on; Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing, home, sweet home;
I'll live on, . . . yes, I'll live on.
I'll live on,
Refrain.
I'll live on, . . . yes, I'll live
and on,
on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on;
and on,
and on;
I'll live on, . .
and on,
yes, I'll live on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on.
and on,
yes, I'll live on.
A - men.

490

Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in
Sav - ior, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,
glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges,
close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im-
pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci-
ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to
Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
part, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im-part.
fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

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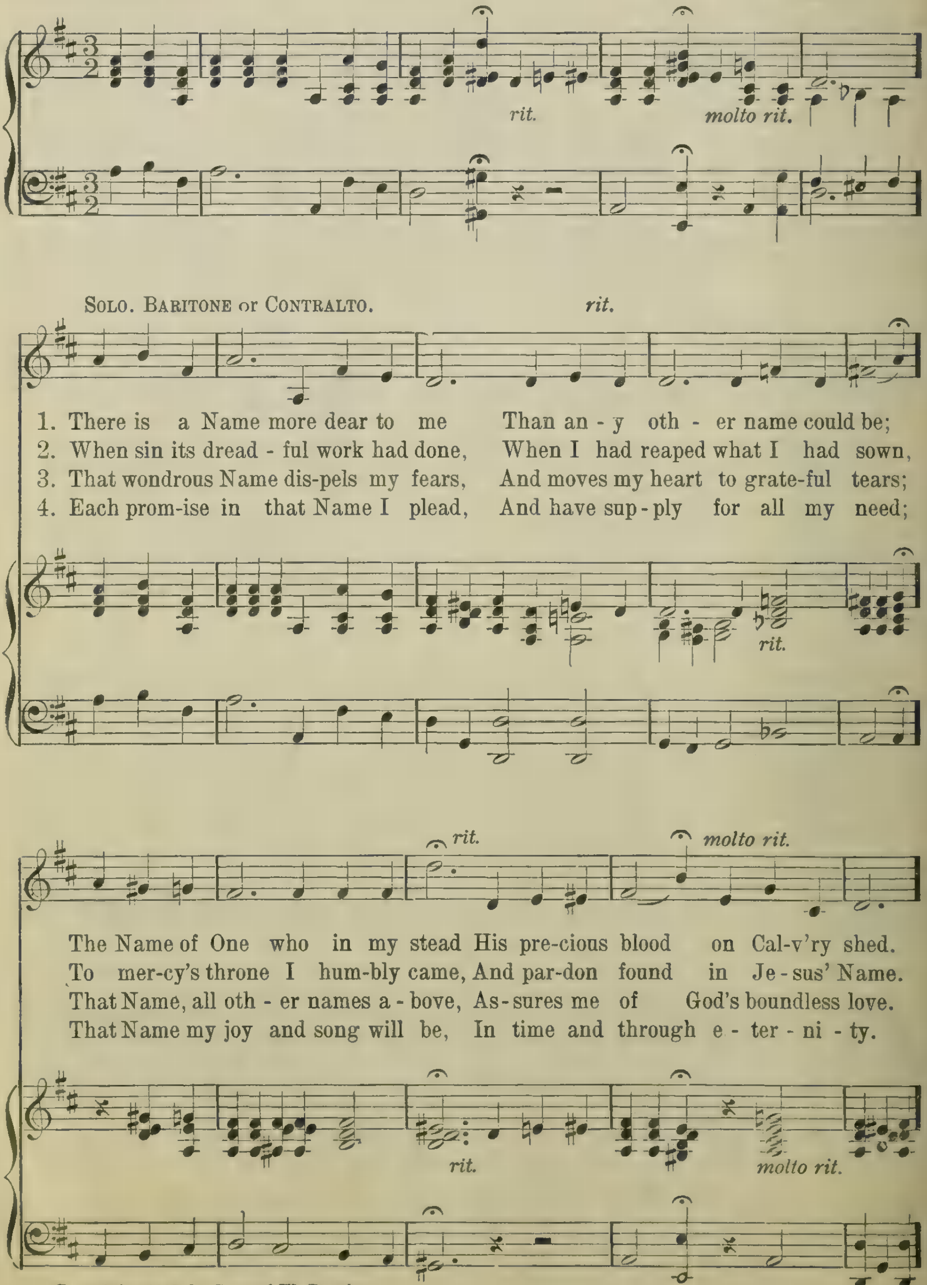
491 The Wondrous Name of Jesus

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


rit.
molto rit.
Solo. Baritone or Contralto.
rit.
rit.
rit.
molto rit.
rit.
molto rit.

1. There is a Name more dear to me Than an - y oth - er name could be;
The Name of One who in my stead His pre-cious blood on Cal-v'ry shed.

2. When sin its dread - ful work had done, When I had reaped what I had sown,
To mer-cy's throne I hum-bly came, And par-don found in Je - sus' Name.

3. That wondrous Name dis-pels my fears, And moves my heart to grate-ful tears;
That Name, all oth - er names a - bove, As-sures me of God's boundless love.

4. Each prom-ise in that Name I plead, And have sup - ply for all my need;
That Name my joy and song will be, In time and through e - ter - ni - ty.

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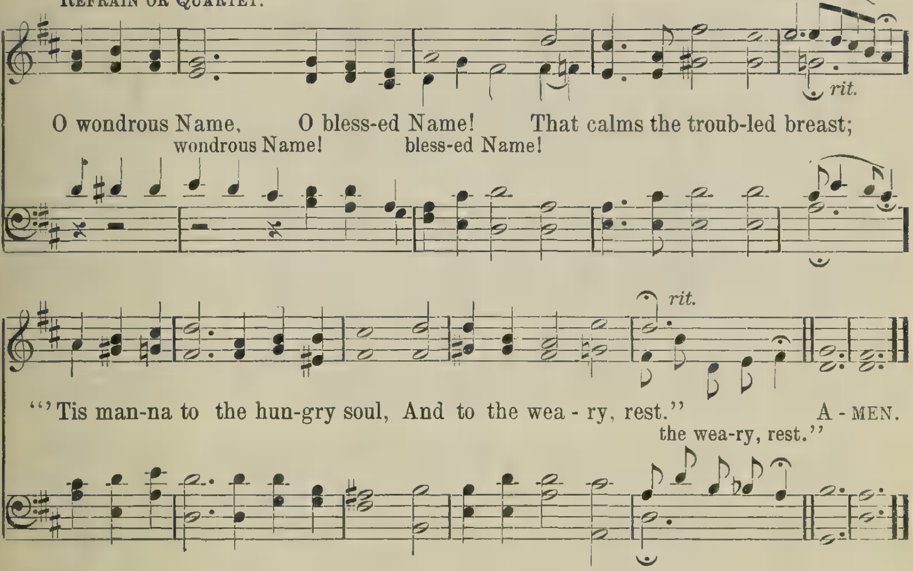
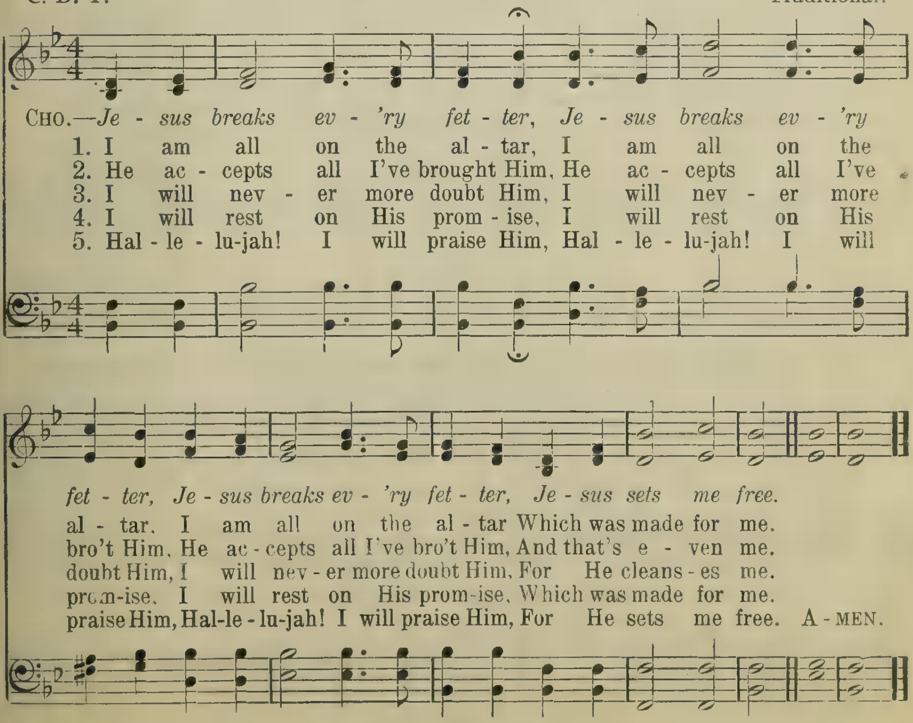
Refrain or Quartet.


rit.
O wondrous Name, O bless-ed Name! That calms the troub-led breast;
wondrous Name! bless-ed Name!
rit.
"'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest." A - men.
the wea-ry, rest."

492

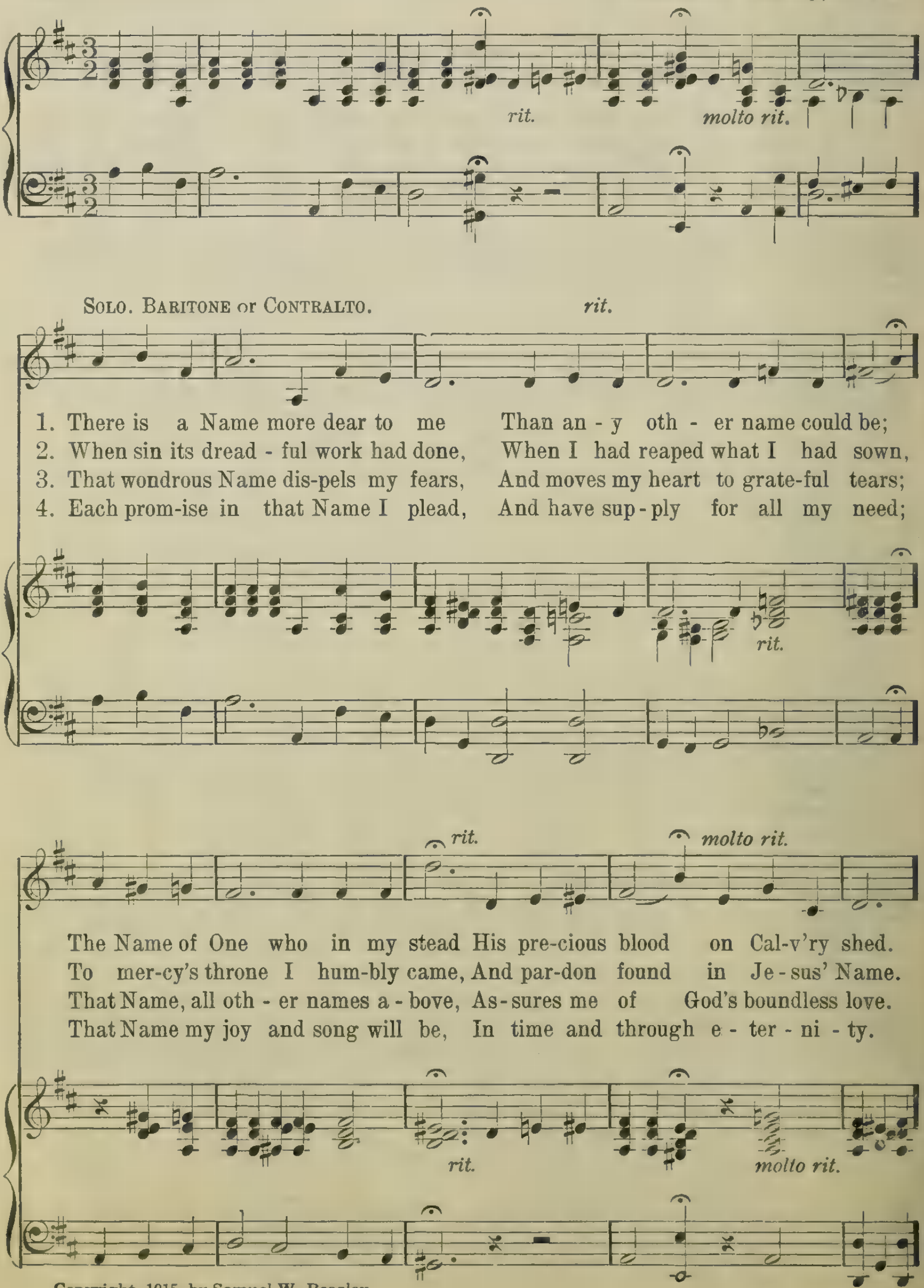
Jesus Breaks Every Fetter

C. D. T.
Traditional.


Cho.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.
1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the al - tar Which was made for me.
2. He ac - cepts all I've brought Him, He ac - cepts all I've bro't Him, He ac - cepts all I've bro't Him, And that's e - ven me.
3. I will nev - er more doubt Him, I will nev - er more doubt Him, I will nev - er more doubt Him, For He cleans - es me.
4. I will rest on His prom - ise, I will rest on His prom-ise, I will rest on His prom-ise, Which was made for me.
5. Hal - le - lu-jah! I will praise Him, Hal - le - lu-jah! I will praise Him, Hal-le - lu-jah! I will praise Him, For He sets me free. A - men.

491 The Wondrous Name of Jesus

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


rit.
molto rit.
Solo. Baritone or Contralto.
rit.
1. There is a Name more dear to me Than an - y oth - er name could be;
2. When sin its dread - ful work had done, When I had reaped what I had sown,
3. That wondrous Name dis-pels my fears, And moves my heart to grate-ful tears;
4. Each prom-ise in that Name I plead, And have sup - ply for all my need;
rit.
rit.
molto rit.
The Name of One who in my stead His pre-cious blood on Cal-v'ry shed.
To mer-cy's throne I hum-bly came, And par-don found in Je - sus' Name.
That Name, all oth - er names a - bove, As-sures me of God's boundless love.
That Name my joy and song will be, In time and through e - ter - ni - ty.
rit.
molto rit.

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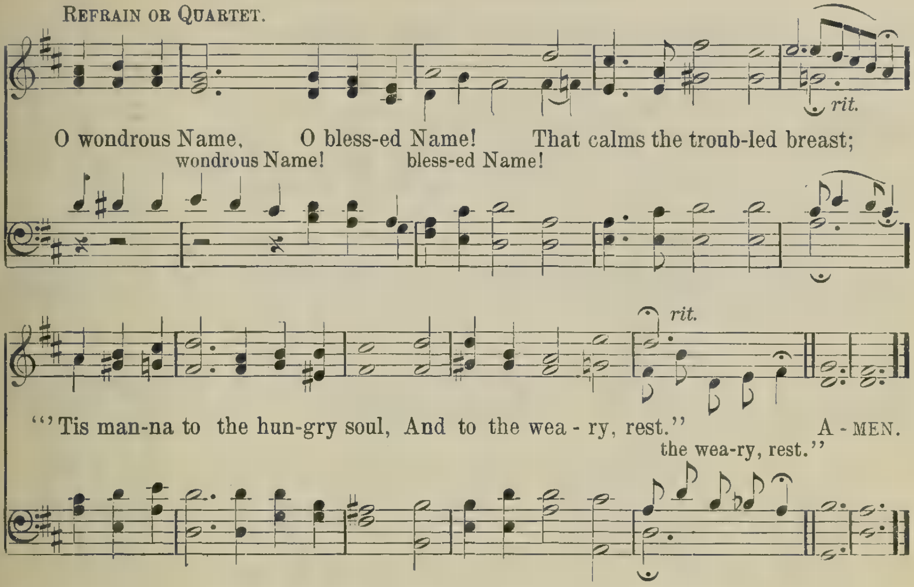
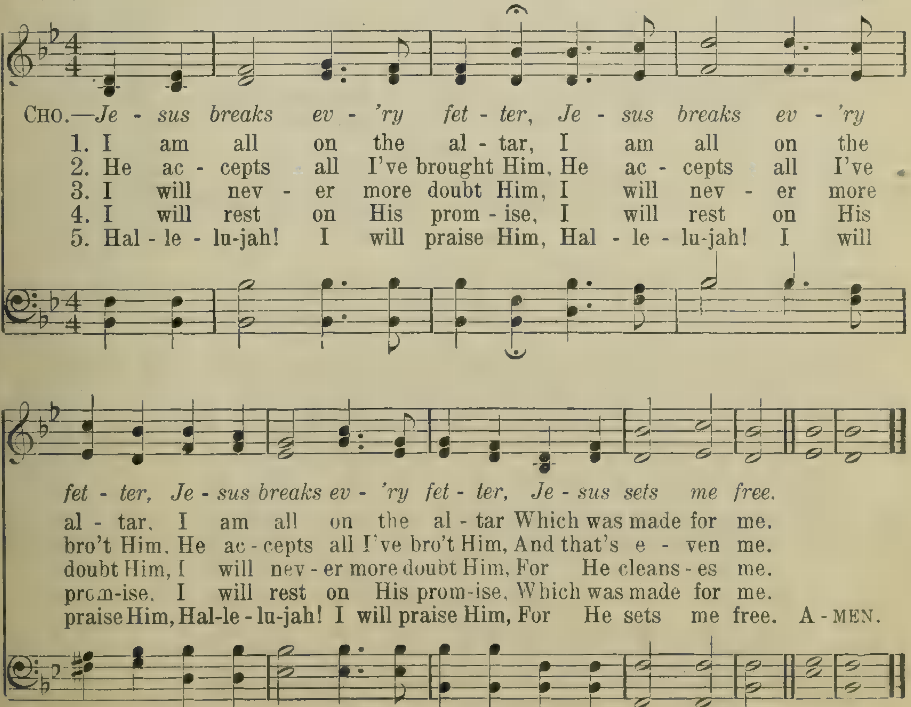
REFRAIN OR QUARTET.


rit.
O wondrous Name, O bless-ed Name! That calms the troub-led breast;
wondrous Name! bless-ed Name!
rit.
“’Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.” A - MEN.
the wea-ry, rest.”

492 Jesus Breaks Every Fetter

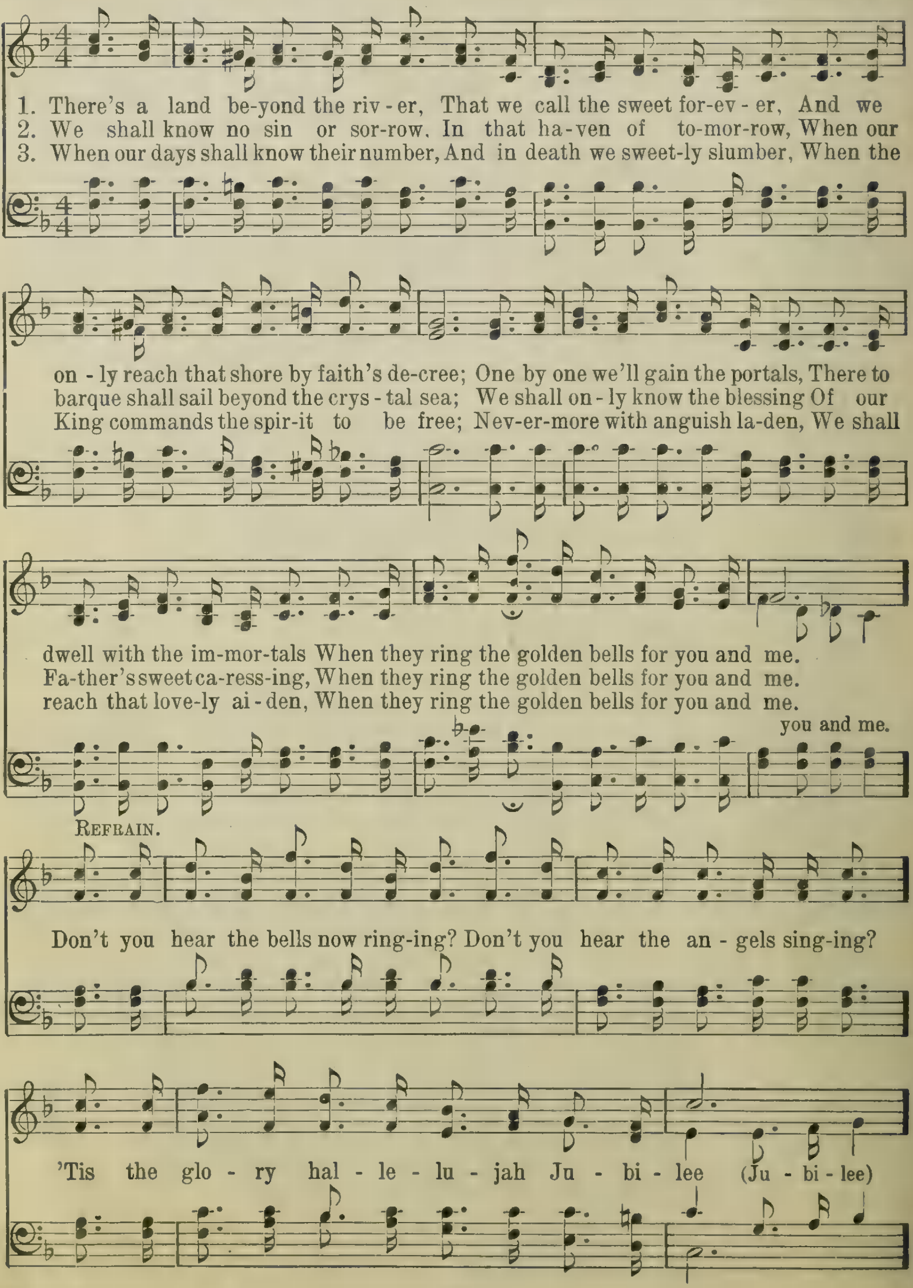
C. D. T. Traditional.

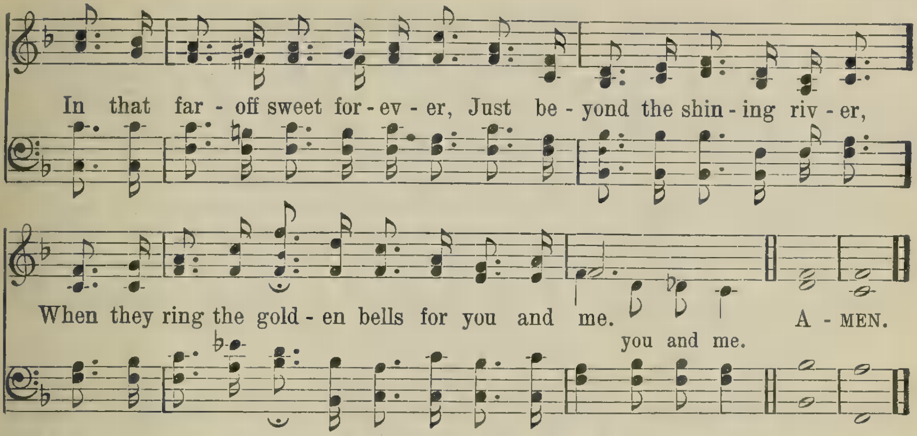

CHO.—Je - sus breaks ev - ’ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - ’ry
1. I am all on the al - tar, I am all on the
2. He ac - cepts all I’ve brought Him, He ac - cepts all I’ve
3. I will nev - er more doubt Him, I will nev - er more
4. I will rest on His prom - ise, I will rest on His
5. Hal - le - lu-jah! I will praise Him, Hal - le - lu-jah! I will
fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - ’ry fet - ter, Je - sus sets me free.
al - tar, I am all on the al - tar Which was made for me.
bro’t Him, He ac - cepts all I’ve bro’t Him, And that’s e - ven me.
doubt Him, I will nev - er more doubt Him, For He cleans - es me.
prom-ise, I will rest on His prom-ise, Which was made for me.
praise Him, Hal-le - lu-jah! I will praise Him, For He sets me free. A - MEN.

493

When They Ring the Golden Bells

Dion De Marbelle.

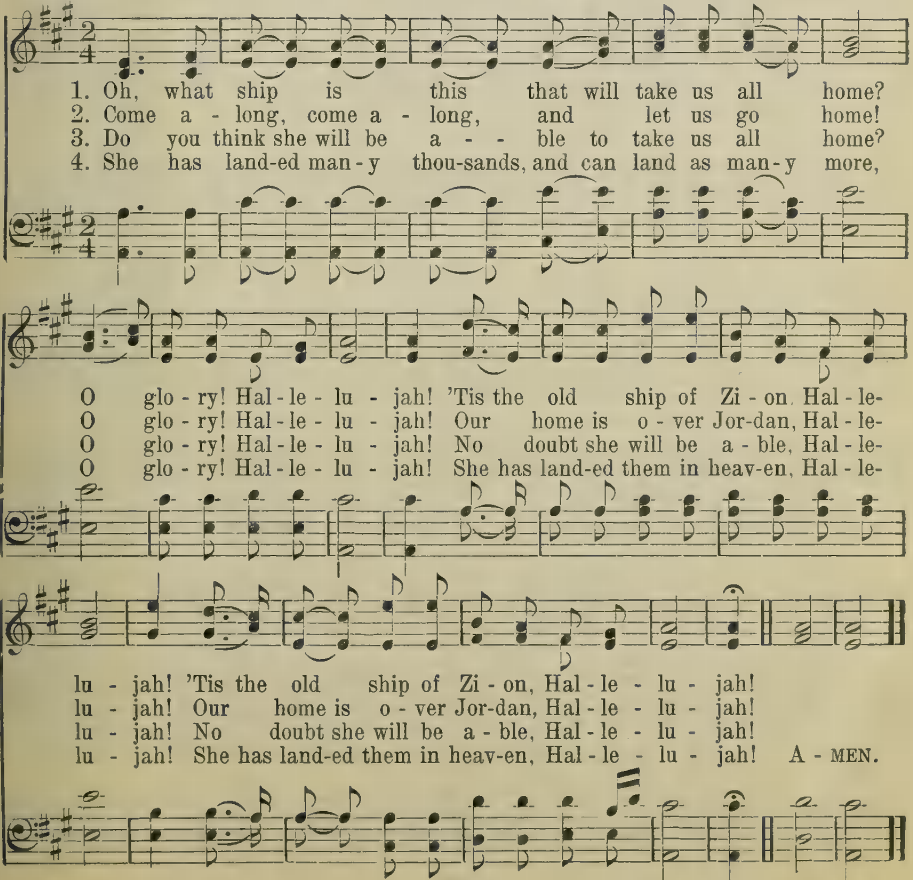

1. There's a land be-yond the riv-er, That we call the sweet for-ev-er, And we
2. We shall know no sin or sor-row, In that ha-ven of to-mor-row, When our
3. When our days shall know their number, And in death we sweet-ly slumber, When the
on-ly reach that shore by faith's de-cree; One by one we'll gain the portals, There to
barque shall sail beyond the crys-tal sea; We shall on-ly know the blessing Of our
King commands the spir-it to be free; Nev-er-more with anguish la-den, We shall
dwell with the im-mor-tals When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
Fa-ther's sweet ca-ress-ing, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
reach that love-ly ai-den, When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
you and me.
Refrain.
Don't you hear the bells now ring-ing? Don't you hear the an-gels sing-ing?
'Tis the glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah Ju-bi-lee (Ju-bi-lee)


In that far - off sweet for - ev - er, Just be - yond the shin - ing riv - er,
When they ring the gold - en bells for you and me. A - MEN.
you and me.

493½ Oh, What Ship Is This?

(The Old Ship of Zion.)

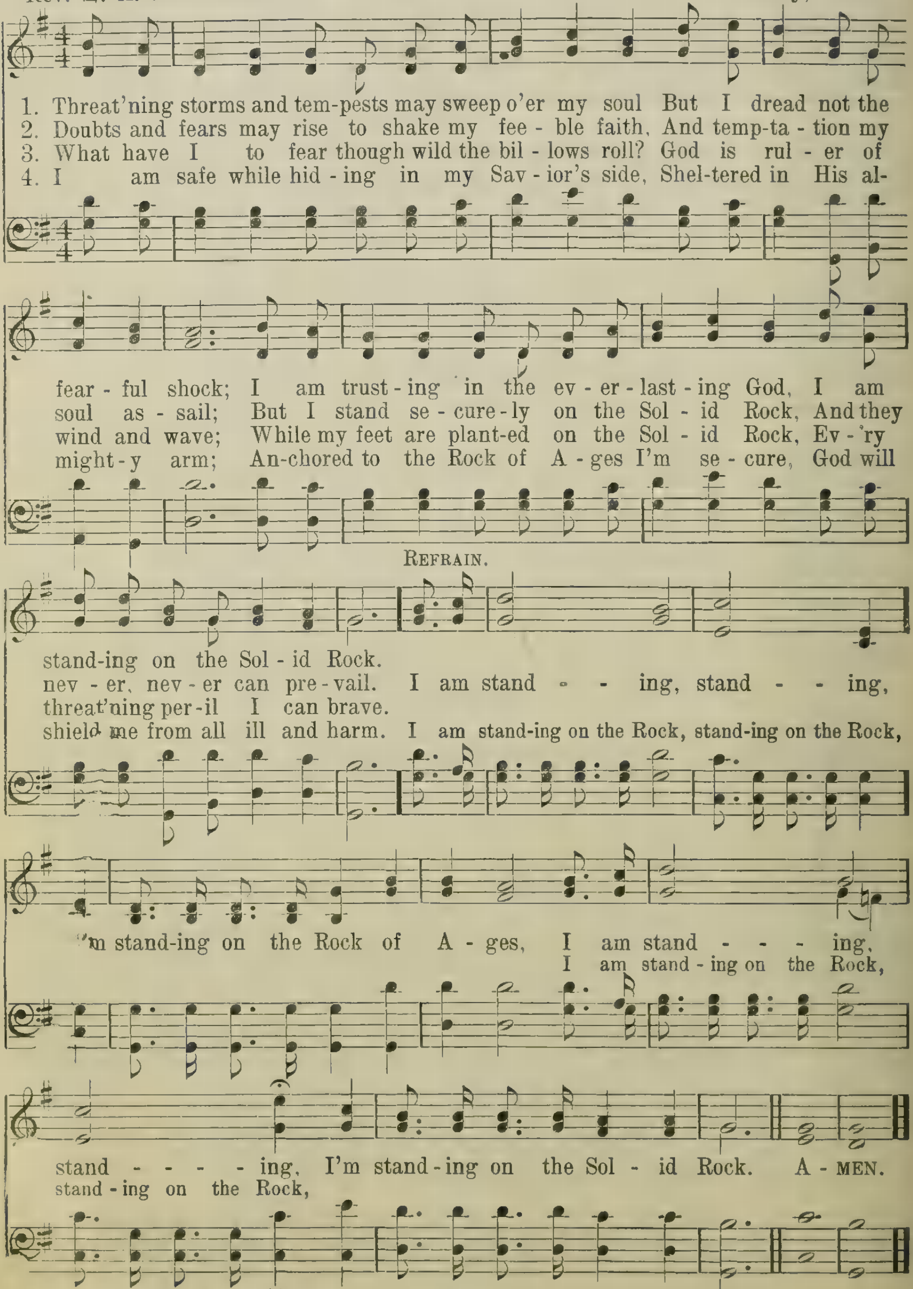
Traditional. Traditional.


1. Oh, what ship is this that will take us all home?
2. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home!
3. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home?
4. She has land-ed man - y thou-sands, and can land as man - y more,
O glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le-
O glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor-dan, Hal - le-
O glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le-
O glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav-en, Hal - le-
lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor-dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! She has land-ed them in heav-en, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

494 Threat'ning Storms and Tempests May Sweep

(I'M STANDING ON THE ROCK.)

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Threat'ning storms and tem-pests may sweep o'er my soul But I dread not the
2. Doubts and fears may rise to shake my fee - ble faith, And temp-ta - tion my
3. What have I to fear though wild the bil - lows roll? God is rul - er of
4. I am safe while hid - ing in my Sav - ior's side, Shel-tered in His al-
fear - ful shock; I am trust - ing in the ev - er - last - ing God, I am
soul as - sail; But I stand se - cure - ly on the Sol - id Rock, And they
wind and wave; While my feet are plant-ed on the Sol - id Rock, Ev - 'ry
might - y arm; An-chored to the Rock of A - ges I'm se - cure, God will
REFRAIN.
stand-ing on the Sol - id Rock.
nev - er, nev - er can pre - vail. I am stand - - ing, stand - - ing,
threat'ning per - il I can brave.
shield me from all ill and harm. I am stand-ing on the Rock, stand-ing on the Rock,
I'm stand-ing on the Rock of A - ges, I am stand - - - ing,
I am stand - ing on the Rock,
stand - - - - ing, I'm stand - ing on the Sol - id Rock. A - MEN.
stand - ing on the Rock,

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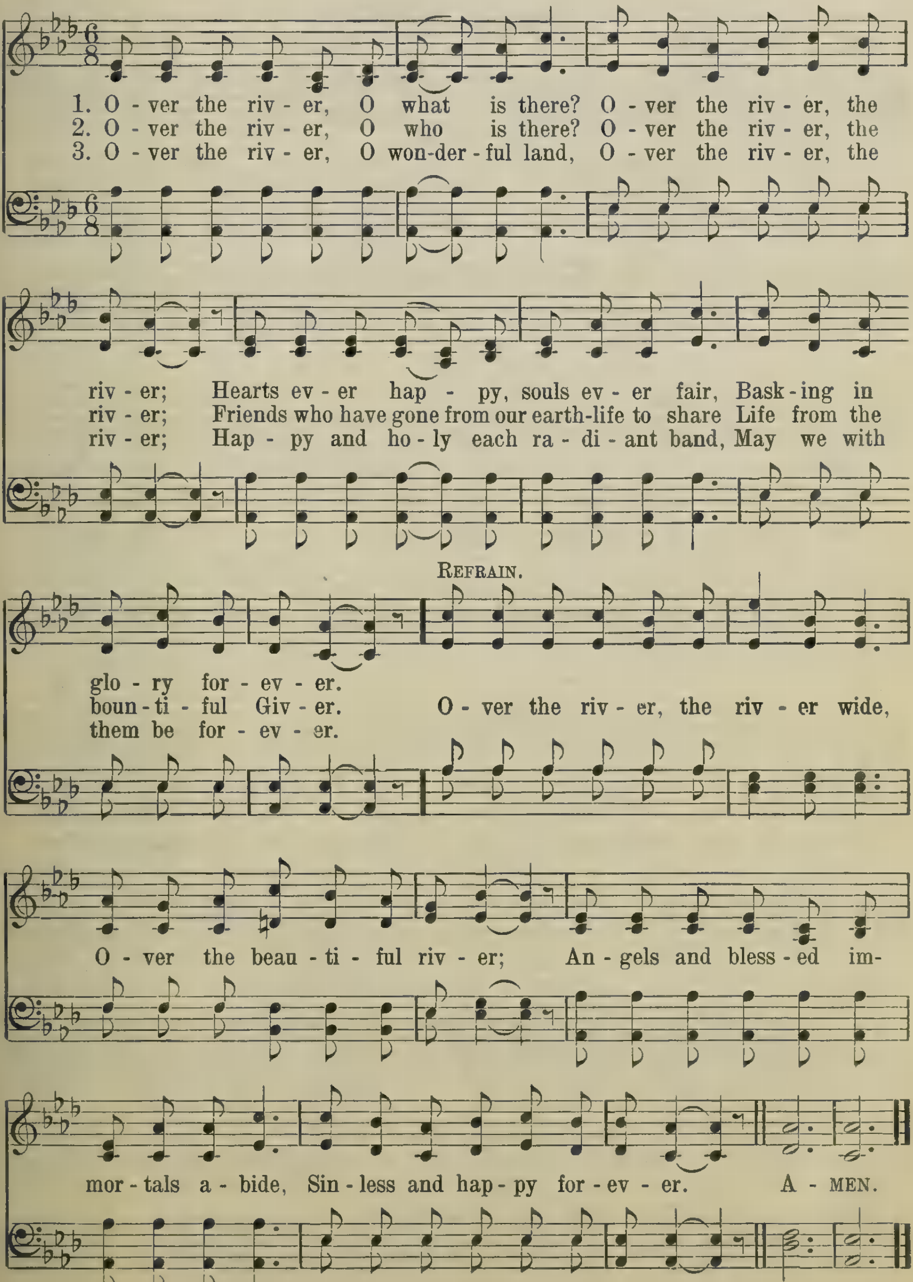
495 Over the River, O What Is There?

Eben E. Rexford. (OVER THE RIVER.) Geo. F. Root, 1820.

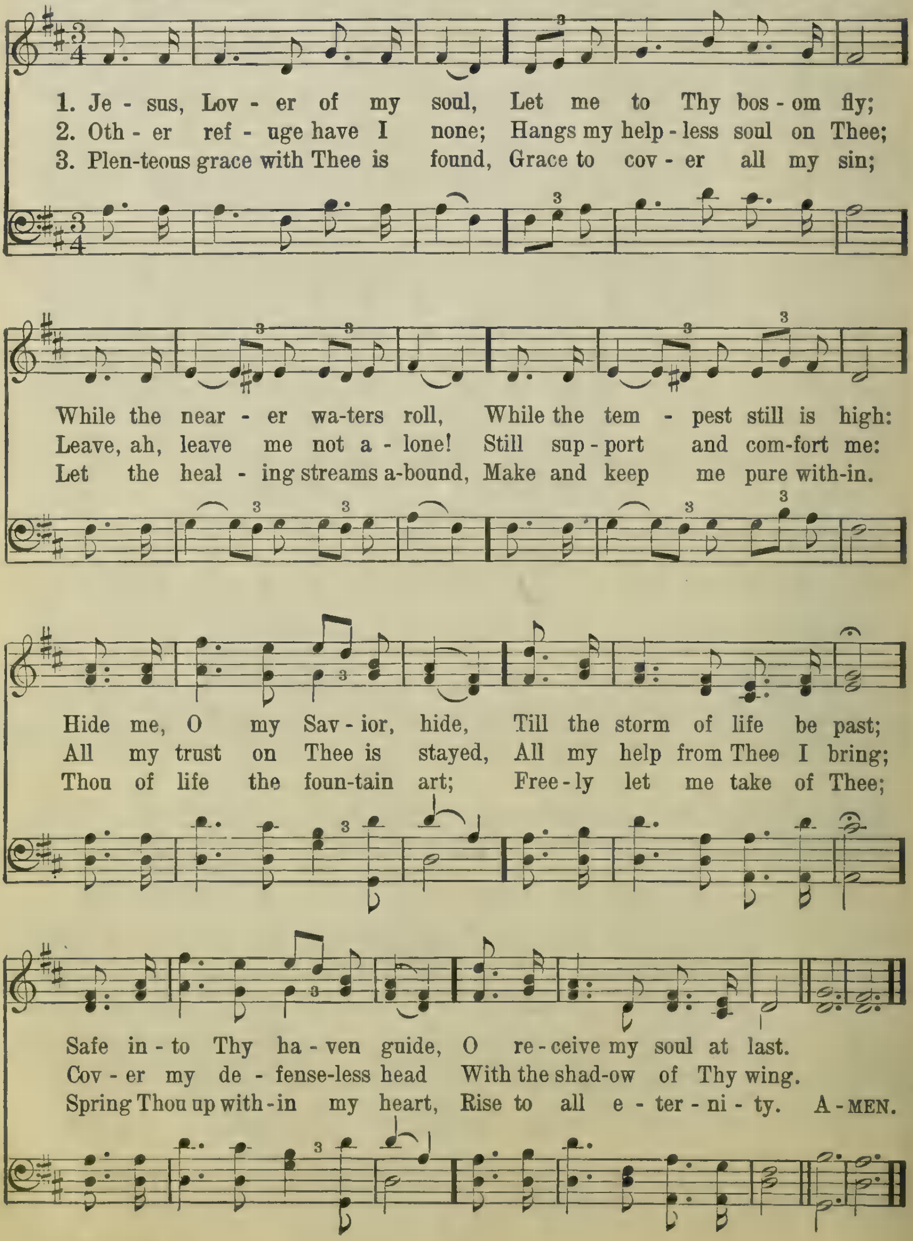

1. O - ver the riv - er, O what is there? O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er; Hearts ev - er hap - py, souls ev - er fair, Bask - ing in glo - ry for - ev - er.
2. O - ver the riv - er, O who is there? O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er; Friends who have gone from our earth-life to share Life from the boun - ti - ful Giv - er.
3. O - ver the riv - er, O won - der - ful land, O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er; Hap - py and ho - ly each ra - di - ant band, May we with them be for - ev - er.
REFRAIN.
O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er wide, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er; An - gels and bless - ed im - mor - tals a - bide, Sin - less and hap - py for - ev - er.
A - MEN.

496 Jesus, Lover of My Soul

[*First Tune*]

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1740. J. P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com-fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to Thy ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

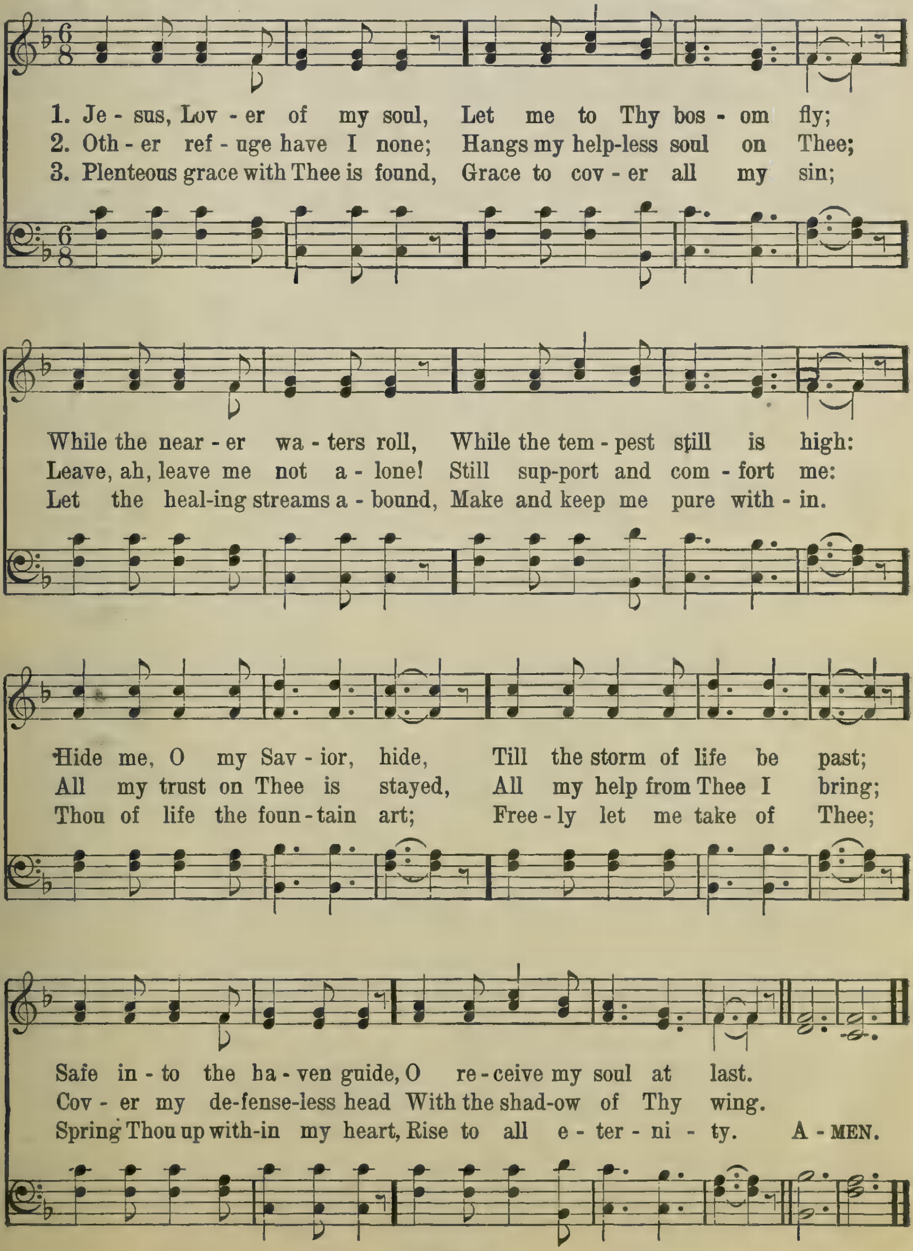
497

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

[*Second Tune*]

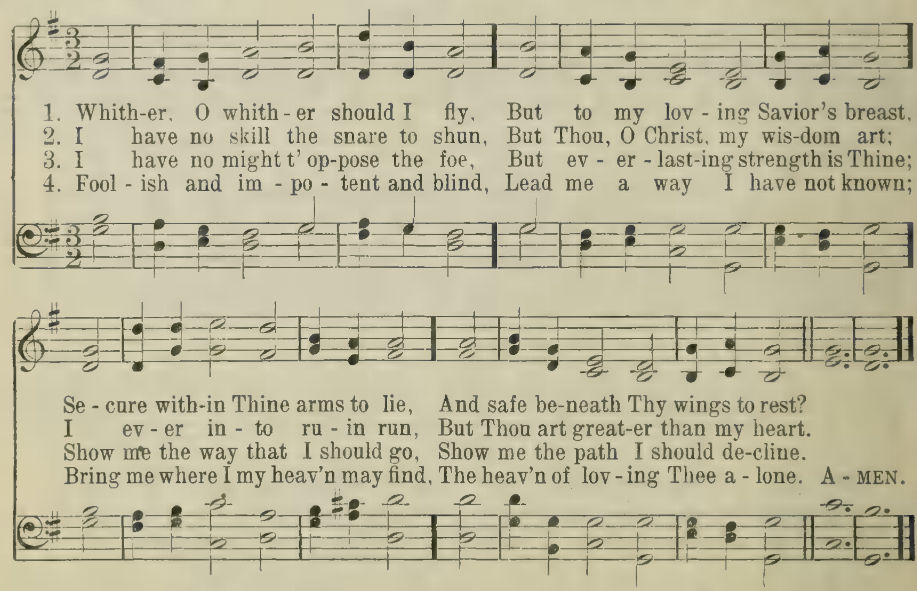
(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1740.
Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup-port and com - fort me:
Let the heal-ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.
Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

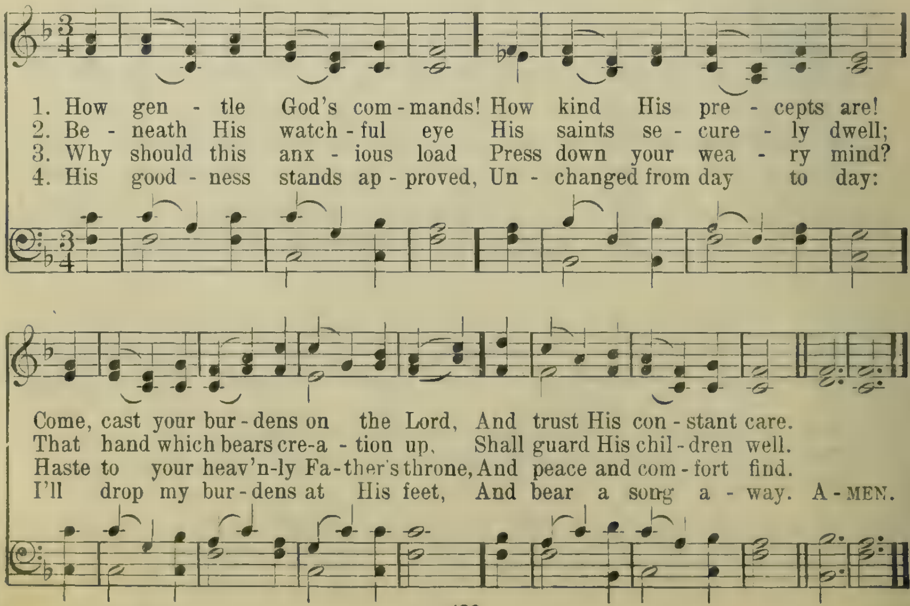
498 Whither, O Whither Should I Fly?

Charles Wesley, 1740. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1768–1872.


1. Whith-er, O whith - er should I fly, But to my lov - ing Savior's breast,
2. I have no skill the snare to shun, But Thou, O Christ, my wis-dom art;
3. I have no might t' op-pose the foe, But ev - er - last-ing strength is Thine;
4. Fool - ish and im - po - tent and blind, Lead me a way I have not known;
Se - cure with-in Thine arms to lie, And safe be-neath Thy wings to rest?
I ev - er in - to ru - in run, But Thou art great-er than my heart.
Show me the way that I should go, Show me the path I should de-cline.
Bring me where I my heav'n may find, The heav'n of lov - ing Thee a - lone. A - MEN.

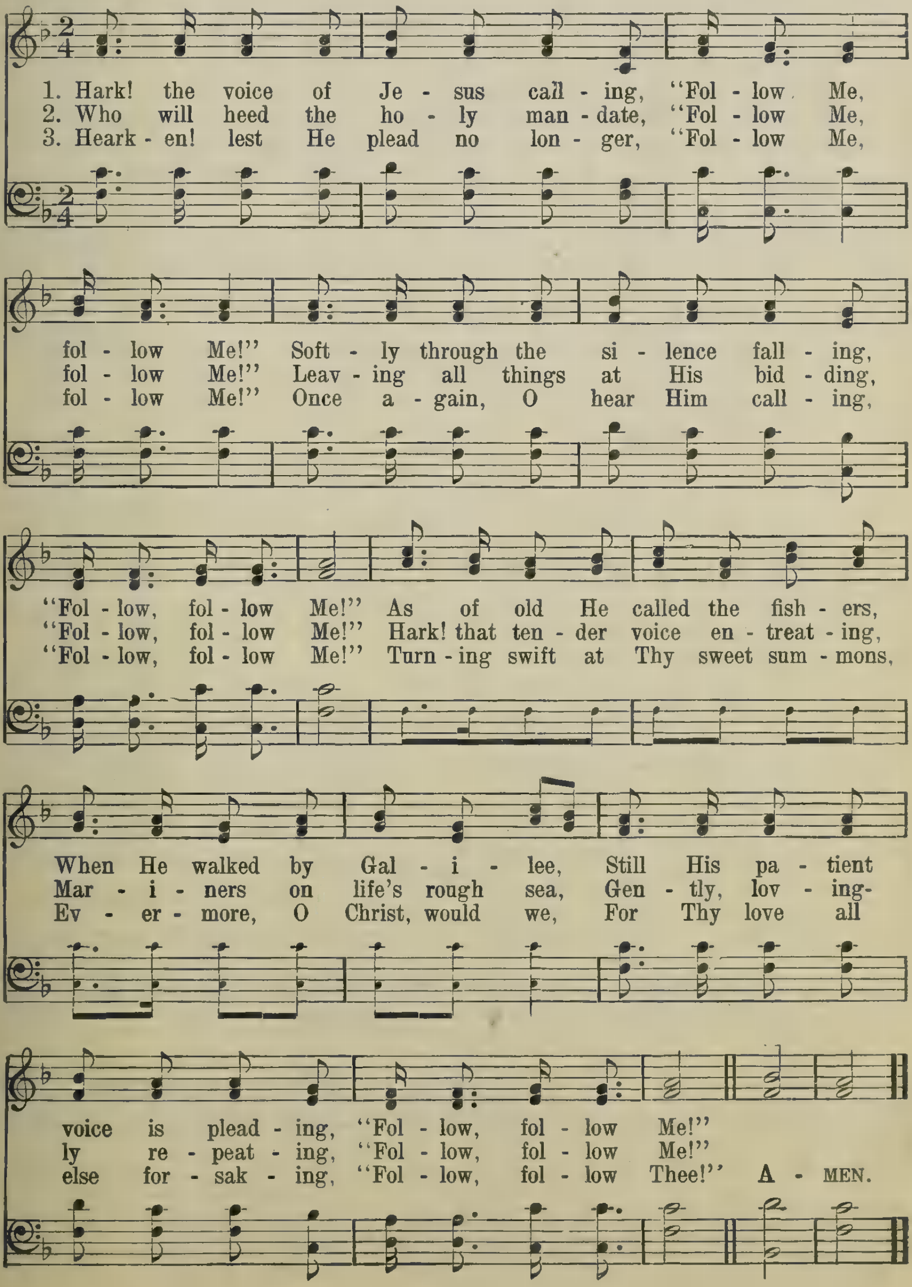
499 How Gentle God's Commands!

Philip Doddridge, 1755. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.


1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:
Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
That hand which bears cre-a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.
I'll drop my bur - dens at His feet, And bear a song a - way. A - MEN.

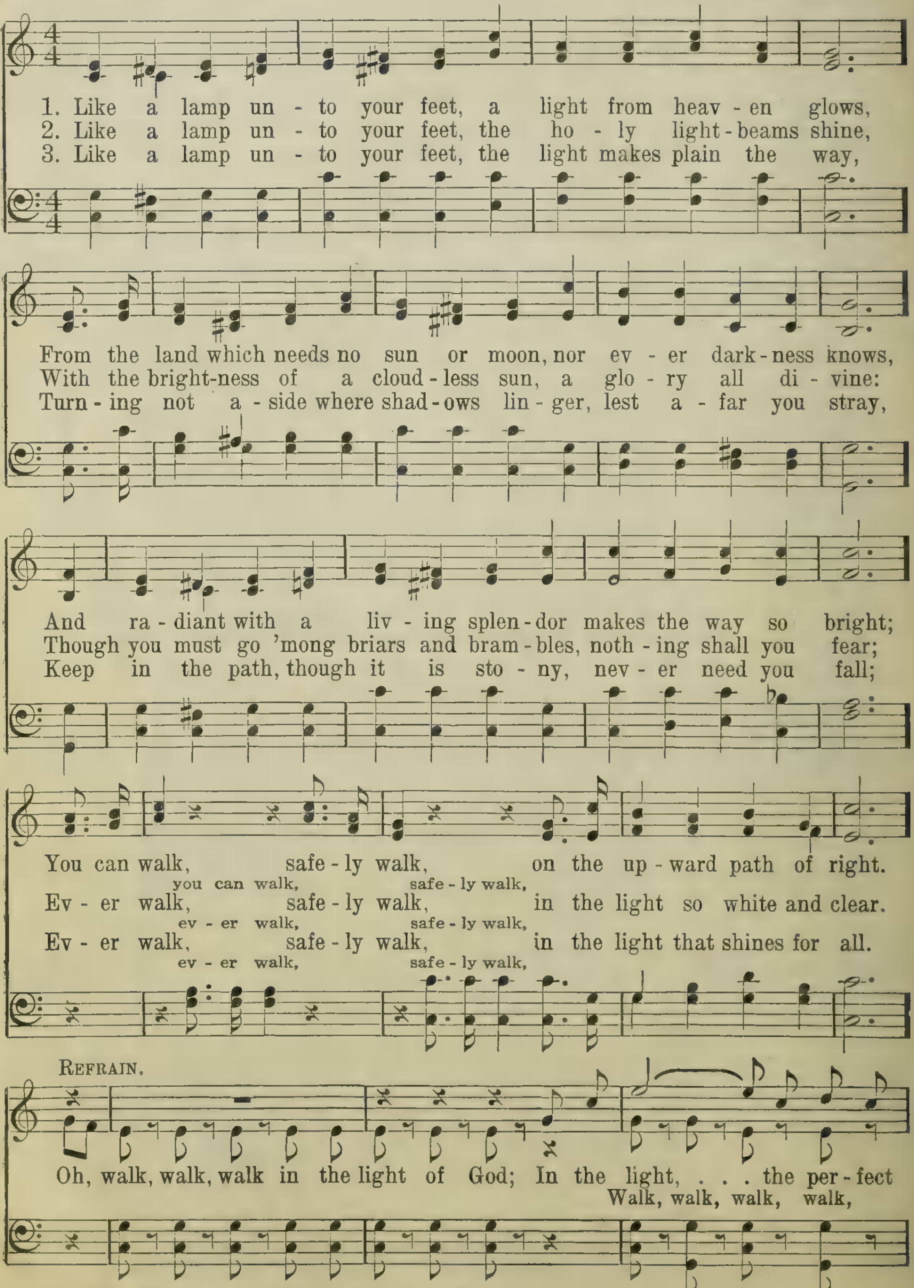
500 Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

M. B. Sleight. (Follow Me.) H. R. Palmer.

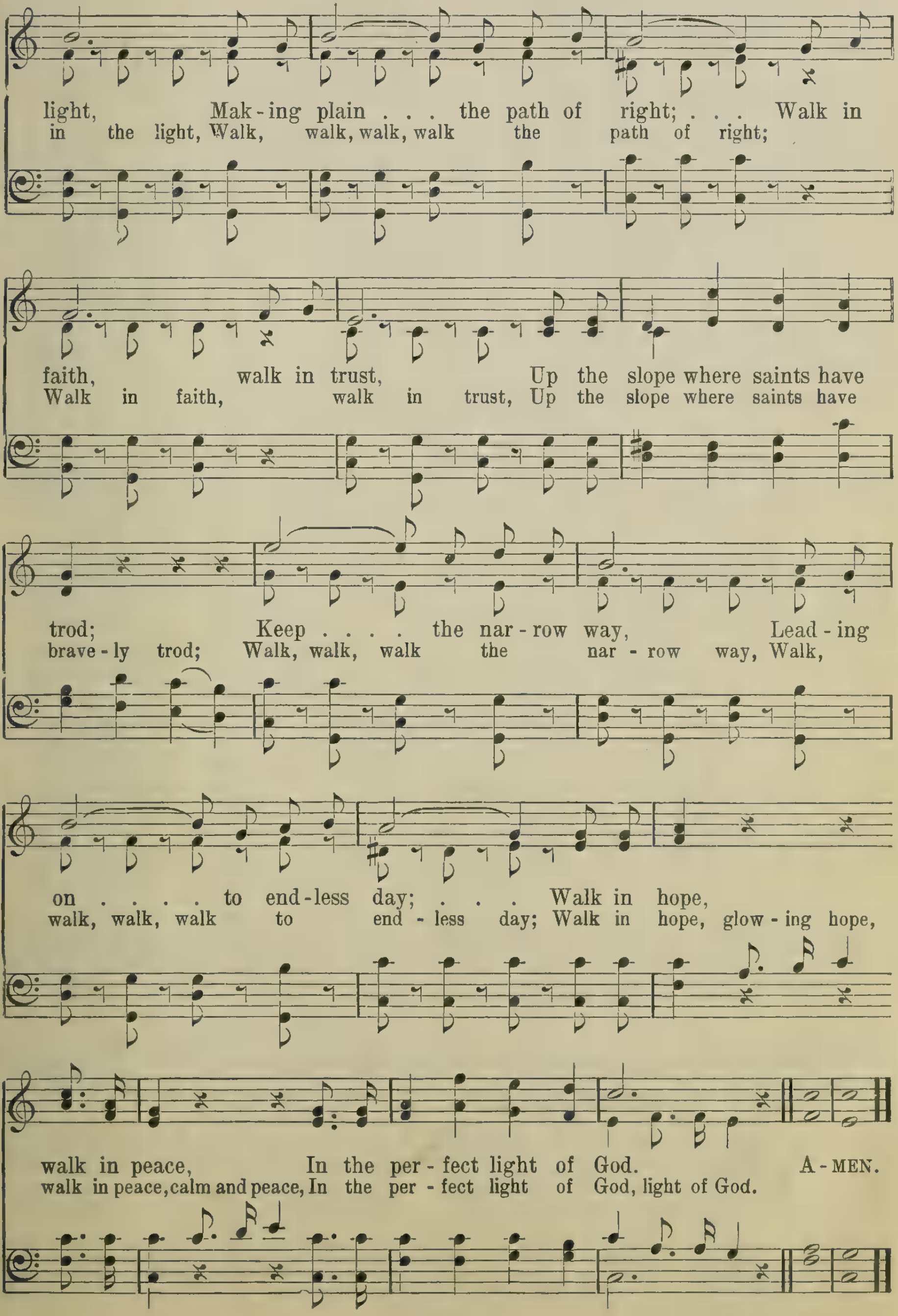

1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Fol - low Me,
2. Who will heed the ho - ly man - date, "Fol - low Me,
3. Heark - en! lest He plead no lon - ger, "Fol - low Me,
fol - low Me!" Soft - ly through the si - lence fall - ing,
fol - low Me!" Leav - ing all things at His bid - ding,
fol - low Me!" Once a - gain, O hear Him call - ing,
"Fol - low, fol - low Me!" As of old He called the fish - ers,
"Fol - low, fol - low Me!" Hark! that ten - der voice en - treat - ing,
"Fol - low, fol - low Me!" Turn - ing swift at Thy sweet sum - mons,
When He walked by Gal - i - lee, Still His pa - tient
Mar - i - ners on life's rough sea, Gen - tly, lov - ing-
Ev - er - more, O Christ, would we, For Thy love all
voice is plead - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
ly re - peat - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Me!"
else for - sak - ing, "Fol - low, fol - low Thee!" A - MEN.

501 Walk in the Light of God

Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Like a lamp un - to your feet, a light from heav - en glows,
2. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the ho - ly light - beams shine,
3. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the light makes plain the way,
From the land which needs no sun or moon, nor ev - er dark - ness knows,
With the bright-ness of a cloud - less sun, a glo - ry all di - vine:
Turn - ing not a - side where shad - ows lin - ger, lest a - far you stray,
And ra - diant with a liv - ing splen - dor makes the way so bright;
Though you must go 'mong briars and bram - bles, noth - ing shall you fear;
Keep in the path, though it is sto - ny, nev - er need you fall;
You can walk, safe - ly walk, on the up - ward path of right.
you can walk, safe - ly walk,
Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light so white and clear.
ev - er walk, safe - ly walk,
Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light that shines for all.
ev - er walk, safe - ly walk,
Refrain.
Oh, walk, walk, walk in the light of God; In the light, . . . the per - fect
Walk, walk, walk, walk,

Copyright, 1912, by Beazley & Vaughan.


light, Mak-ing plain . . . the path of right; . . . Walk in
in the light, Walk, walk, walk, walk the path of right;
faith, walk in trust, Up the slope where saints have
Walk in faith, walk in trust, Up the slope where saints have
trod; Keep . . . . the nar-row way, Lead-ing
brave-ly trod; Walk, walk, walk the nar-row way, Walk,
on . . . . to end-less day; . . . Walk in hope,
walk, walk, walk to end-less day; Walk in hope, glow-ing hope,
walk in peace, In the per-fect light of God. A-MEN.
walk in peace, calm and peace, In the per-fect light of God, light of God.

502

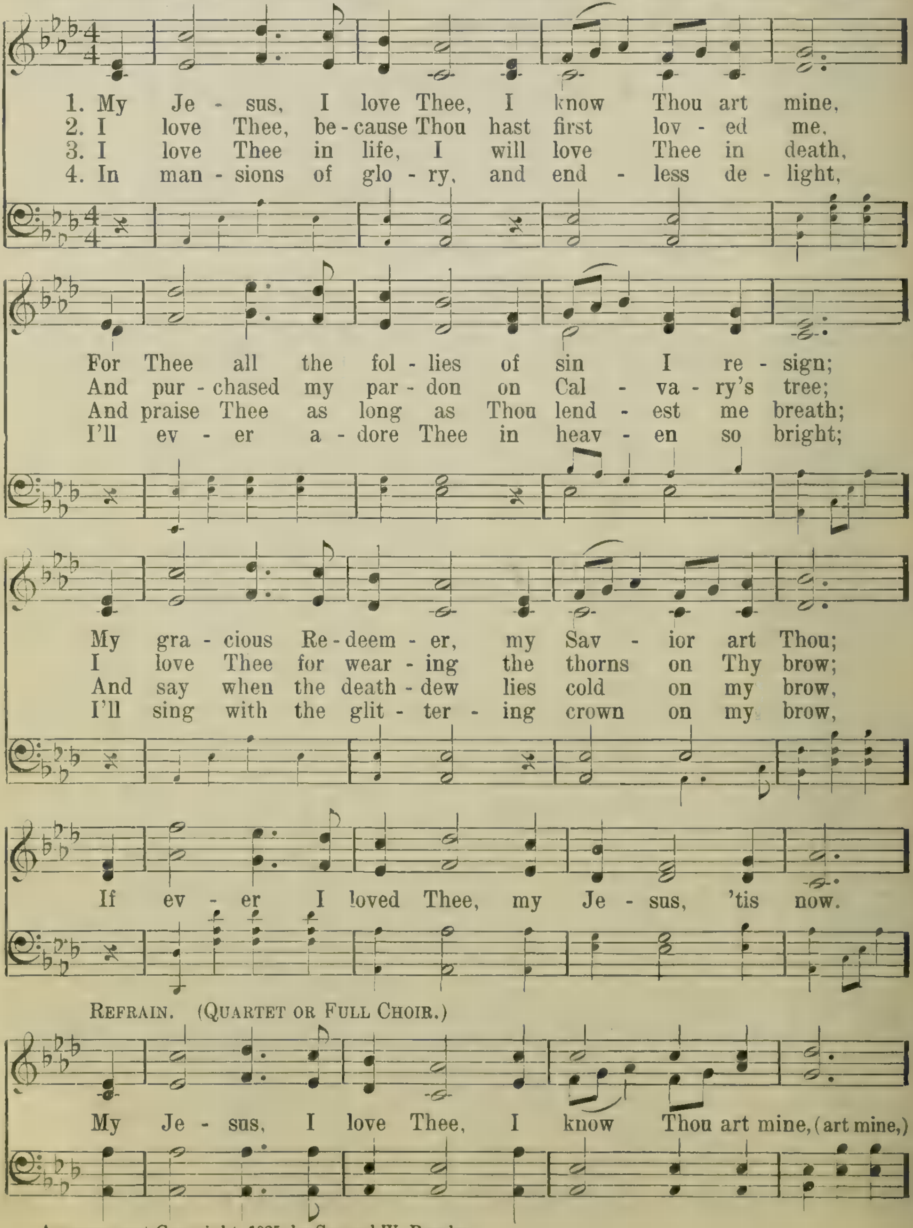
My Jesus, I Love Thee

(ANDANTINO. 11, 11, 11, 11.)

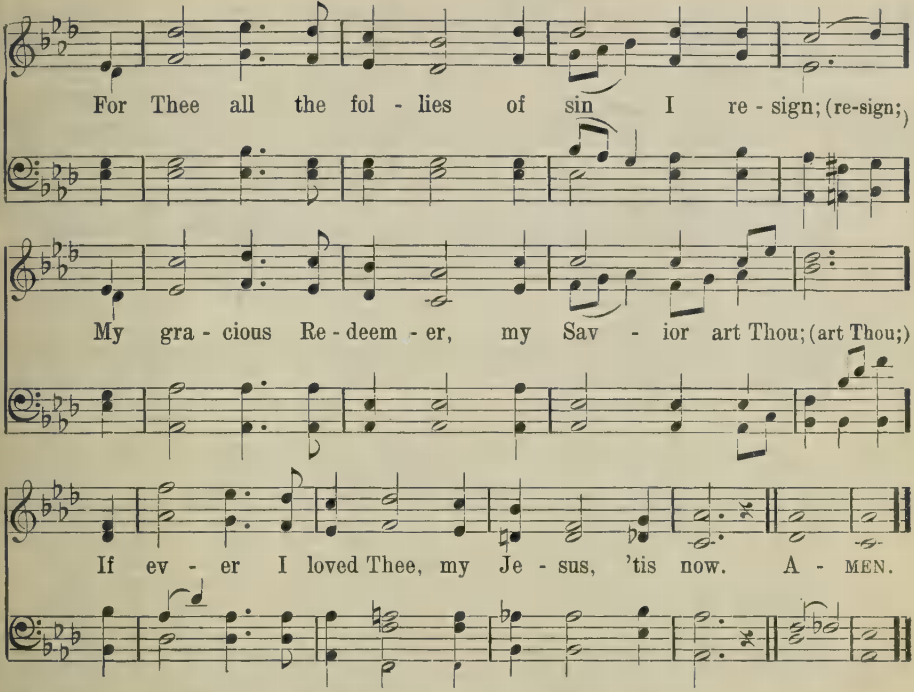
The Hymn "How Firm a Foundation" may also be sung to this tune.

Arr. from Edwin H. Lemare's celebrated
Organ Solo by Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

DUET. *Andantino molto sostenuto.*

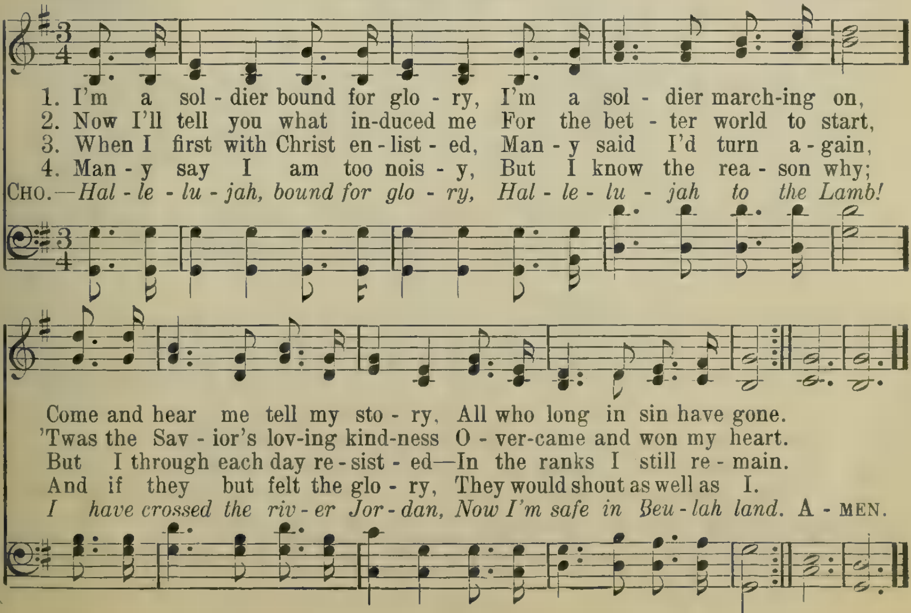

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry, and end - less de - light,
For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
REFRAIN. (QUARTET OR FULL CHOIR.)
My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, (art mine,)

Arrangement Copyright, 1925, by Samuel W. Beazley.


For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign; (re-sign;)
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; (art Thou;)
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

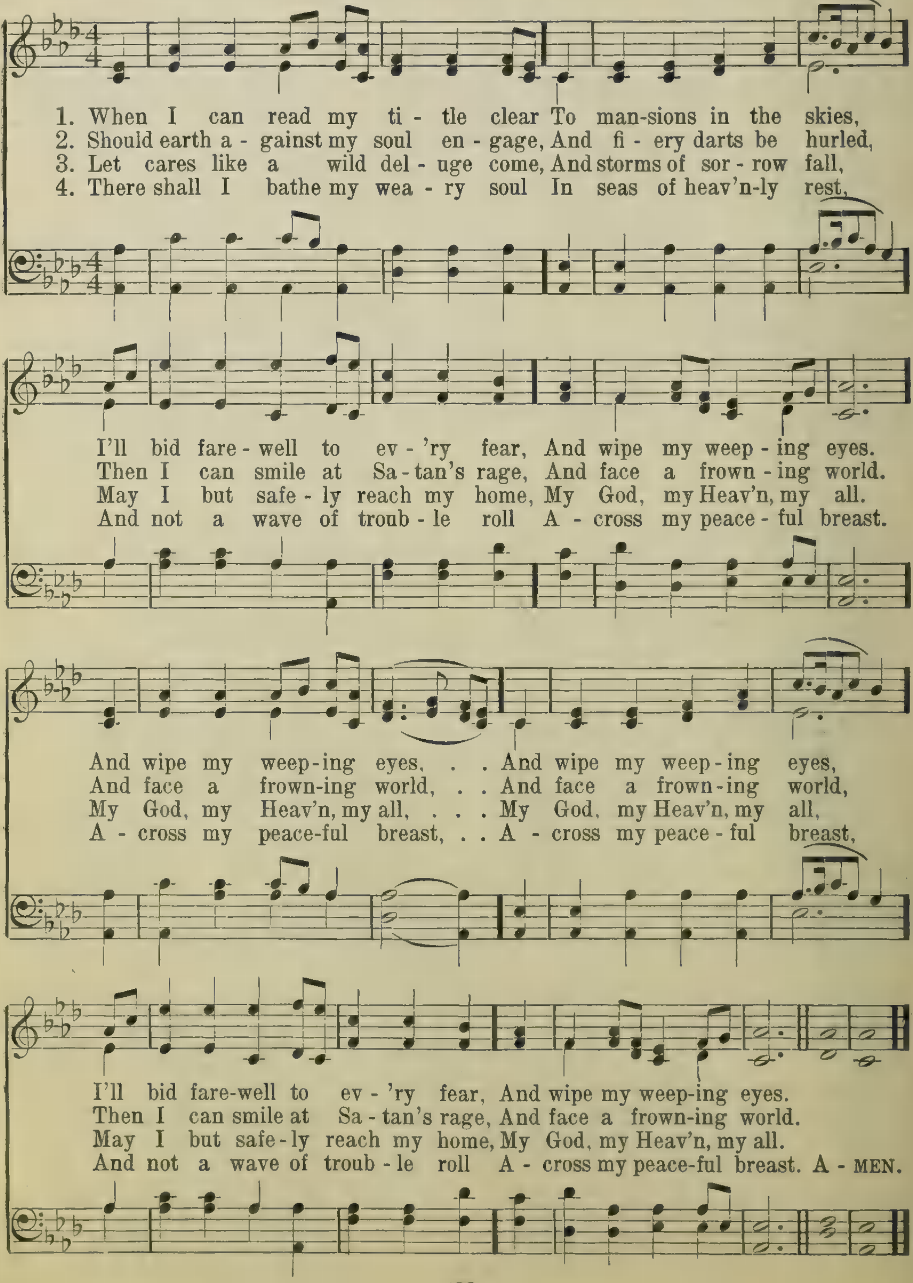
503 I'm a Soldier Bound For Glory

Traditional. (SAFE IN BEULAH.) Traditional.


1. I'm a sol - dier bound for glo - ry, I'm a sol - dier march-ing on,
2. Now I'll tell you what in-duced me For the bet - ter world to start,
3. When I first with Christ en - list - ed, Man - y said I'd turn a - gain,
4. Man - y say I am too nois - y, But I know the rea - son why;
CHO.—Hal - le - lu - jah, bound for glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!
Come and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who long in sin have gone.
'Twas the Sav - ior's lov-ing kind-ness O - ver-came and won my heart.
But I through each day re - sist - ed—In the ranks I still re - main.
And if they but felt the glo - ry, They would shout as well as I.
I have crossed the riv - er Jor - dan, Now I'm safe in Beu - lah land. A - MEN.

504 When I Can Read My Title Clear

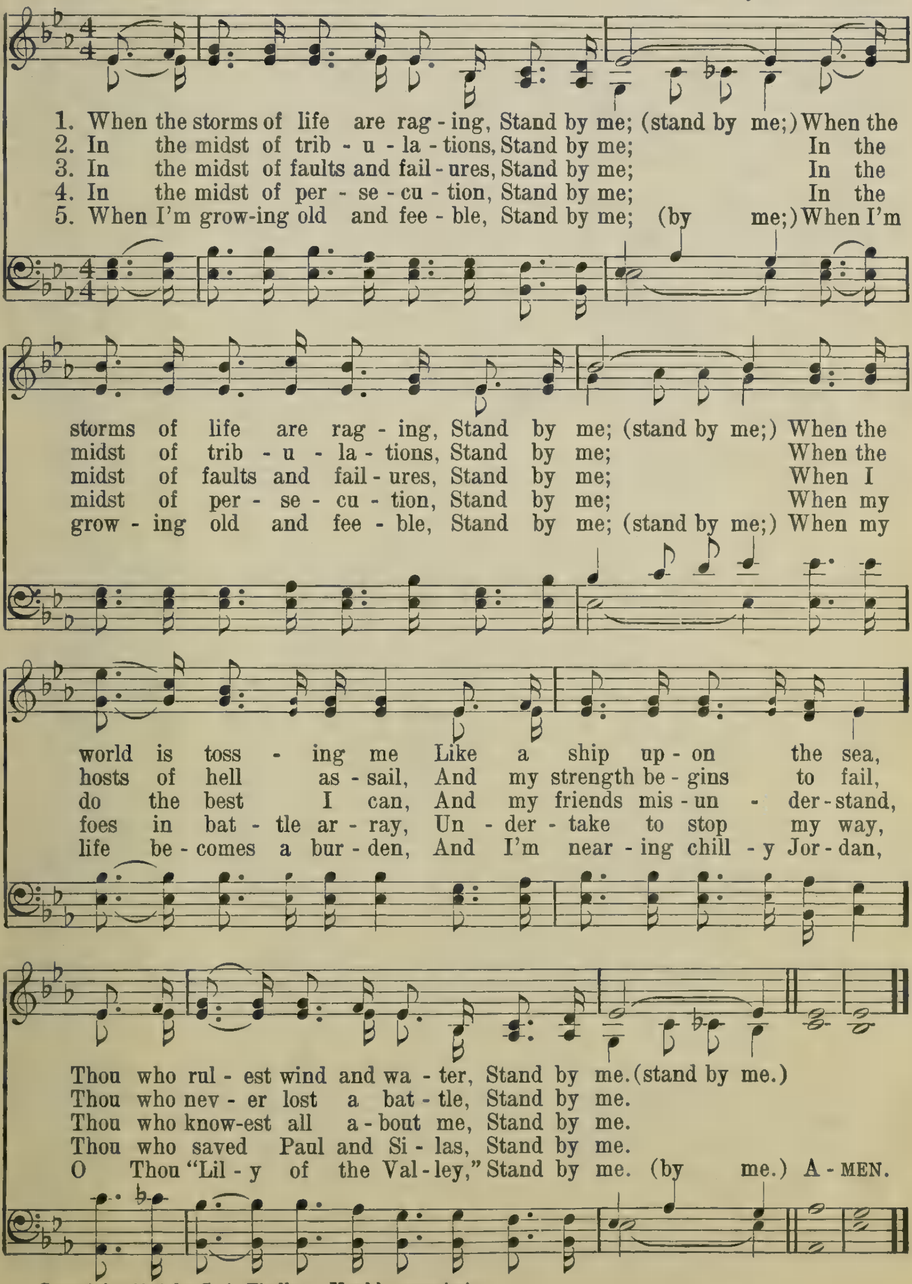
Isaac Watts. (PISGAH. C. M.) J. C. Lowry.


1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall,
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
I'll bid fare - well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.
And wipe my weep-ing eyes, . . And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
And face a frown-ing world, . . And face a frown-ing world,
My God, my Heav'n, my all, . . . My God, my Heav'n, my all,
A - cross my peace-ful breast, . . A - cross my peace - ful breast,
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.
May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace-ful breast. A - MEN.

505

Stand By Me

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley. Arr. by F. A. Clark.


1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me; In the
3. In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me; In the
4. In the midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me; In the
5. When I'm grow-ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (by me;) When I'm
storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me; When the
midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me; When I
midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me; When my
grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When my
world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea,
hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail,
do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der - stand,
foes in bat - tle ar - ray, Un - der - take to stop my way,
life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chill - y Jor - dan,
Thou who rul - est wind and wa - ter, Stand by me. (stand by me.)
Thou who nev - er lost a bat - tle, Stand by me.
Thou who know-est all a - bout me, Stand by me.
Thou who saved Paul and Si - las, Stand by me.
O Thou "Lil - y of the Val - ley," Stand by me. (by me.) A - MEN.

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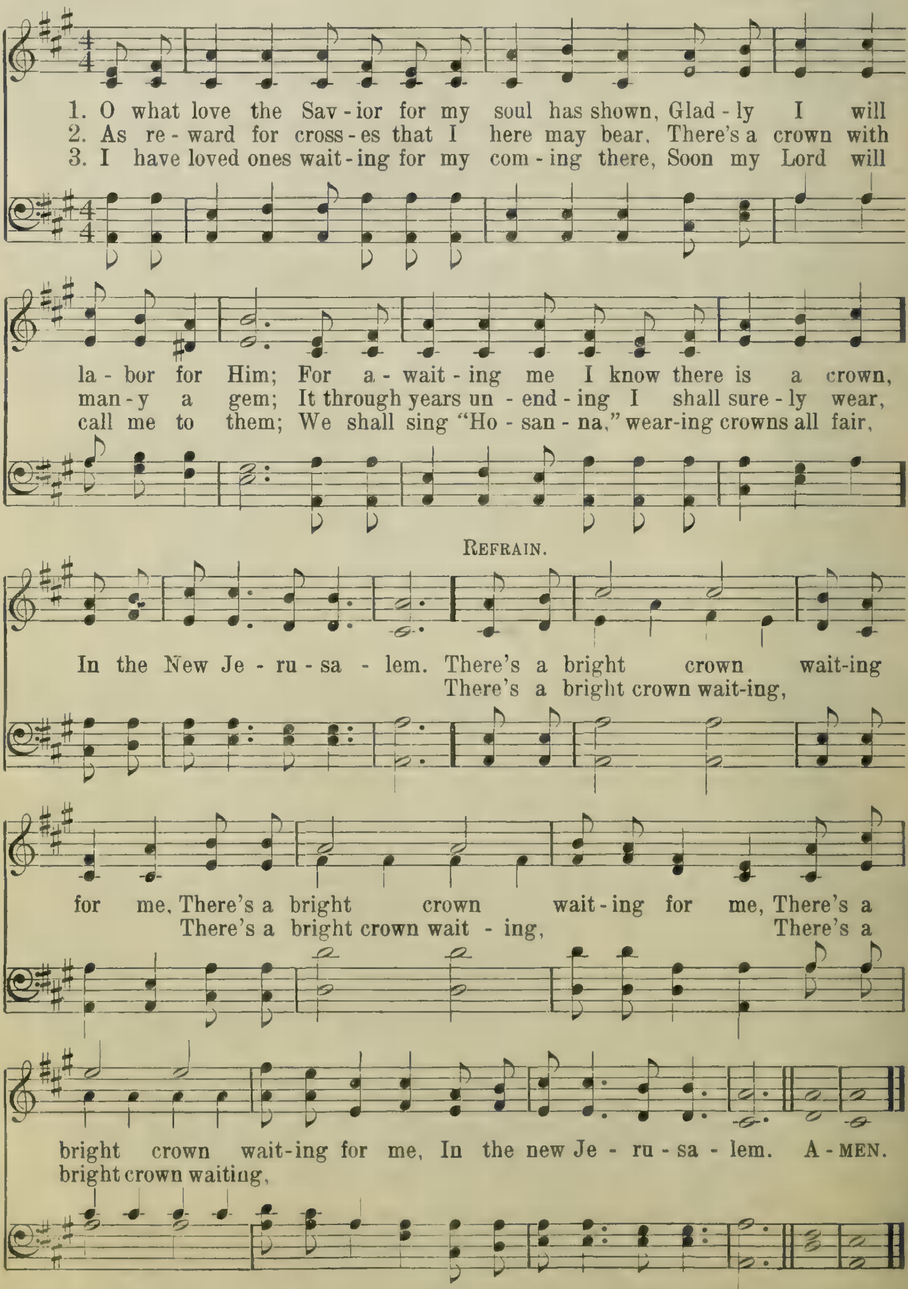
506

The Crown

B. B. Edmiaston. Emmett S. Dean.


1. O what love the Sav-ior for my soul has shown, Glad-ly I will
2. As re-ward for cross-es that I here may bear, There's a crown with
3. I have loved ones wait-ing for my com-ing there, Soon my Lord will
la-bor for Him; For a-wait-ing me I know there is a crown,
man-y a gem; It through years un-end-ing I shall sure-ly wear,
call me to them; We shall sing "Ho-san-na," wear-ing crowns all fair,
REFRAIN.
In the New Je-ru-sa-lem. There's a bright crown wait-ing
There's a bright crown wait-ing,
for me, There's a bright crown wait-ing for me, There's a
There's a bright crown wait-ing, There's a
bright crown wait-ing for me, In the new Je-ru-sa-lem. A-MEN.
bright crown waiting,

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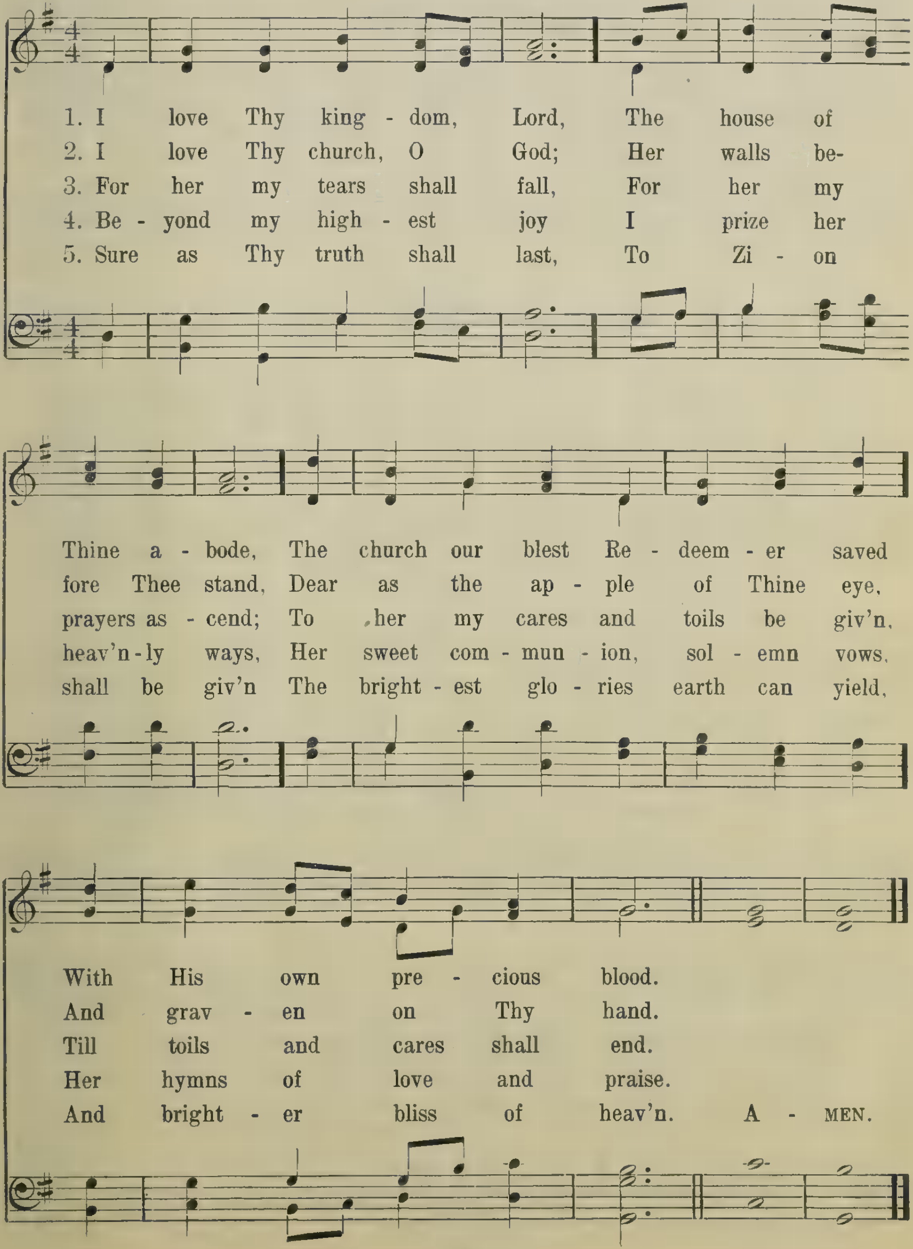
507

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

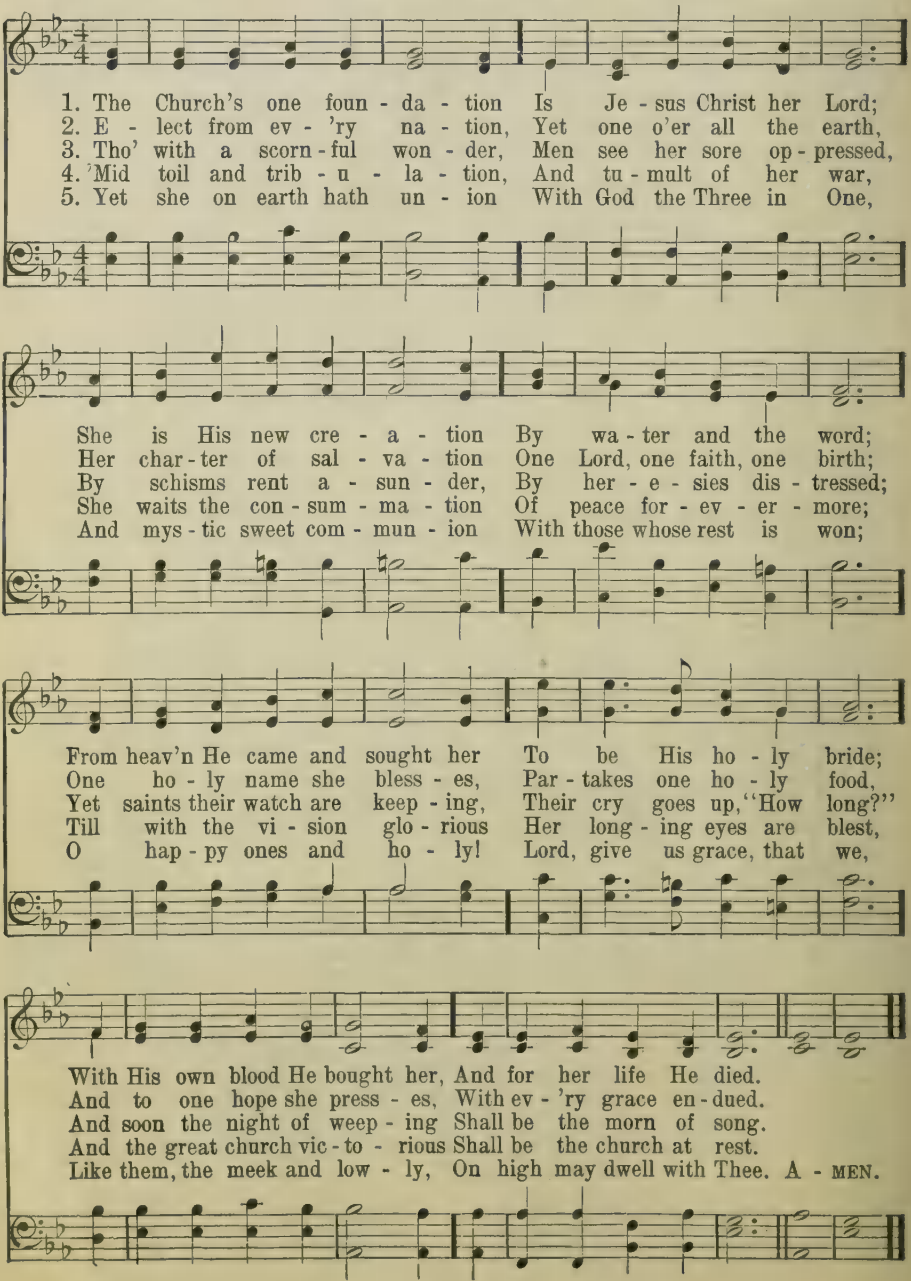
(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

Timothy Dwight, 1800. G. F. Handel, 1685–1759.


1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of
2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be-
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on
Thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved
fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye,
prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows,
shall be giv'n The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield,
With His own pre - cious blood.
And grav - en on Thy hand.
Till toils and cares shall end.
Her hymns of love and praise.
And bright - er bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

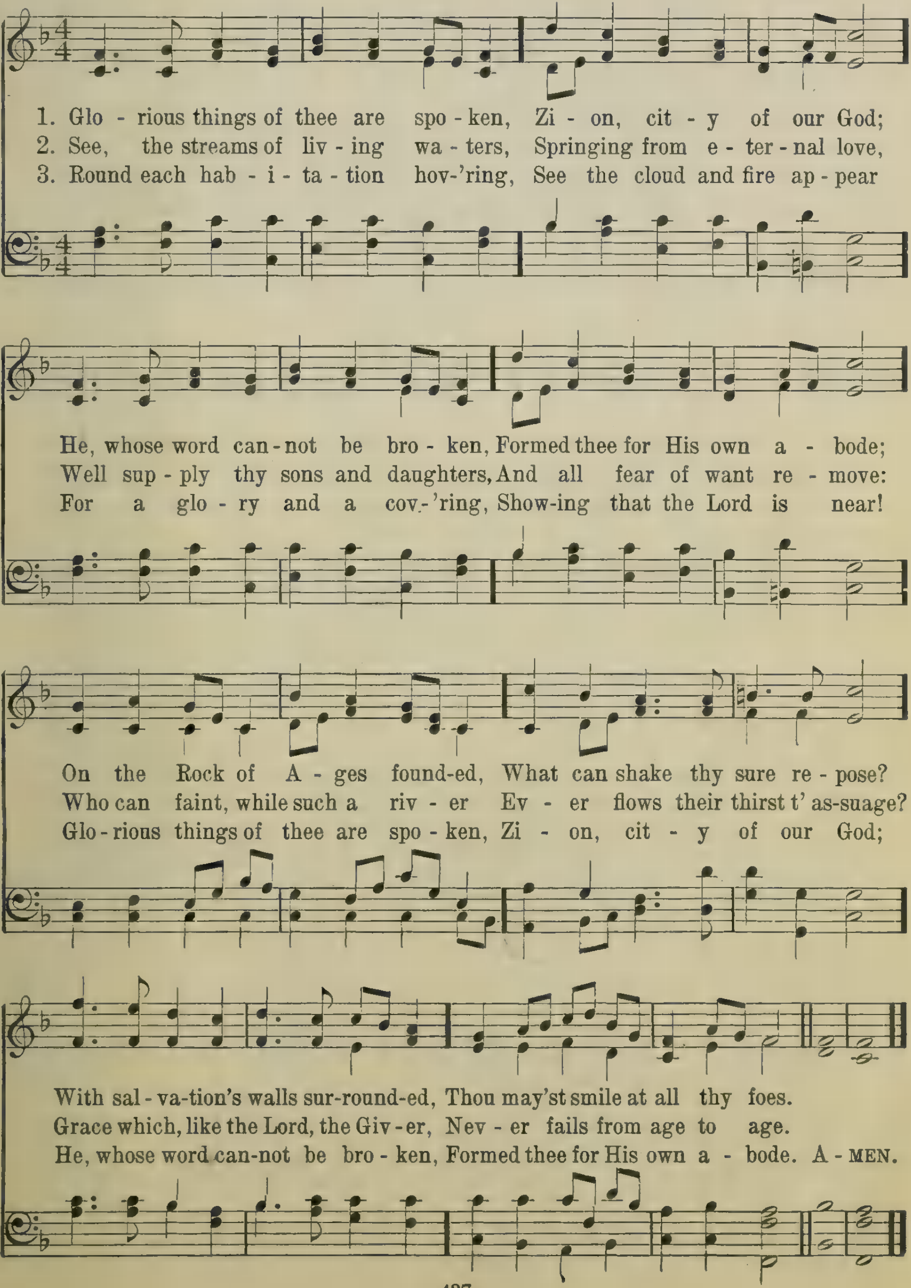
508 The Church's One Foundation

S. J. Stone, 1866. (AURELIA. 7s, 6s. 8 l.) S. S. Wesley, 1864.


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - pressed,
4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won;
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace, that we,
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

509 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

John Newton. (AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D.) Francis J. Haydn.



1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;
2. See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal love,
3. Round each habitation hov'ring, See the cloud and fire appear

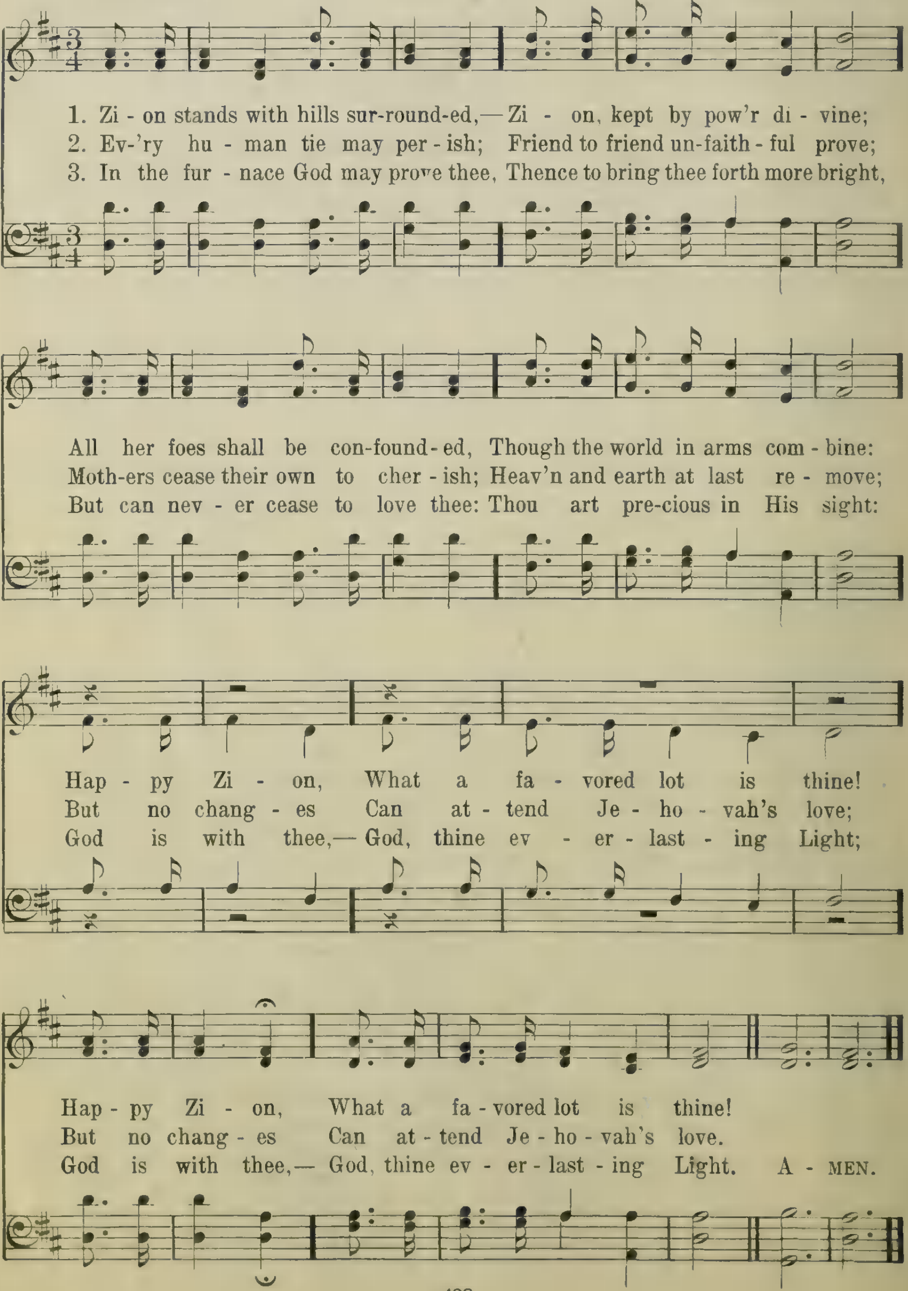
He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode;
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove:
For a glory and a cov'ring, Showing that the Lord is near!

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint, while such a river Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God;

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giver, Never fails from age to age.
He, whose word cannot be broken, Formed thee for His own abode. AMEN.

510 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded

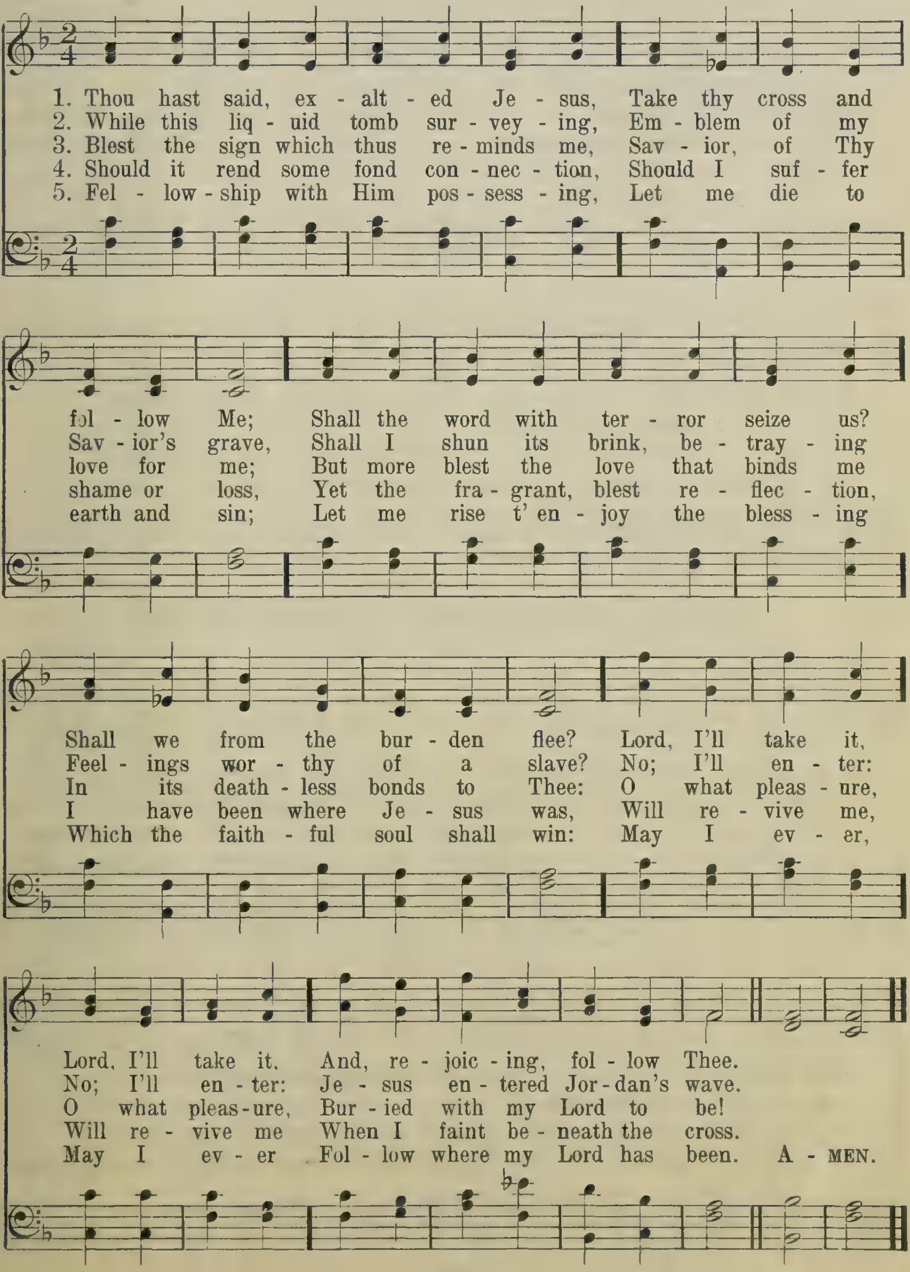
Thomas Kelly, 1806. (Zion. 8s, 7s, 4.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784–1873.


3/4
1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed,— Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
2. Ev-'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un-faith - ful prove;
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
All her foes shall be con-found - ed, Though the world in arms com - bine:
Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
But can nev - er cease to love thee: Thou art pre-cious in His sight:
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
God is with thee,— God, thine ev - er - last - ing Light;
Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee,— God, thine ev - er - last - ing Light. A - MEN.

511 Thou Hast Said, Exalted Jesus

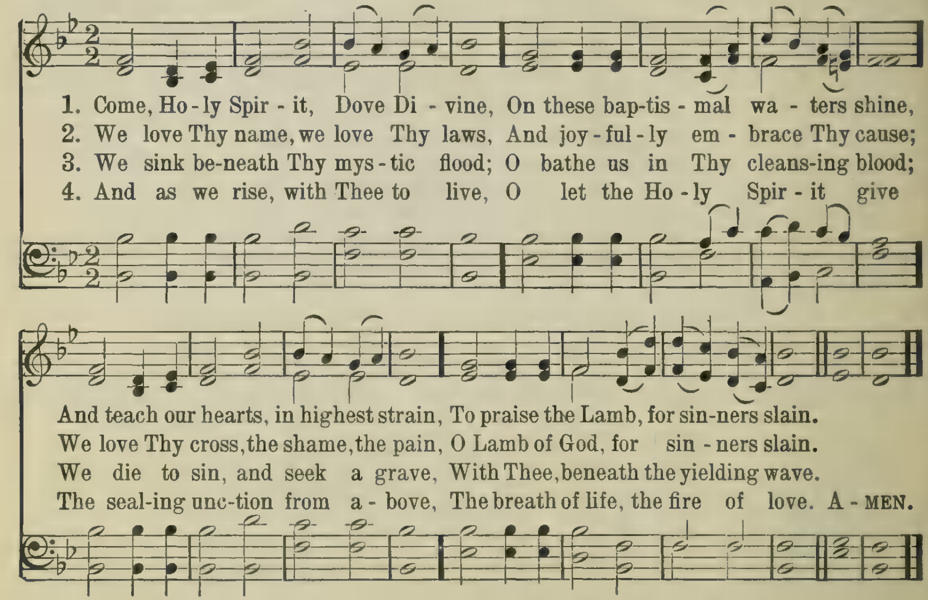
(VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

John E. Giles, 1837. D. Bortniansky, 1751–1825.


2/4
1. Thou hast said, ex - alt - ed Je - sus, Take thy cross and
2. While this liq - uid tomb sur - vey - ing, Em - blem of my
3. Blest the sign which thus re - minds me, Sav - ior, of Thy
4. Should it rend some fond con - nec - tion, Should I suf - fer
5. Fel - low - ship with Him pos - sess - ing, Let me die to
fol - low Me; Shall the word with ter - ror seize us?
Sav - ior's grave, Shall I shun its brink, be - tray - ing
love for me; But more blest the love that binds me
shame or loss, Yet the fra - grant, blest re - flec - tion,
earth and sin; Let me rise t' en - joy the bless - ing
Shall we from the bur - den flee? Lord, I'll take it,
Feel - ings wor - thy of a slave? No; I'll en - ter:
In its death - less bonds to Thee: O what pleas - ure,
I have been where Je - sus was, Will re - vive me,
Which the faith - ful soul shall win: May I ev - er,
Lord, I'll take it, And, re - joic - ing, fol - low Thee.
No; I'll en - ter: Je - sus en - tered Jor - dan's wave.
O what pleas - ure, Bur - ied with my Lord to be!
Will re - vive me When I faint be - neath the cross.
May I ev - er Fol - low where my Lord has been. A - MEN.

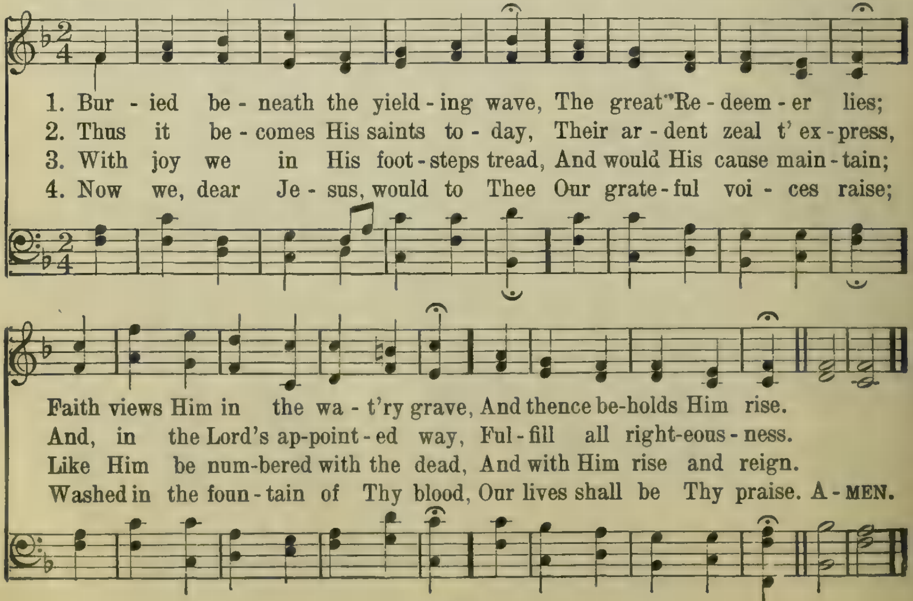
512 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine

Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850. (ERNAN. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Dove Di-vine, On these bap-tis-mal wa-ters shine,
2. We love Thy name, we love Thy laws, And joy-ful-ly em-brace Thy cause;
3. We sink be-neath Thy mys-tic flood; O bathe us in Thy cleans-ing blood;
4. And as we rise, with Thee to live, O let the Ho-ly Spir-it give
And teach our hearts, in highest strain, To praise the Lamb, for sin-ners slain.
We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sin-ners slain.
We die to sin, and seek a grave, With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.
The seal-ing unc-tion from a-bove, The breath of life, the fire of love. A-MEN.

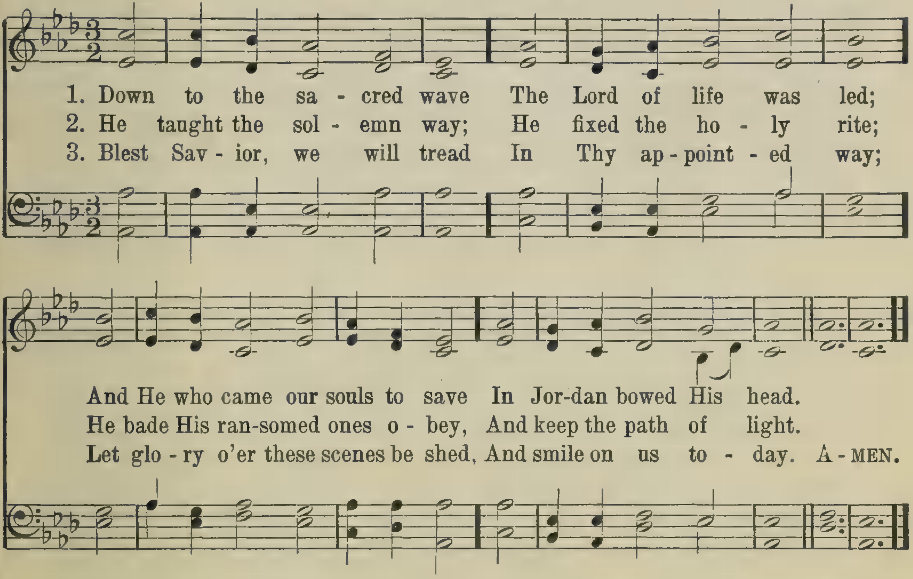
513 Buried Beneath the Yielding Wave

Benjamin Beddome, 1787. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. Franc, 1520-1570.


1. Bur-ied be-neath the yield-ing wave, The great Re-deem-er lies;
2. Thus it be-comes His saints to-day, Their ar-dent zeal t' ex-press,
3. With joy we in His foot-steps tread, And would His cause main-tain;
4. Now we, dear Je-sus, would to Thee Our grate-ful voi-ces raise;
Faith views Him in the wa-t'ry grave, And thence be-holds Him rise.
And, in the Lord's ap-point-ed way, Ful-fill all right-eous-ness.
Like Him be num-bered with the dead, And with Him rise and reign.
Washed in the foun-tain of Thy blood, Our lives shall be Thy praise. A-MEN.

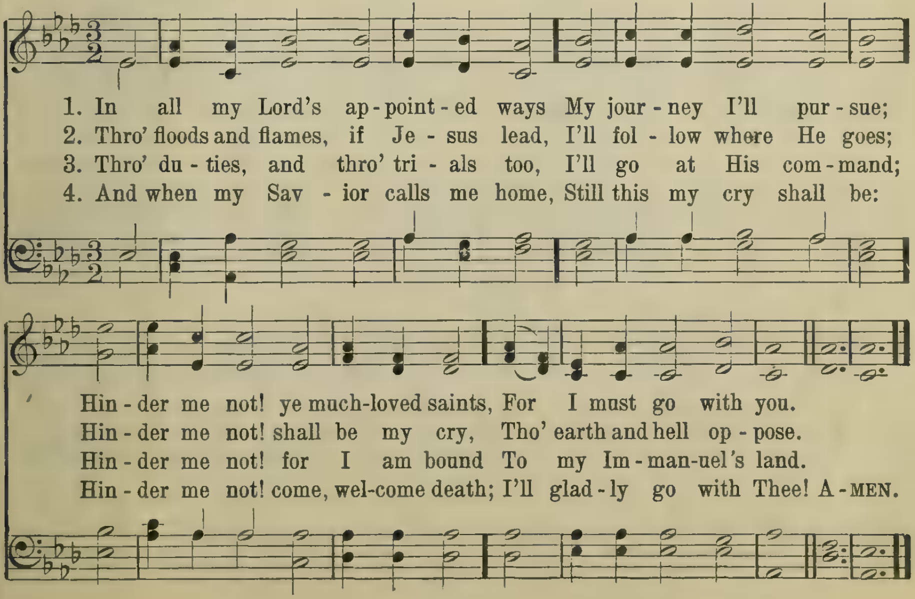
514 Down to the Sacred Wave

S. F. Smith, 1843. (STATE STREET. S. M.) J. C. Woodman.


1. Down to the sa - cred wave The Lord of life was led;
2. He taught the sol - emn way; He fixed the ho - ly rite;
3. Blest Sav - ior, we will tread In Thy ap - point - ed way;
And He who came our souls to save In Jor-dan bowed His head.
He bade His ran-somed ones o - bey, And keep the path of light.
Let glo - ry o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to - day. A - MEN.

515 In All My Lord's Appointed Ways

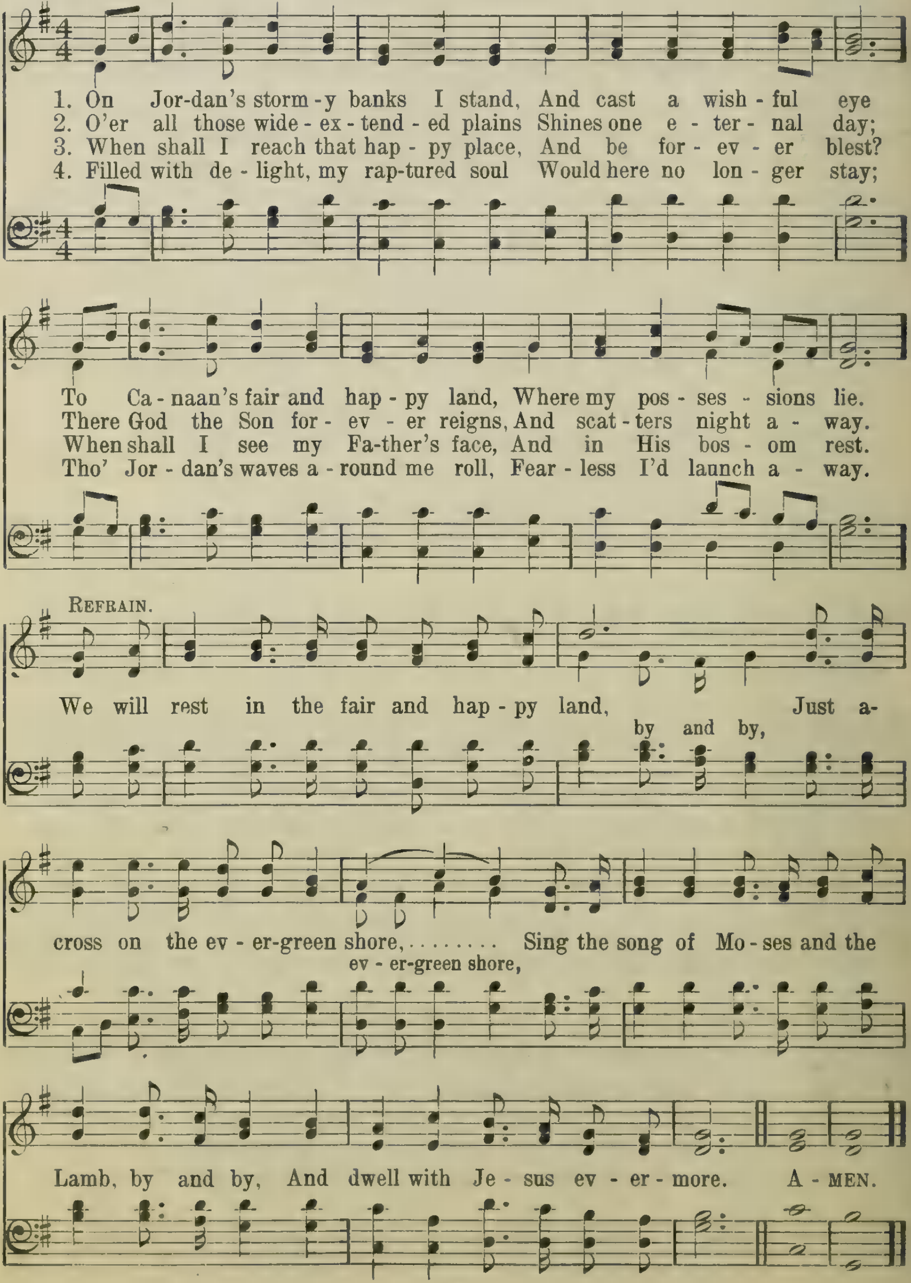
John Small. (AZMON. C. M.) Carl G. Glaser.


1. In all my Lord's ap - point - ed ways My jour - ney I'll pur - sue;
2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je - sus lead, I'll fol - low where He goes;
3. Thro' du - ties, and thro' tri - als too, I'll go at His com - mand;
4. And when my Sav - ior calls me home, Still this my cry shall be:
Hin - der me not! ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
Hin - der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op - pose.
Hin - der me not! for I am bound To my Im - man-uel's land.
Hin - der me not! come, wel-come death; I'll glad - ly go with Thee! A - MEN.

516

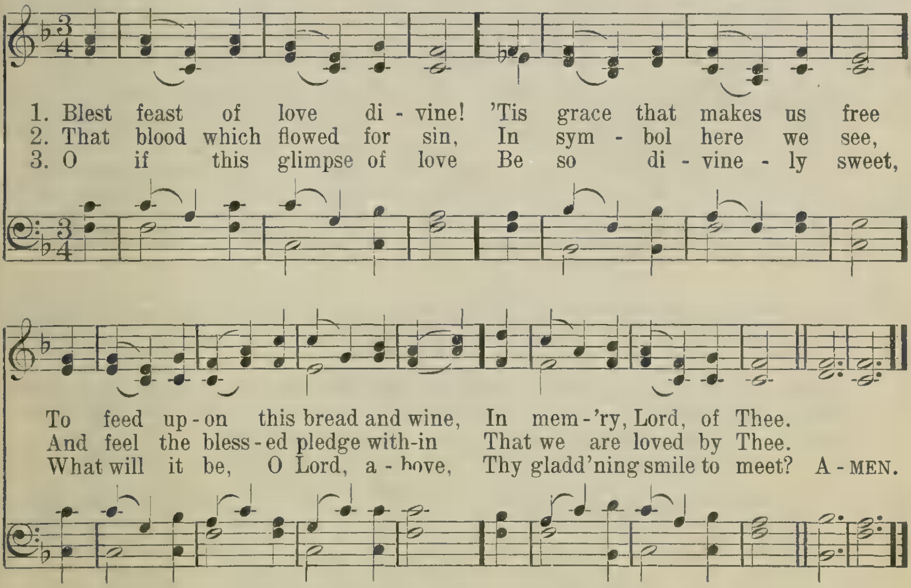
On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Rev. Samuel Stennett, 1727–1795. T. C. O'Kane.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my rap-tured soul Would here no lon-ger stay;
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest.
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a-way.
Refrain.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
by and by,
cross on the ev-er-green shore, ... Sing the song of Mo-ses and the
ev-er-green shore,
Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more. A-men.

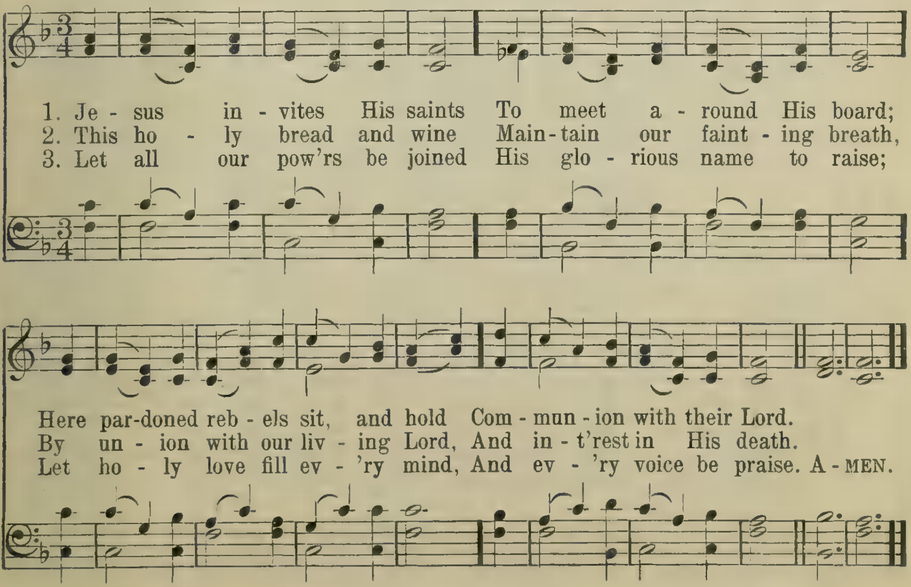
517 Blest Feast of Love Divine

Sir Edward Denney, 1839. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.


1. Blest feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
2. That blood which flowed for sin, In sym - bol here we see,
3. O if this glimpse of love Be so di - vine - ly sweet,
To feed up - on this bread and wine, In mem - 'ry, Lord, of Thee.
And feel the bless - ed pledge with - in That we are loved by Thee.
What will it be, O Lord, a - bove, Thy gladd'ning smile to meet? A - MEN.

518 Jesus Invites His Saints

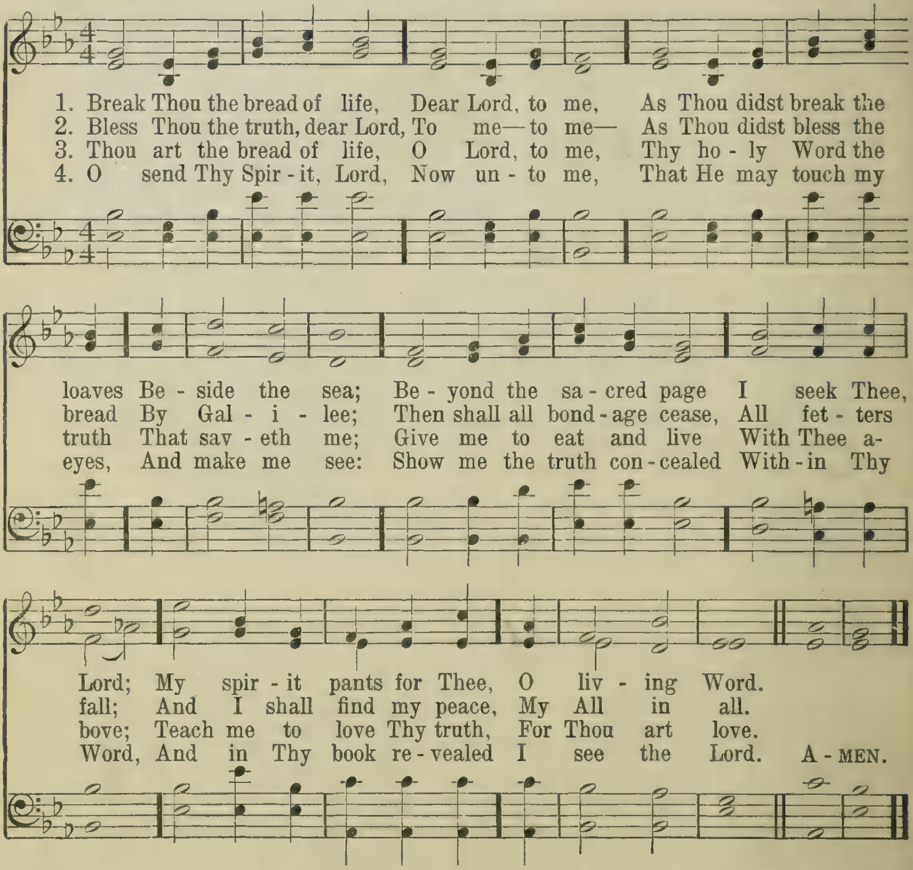
Isaac Watts, 1707. (DENNIS. S. M.) H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.


1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board;
2. This ho - ly bread and wine Main - tain our faint - ing breath,
3. Let all our pow'rs be joined His glo - rious name to raise;
Here par - doned reb - els sit, and hold Com - mun - ion with their Lord.
By un - ion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - t'rest in His death.
Let ho - ly love fill ev - 'ry mind, And ev - 'ry voice be praise. A - MEN.

519

Break Thou the Bread of Life

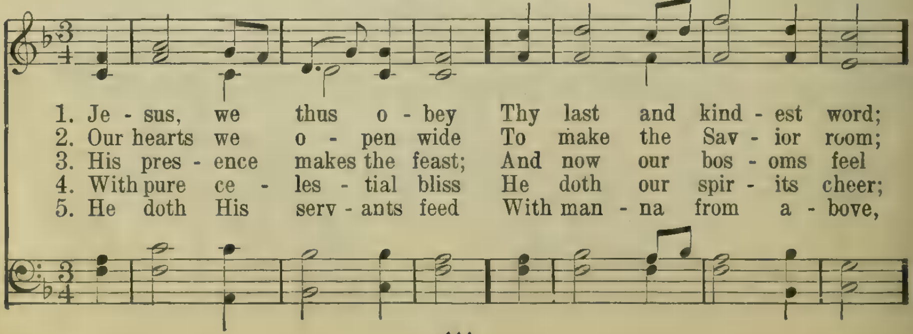
Mary Ann Lathbury. (BREAD OF LIFE. 6, 4. D.) William F. Sherwin.

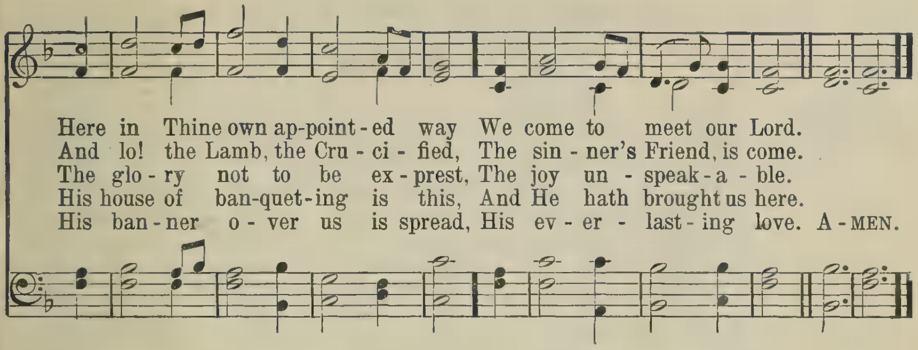

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed With - in Thy
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

520

Jesus, We Thus Obey

(GOLDEN HILL. S. M.)


1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kind - est word;
2. Our hearts we o - pen wide To make the Sav - ior room;
3. His pres - ence makes the feast; And now our bos - oms feel
4. With pure ce - les - tial bliss He doth our spir - its cheer;
5. He doth His serv - ants feed With man - na from a - bove,

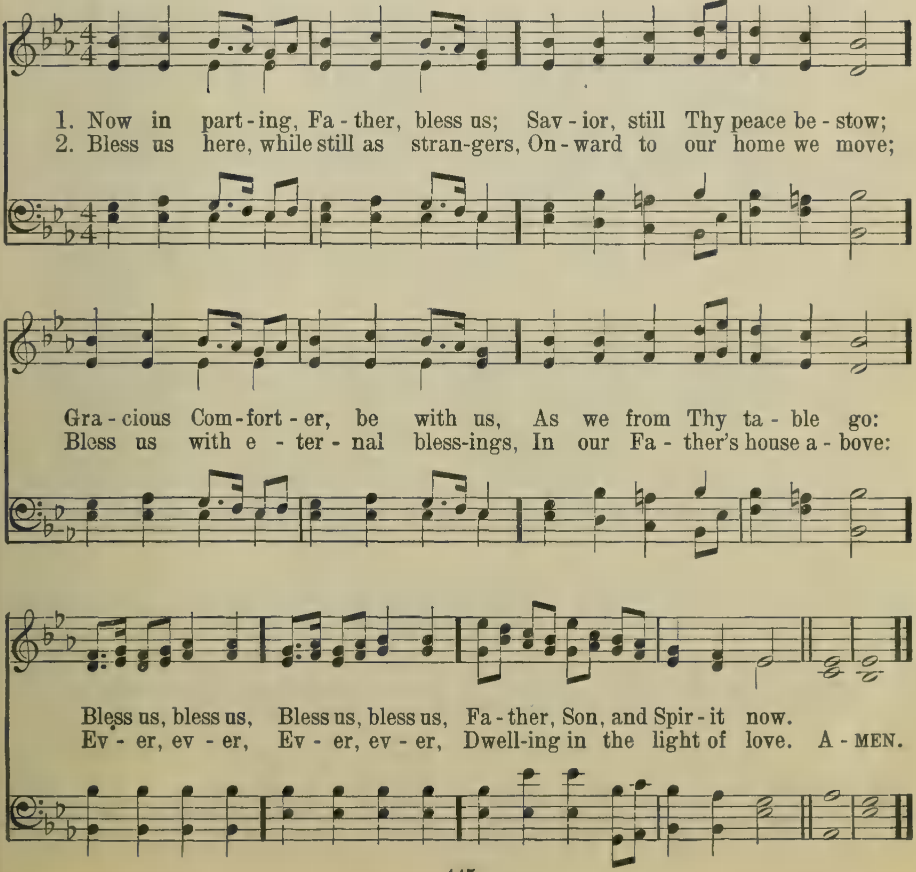

Here in Thine own ap-point-ed way We come to meet our Lord.
And lo! the Lamb, the Cru-ci-fied, The sin-ner's Friend, is come.
The glo-ry not to be ex-prest, The joy un-speak-a-ble.
His house of ban-quet-ing is this, And He hath brought us here.
His ban-ner o-ver us is spread, His ev-er-last-ing love. A-MEN.

521 Now in Parting, Father, Bless Us

(SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889.

Sicilian Melody.

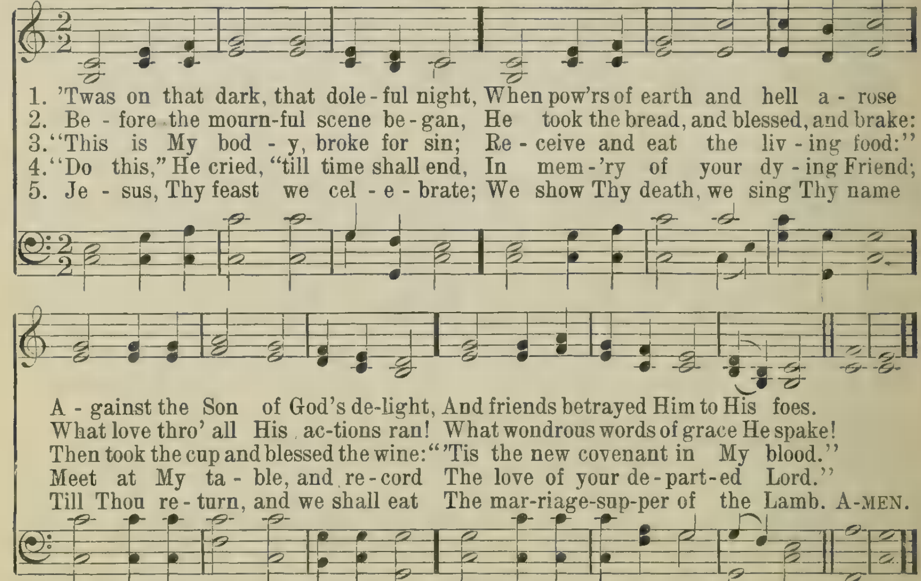

1. Now in part-ing, Fa-ther, bless us; Sav-ior, still Thy peace be-stow;
2. Bless us here, while still as stran-gers, On-ward to our home we move;
Gra-cious Com-fort-er, be with us, As we from Thy ta-ble go:
Bless us with e-ter-nal bless-ings, In our Fa-ther's house a-bove:
Bless us, bless us, Bless us, bless us, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it now.
Ev-er, ev-er, Ev-er, ev-er, Dwell-ing in the light of love. A-MEN.

522 'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

[*First Tune*]

(Victoria Reed. L. M.)

Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.


1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose
2. Be-fore the mourn-ful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
3. "This is My bod-y, broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the liv-ing food:"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem-'ry of your dy-ing Friend;
5. Je-sus, Thy feast we cel-e-brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name
A-gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "'Tis the new covenant in My blood."
Meet at My ta-ble, and re-cord The love of your de-part-ed Lord."
Till Thou re-turn, and we shall eat The mar-riage-sup-per of the Lamb. A-MEN.

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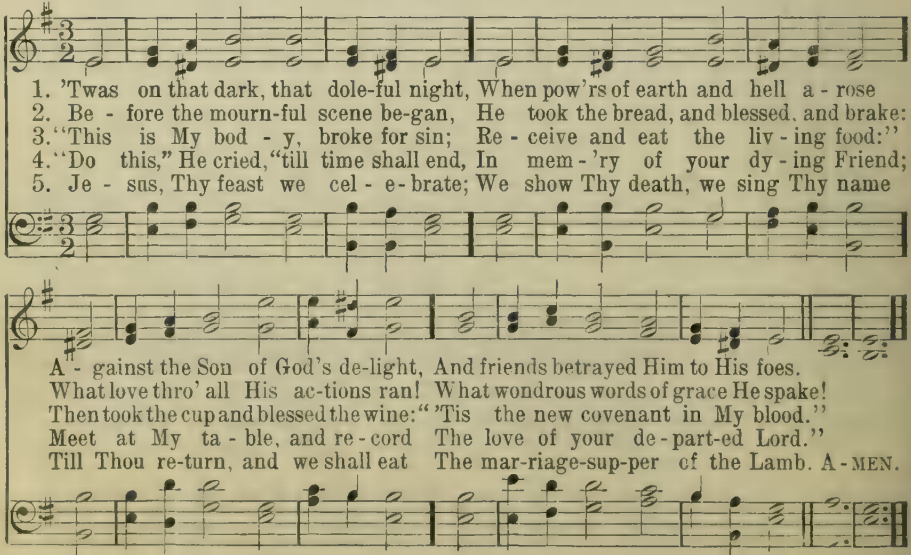
523 'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

[*Second Tune*]

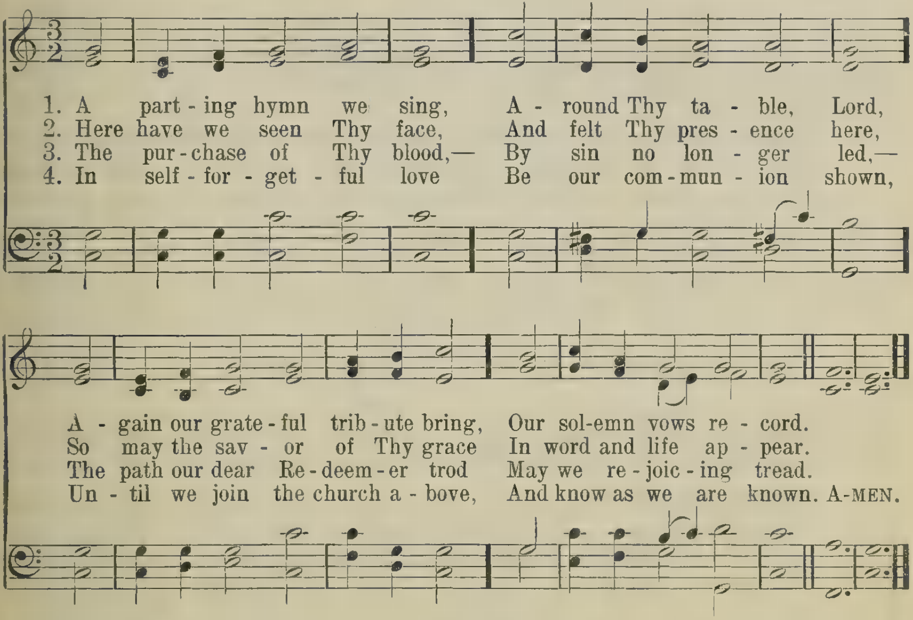
(Windham. L. M.)


1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a-rose
2. Be-fore the mourn-ful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
3. "This is My bod-y, broke for sin; Re-ceive and eat the liv-ing food:"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem-'ry of your dy-ing Friend;
5. Je-sus, Thy feast we cel-e-brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name
A-gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "'Tis the new covenant in My blood."
Meet at My ta-ble, and re-cord The love of your de-part-ed Lord."
Till Thou re-turn, and we shall eat The mar-riage-sup-per of the Lamb. A-MEN.

524

A Parting Hymn We Sing

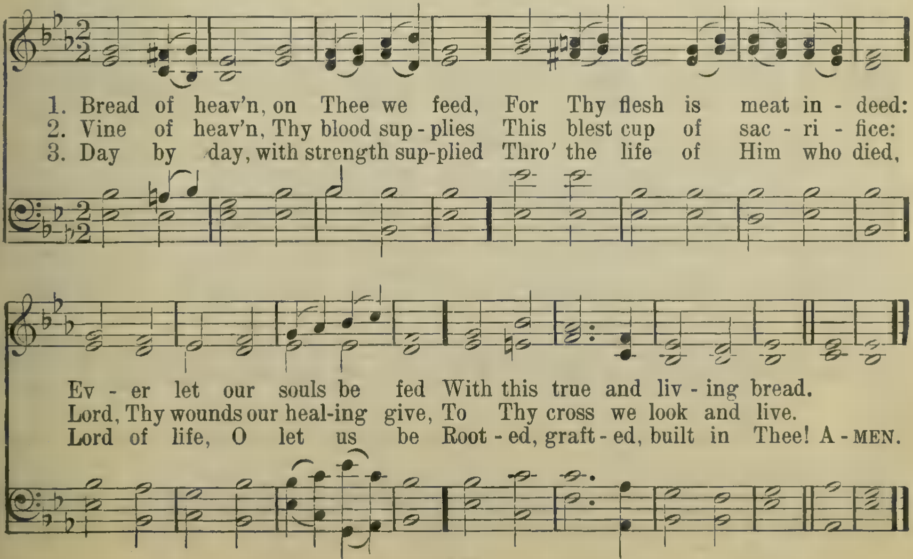
Aaron Robert Wolfe, 1821. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. A parting hymn we sing, Around Thy table, Lord,
2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy presence here,
3. The purchase of Thy blood,— By sin no longer led,—
4. In self-forgetful love Be our communion shown,
Again our grateful tribute bring, Our solemn vows record.
So may the savor of Thy grace In word and life appear.
The path our dear Redeemer trod May we rejoicing tread.
Until we join the church above, And know as we are known. A-MEN.

525

Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

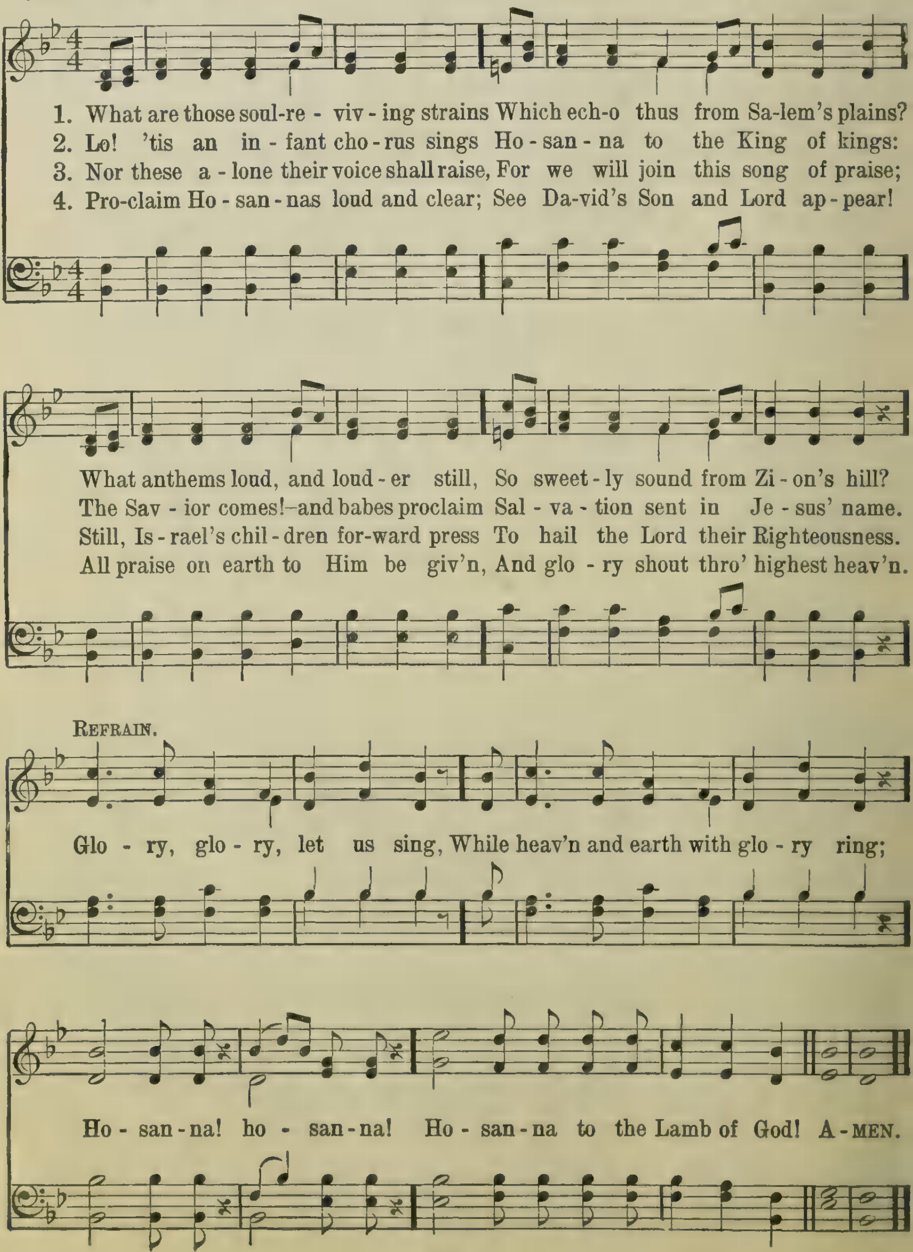
Josiah Conder, 1824. (HOLLEY. 7s.) G. Hews, 1806-1873.


1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat indeed:
2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood supplies This blest cup of sacrifice:
3. Day by day, with strength supplied Thro' the life of Him who died,
Ever let our souls be fed With this true and living bread.
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
Lord of life, O let us be Rooted, grafted, built in Thee! A-MEN.

526 What Are Those Soul-Reviving Strains?

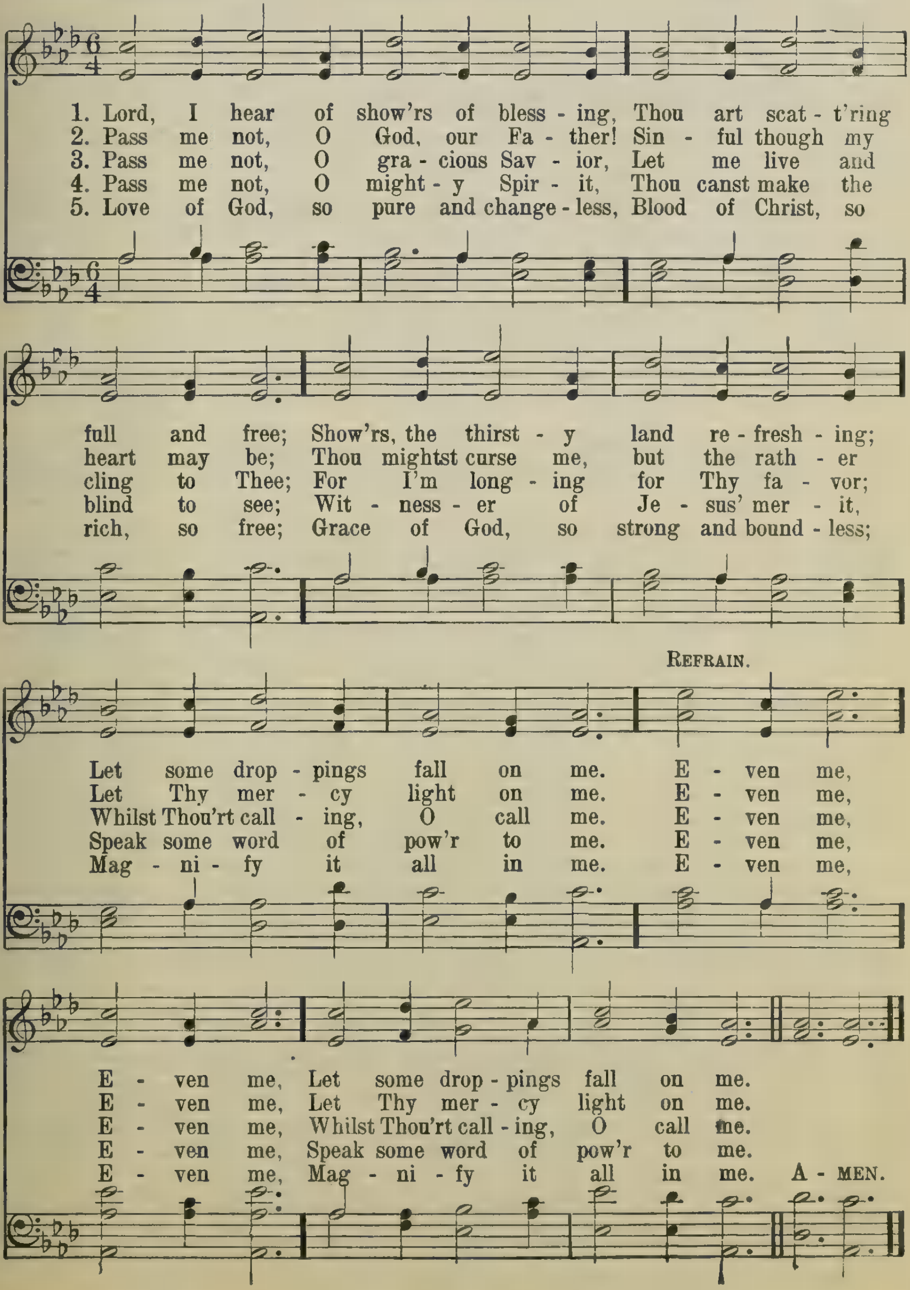
(HOSANNA. L. M.)

James Montgomery, 1771–1854. From Songs of Devotion.


1. What are those soul-re - viv - ing strains Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains?
2. Lo! 'tis an in - fant cho - rus sings Ho - san - na to the King of kings:
3. Nor these a - lone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise;
4. Pro-claim Ho - san - nas loud and clear; See Da-vid's Son and Lord ap - pear!
What anthems loud, and loud - er still, So sweet - ly sound from Zi - on's hill?
The Sav - ior comes!—and babes proclaim Sal - va - tion sent in Je - sus' name.
Still, Is - rael's chil - dren for-ward press To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
All praise on earth to Him be giv'n, And glo - ry shout thro' highest heav'n.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heav'n and earth with glo - ry ring;
Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God! A - MEN.

527 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

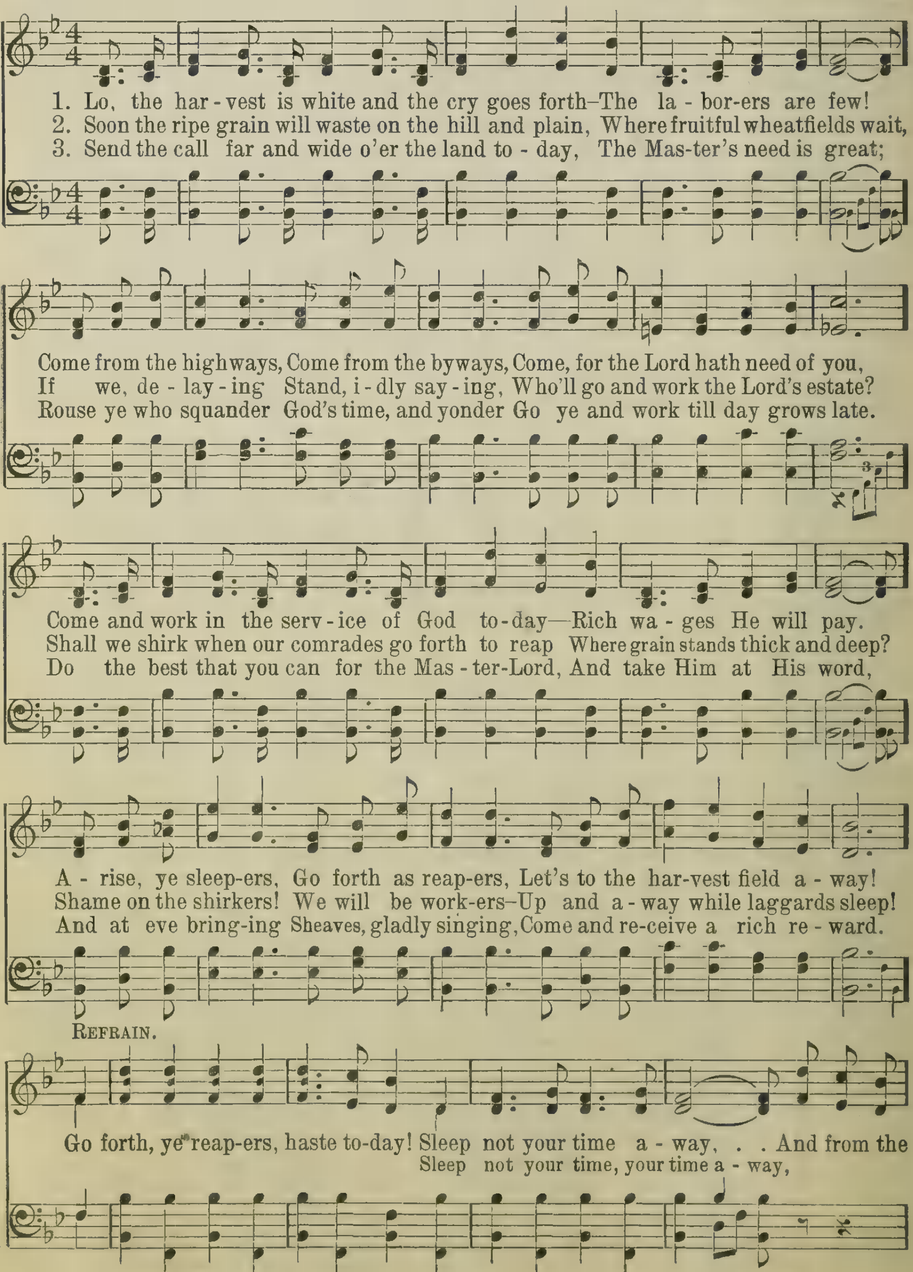
Elizabeth Conder, 1860. (EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, 3s.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scat - t'ring
2. Pass me not, O God, our Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and
4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it, Thou canst make the
5. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so
full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;
heart may be; Thou mightst curse me, but the rath - er
cling to Thee; For I'm long - ing for Thy fa - vor;
blind to see; Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it,
rich, so free; Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;
REFRAIN.
Let some drop - pings fall on me. E - ven me,
Let Thy mer - cy light on me. E - ven me,
Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me. E - ven me,
Speak some word of pow'r to me. E - ven me,
Mag - ni - fy it all in me. E - ven me,
E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.
E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
E - ven me, Speak some word of pow'r to me.
E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy it all in me. A - MEN.

528

Lo, the Harvest is White

Eben E. Rexford. (Go Forth, Ye Reapers.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Lo, the har-vest is white and the cry goes forth–The la-bor-ers are few!
2. Soon the ripe grain will waste on the hill and plain, Where fruitful wheatfields wait,
3. Send the call far and wide o'er the land to-day, The Mas-ter's need is great;
Come from the highways, Come from the byways, Come, for the Lord hath need of you,
If we, de-lay-ing Stand, i-dly say-ing, Who'll go and work the Lord's estate?
Rouse ye who squander God's time, and yonder Go ye and work till day grows late.
3
Come and work in the serv-ice of God to-day—Rich wa-ges He will pay.
Shall we shirk when our comrades go forth to reap Where grain stands thick and deep?
Do the best that you can for the Mas-ter-Lord, And take Him at His word,
A-rise, ye sleep-ers, Go forth as reap-ers, Let's to the har-vest field a-way!
Shame on the shirkers! We will be work-ers–Up and a-way while laggards sleep!
And at eve bring-ing Sheaves, gladly singing, Come and re-ceive a rich re-ward.
Refrain.
Go forth, ye reap-ers, haste to-day! Sleep not your time a-way, . . And from the
Sleep not your time, your time a-way,

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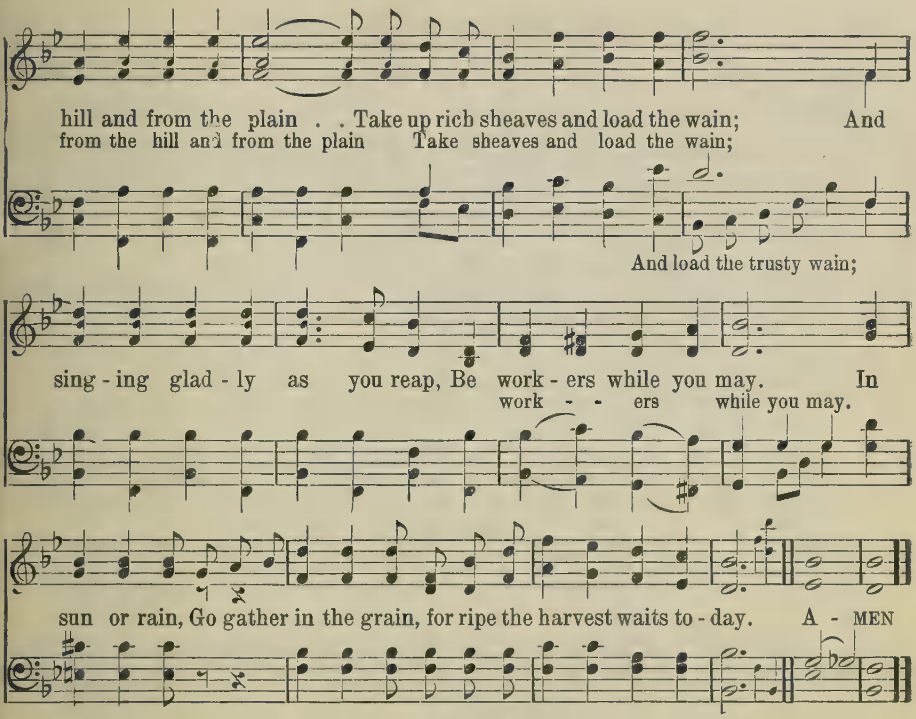
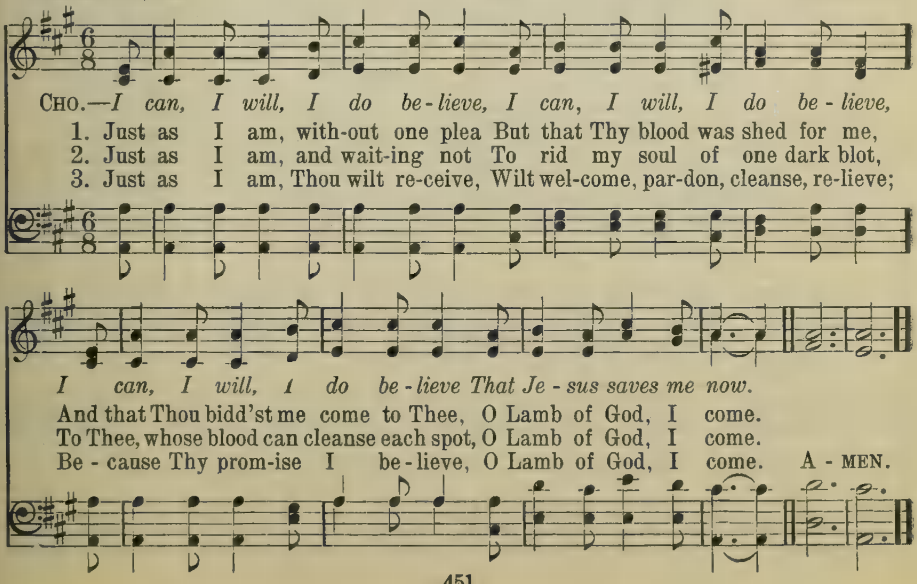

hill and from the plain . . Take up rich sheaves and load the wain; And
from the hill and from the plain Take sheaves and load the wain;
And load the trusty wain;
sing - ing glad - ly as you reap, Be work - ers while you may. In
work - - ers while you may.
sun or rain, Go gather in the grain, for ripe the harvest waits to - day. A - MEN

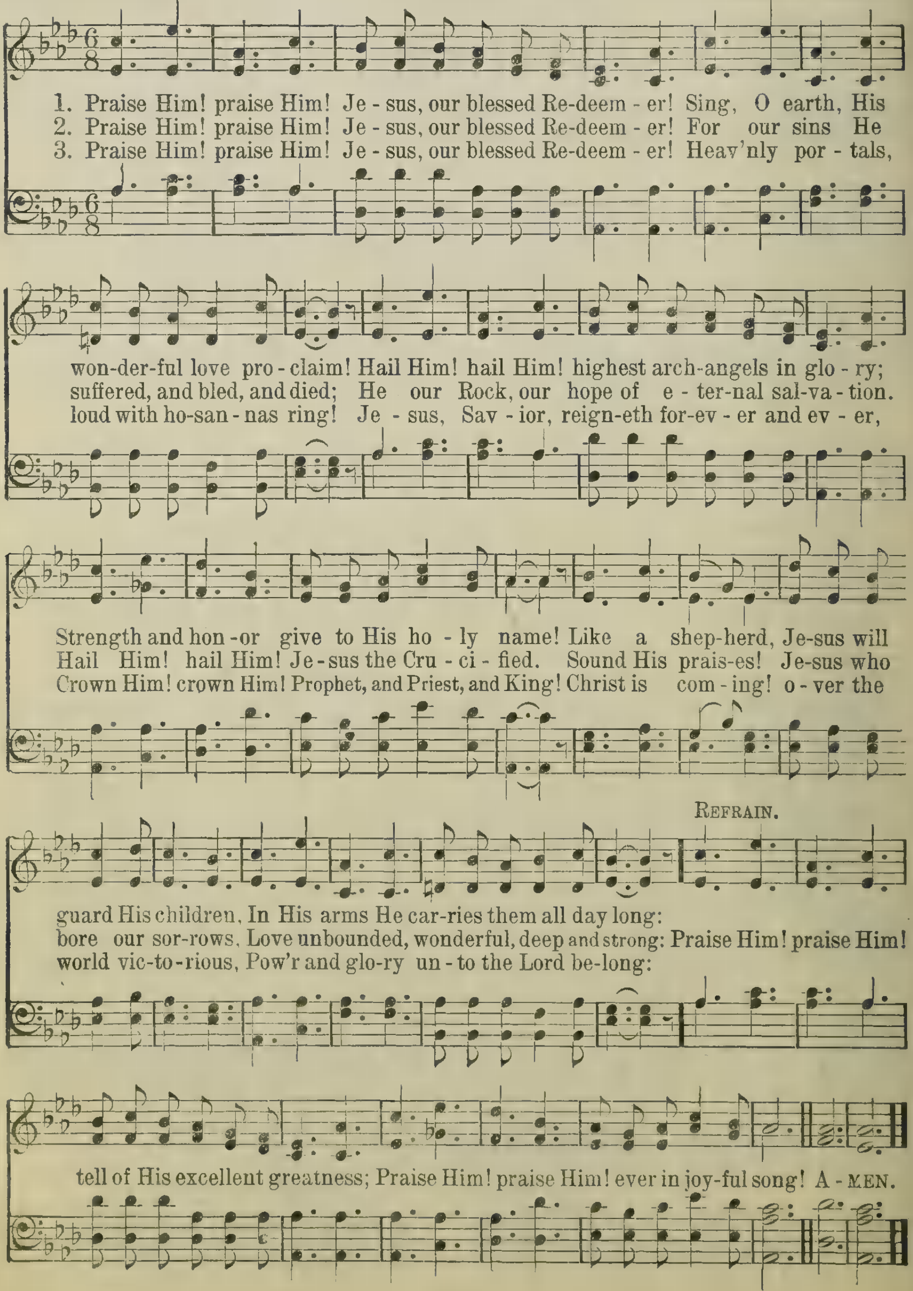
529 I Can, I Will, I Do Believe

Charlotte Elliott. Traditional.


CHO.—I can, I will, I do be - lieve, I can, I will, I do be - lieve,
1. Just as I am, with-out one plea But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
I can, I will, I do be - lieve That Je - sus saves me now.
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come.
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come.
Be - cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come. A - MEN.

530 Praise Him! Praise Him!

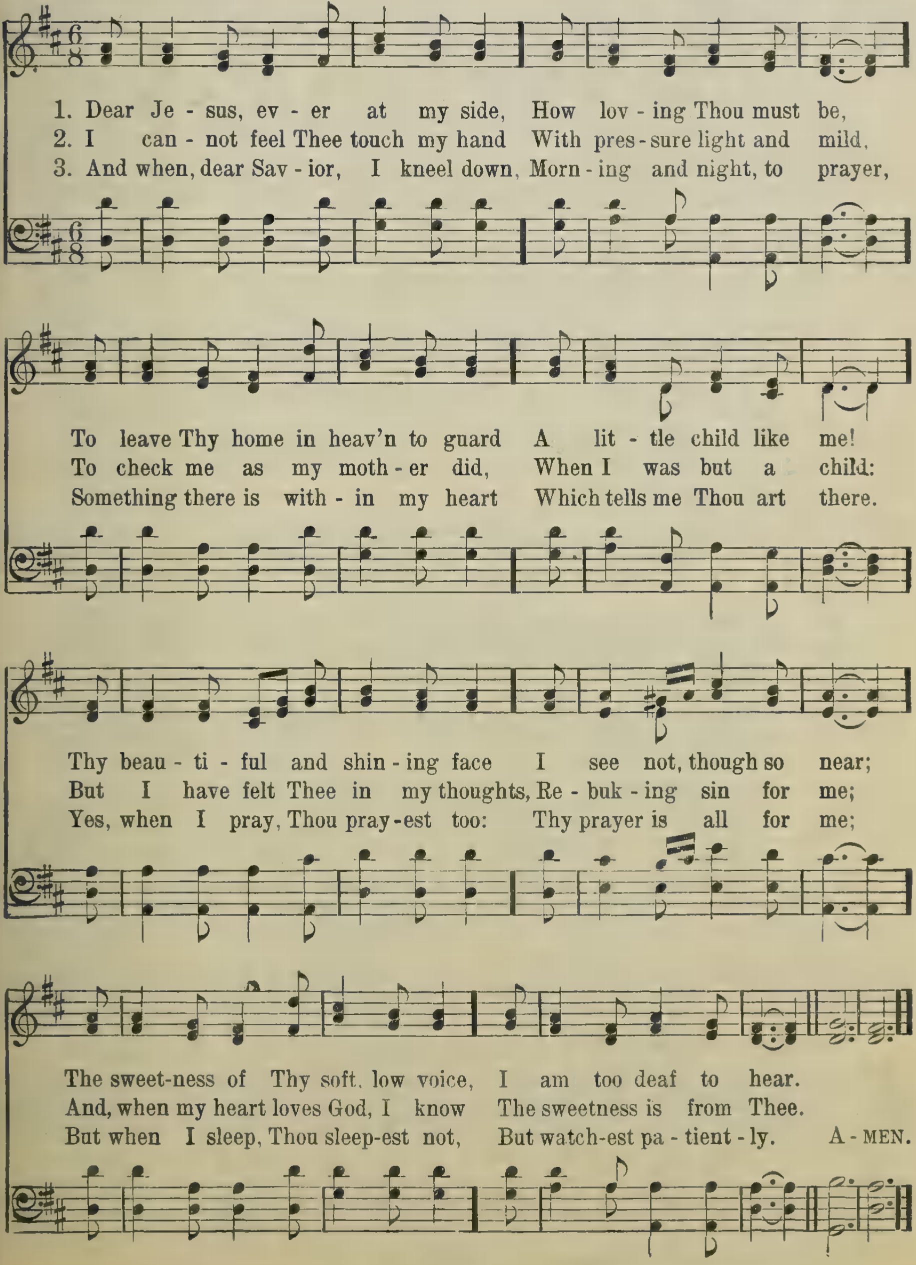
Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.


1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! Heav'nly por - tals,
won-der-ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch-angels in glo - ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter-nal sal-va - tion.
loud with ho-san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign-eth for-ev - er and ev - er,
Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! o - ver the
Refrain.
guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long:
bore our sor-rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un - to the Lord be-long:
tell of His excellent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy-ful song! A - men.

531 Dear Jesus, Ever At My Side

(Spohr. C. M. D.)

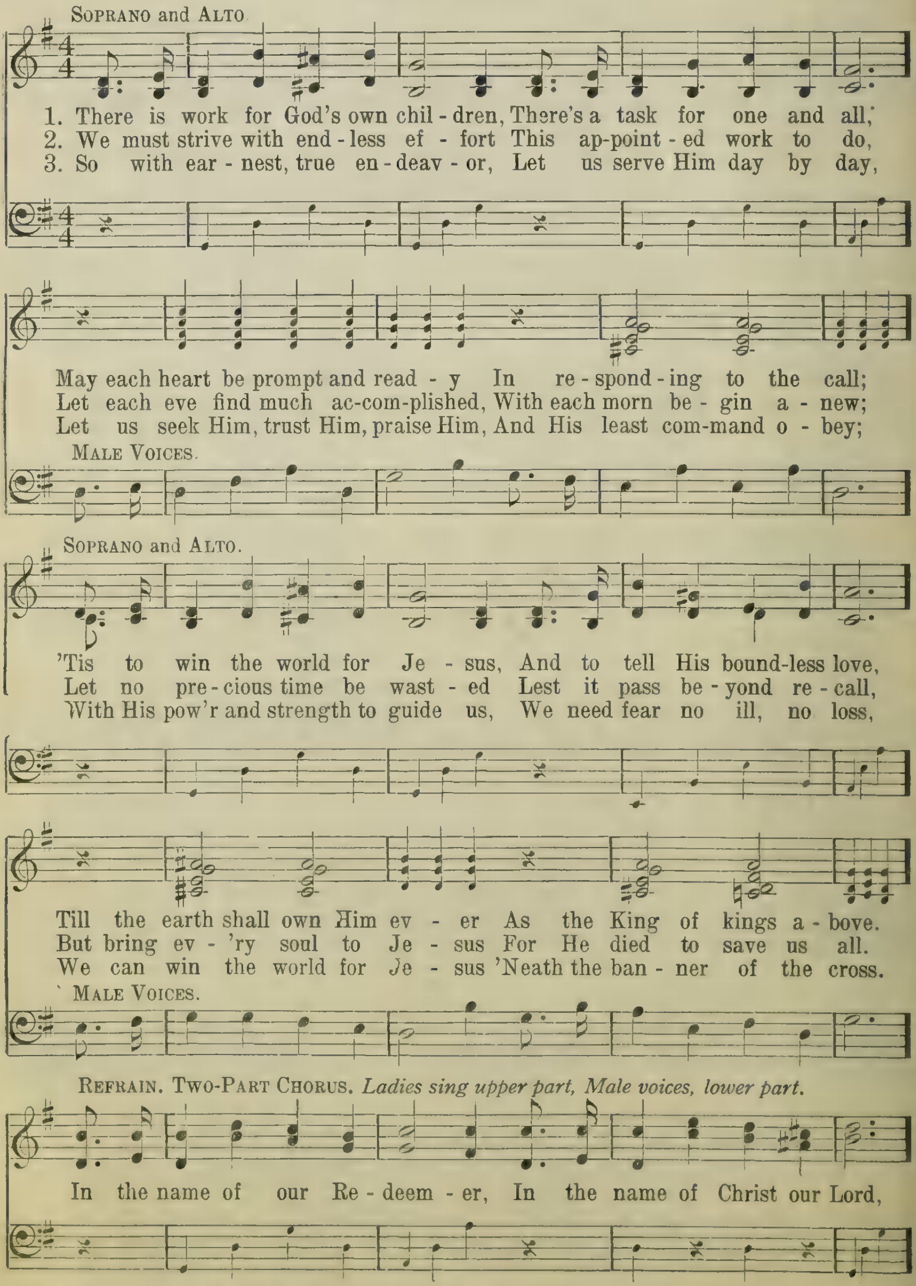
Frederick William Faber, 1849. Louis Spohr, 1748–1850.


1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild,
3. And when, dear Sav - ior, I kneel down, Morn - ing and night, to prayer,
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!
To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child:
Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.
Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;
But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too: Thy prayer is all for me;
The sweet-ness of Thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.
And, when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from Thee.
But when I sleep, Thou sleep-est not, But watch-est pa - tient - ly. A - MEN.

532

In His Name

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


SOPRANO and ALTO
1. There is work for God's own chil-dren, There's a task for one and all,
2. We must strive with end-less ef-fort This ap-point-ed work to do,
3. So with ear-nest, true en-deav-or, Let us serve Him day by day,
May each heart be prompt and read-y In re-spond-ing to the call;
Let each eve find much ac-com-plished, With each morn be-gin a-new;
Let us seek Him, trust Him, praise Him, And His least com-mand o-bey;
MALE VOICES.
SOPRANO and ALTO.
'Tis to win the world for Je-sus, And to tell His bound-less love,
Let no pre-cious time be wast-ed Lest it pass be-yond re-call,
With His pow'r and strength to guide us, We need fear no ill, no loss,
Till the earth shall own Him ev-er As the King of kings a-bove.
But bring ev-'ry soul to Je-sus For He died to save us all.
We can win the world for Je-sus 'Neath the ban-ner of the cross.
MALE VOICES.
REFRAIN. TWO-PART CHORUS. Ladies sing upper part, Male voices, lower part.
In the name of our Re-deem-er, In the name of Christ our Lord,

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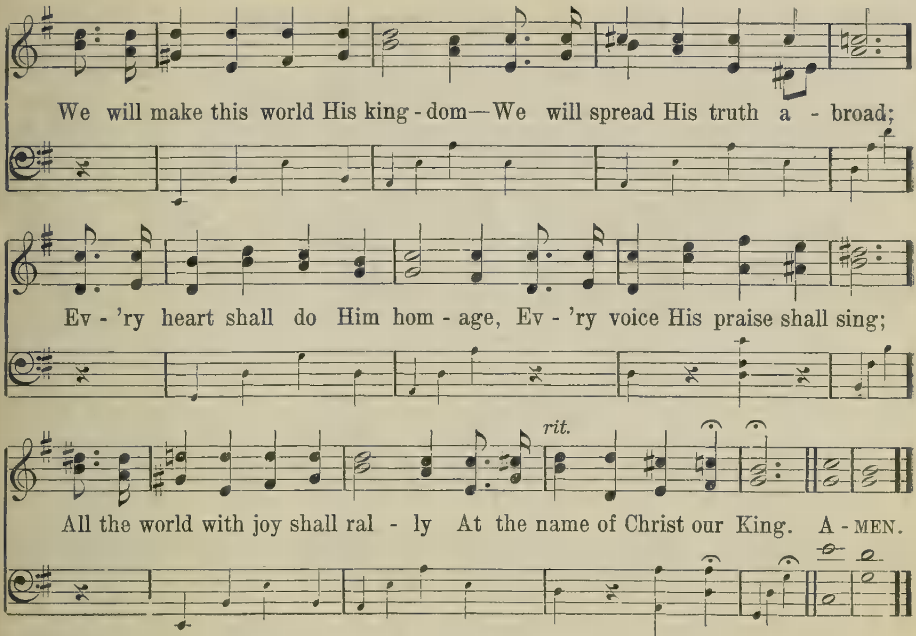
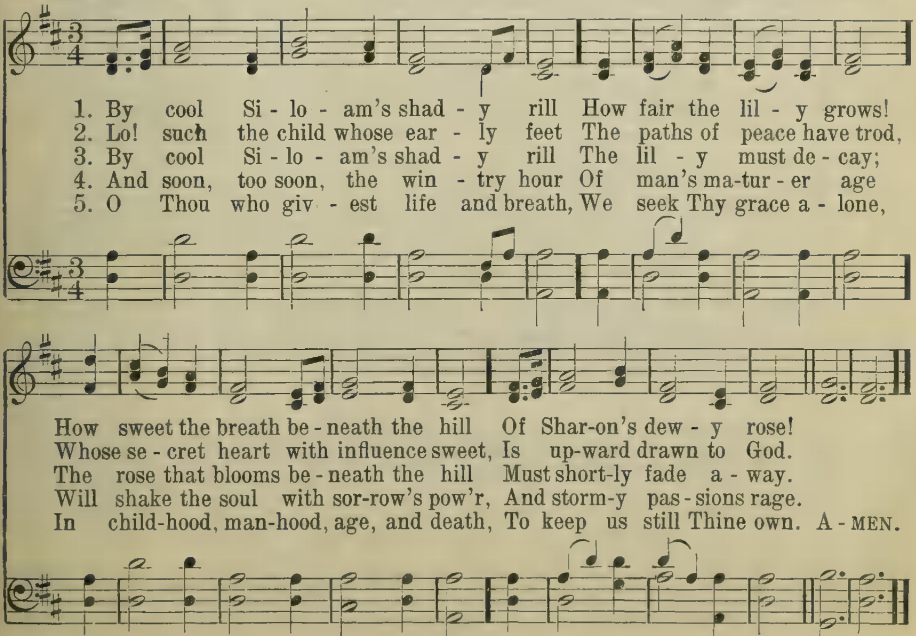

We will make this world His king - dom—We will spread His truth a - broad;
Ev - 'ry heart shall do Him hom - age, Ev - 'ry voice His praise shall sing;
rit.
All the world with joy shall ral - ly At the name of Christ our King. A - MEN.

533 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

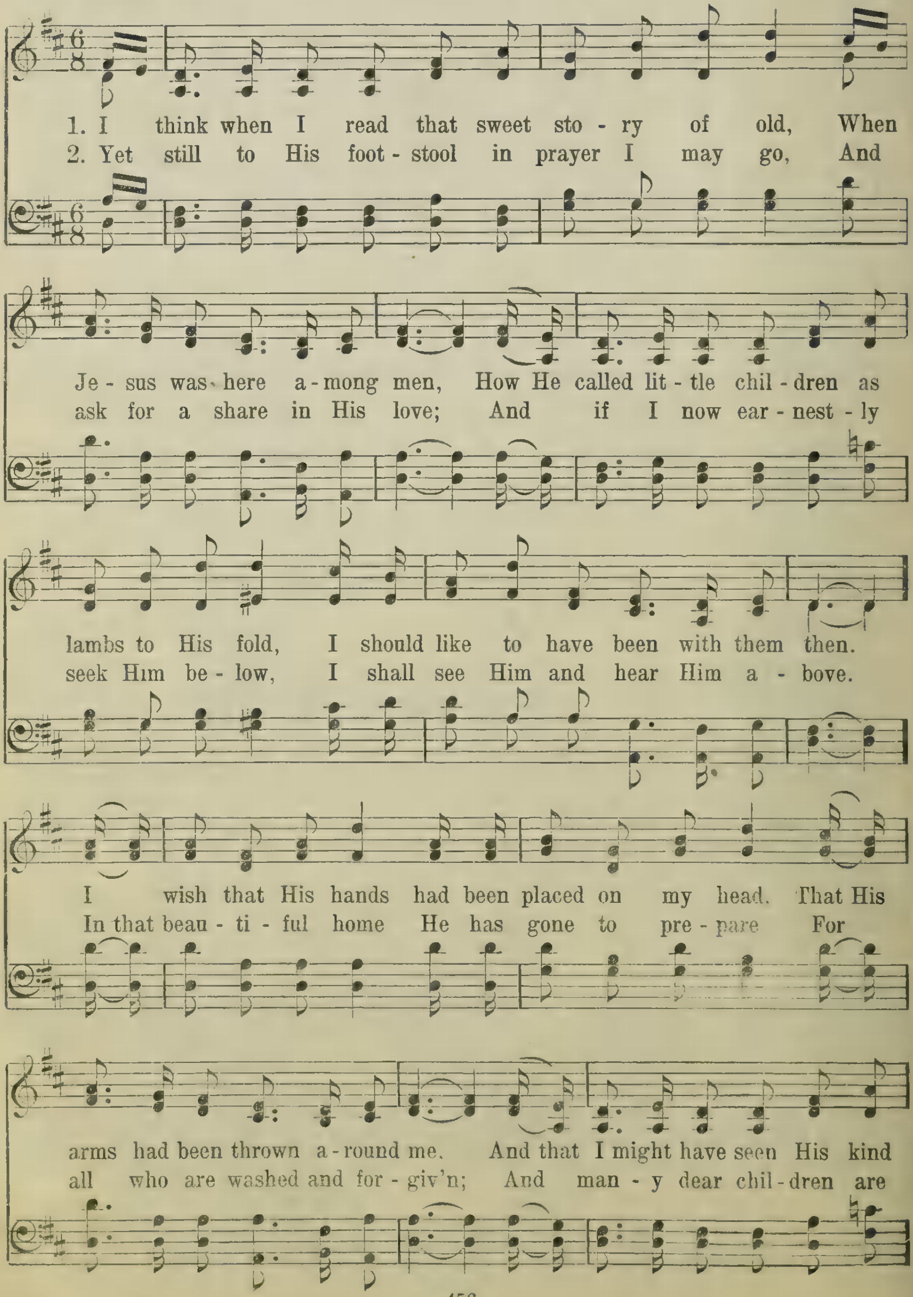
Reginald Heber, 1827. (SILOAM. C. M.) I. B. Woodbury, 1819–1858.

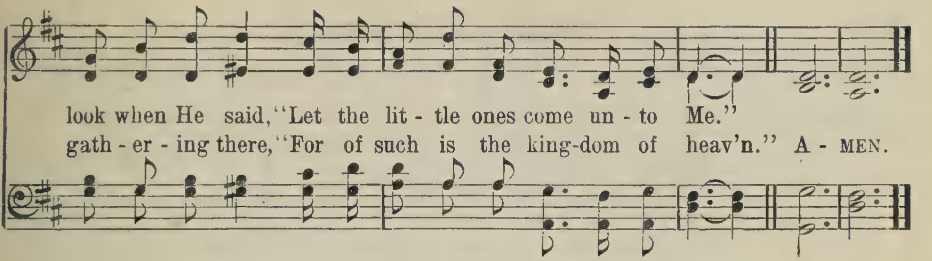

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma-tur - er age
5. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,
How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
Whose se - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up-ward drawn to God.
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short-ly fade a - way.
Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r, And storm-y pas - sions rage.
In child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A - MEN.

534

That Sweet Story of Old

Mrs. Jemima Luke. (DAVENANT. 11s, 8s. D.) Old Melody.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For
arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are

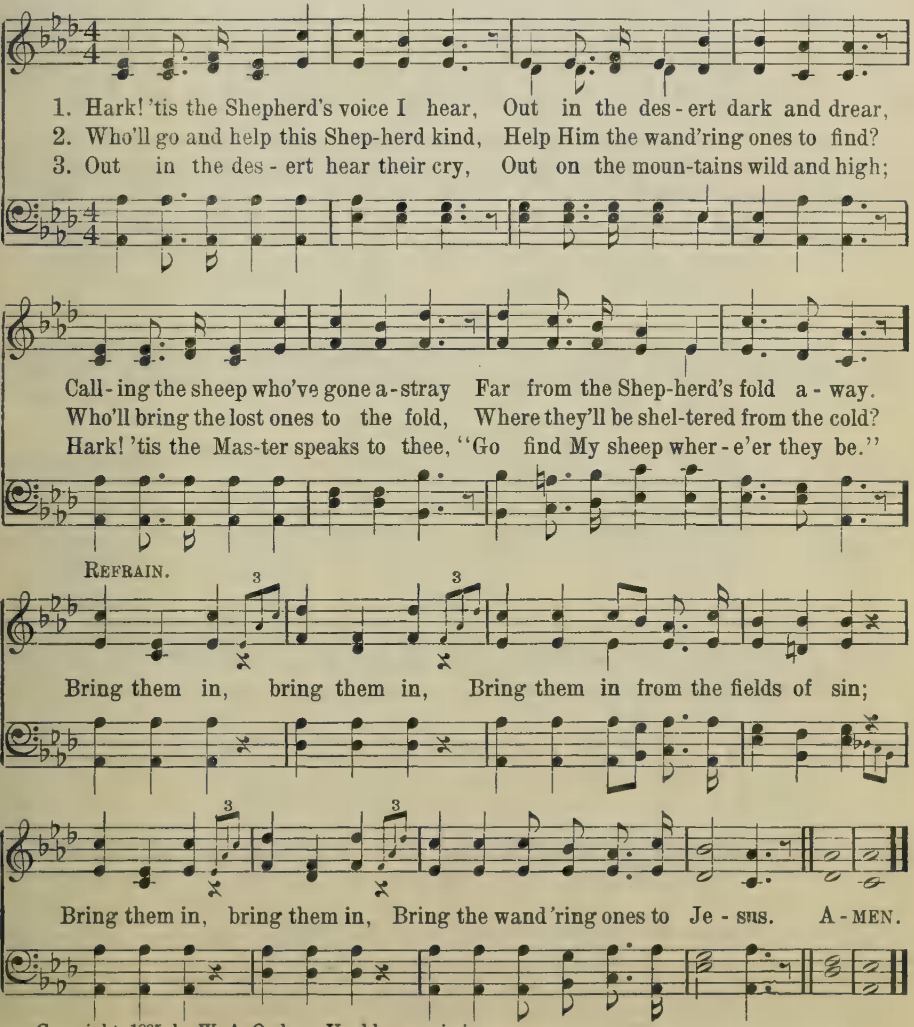

look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n." A - MEN.

535

Bring Them In

Alexcenah Thomas.

W. A. Ogden.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains wild and high;
Call - ing the sheep who've gone a - stray Far from the Shep-herd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher - e'er they be."
REFRAIN.
3
3
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
3
3
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus. A - MEN.

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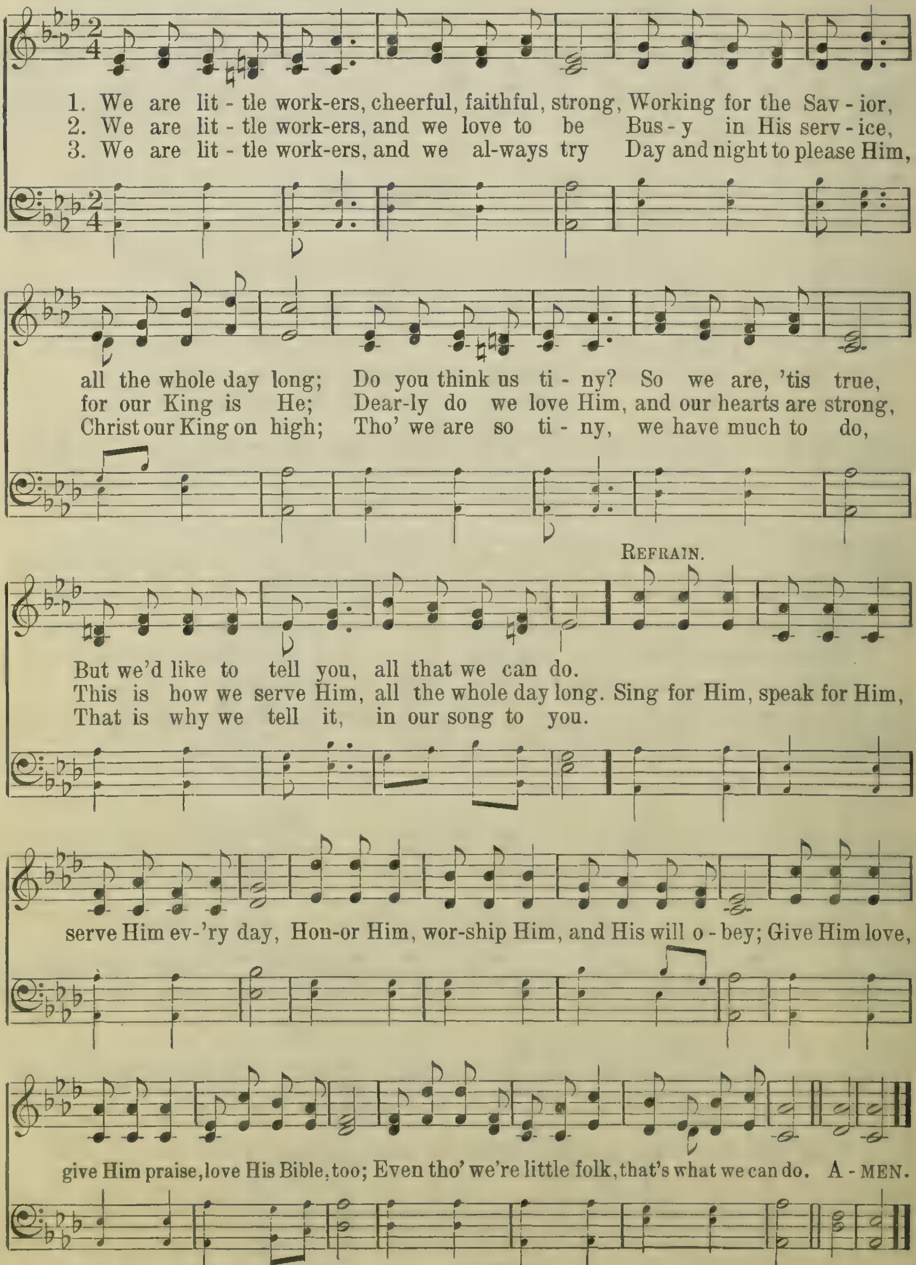
536

Little Workers

Edith Sanford Tillotson. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. We are lit - tle work-ers, cheerful, faithful, strong, Working for the Sav - ior,
2. We are lit - tle work-ers, and we love to be Bus - y in His serv - ice,
3. We are lit - tle work-ers, and we al-ways try Day and night to please Him,
all the whole day long; Do you think us ti - ny? So we are, 'tis true,
for our King is He; Dear-ly do we love Him, and our hearts are strong,
Christ our King on high; Tho' we are so ti - ny, we have much to do,
REFRAIN.
But we'd like to tell you, all that we can do.
This is how we serve Him, all the whole day long. Sing for Him, speak for Him,
That is why we tell it, in our song to you.
serve Him ev-'ry day, Hon-or Him, wor-ship Him, and His will o - bey; Give Him love,
give Him praise, love His Bible, too; Even tho' we're little folk, that's what we can do. A - MEN.

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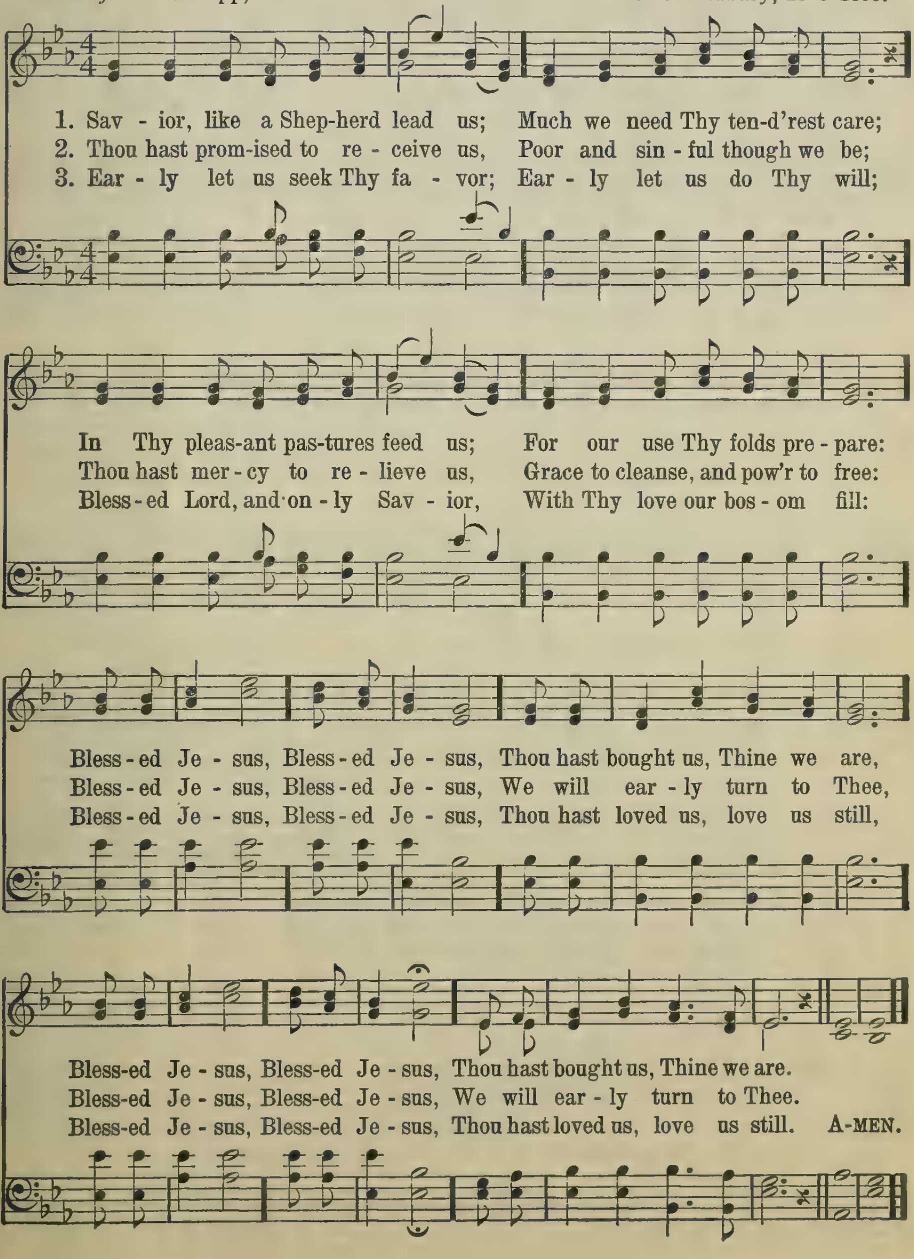
537 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

(Savior, Like a Shepherd. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838. W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.

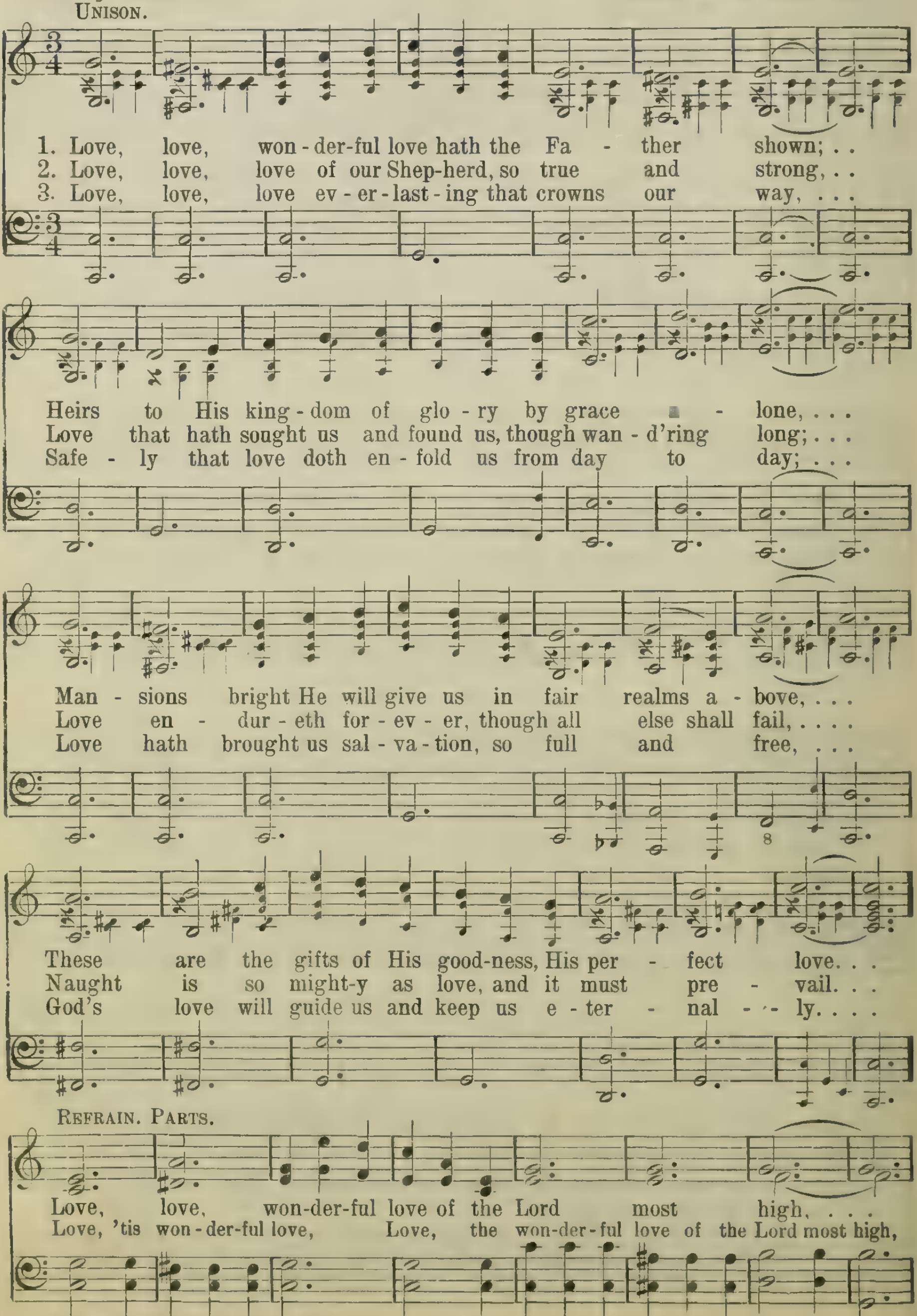

1. Sav - ior, like a Shep-herd lead us; Much we need Thy ten-d'rest care;
2. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - om fill:
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still.
A-MEN.

538

Wonderful Love

Mabel J. Rosemon.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


UNISON.
1. Love, love, won-der-ful love hath the Fa - ther shown; . .
2. Love, love, love of our Shep-herd, so true and strong, . .
3. Love, love, love ev-er-last-ing that crowns our way, . . .
Heirs to His king-dom of glo-ry by grace a - lone, . . .
Love that hath sought us and found us, though wan-d'ring long; . . .
Safe - ly that love doth en-fold us from day to day; . . .
Man - sions bright He will give us in fair realms a - bove, . . .
Love en - dur-eth for-ev-er, though all else shall fail, ...
Love hath brought us sal-va-tion, so full and free, . . .
These are the gifts of His good-ness, His per - fect love. . .
Naught is so might-y as love, and it must pre - vail. . .
God's love will guide us and keep us e-ter - nal - - ly. . . .
REFRAIN. PARTS.
Love, love, won-der-ful love of the Lord most high, . . .
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, the won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,
8

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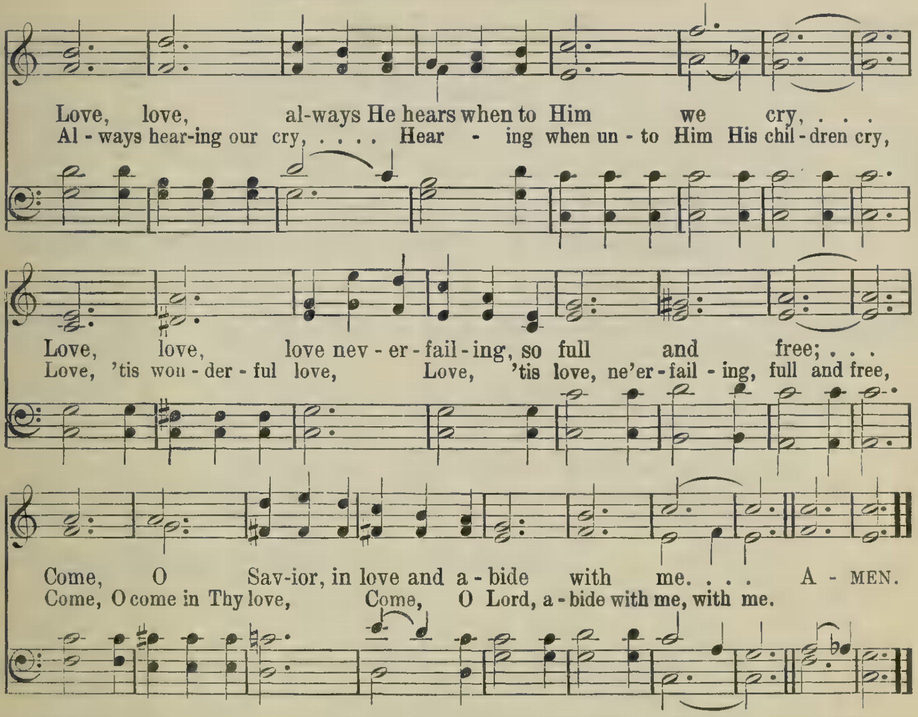
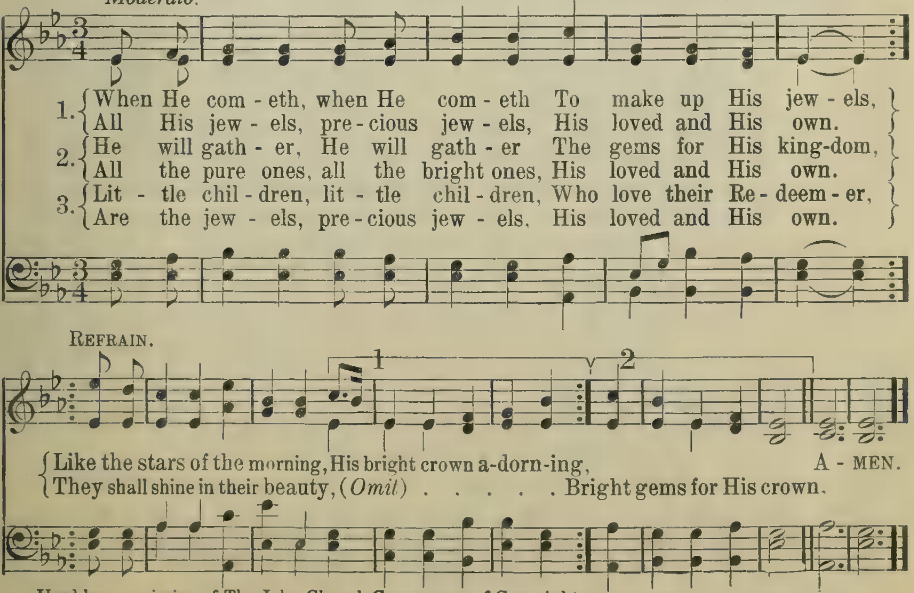

Love, love, al-ways He hears when to Him we cry, . . .
Al - ways hear-ing our cry, ... Hear - ing when un - to Him His chil - dren cry,
Love, love, love nev - er - fail - ing, so full and free; . . .
Love, 'tis won - der - ful love, Love, 'tis love, ne'er - fail - ing, full and free,
Come, O Sav-ior, in love and a - bide with me. . . . A - MEN.
Come, O come in Thy love, Come, O Lord, a - bide with me, with me.

539

Jewels

Rev. W. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.


1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom,
All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,
Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing, A - MEN.
They shall shine in their beauty, (Omit) . . . . . Bright gems for His crown.

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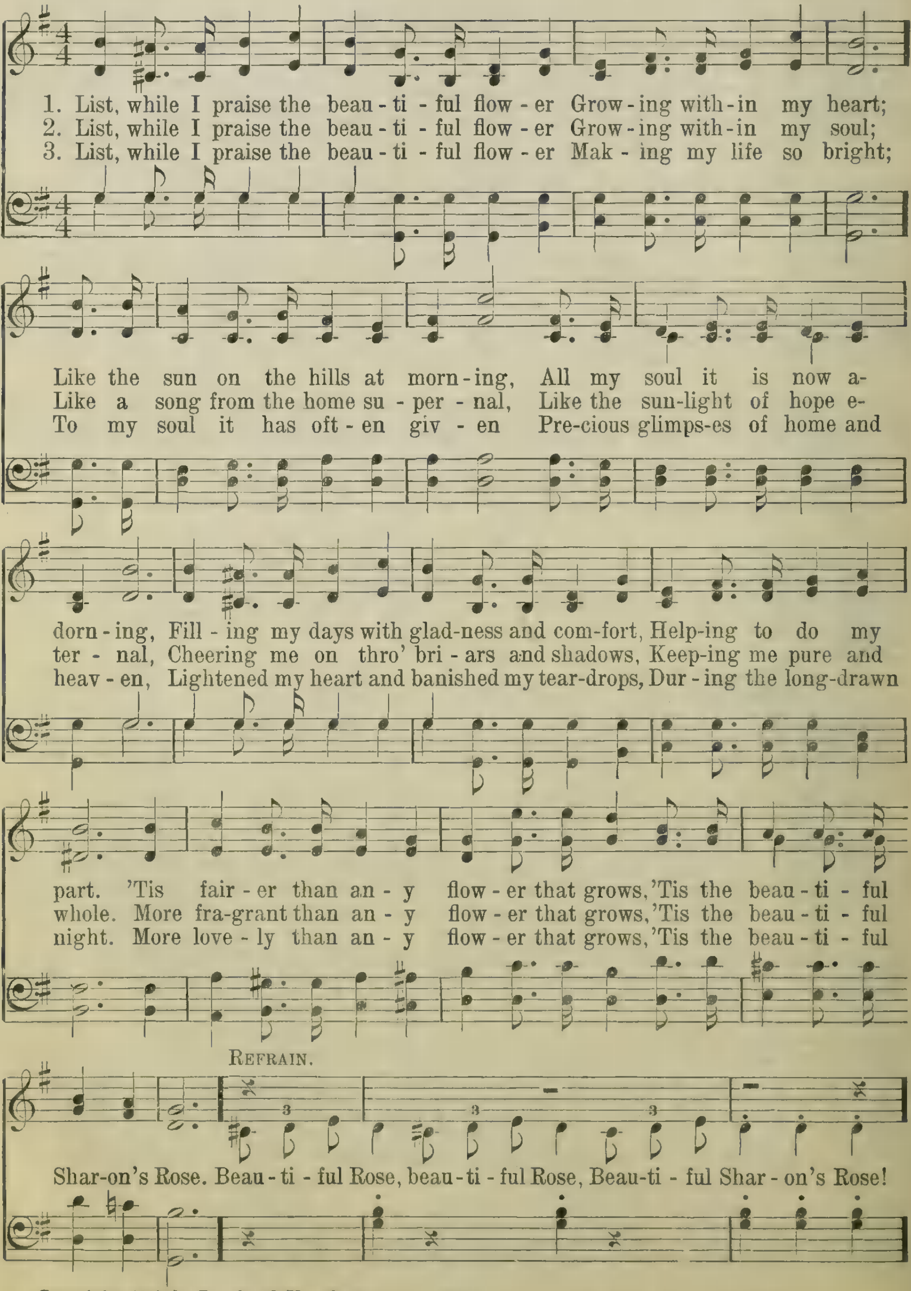
540

Sharon's Rose

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Grow - ing with - in my heart;
2. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Grow - ing with - in my soul;
3. List, while I praise the beau - ti - ful flow - er Mak - ing my life so bright;
Like the sun on the hills at morn - ing, All my soul it is now a-
Like a song from the home su - per - nal, Like the sun-light of hope e-
To my soul it has oft - en giv - en Pre-cious glimps-es of home and
dorn - ing, Fill - ing my days with glad-ness and com-fort, Help-ing to do my
ter - nal, Cheering me on thro' bri - ars and shadows, Keep-ing me pure and
heav - en, Lightened my heart and banished my tear-drops, Dur - ing the long-drawn
part. 'Tis fair - er than an - y flow - er that grows, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful
whole. More fra-grant than an - y flow - er that grows, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful
night. More love - ly than an - y flow - er that grows, 'Tis the beau - ti - ful
REFRAIN.
Shar-on's Rose. Beau - ti - ful Rose, beau - ti - ful Rose, Beau-ti - ful Shar - on's Rose!

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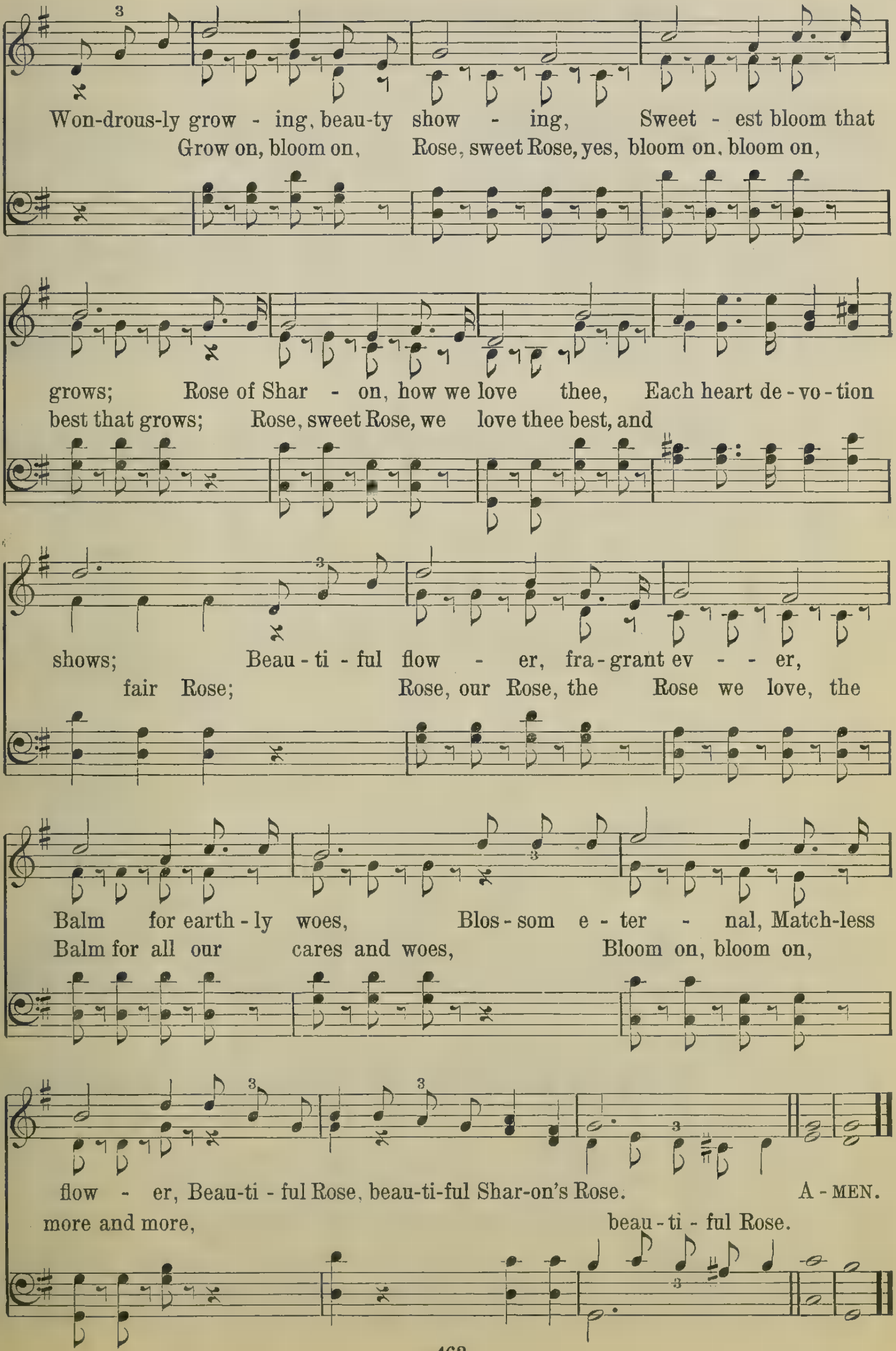
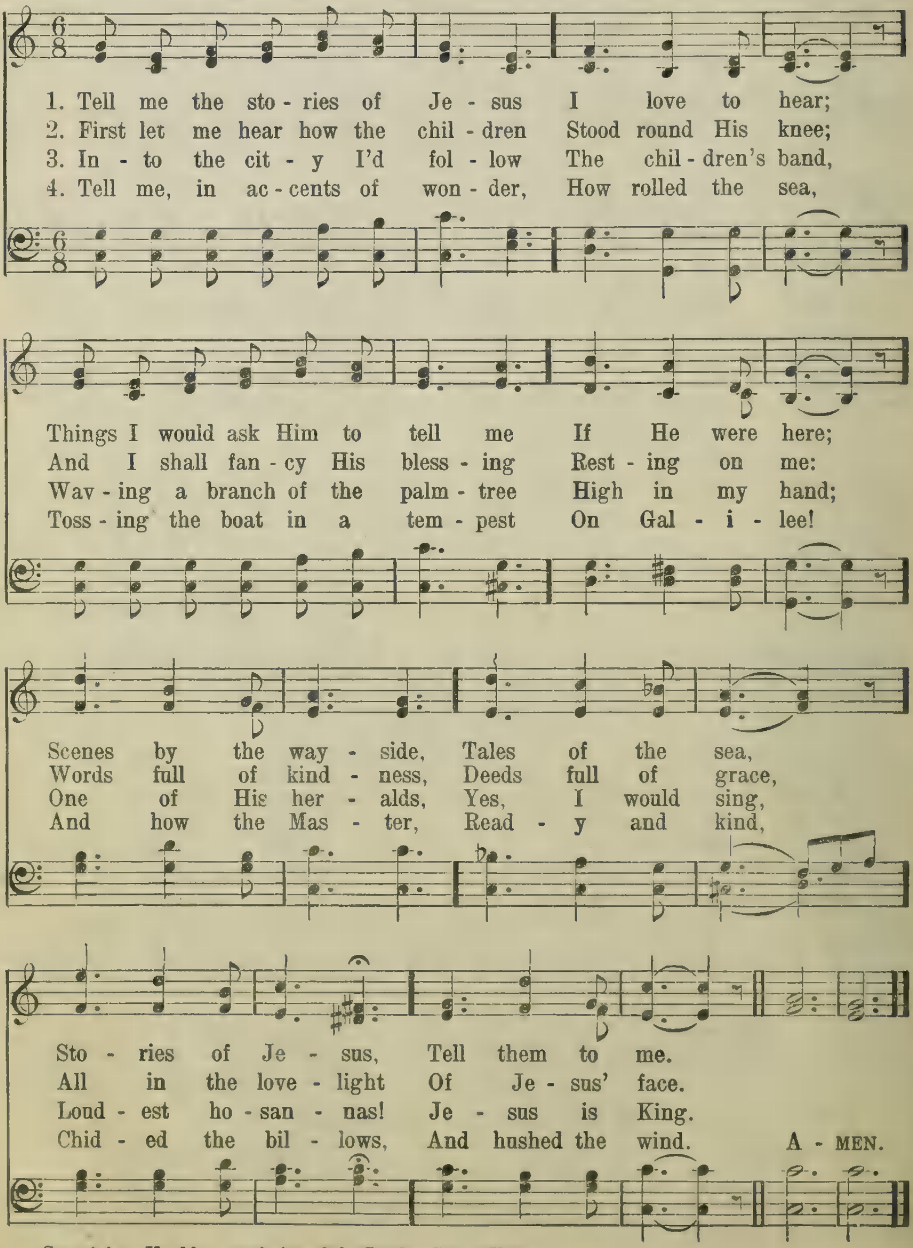

3
Won-drous-ly grow - ing, beau-ty show - ing, Sweet - est bloom that
Grow on, bloom on, Rose, sweet Rose, yes, bloom on, bloom on,
grows; Rose of Shar - on, how we love thee, Each heart de-vo-tion
best that grows; Rose, sweet Rose, we love thee best, and
shows; 3 Beau-ti-ful flow - er, fra-grant ev - - er,
fair Rose; Rose, our Rose, the Rose we love, the
Balm for earth-ly woes, Blos-som e - ter - nal, Match-less
Balm for all our cares and woes, Bloom on, bloom on,
3
flow - er, Beau-ti - ful Rose, beau-ti-ful Shar-on's Rose. A-MEN.
more and more, beau-ti - ful Rose.
3
3

540½

Tell Me the Stories of Jesus

(STORIES OF JESUS. 8, 4, 8, 4, 5, 4, 5, 4.)

W. H. Parker, 1904. F. A. Challinor, 1904.


1. Tell me the sto - ries of Je - sus I love to hear;
2. First let me hear how the chil - dren Stood round His knee;
3. In - to the cit - y I'd fol - low The chil - dren's band,
4. Tell me, in ac - cents of won - der, How rolled the sea,
Things I would ask Him to tell me If He were here;
And I shall fan - cy His bless - ing Rest - ing on me:
Wav - ing a branch of the palm - tree High in my hand;
Toss - ing the boat in a tem - pest On Gal - i - lee!
Scenes by the way - side, Tales of the sea,
Words full of kind - ness, Deeds full of grace,
One of His her - alds, Yes, I would sing,
And how the Mas - ter, Read - y and kind,
Sto - ries of Je - sus, Tell them to me.
All in the love - light Of Je - sus' face.
Loud - est ho - san - nas! Je - sus is King.
Chid - ed the bil - lows, And hushed the wind.
A - MEN.
6
8

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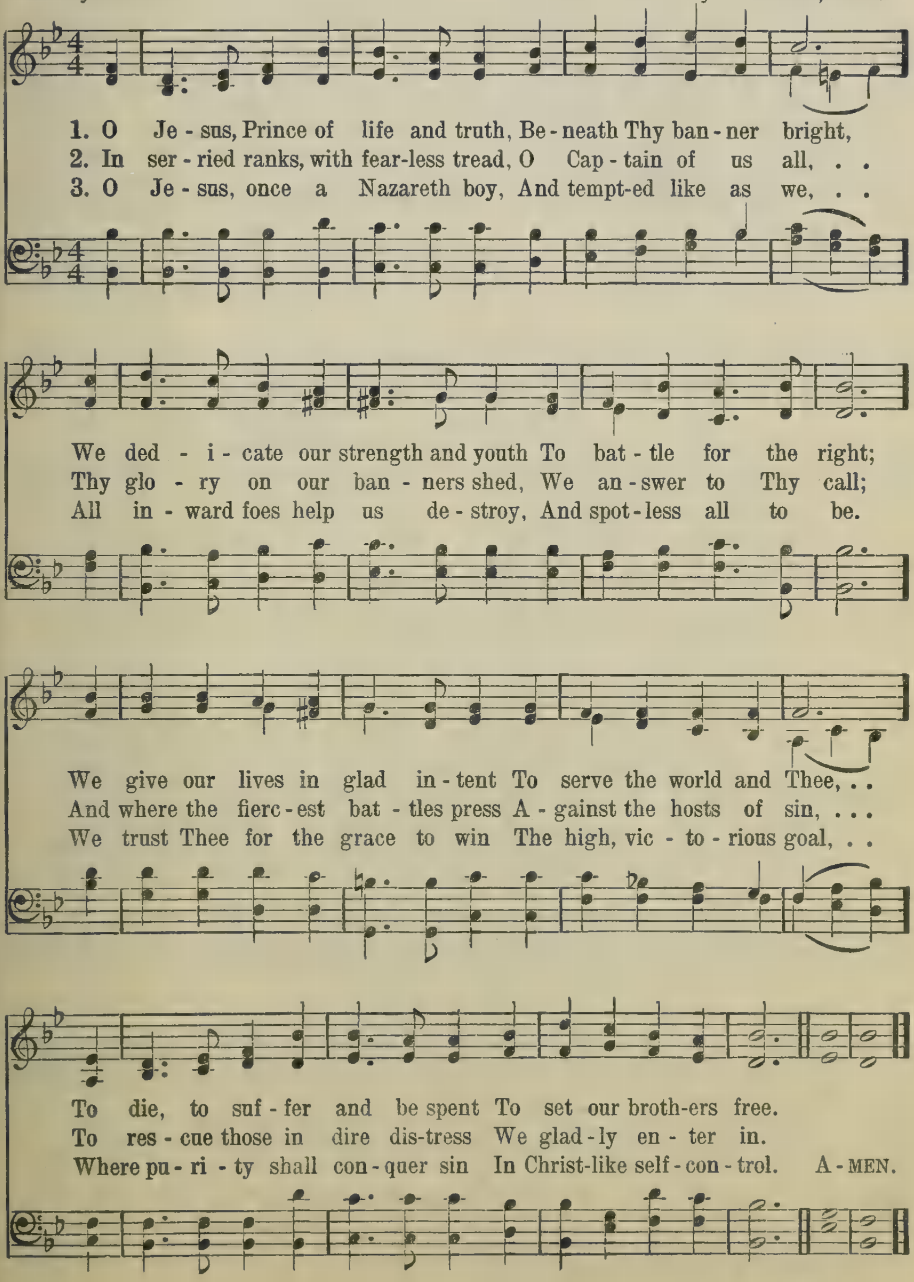
541 O Jesus, Prince of Life and Truth

(All Saints. C. M. D.)

Anonymous.

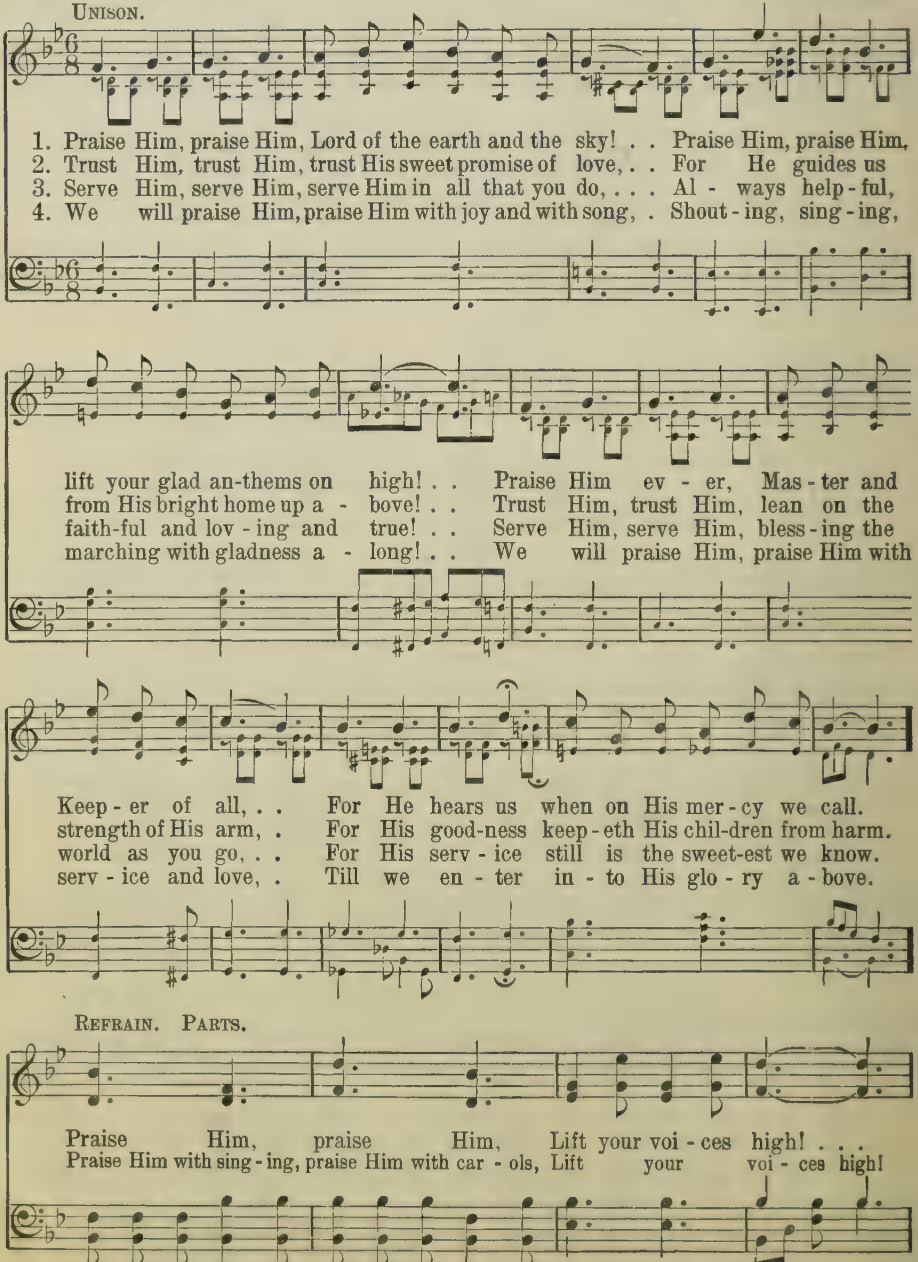
Henry S. Cutler, 1872.



1. O Je - sus, Prince of life and truth, Be - neath Thy ban - ner bright,
2. In ser - ried ranks, with fear-less tread, O Cap - tain of us all, . .
3. O Je - sus, once a Nazareth boy, And tempt-ed like as we, . .
We ded - i - cate our strength and youth To bat - tle for the right;
Thy glo - ry on our ban - ners shed, We an - swer to Thy call;
All in - ward foes help us de - stroy, And spot - less all to be.
We give our lives in glad in - tent To serve the world and Thee, . .
And where the fierc - est bat - tles press A - gainst the hosts of sin, . . .
We trust Thee for the grace to win The high, vic - to - rious goal, . .
To die, to suf - fer and be spent To set our broth-ers free.
To res - cue those in dire dis-tress We glad - ly en - ter in.
Where pu - ri - ty shall con - quer sin In Christ-like self - con - trol.
A - MEN.

542 Sing His Praises

Francis McKinnon Morton. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


UNISON.
1. Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of the earth and the sky! . . Praise Him, praise Him,
2. Trust Him, trust Him, trust His sweet promise of love, . . For He guides us
3. Serve Him, serve Him, serve Him in all that you do, . . . Al - ways help - ful,
4. We will praise Him, praise Him with joy and with song, . Shout - ing, sing - ing,
lift your glad an-thems on high! . . Praise Him ev - er, Mas - ter and
from His bright home up a - bove! . . Trust Him, trust Him, lean on the
faith-ful and lov - ing and true! . . Serve Him, serve Him, bless - ing the
marching with gladness a - long! . . We will praise Him, praise Him with
Keep - er of all, . . For He hears us when on His mer - cy we call.
strength of His arm, . For His good-ness keep - eth His chil-dren from harm.
world as you go, . . For His serv - ice still is the sweet-est we know.
serv - ice and love, . Till we en - ter in - to His glo - ry a - bove.
REFRAIN. PARTS.
Praise Him, praise Him, Lift your voi - ces high! . . .
Praise Him with sing - ing, praise Him with car - ols, Lift your voi - ces high!

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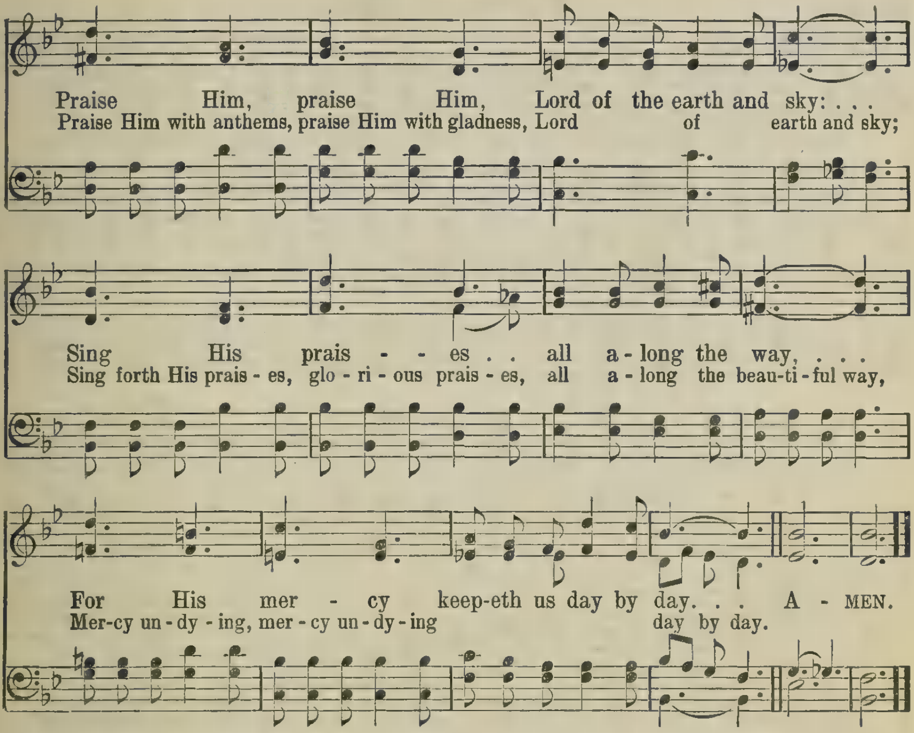
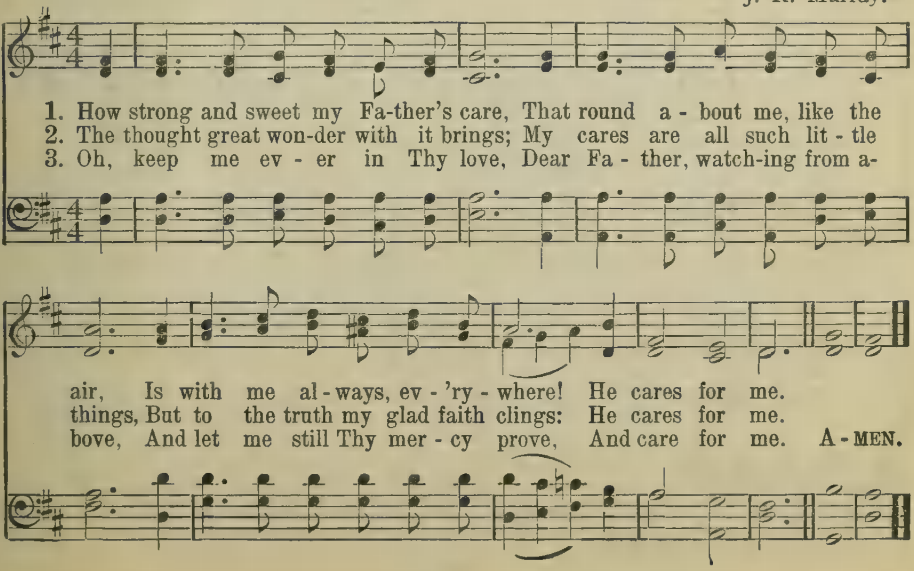

Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of the earth and sky: . . .
Praise Him with anthems, praise Him with gladness, Lord of earth and sky;
Sing His prais - - es . . all a - long the way, . . .
Sing forth His prais - es, glo - ri - ous prais - es, all a - long the beau-ti - ful way,
For His mer - cy keep-eth us day by day. . . A - MEN.
Mer-cy un - dy - ing, mer - cy un - dy - ing day by day.

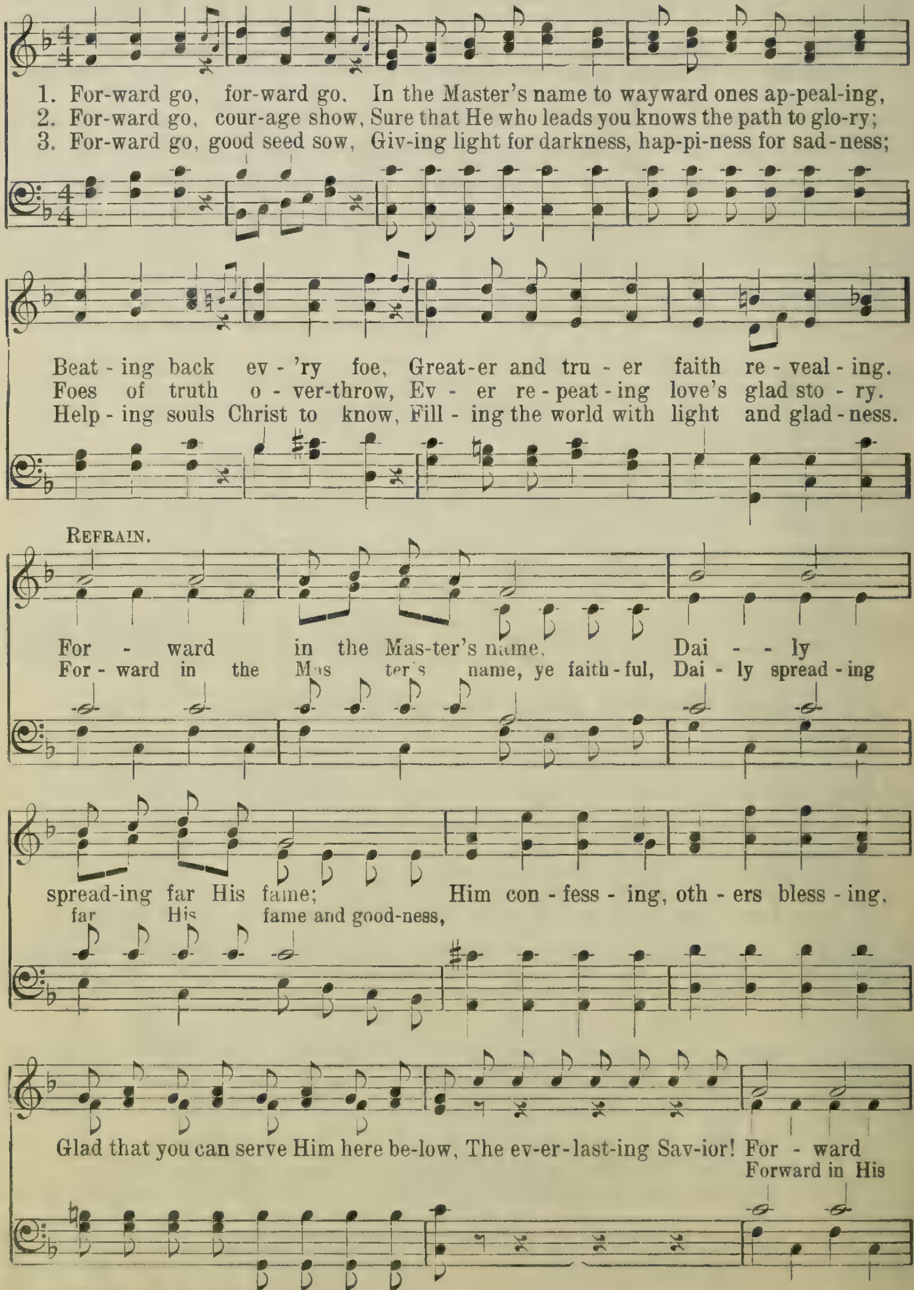
543 How Strong and Sweet My Father's Care

J. R. Murray.


1. How strong and sweet my Fa-ther's care, That round a - bout me, like the
2. The thought great won-der with it brings; My cares are all such lit - tle
3. Oh, keep me ev - er in Thy love, Dear Fa - ther, watch-ing from a-
air, Is with me al - ways, ev - 'ry - where! He cares for me.
things, But to the truth my glad faith clings: He cares for me.
bove, And let me still Thy mer - cy prove, And care for me. A - MEN.

544 Forward Go

Francis Foster. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. For-ward go, for-ward go, In the Master's name to wayward ones ap-peal-ing,
2. For-ward go, cour-age show, Sure that He who leads you knows the path to glo-ry;
3. For-ward go, good seed sow, Giv-ing light for darkness, hap-pi-ness for sad-ness;
Beat-ing back ev-'ry foe, Great-er and tru-er faith re-veal-ing.
Foes of truth o-ver-throw, Ev-er re-peat-ing love's glad sto-ry.
Help-ing souls Christ to know, Fill-ing the world with light and glad-ness.
Refrain.
For-ward in the Mas-ter's name, Dai-ly
For-ward in the Mas-ter's name, ye faith-ful, Dai-ly spread-ing
spread-ing far His fame; Him con-fess-ing, oth-ers bless-ing,
far His fame and good-ness,
Glad that you can serve Him here be-low, The ev-er-last-ing Sav-ior! For-ward
Forward in His

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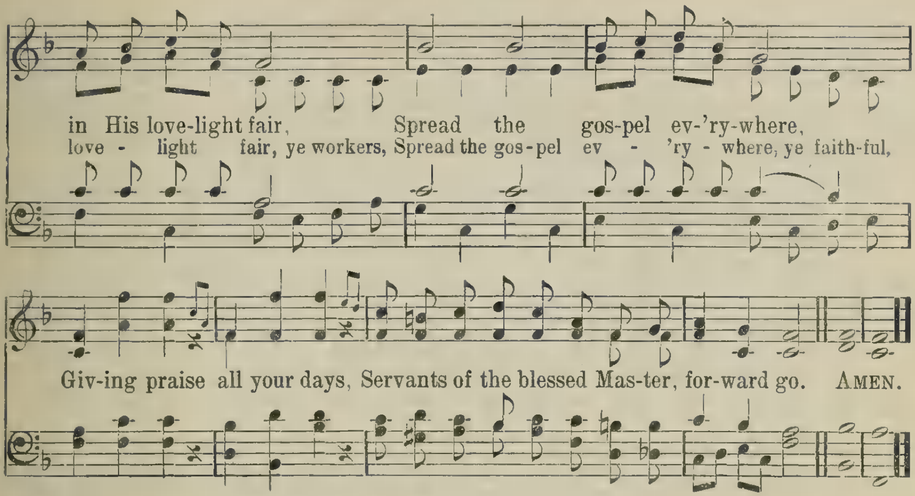
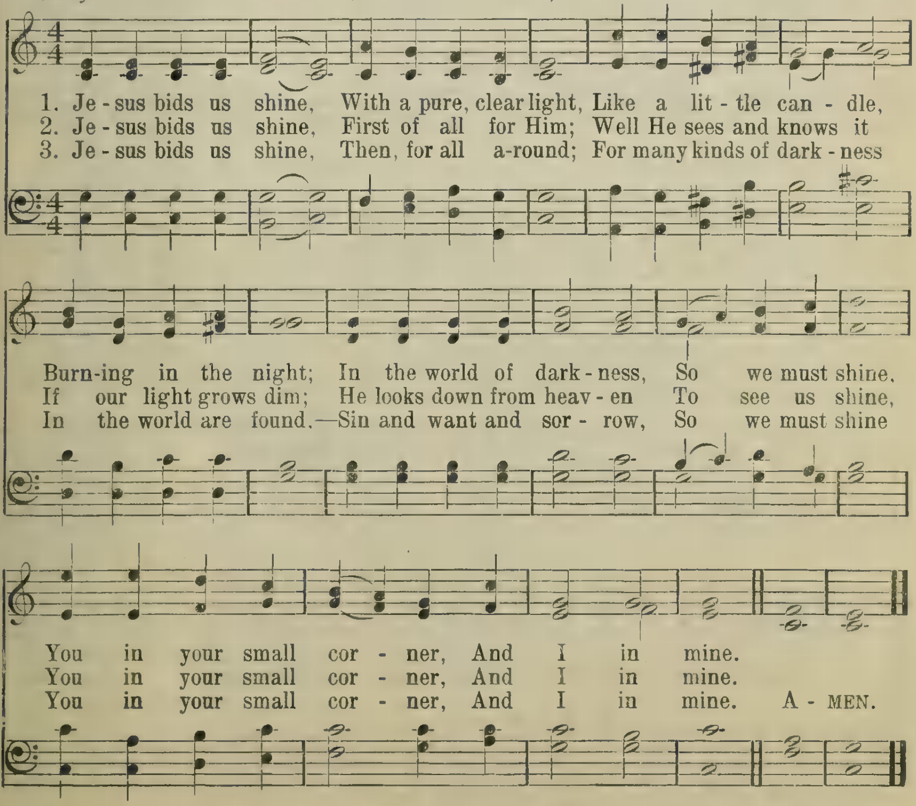

in His love-light fair, Spread the gos-pel ev-'ry-where,
love - light fair, ye workers, Spread the gos-pel ev - 'ry - where, ye faith-ful,
Giv-ing praise all your days, Servants of the blessed Mas-ter, for-ward go. AMEN.

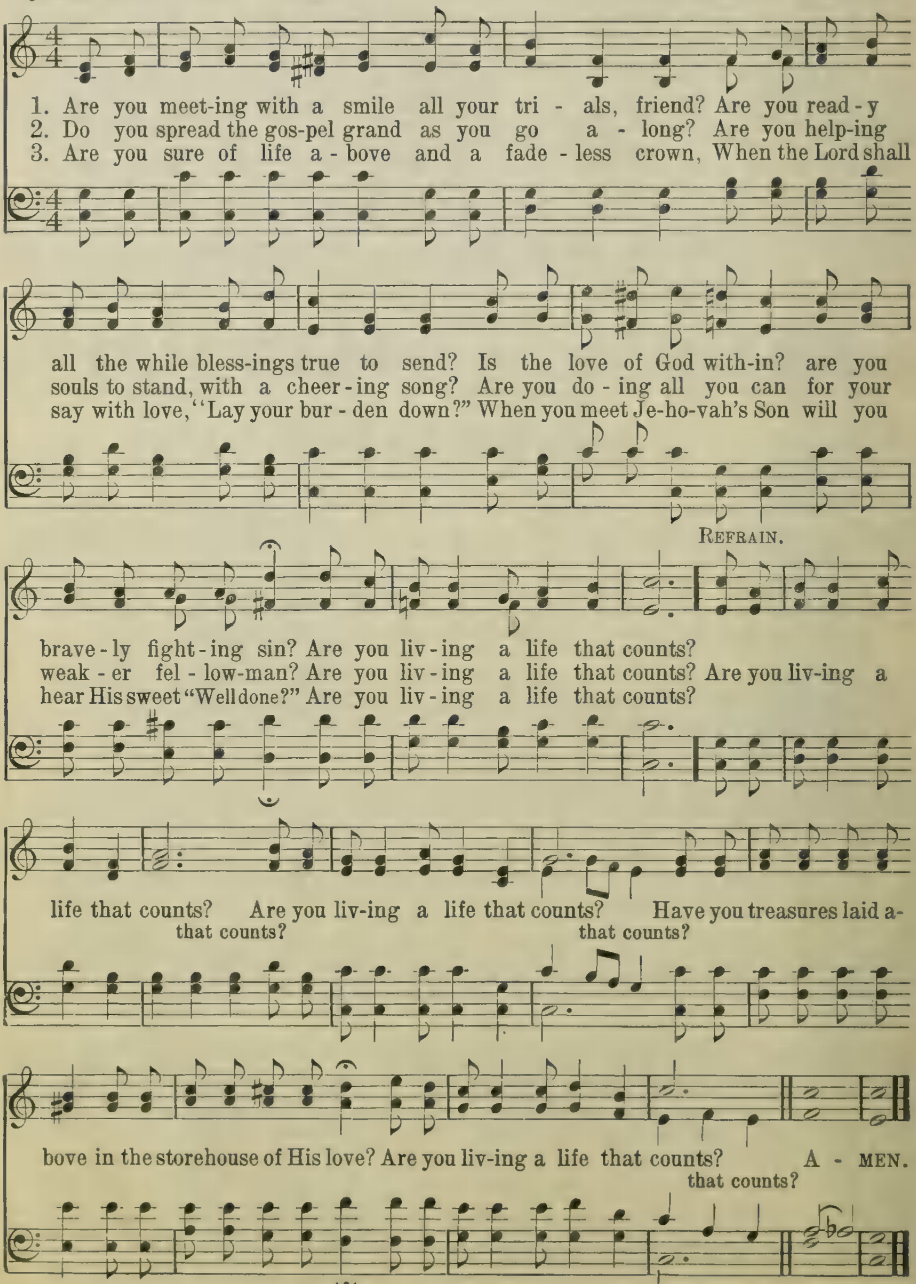
545 Jesus Bids Us Shine

Emily H. Miller. (MORECAMBE. 10s.) A. F. Conant.


4
4
1. Je-sus bids us shine, With a pure, clear light, Like a lit-tle can-dle,
2. Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and knows it
3. Je-sus bids us shine, Then, for all a-round; For many kinds of dark-ness
Burn-ing in the night; In the world of dark-ness, So we must shine,
If our light grows dim; He looks down from heav-en To see us shine,
In the world are found.—Sin and want and sor-row, So we must shine
You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine.
You in your small cor-ner, And I in mine. A-MEN.

546 Are You Living a Life That Counts?

James Rowe.
James H. Ruebush.


1. Are you meet-ing with a smile all your tri - als, friend? Are you read - y
2. Do you spread the gos-pel grand as you go a - long? Are you help-ing
3. Are you sure of life a - bove and a fade - less crown, When the Lord shall
all the while bless-ings true to send? Is the love of God with-in? are you
souls to stand, with a cheer - ing song? Are you do - ing all you can for your
say with love, "Lay your bur - den down?" When you meet Je-ho-vah's Son will you
brave - ly fight - ing sin? Are you liv - ing a life that counts?
weak - er fel - low-man? Are you liv - ing a life that counts? Are you liv-ing a
hear His sweet "Well done?" Are you liv - ing a life that counts?
REFRAIN.
life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Have you treasures laid a-
that counts?
that counts?
bove in the storehouse of His love? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? A - MEN.
that counts?

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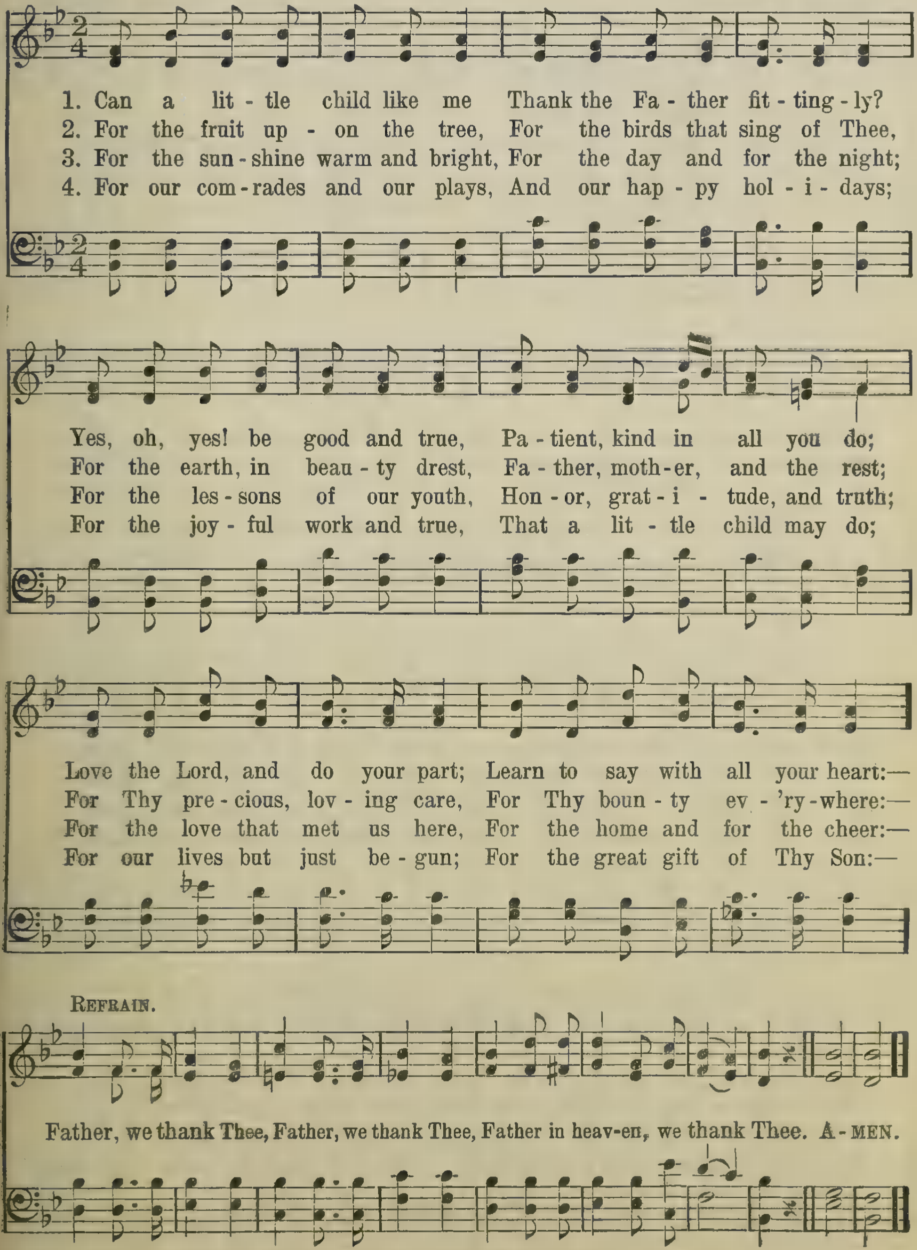
547 Can a Little Child Like Me

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. W. K. Bassford.


1. Can a lit - tle child like me Thank the Fa - ther fit - ting - ly?
2. For the fruit up - on the tree, For the birds that sing of Thee,
3. For the sun - shine warm and bright, For the day and for the night;
4. For our com - rades and our plays, And our hap - py hol - i - days;
Yes, oh, yes! be good and true, Pa - tient, kind in all you do;
For the earth, in beau - ty drest, Fa - ther, moth - er, and the rest;
For the les - sons of our youth, Hon - or, grat - i - tude, and truth;
For the joy - ful work and true, That a lit - tle child may do;
Love the Lord, and do your part; Learn to say with all your heart:—
For Thy pre - cious, lov - ing care, For Thy boun - ty ev - 'ry - where:—
For the love that met us here, For the home and for the cheer:—
For our lives but just be - gun; For the great gift of Thy Son:—
Refrain.
Father, we thank Thee, Father, we thank Thee, Father in heav-en, we thank Thee. A - men.

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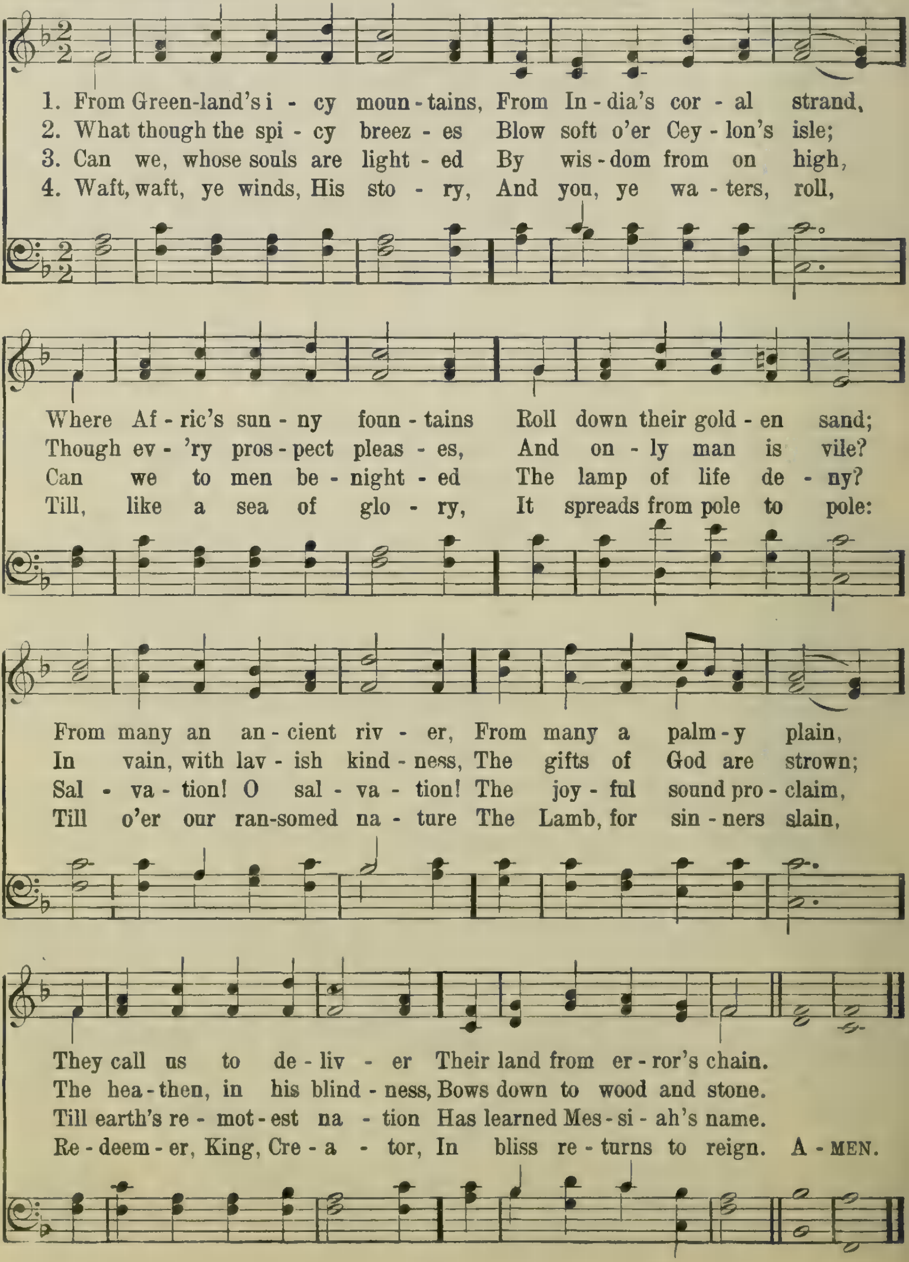
548 From Greenland's Icy Mountains

(MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.)

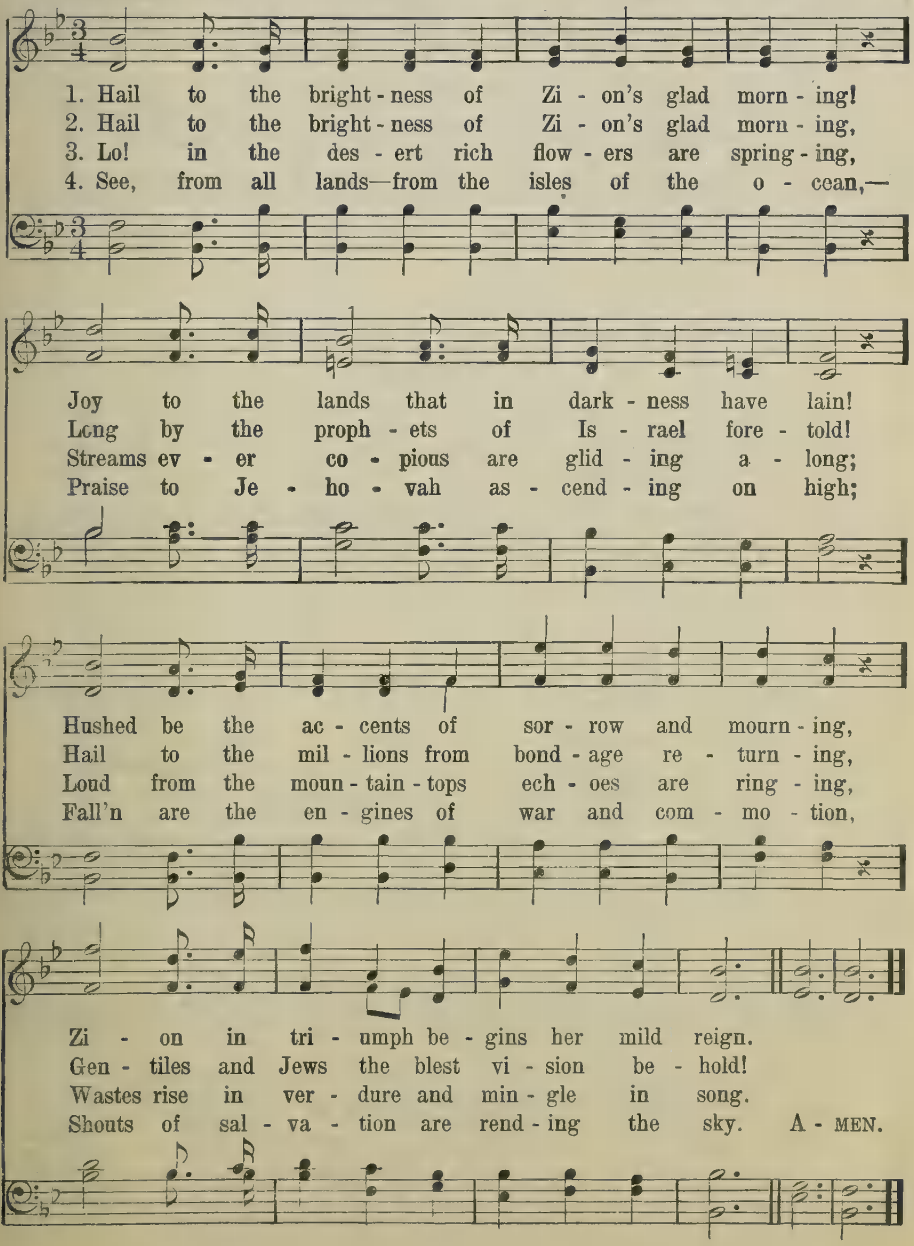
Reginald Heber, 1819. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

549 Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning

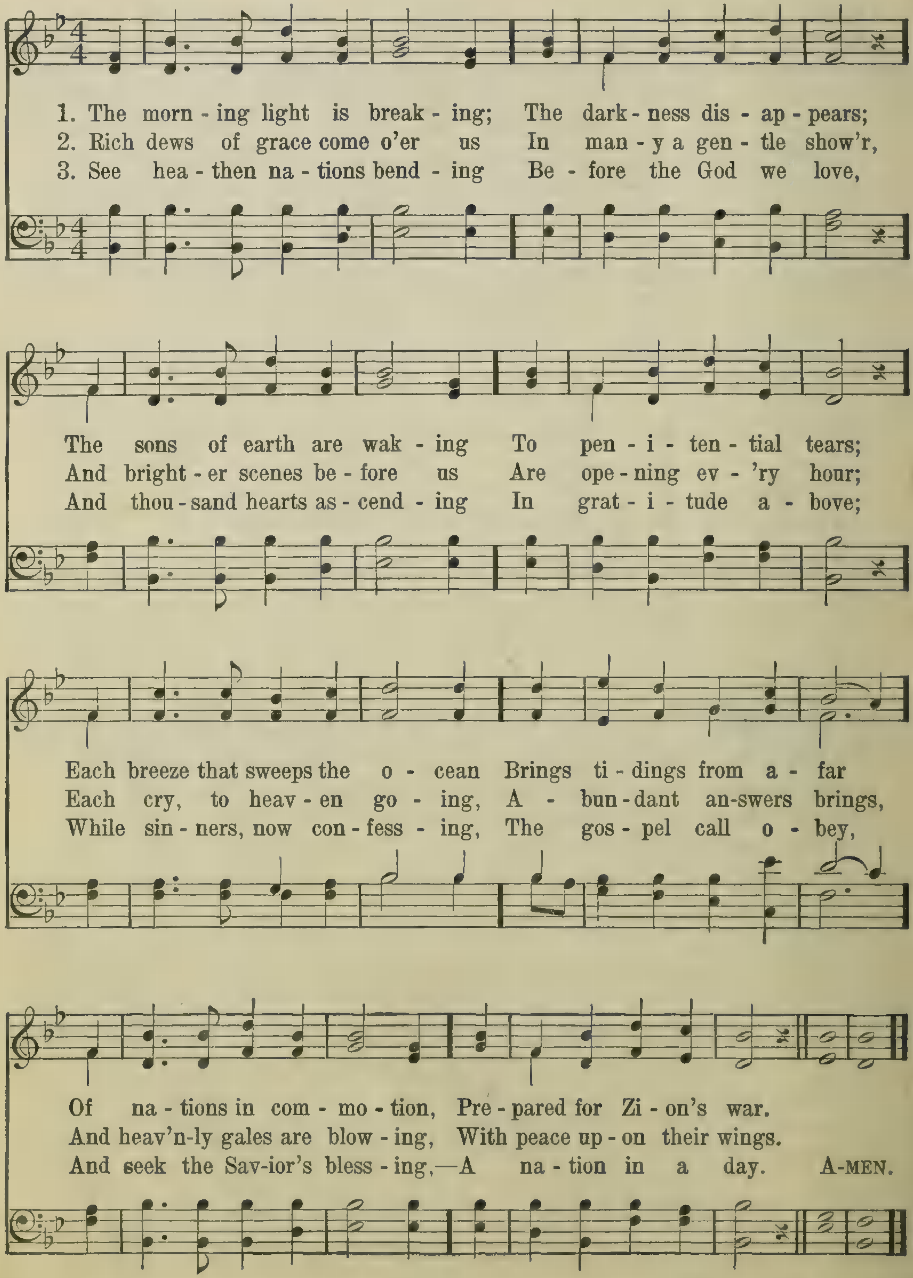
(Hail to the Brightness. 11s, 10s.)

Thomas Hastings, 1830. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing!
2. Hail to the bright - ness of Zi - on's glad morn - ing,
3. Lo! in the des - ert rich flow - ers are spring - ing,
4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o - cean,—
Joy to the lands that in dark - ness have lain!
Long by the proph - ets of Is - rael fore - told!
Streams ev - er co - pious are glid - ing a - long;
Praise to Je - ho - vah as - cend - ing on high;
Hushed be the ac - cents of sor - row and mourn - ing,
Hail to the mil - lions from bond - age re - turn - ing,
Loud from the moun - tain - tops ech - oes are ring - ing,
Fall'n are the en - gines of war and com - mo - tion,
Zi - on in tri - umph be - gins her mild reign.
Gen - tiles and Jews the blest vi - sion be - hold!
Wastes rise in ver - dure and min - gle in song.
Shouts of sal - va - tion are rend - ing the sky.
A - MEN.

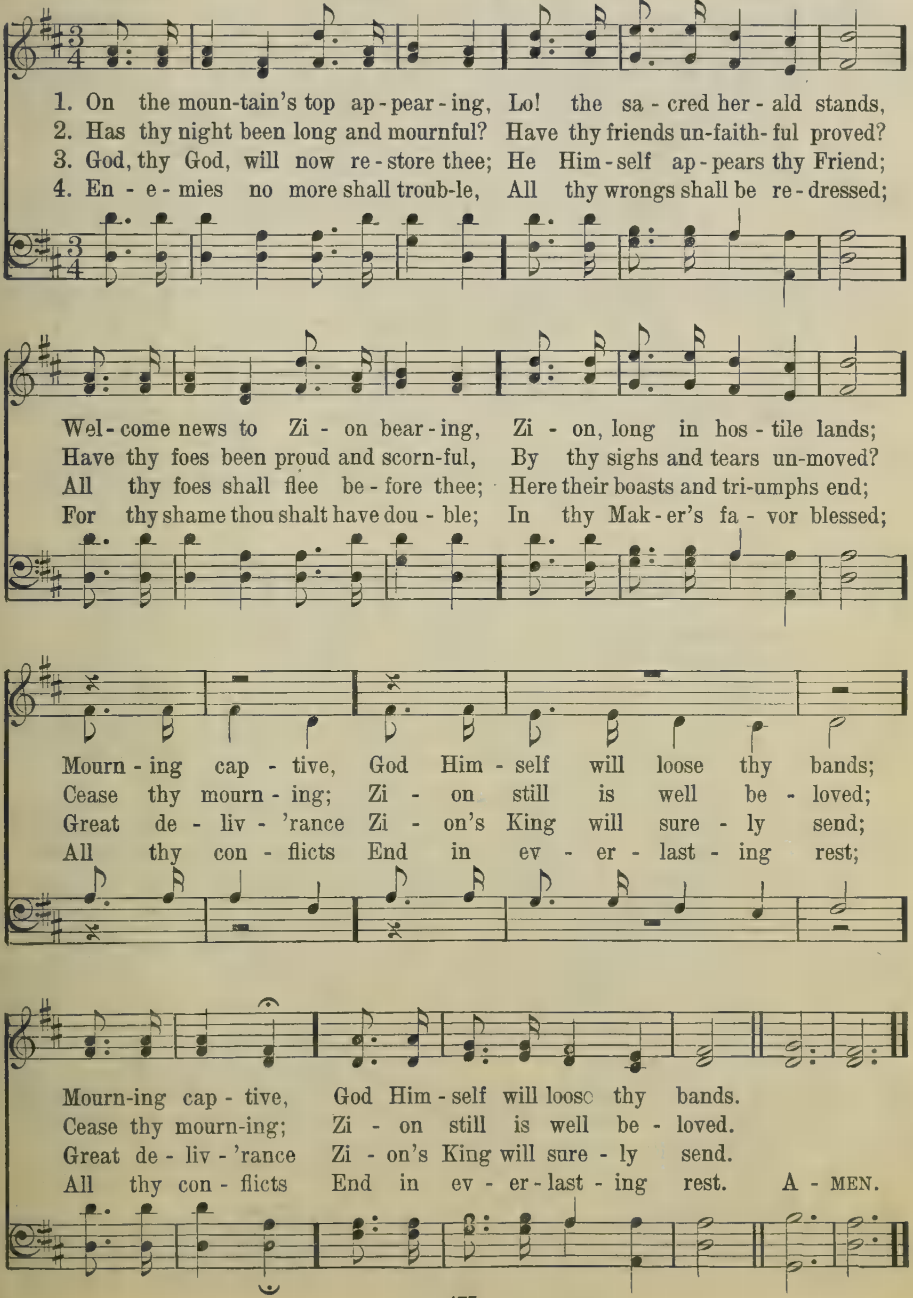
550 The Morning Light is Breaking

S. F. Smith, 1843. (Webb. 7s, 6s. D.) G. J. Webb.


1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In man - y a gen - tle show'r,
3. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
Each cry, to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an-swers brings,
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
And heav'n-ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
And seek the Sav-ior's bless - ing,—A na - tion in a day.
A-men.

551 On the Mountain's Top Appearing

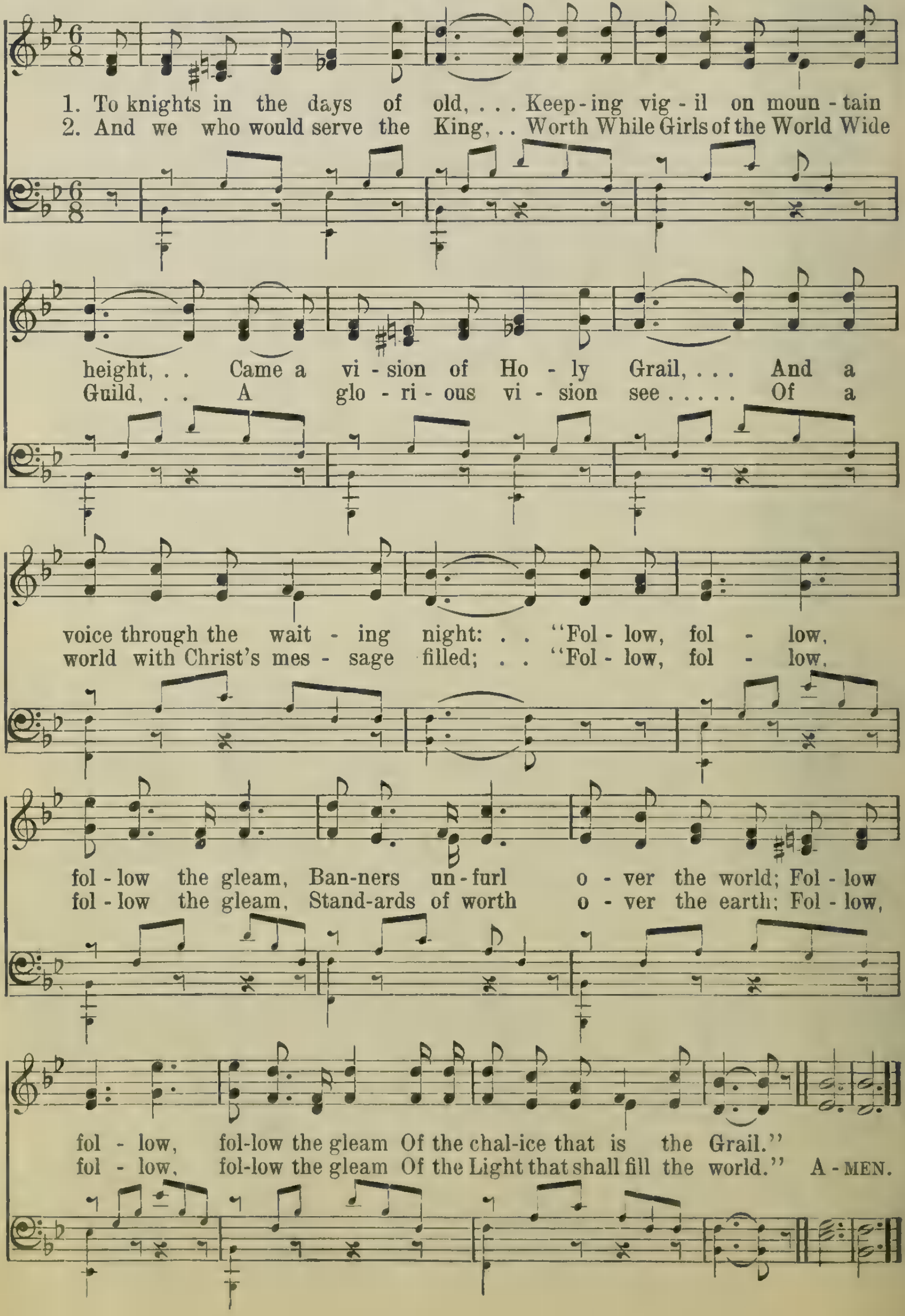
Thomas Kelly, 1804. (ZION. 8s, 7s, 4s.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784–1872.


1. On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved?
3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self ap-pears thy Friend;
4. En-e-mies no more shall troub-le, All thy wrongs shall be re-dressed;
Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands;
Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved?
All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasts and tri-umphs end;
For thy shame thou shalt have dou-ble; In thy Mak-er's fa-vor blessed;
Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands;
Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi-on still is well be-loved;
Great de-liv-'rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send;
All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest;
Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands.
Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
Great de-liv-'rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest. A-MEN.

552

Follow the Gleam

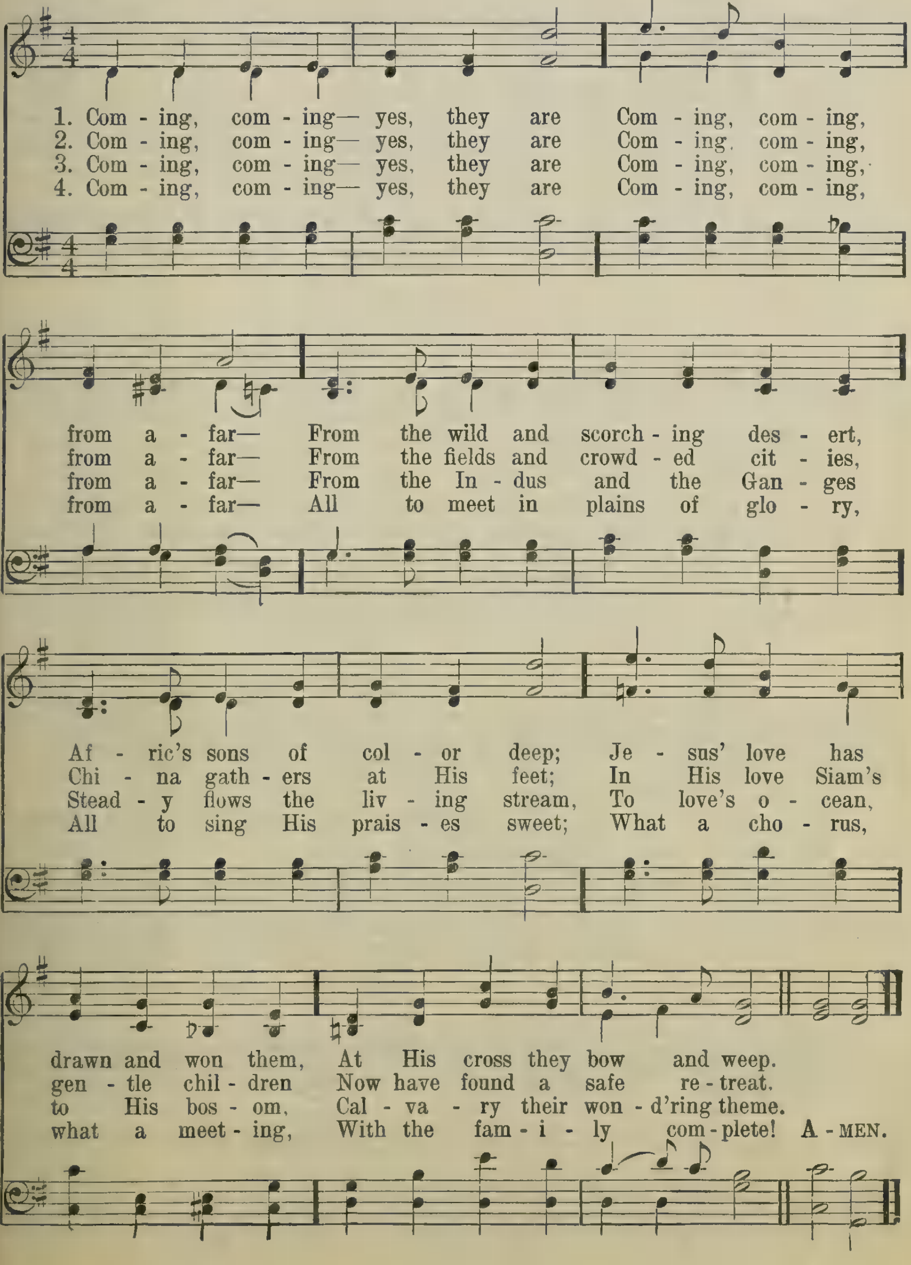
(A World Wide Guild Song.)


1. To knights in the days of old, . . . Keep-ing vig - il on moun - tain
2. And we who would serve the King, . . Worth While Girls of the World Wide
height, . . Came a vi - sion of Ho - ly Grail, . . . And a
Guild, . . A glo - ri - ous vi - sion see . . . . . Of a
voice through the wait - ing night: . . "Fol - low, fol - low,
world with Christ's mes - sage filled; . . "Fol - low, fol - low,
fol - low the gleam, Ban-ners un-furl o - ver the world; Fol - low
fol - low the gleam, Stand-ards of worth o - ver the earth; Fol - low,
fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the chal-ice that is the Grail."
fol - low, fol-low the gleam Of the Light that shall fill the world." A-men.

553 Coming, Coming—Yes, They Are

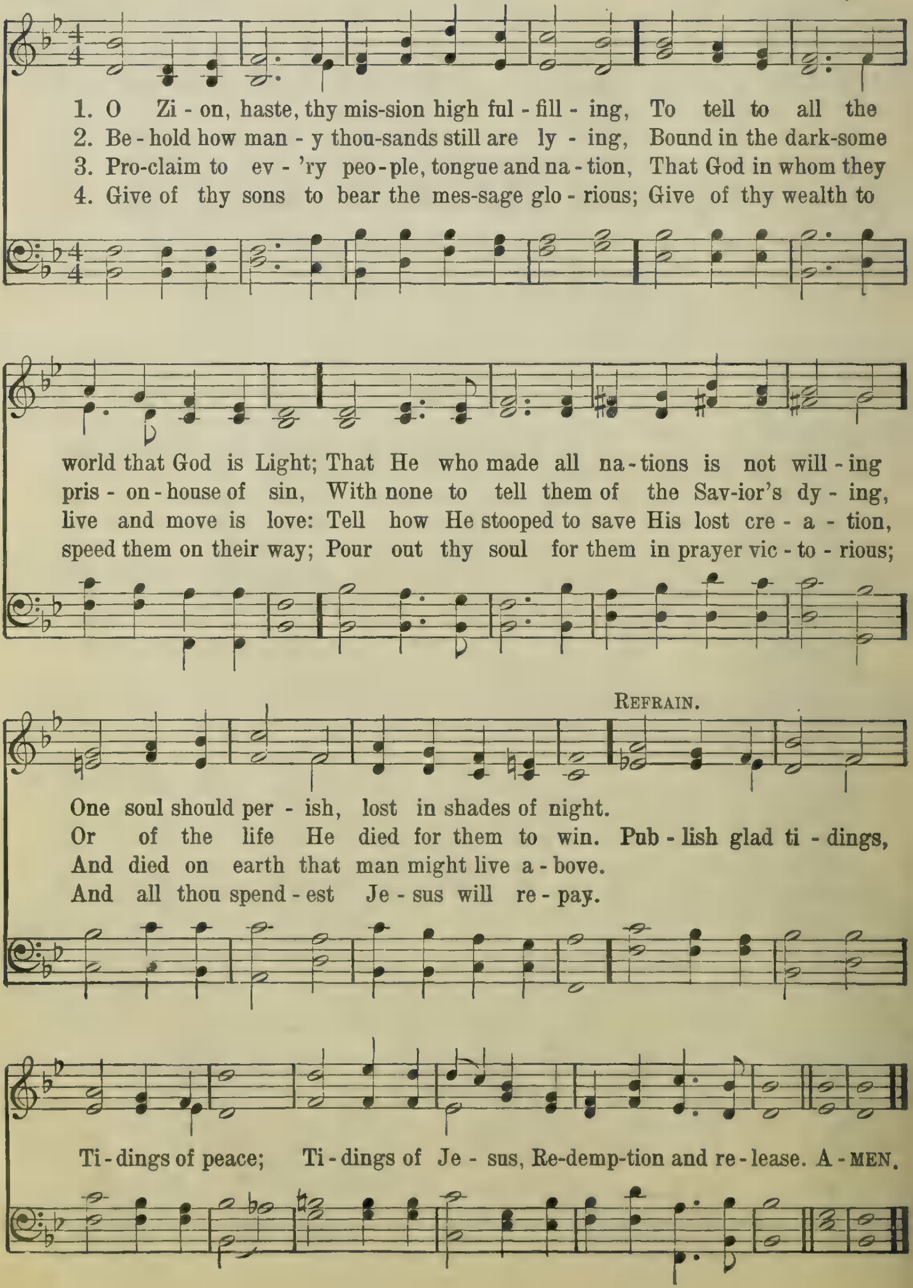
(COMING. 7, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.)

J. W. MacGill, 1895. Edward Husband, 1880.


1. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
2. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
3. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
4. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
from a - far— From the wild and scorch - ing des - ert,
from a - far— From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies,
from a - far— From the In - dus and the Gan - ges
from a - far— All to meet in plains of glo - ry,
Af - ric's sons of col - or deep; Je - sus' love has
Chi - na gath - ers at His feet; In His love Siam's
Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream, To love's o - cean,
All to sing His prais - es sweet; What a cho - rus,
drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
to His bos - om, Cal - va - ry their won - d'ring theme.
what a meet - ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete! A - MEN.

554 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling

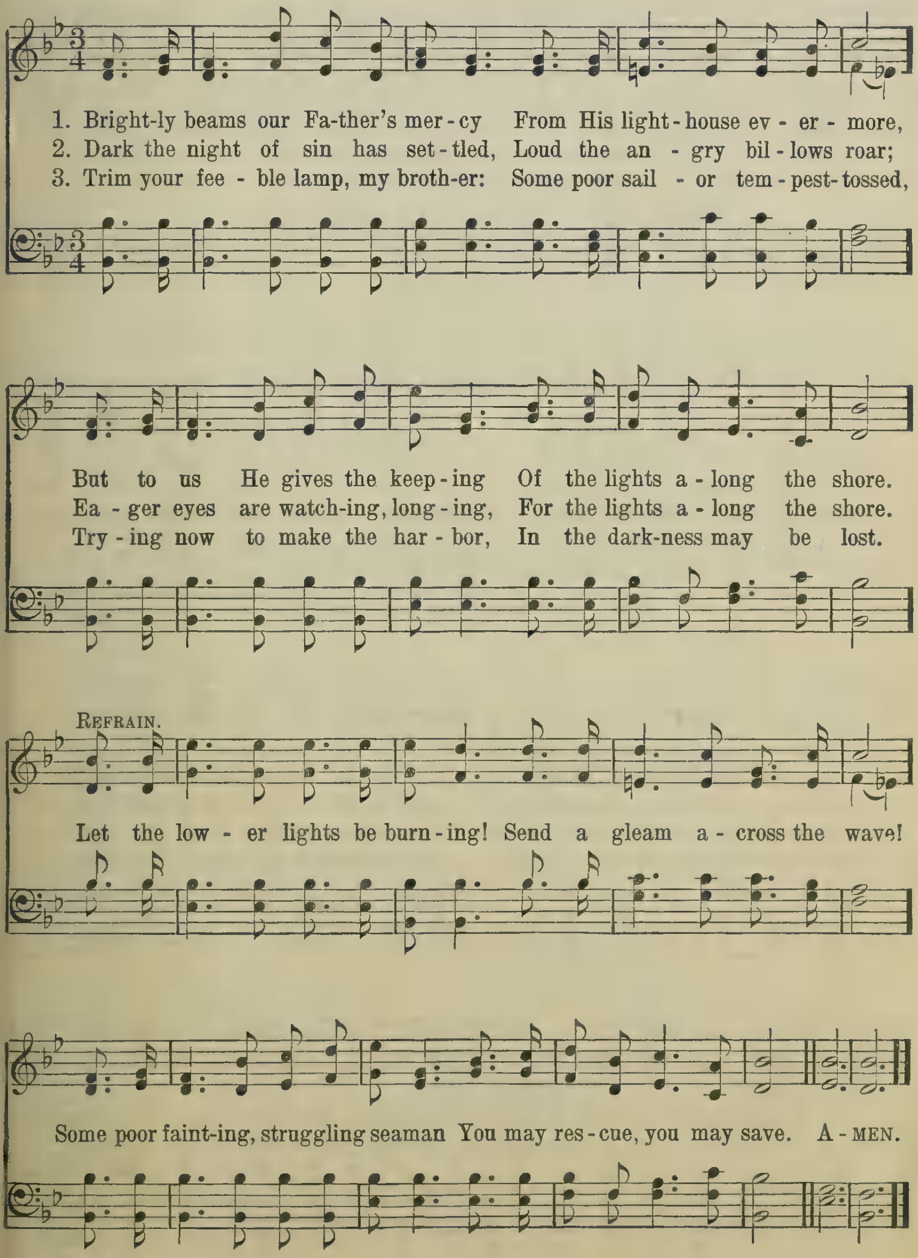
Mary A. Thomson (TIDINGS. P. M.) James Walch.


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion, That God in whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na - tions is not will - ing
pris - on - house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
REFRAIN.
Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re - lease. A - MEN.

555 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy

(Let the Lower Lights be Burning.)

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
Refrain.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!
Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save. A-men.

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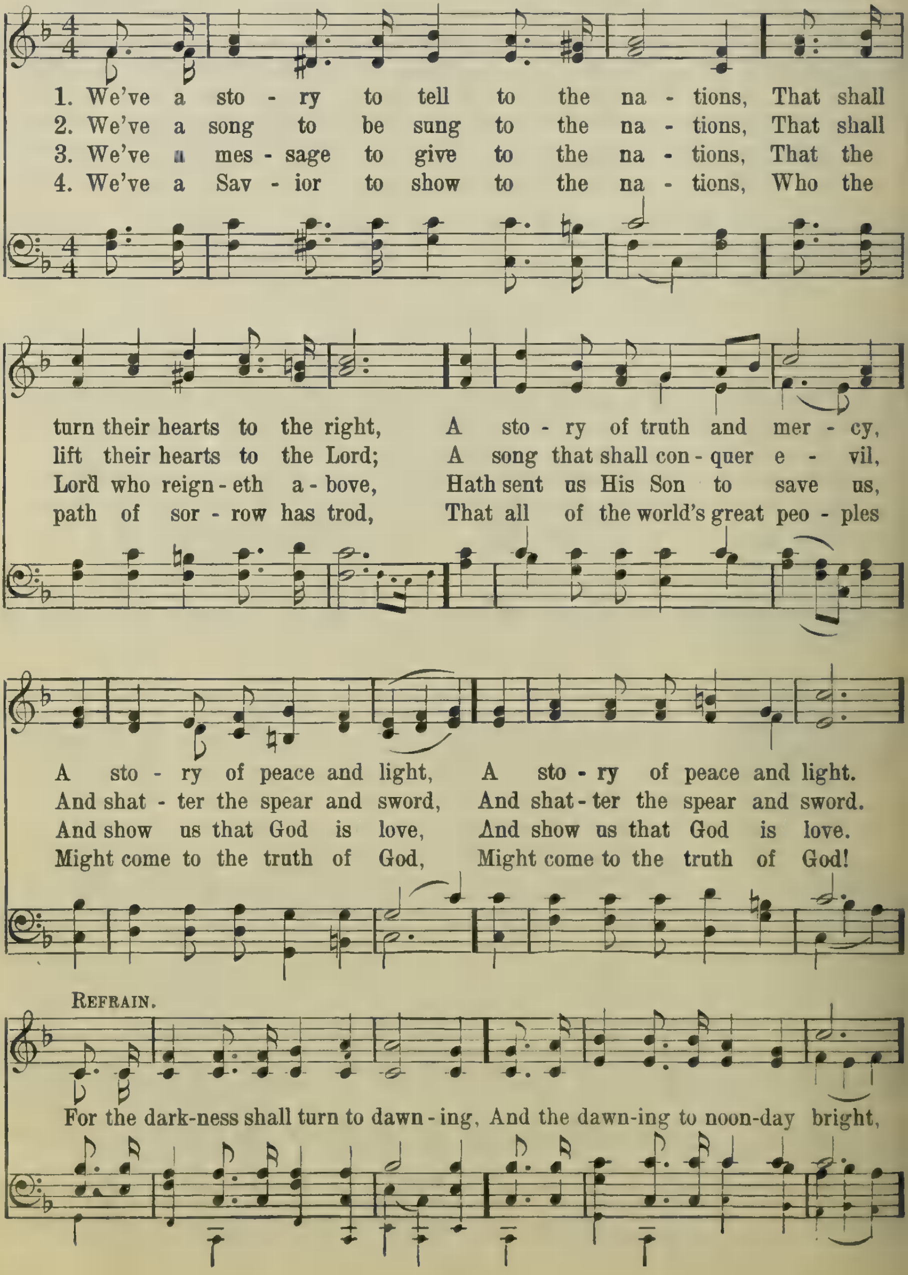
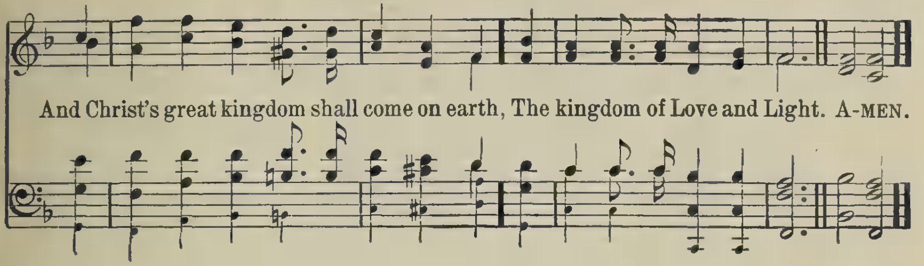
556 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

(MESSAGE. 10, 8, 8, 7, 7. With Refrain.)

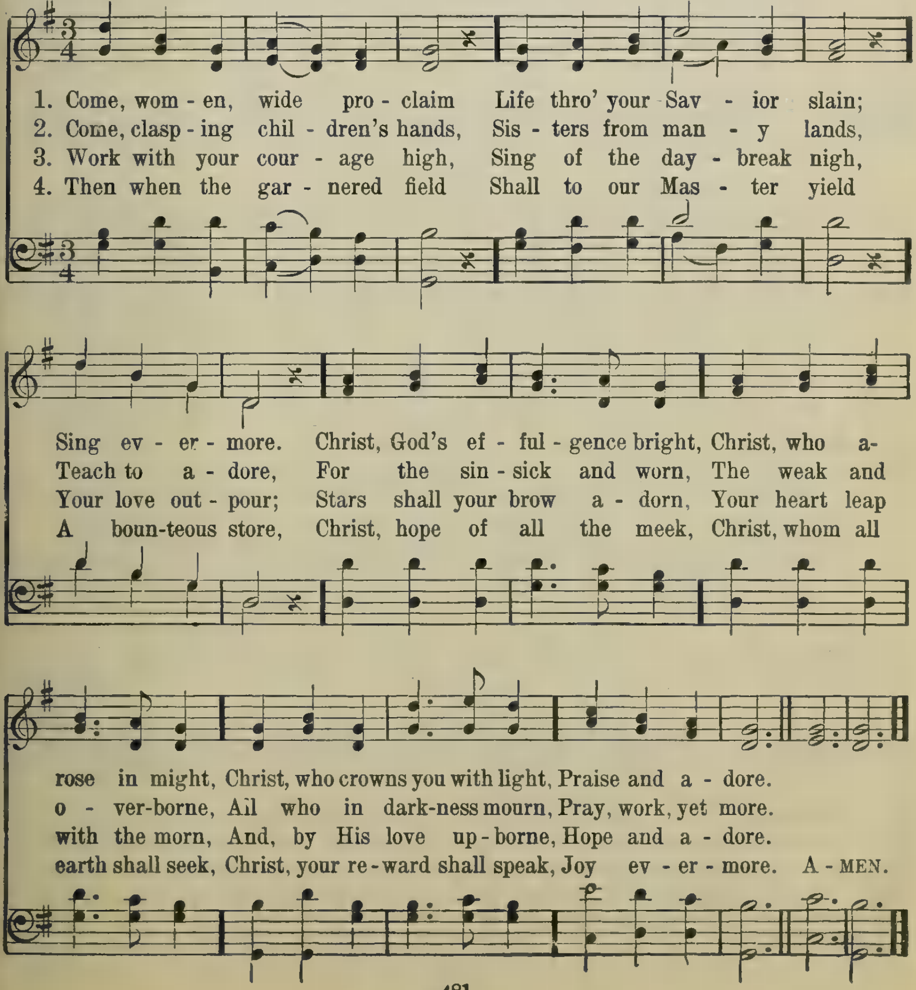
Colin Sterne, 1896. Adapted from H. Ernest Nichol, 1896.


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the
turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil,
Lord who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples
A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!
REFRAIN.
For the dark-ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn-ing to noon-day bright,


And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of Love and Light. A-MEN.

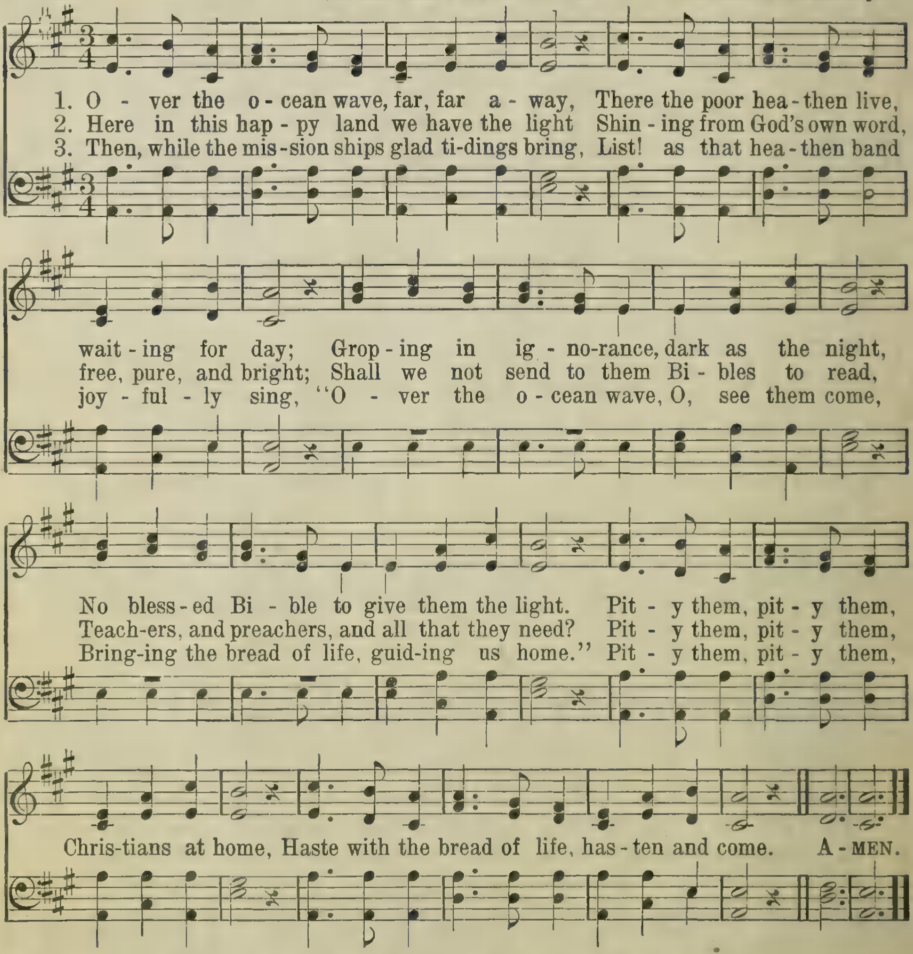
557 Come, Women, Wide Proclaim

Fannie E. S. Heck. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) Felice de Giardini.


1. Come, wom-en, wide pro-claim Life thro' your Sav-ior slain;
2. Come, clasp-ing chil-dren's hands, Sis-ters from man-y lands,
3. Work with your cour-age high, Sing of the day-break nigh,
4. Then when the gar-nered field Shall to our Mas-ter yield
Sing ev-er-more. Christ, God's ef-ful-gence bright, Christ, who a-
Teach to a-dore, For the sin-sick and worn, The weak and
Your love out-pour; Stars shall your brow a-dorn, Your heart leap
A boun-teous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all
rose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a-dore.
o-ver-borne, All who in dark-ness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.
with the morn, And, by His love up-borne, Hope and a-dore.
earth shall seek, Christ, your re-ward shall speak, Joy ev-er-more. A-MEN.

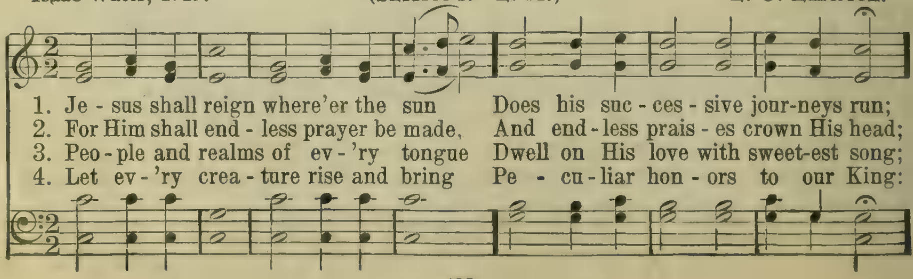
558 Over the Ocean Wave, Far, Far Away

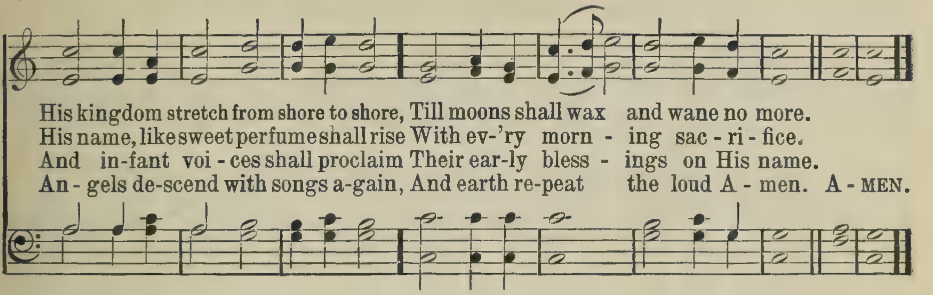
Anon. (Over the Ocean Wave.) William B. Bradbury.


1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor hea - then live,
2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from God's own word,
3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad ti-dings bring, List! as that hea - then band
wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no-rance, dark as the night,
free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them Bi - bles to read,
joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave, O, see them come,
No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light. Pit - y them, pit - y them,
Teach-ers, and preachers, and all that they need? Pit - y them, pit - y them,
Bring-ing the bread of life, guid-ing us home." Pit - y them, pit - y them,
Chris-tians at home, Haste with the bread of life, has - ten and come. A - MEN.

559 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

Isaac Watts, 1719. (Sessions. L. M.) L. O. Emerson.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run;
2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song;
4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King:

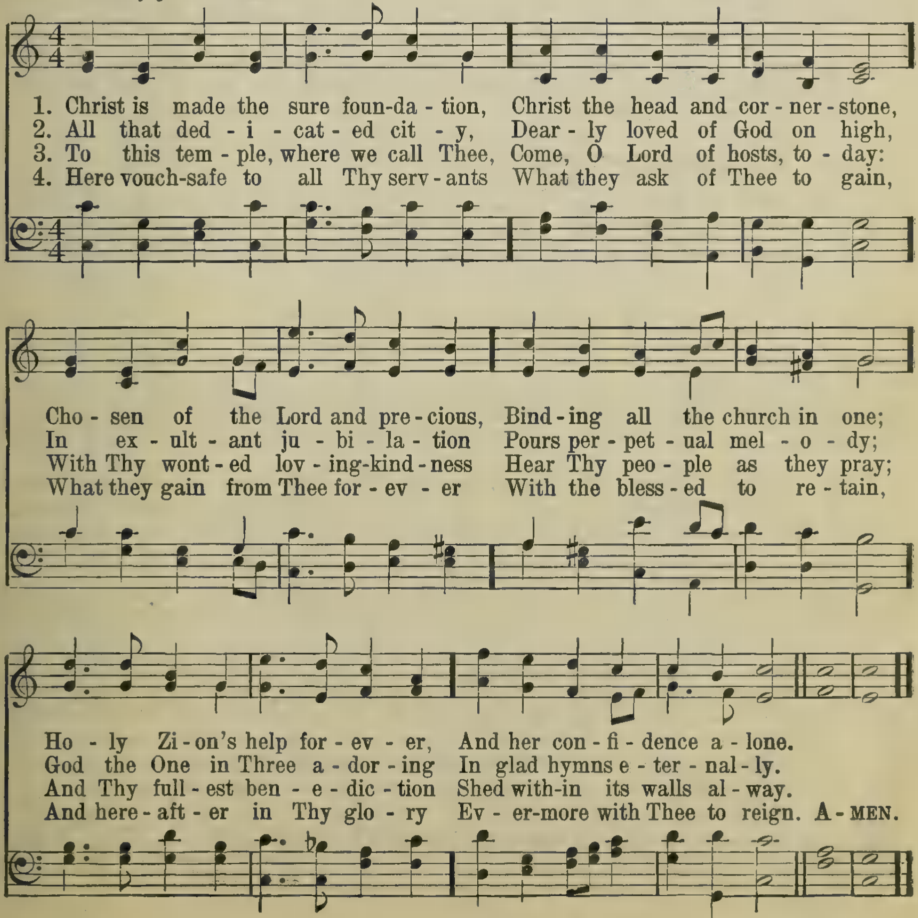

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in-fant voi - ces shall proclaim Their ear-ly bless - ings on His name.
An - gels de-scend with songs a-gain, And earth re-peat the loud A - men. A - MEN.

560 Christ is Made the Sure Foundation

(REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s. 6 l.)

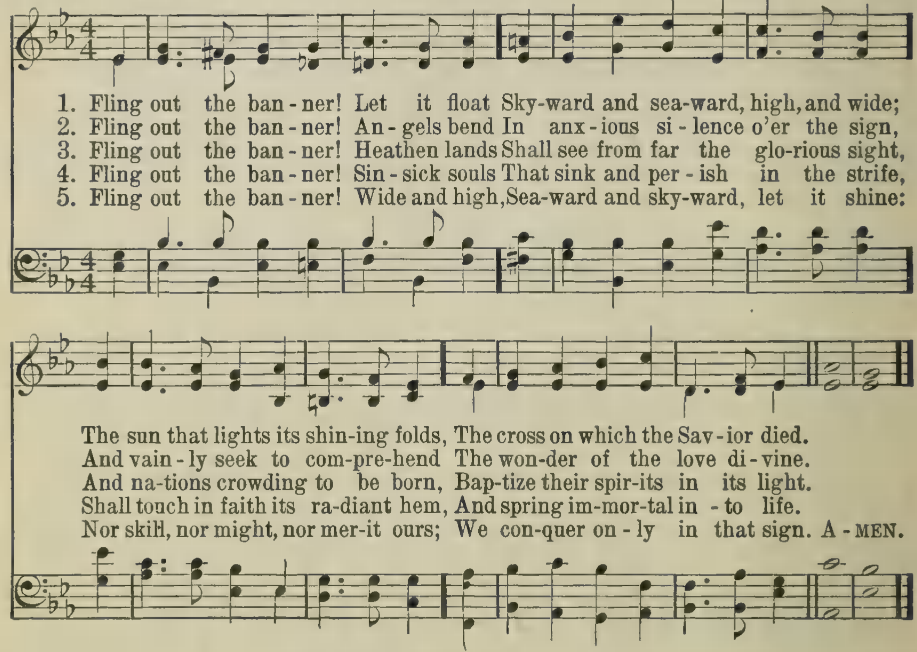
Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.)
Tr. by J. M. Neale.

H. Smart, 1867.


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,
2. All that ded - i - cat - ed cit - y, Dear - ly loved of God on high,
3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to - day:
4. Here vouch-safe to all Thy serv - ants What they ask of Thee to gain,
Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the church in one;
In ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion Pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy;
With Thy wont - ed lov - ing-kind - ness Hear Thy peo - ple as they pray;
What they gain from Thee for - ev - er With the bless - ed to re - tain,
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
God the One in Three a - dor - ing In glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
And Thy full - est ben - e - dic - tion Shed with-in its walls al - way.
And here - aft - er in Thy glo - ry Ev - er-more with Thee to reign. A - MEN.

561 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

George W. Doane. (Doane. L. M.) J. Baptiste Calkin.

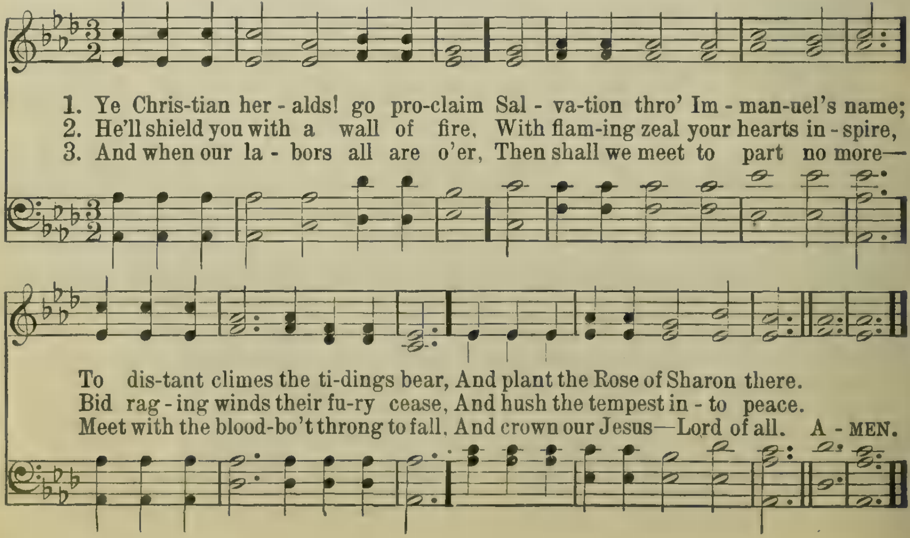


1. Fling out the ban - ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high, and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! An - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban - ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! Sin - sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
5. Fling out the ban - ner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine:

The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
And vain - ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di - vine.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A - MEN.

562 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. (Missionary Chant. L. M.) H. C. Zeuner.



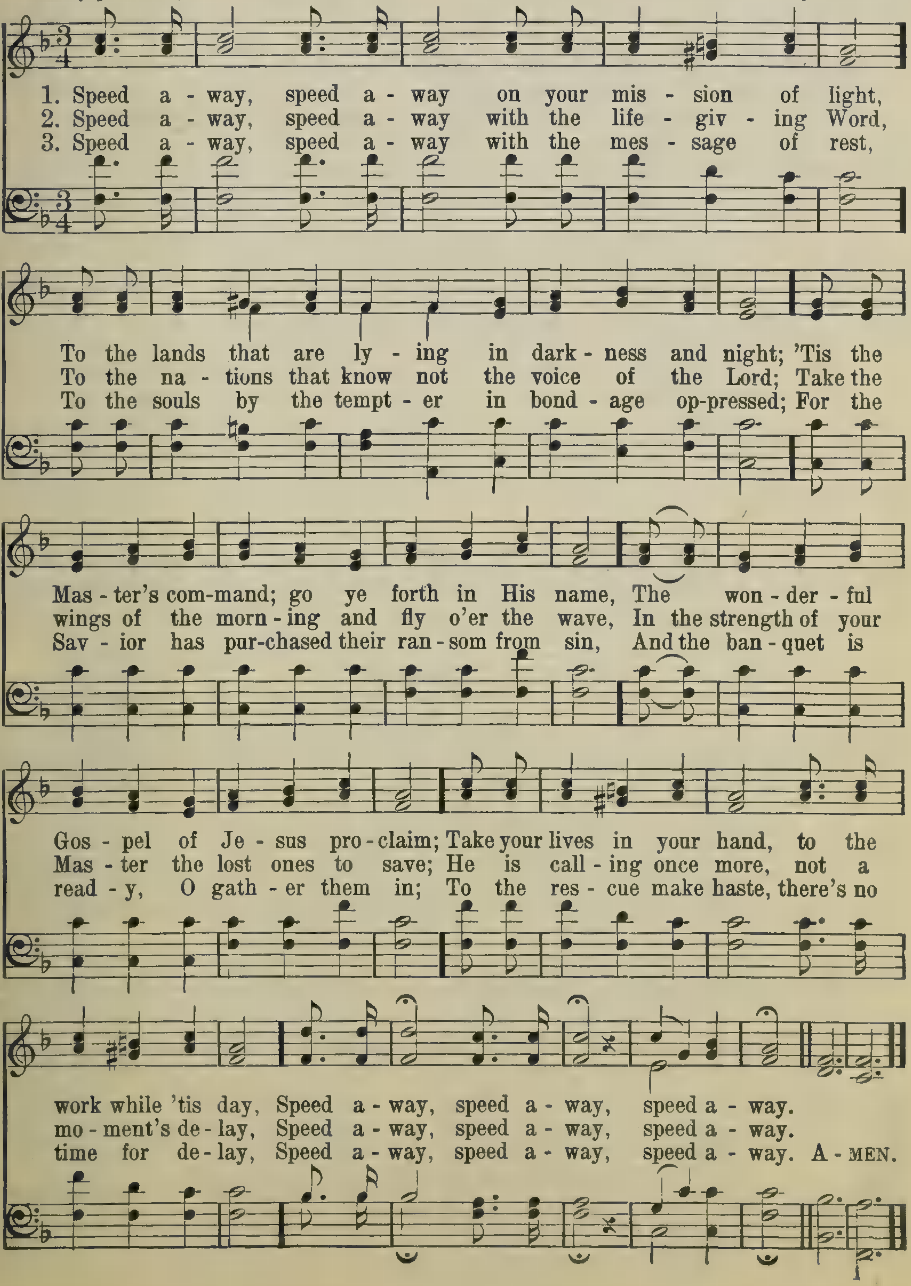
1. Ye Chris-tian her - alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag - ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

Speed Away

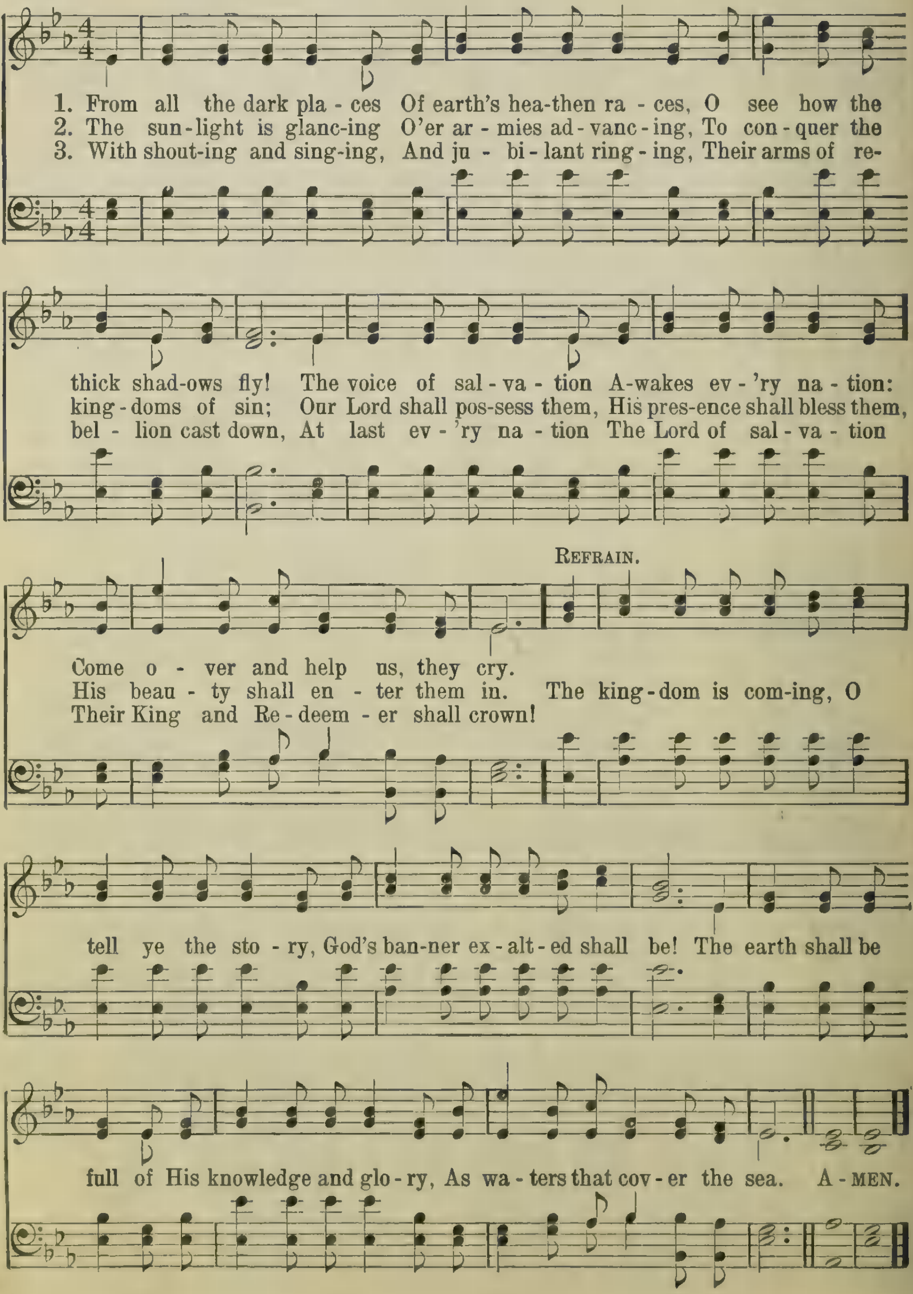
"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MARK. 16: 15.

Fanny J. Crosby. I. B. Woodbury. Arr.


1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,
To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op-pressed; For the
Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - ior has pur-chased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is
Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no
work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way. A - MEN.

564 From All the Dark Places

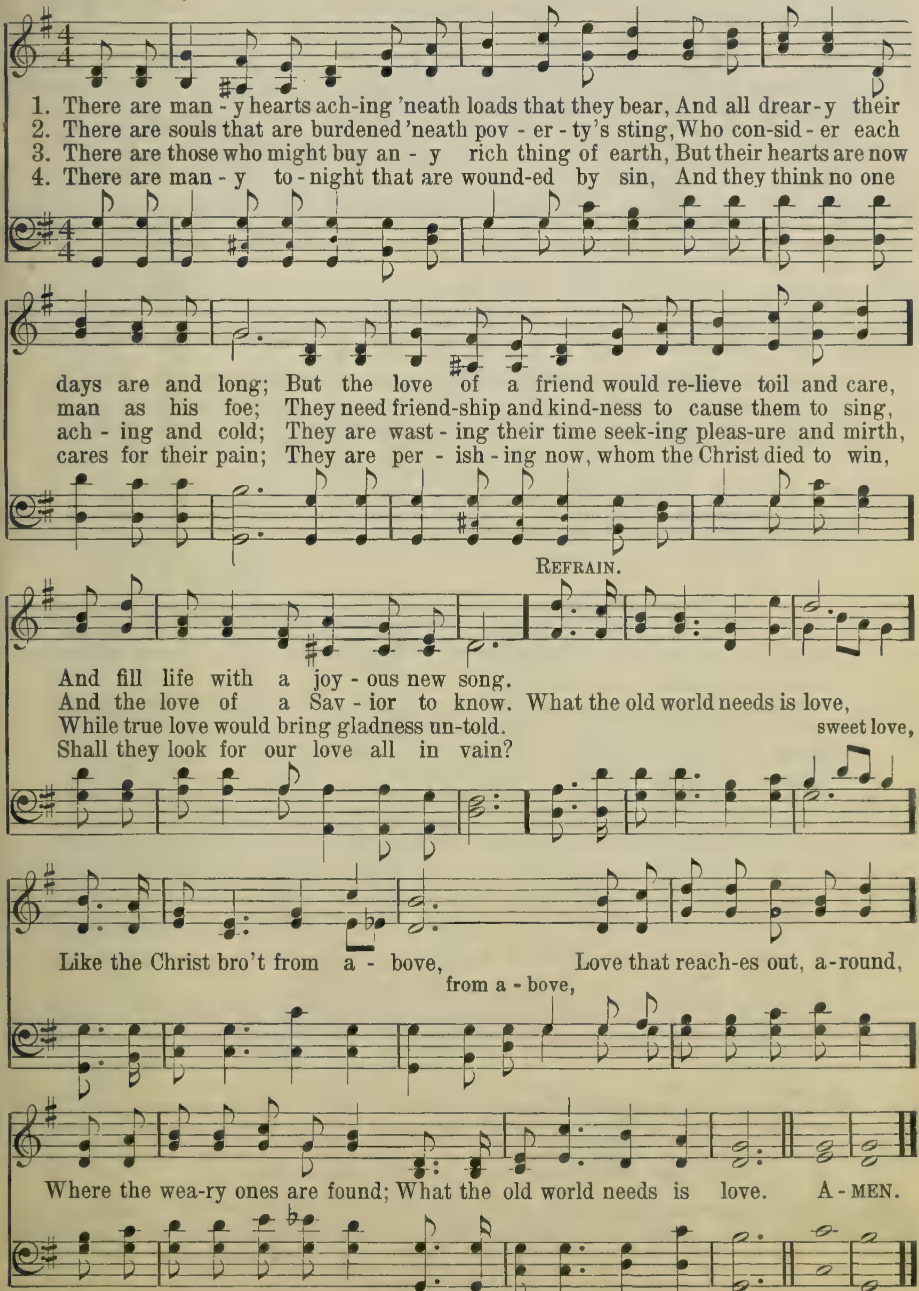
Mrs. M. B. C. Slade. (The Kingdom Coming.) R. M. McIntosh.


1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O see how the
2. The sun-light is glanc-ing O'er ar - mies ad - vanc - ing, To con - quer the
3. With shout-ing and sing-ing, And ju - bi - lant ring - ing, Their arms of re-
thick shad-ows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A-wakes ev - 'ry na - tion:
king - doms of sin; Our Lord shall pos-sess them, His pres-ence shall bless them,
bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion The Lord of sal - va - tion
Come o - ver and help us, they cry.
His beau - ty shall en - ter them in.
Their King and Re - deem - er shall crown!
Refrain.
The king - dom is com-ing, O tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex - alt - ed shall be! The earth shall be full of His knowledge and glo - ry, As wa - ters that cov - er the sea.
A - men.

565

What the Old World Needs

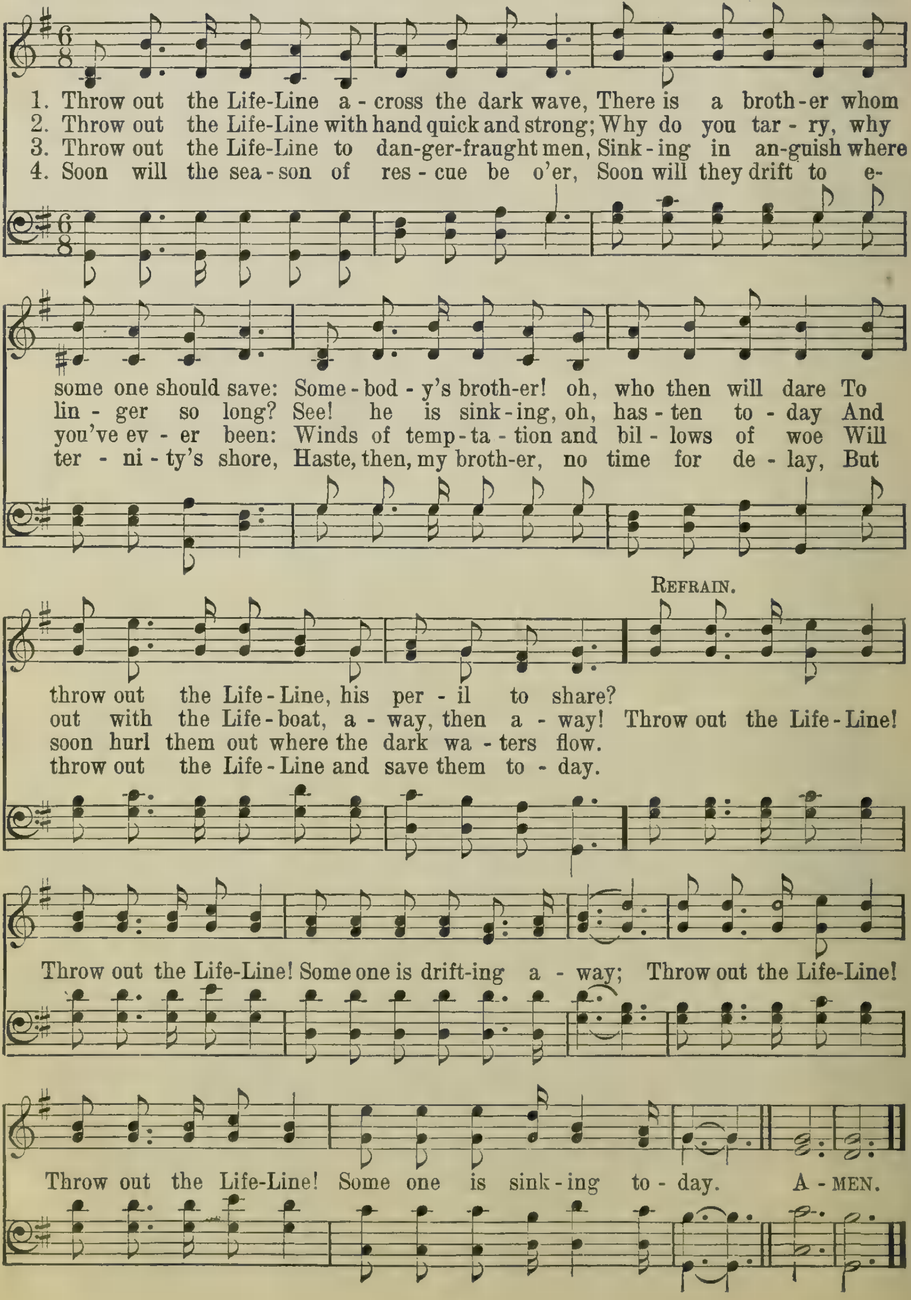
Rev. C. R. Piety. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. There are man - y hearts ach-ing 'neath loads that they bear, And all drear-y their
2. There are souls that are burdened 'neath pov - er - ty's sting, Who con-sid - er each
3. There are those who might buy an - y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now
4. There are man - y to - night that are wound-ed by sin, And they think no one
days are and long; But the love of a friend would re-lieve toil and care,
man as his foe; They need friend-ship and kind-ness to cause them to sing,
ach - ing and cold; They are wast - ing their time seek-ing pleas-ure and mirth,
cares for their pain; They are per - ish - ing now, whom the Christ died to win,
REFRAIN.
And fill life with a joy - ous new song.
And the love of a Sav - ior to know.
While true love would bring gladness un-told.
Shall they look for our love all in vain?
What the old world needs is love,
sweet love,
Like the Christ bro't from a - bove,
from a - bove,
Love that reach-es out, a-round,
Where the wea-ry ones are found; What the old world needs is love.
A - MEN.

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."

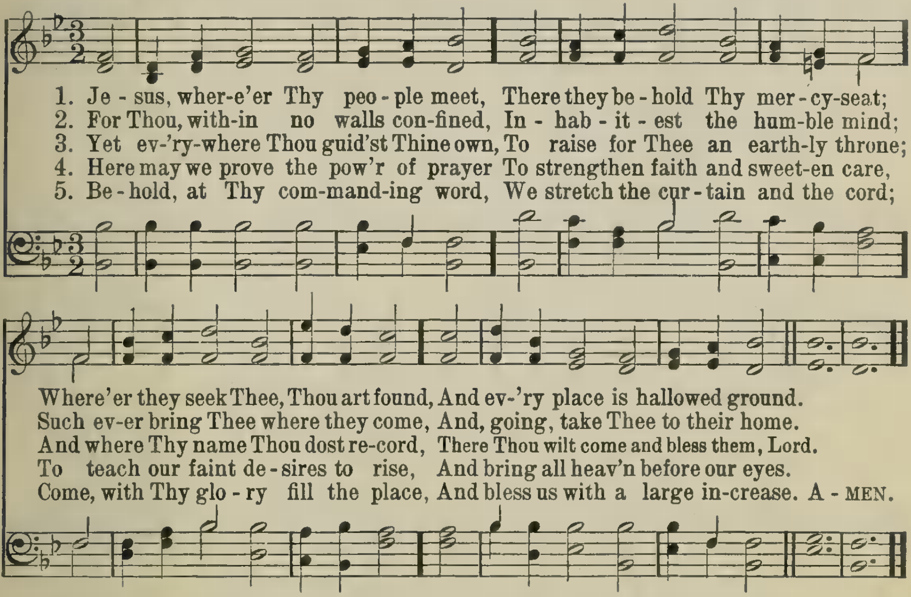
566 Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. E. S. Ufford. Rev. E. S. Ufford.


1. Throw out the Life-Line a-cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-
some one should save: Some-bod-y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin-ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh, has-ten to-day And
you've ev-er been: Winds of temp-ta-tion and bil-lows of woe Will
ter-ni-ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de-lay, But
throw out the Life-Line, his per-il to share?
out with the Life-boat, a-way, then a-way!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.
REFRAIN.
Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; Throw out the Life-Line!
Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to-day.
A-MEN.

567 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

William Cowper, 1769, ab. (HEBRON. L. M.) Lowell Mason, 1830.

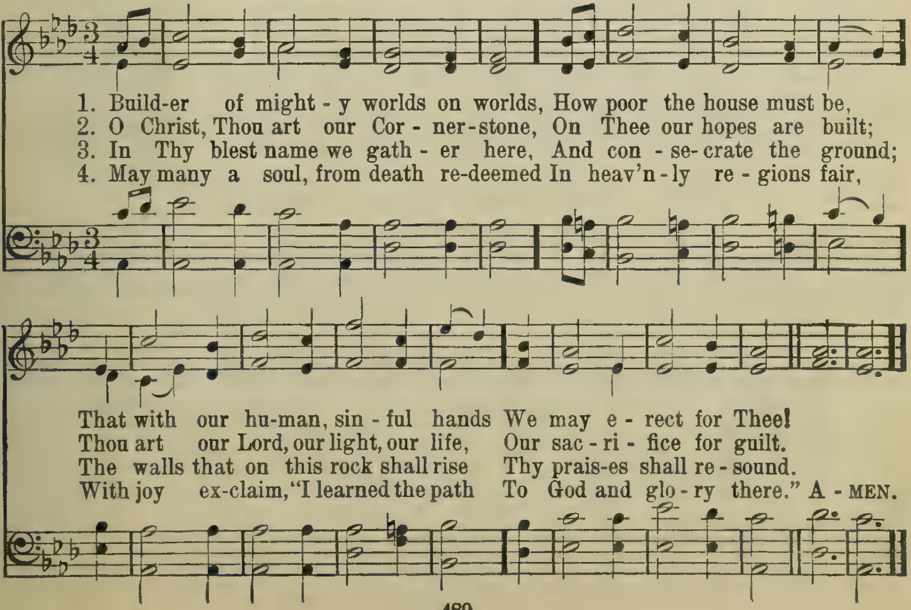


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In - hab - it - est the hum-ble mind;
3. Yet ev-'ry-where Thou guid'st Thine own, To raise for Thee an earth-ly throne;
4. Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer To strengthen faith and sweet-en care,
5. Be - hold, at Thy com-mand-ing word, We stretch the cur - tain and the cord;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
And where Thy name Thou dost re-cord, There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.
To teach our faint de - sires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
Come, with Thy glo - ry fill the place, And bless us with a large in-crease. A - MEN.

568 Builder of Mighty Worlds On Worlds

(LAYING A CORNER STONE—MANOAH. C. M.) From Rossini.

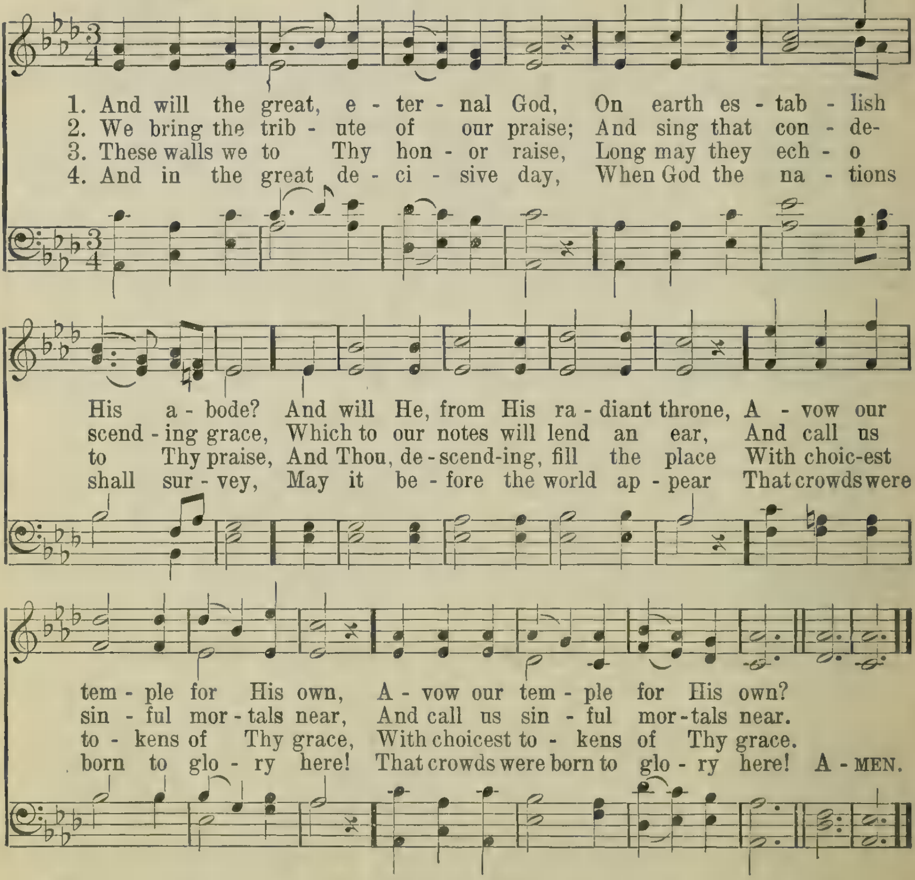


1. Build-er of might - y worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be,
2. O Christ, Thou art our Cor - ner-stone, On Thee our hopes are built;
3. In Thy blest name we gath - er here, And con - se-crate the ground;
4. May many a soul, from death re-deemed In heav'n-ly re - gions fair,

That with our hu-man, sin - ful hands We may e - rect for Thee!
Thou art our Lord, our light, our life, Our sac - ri - fice for guilt.
The walls that on this rock shall rise Thy prais-es shall re - sound.
With joy ex-claim, "I learned the path To God and glo - ry there." A - MEN.

569 And Will the Great, Eternal God

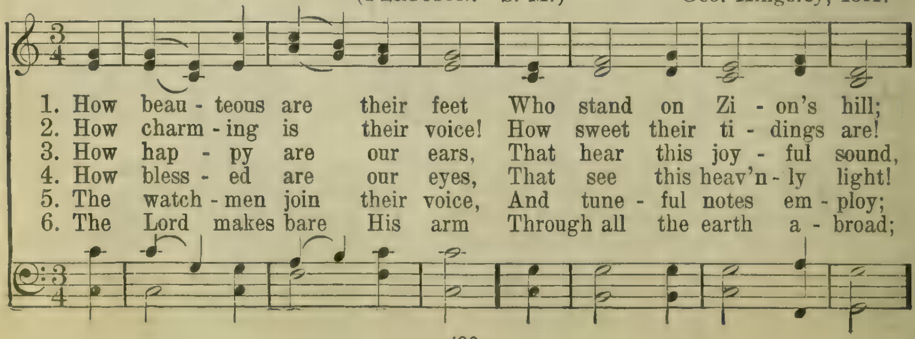
Philip Doddridge. (PARK STREET. L. M.) F. M. A. Venna, 1816.

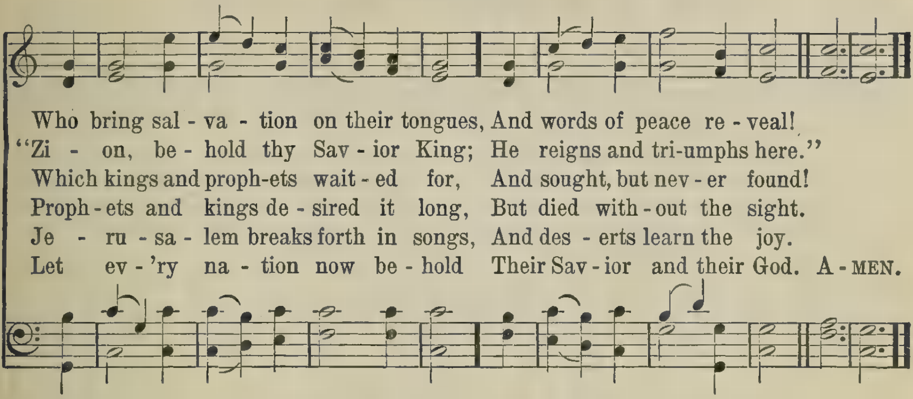

1. And will the great, e - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish
2. We bring the trib - ute of our praise; And sing that con - de-
3. These walls we to Thy hon - or raise, Long may they ech - o
4. And in the great de - ci - sive day, When God the na - tions
His a - bode? And will He, from His ra - diant throne, A - vow our
scend - ing grace, Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call us
to Thy praise, And Thou, de - scend-ing, fill the place With choic-est
shall sur - vey, May it be - fore the world ap - pear That crowds were
tem - ple for His own, A - vow our tem - ple for His own?
sin - ful mor - tals near, And call us sin - ful mor-tals near.
to - kens of Thy grace, With choicest to - kens of Thy grace.
born to glo - ry here! That crowds were born to glo - ry here! A - MEN.

570 How Beauteous Are Their Feet

[First Tune]

(FERGUSON. S. M.) Geo. Kingsley, 1811.


1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are!
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light!
5. The watch - men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;
6. The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth a - broad;

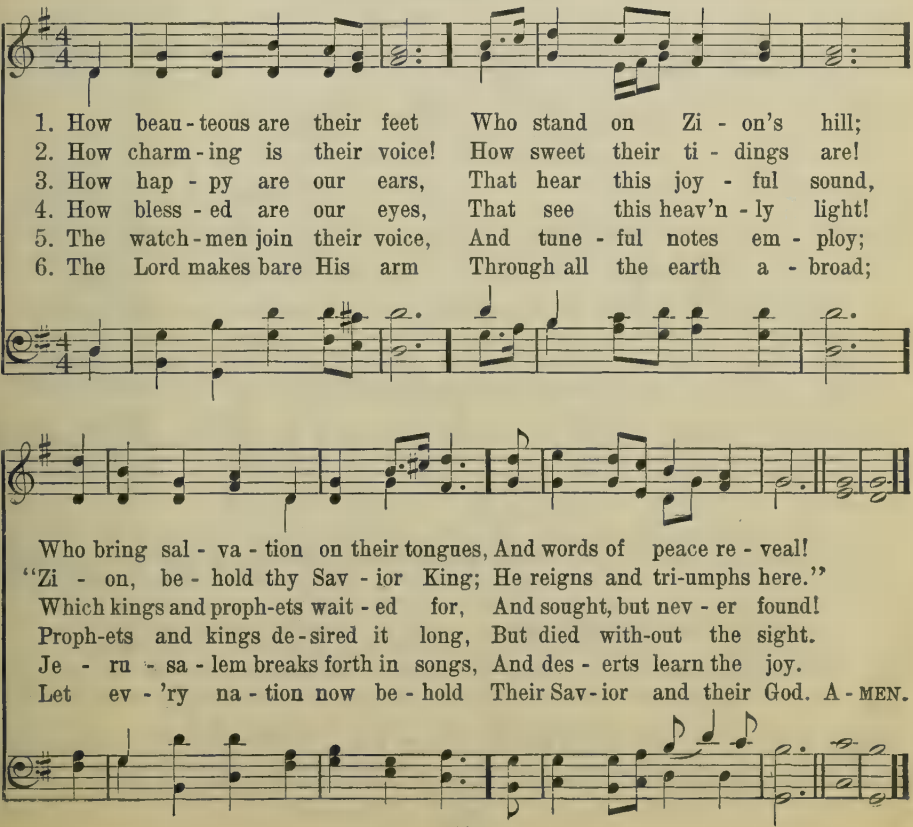


Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
Which kings and proph-ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
Proph - ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.
Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.
Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - ior and their God. A - MEN.

571 How Beauteous Are Their Feet

[*Second Tune*]

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. Handel, 1685–1759.

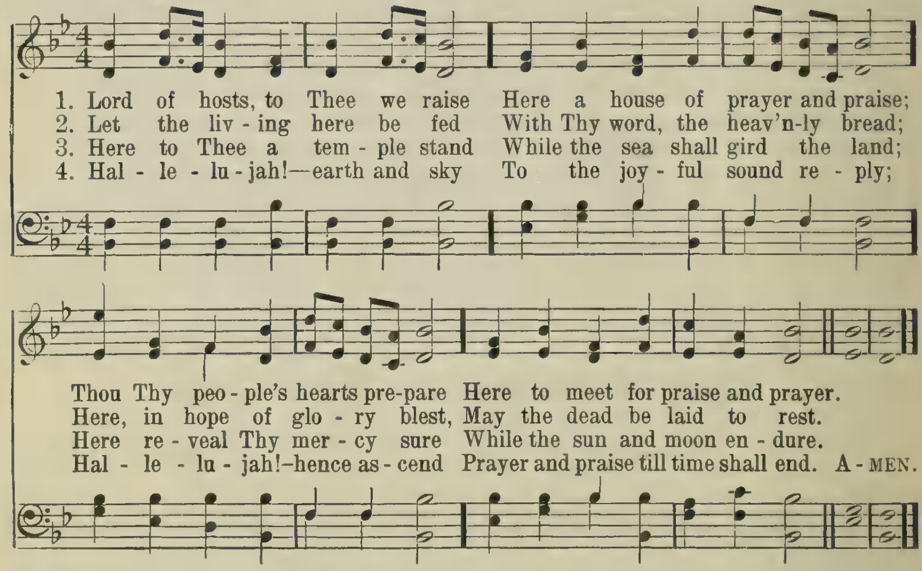


1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are!
3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light!
5. The watch - men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;
6. The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth a - broad;

Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
"Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
Which kings and proph-ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
Proph-ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with-out the sight.
Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.
Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - ior and their God. A - MEN.

572 Lord of Hosts, to Thee We Raise

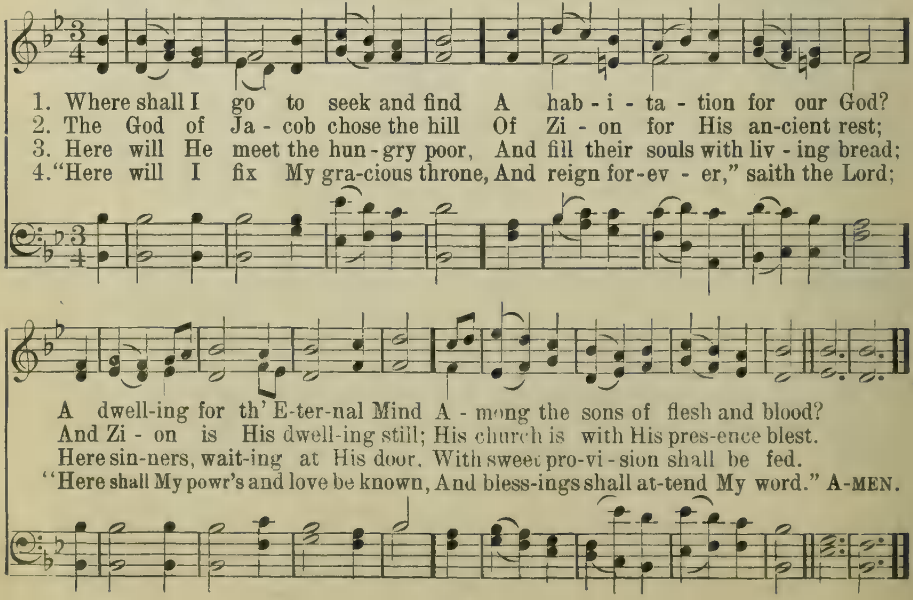
James Montgomery, 1821. (WILMOT. 7s.) C. M. Von Weber, 1786-1826.


1. Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise;
2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With Thy word, the heav'n-ly bread;
3. Here to Thee a tem - ple stand While the sea shall gird the land;
4. Hal - le - lu - jah!—earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply;
Thou Thy peo - ple's hearts pre-pare Here to meet for praise and prayer.
Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
Here re - veal Thy mer - cy sure While the sun and moon en - dure.
Hal - le - lu - jah!–hence as - cend Prayer and praise till time shall end. A - MEN.

573 A House For God

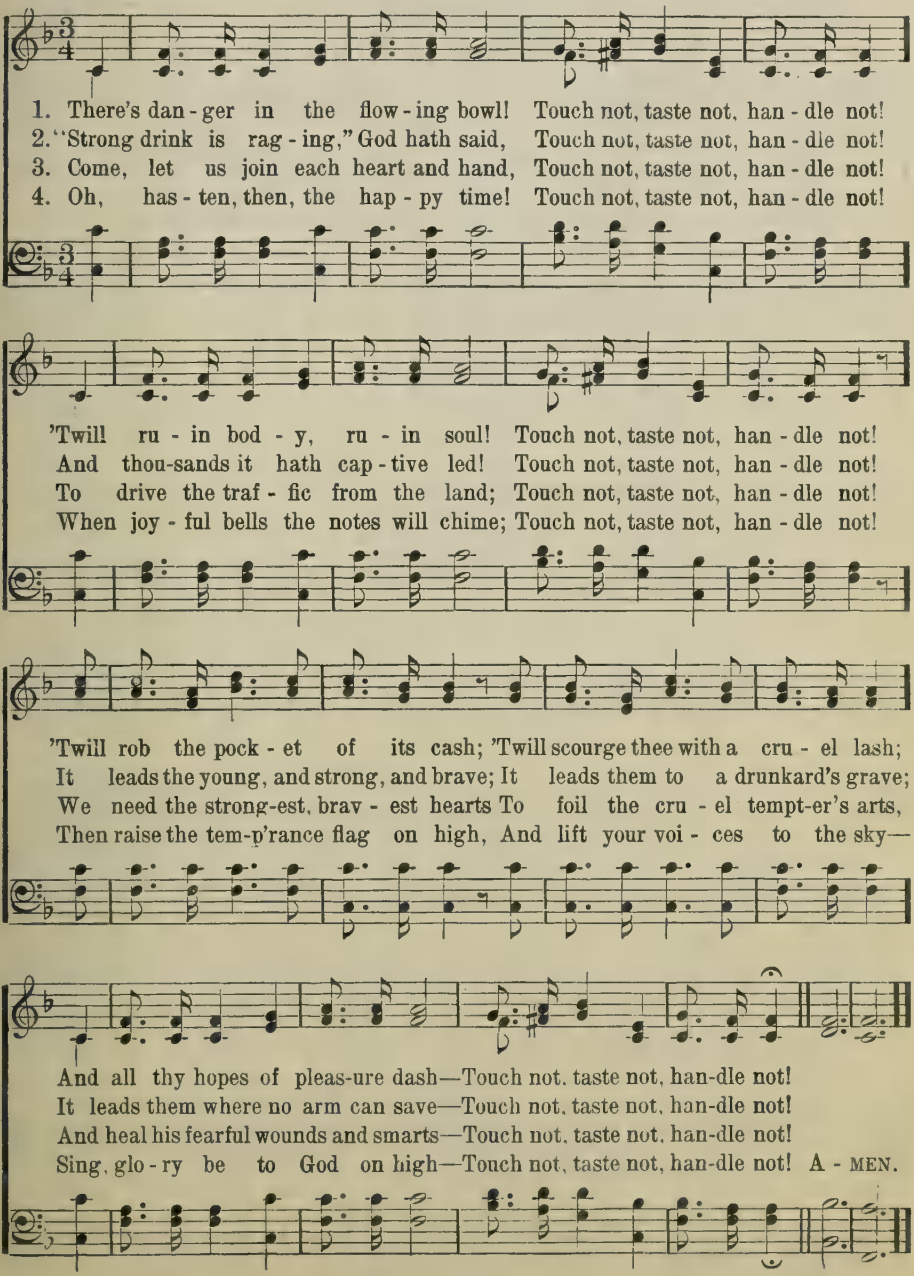
(DEDICATION—ALL SAINTS. L. M.)

Isaac Watts. William Knapp, 1698-1768.


1. Where shall I go to seek and find A hab - i - ta - tion for our God?
2. The God of Ja - cob chose the hill Of Zi - on for His an-cient rest;
3. Here will He meet the hun - gry poor, And fill their souls with liv - ing bread;
4. "Here will I fix My gra-cious throne, And reign for-ev - er," saith the Lord;
A dwell-ing for th' E-ter-nal Mind A - mong the sons of flesh and blood?
And Zi - on is His dwell-ing still; His church is with His pres-ence blest.
Here sin-ners, wait-ing at His door, With sweet pro-vi - sion shall be fed.
"Here shall My powr's and love be known, And bless-ings shall at-tend My word." A-MEN.

574 Touch Not, Taste Not

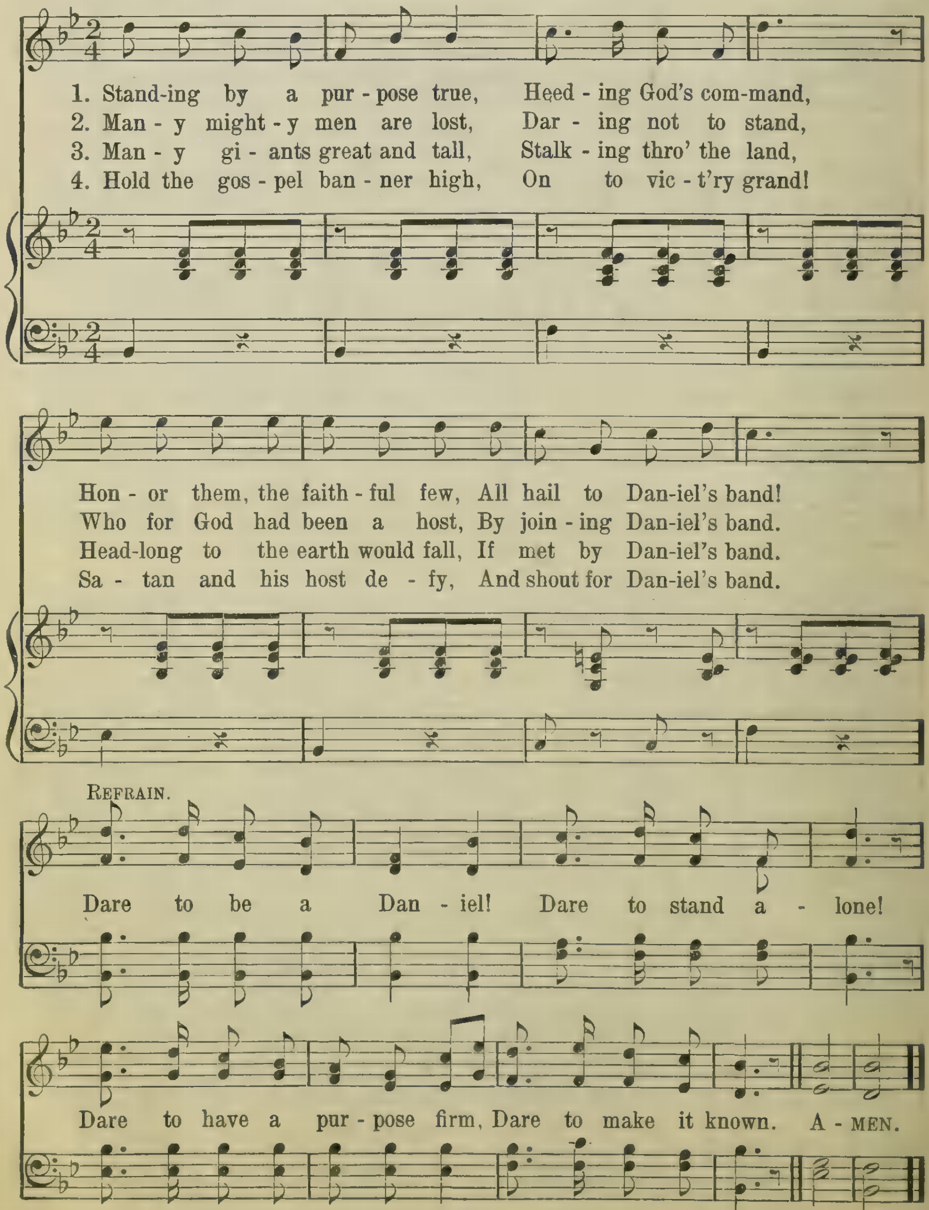
Dwight Williams. (MARYLAND.)


1. There's dan - ger in the flow - ing bowl! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
2. "Strong drink is rag - ing," God hath said, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
4. Oh, has - ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
And thou-sands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
We need the strong-est, brav - est hearts To foil the cru - el tempt-er's arts,
Then raise the tem-p'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—
And all thy hopes of pleas-ure dash—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not!
Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han-dle not! A - MEN.

575 Standing By a Purpose True

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.
"So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

(DARE TO BE A DANIEL.) P. P. Bliss.

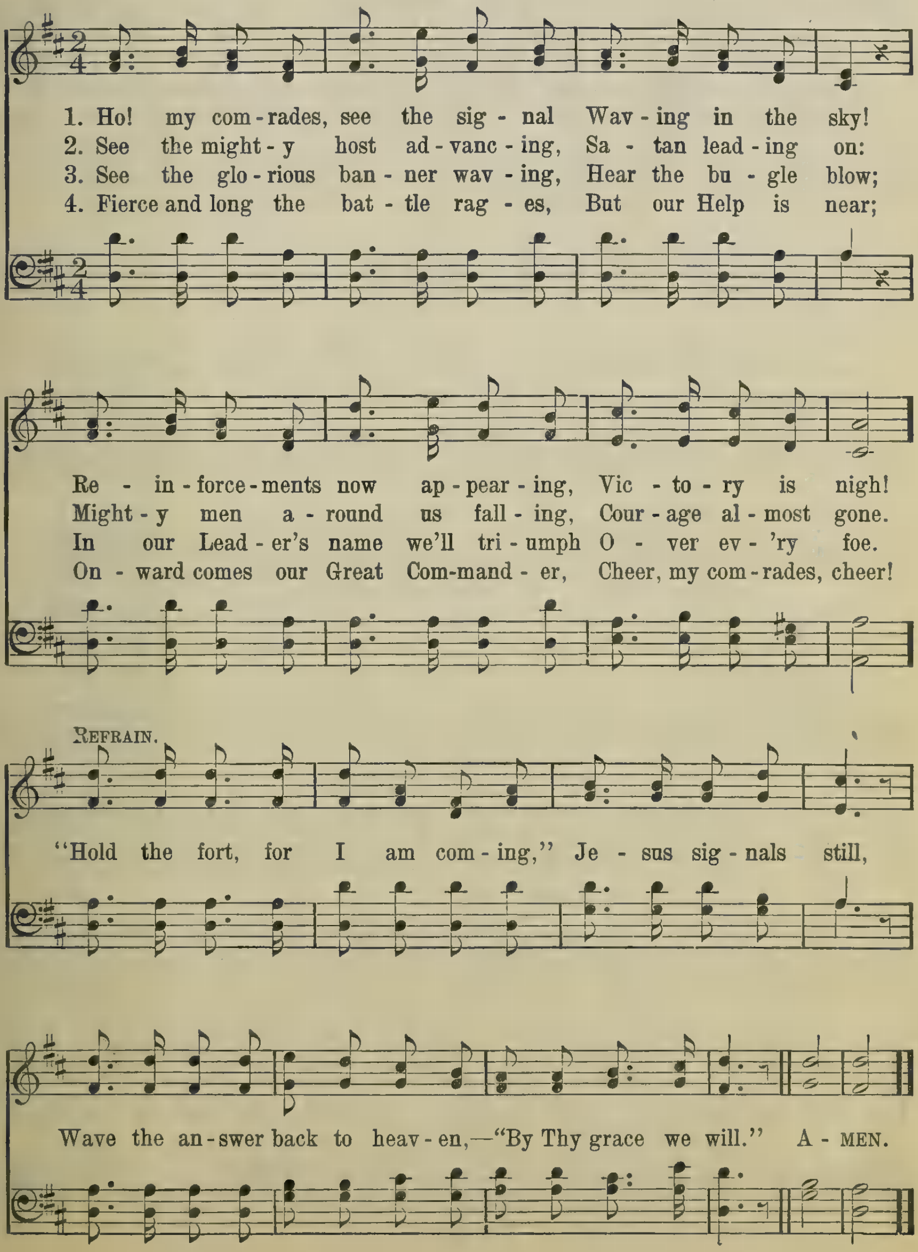

1. Stand-ing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's com-mand,
2. Man-y might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand,
3. Man-y gi-ants great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos-pel ban-ner high, On to vic-t'ry grand!
Hon-or them, the faith-ful few, All hail to Dan-iel's band!
Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's band.
Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's band.
Sa-tan and his host de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's band.
REFRAIN.
Dare to be a Dan-iel! Dare to stand a-lone!
Dare to have a pur-pose firm, Dare to make it known. A-MEN.

576

Ho! My Comrades, See the Signal

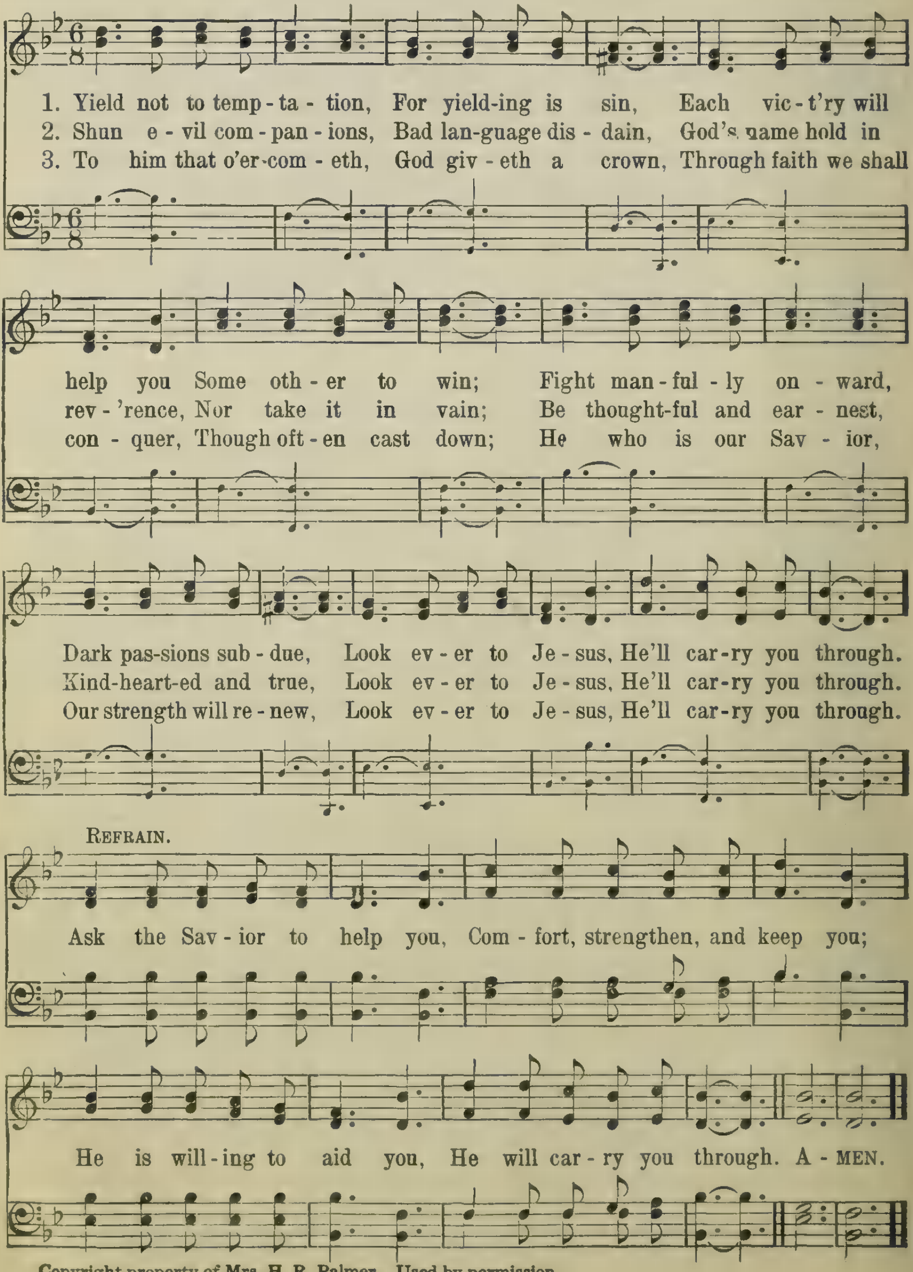
"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—Rev. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss. (Hold the Fort.) P. P. Bliss.


1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow;
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near;
Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!
Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone.
In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
On - ward comes our Great Com-mand - er, Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!
Refrain.
"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,
Wave the an - swer back to heav - en,—"By Thy grace we will." A - men.

577 Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. P. H. R. Palmer.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark pas-sions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad lan-guage dis-dain, God's name hold in rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will re-new, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
REFRAIN.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through. A-MEN.

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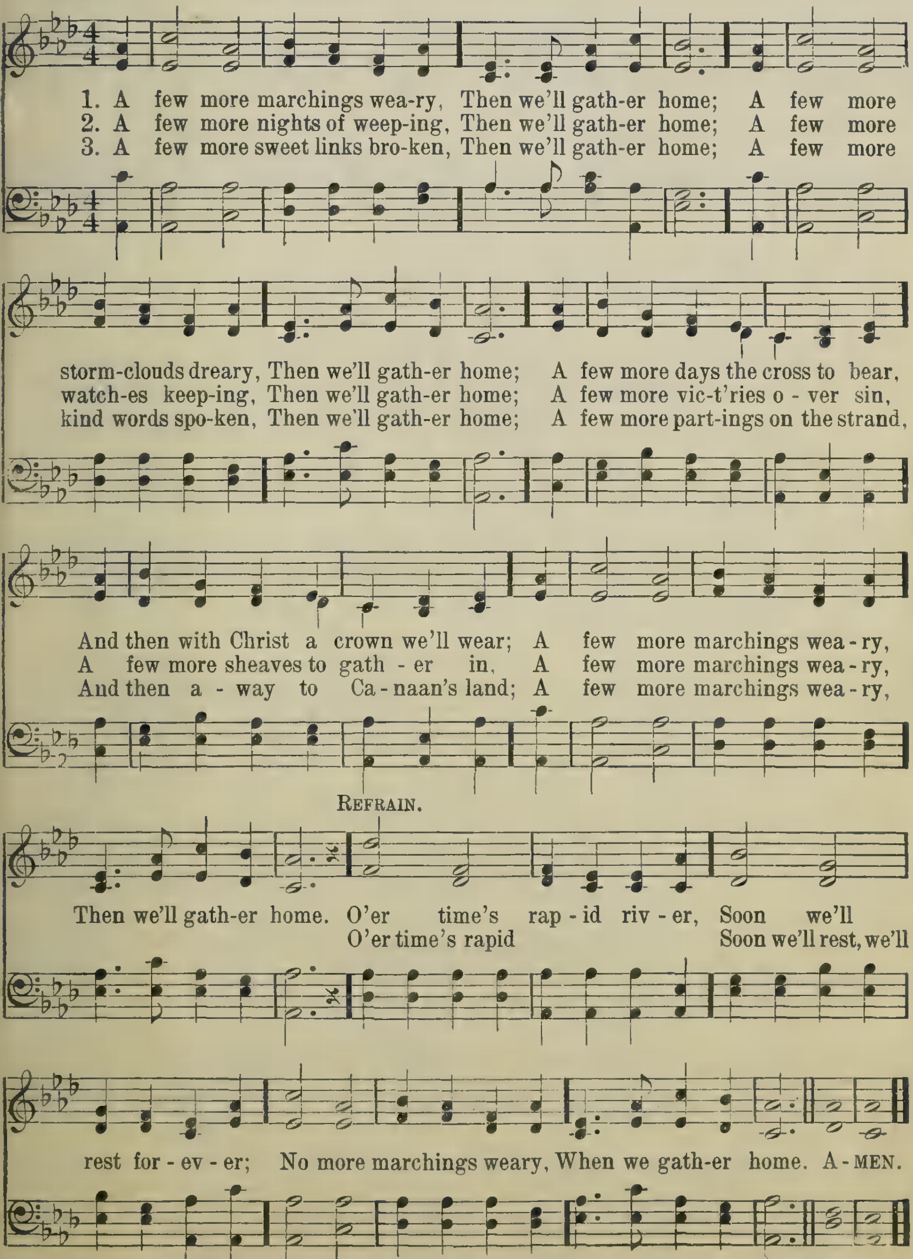
578

A Few More Marchings Weary

(A FEW MORE MARCHINGS. P. M.)

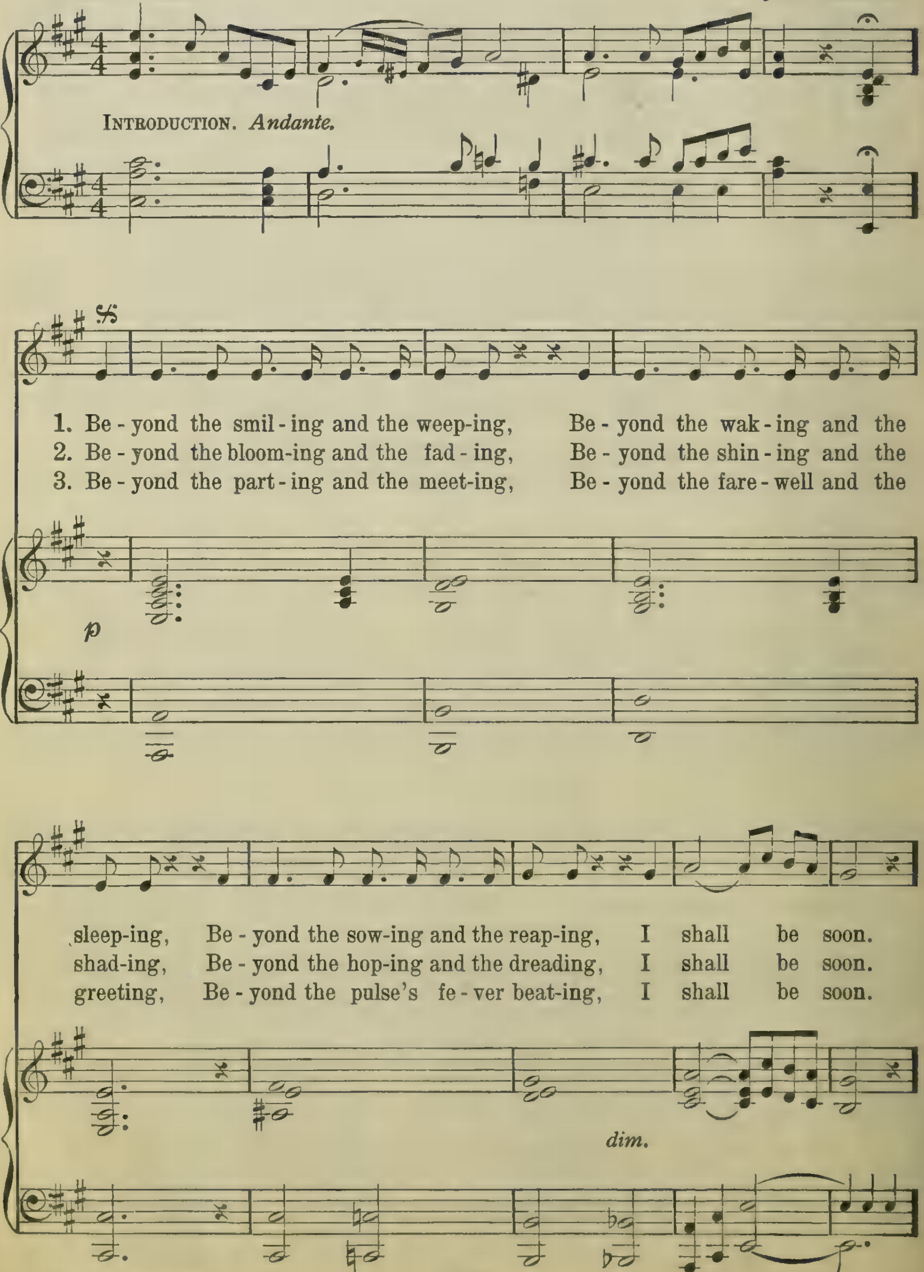
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882. W. H. Doane.


1. A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more
2. A few more nights of weep-ing, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more
3. A few more sweet links bro-ken, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more
storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more days the cross to bear,
watch-es keep-ing, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more vic-t'ries o - ver sin,
kind words spo-ken, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more part-ings on the strand,
And then with Christ a crown we'll wear; A few more marchings wea - ry,
A few more sheaves to gath - er in, A few more marchings wea - ry,
And then a - way to Ca - naan's land; A few more marchings wea - ry,
Then we'll gath-er home.
REFRAIN.
O'er time's rap - id riv - er, Soon we'll
O'er time's rapid
Soon we'll rest, we'll
rest for - ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we gath-er home. A - MEN.

579 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping

(BEYOND THE SMILING.)

Horatius Bonar. John Zundel.


INTRODUCTION. Andante.
p
1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep-ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet-ing, Be - yond the fare - well and the
sleep-ing, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shad-ing, Be - yond the hop-ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Be - yond the pulse's fe - ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.
dim.

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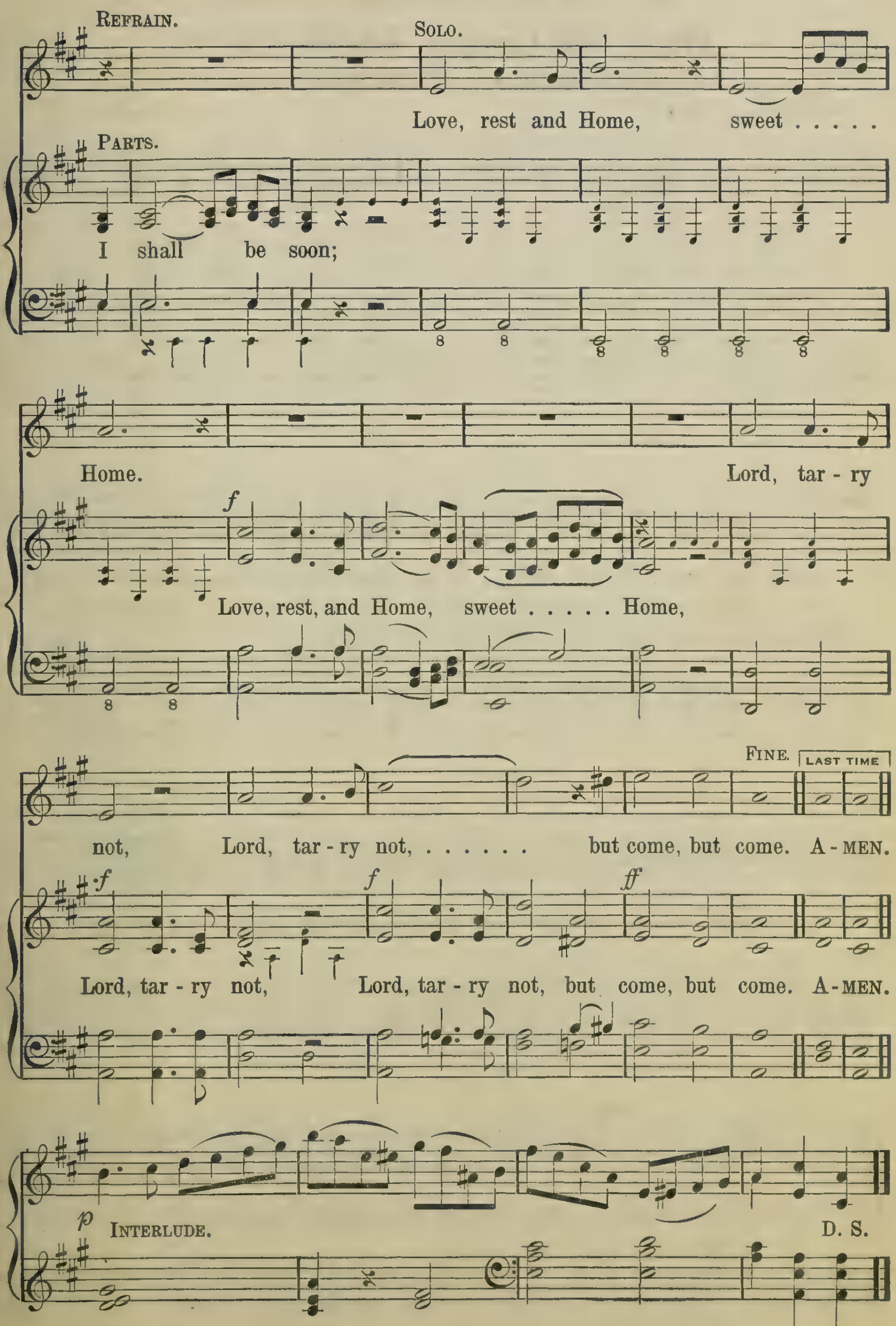
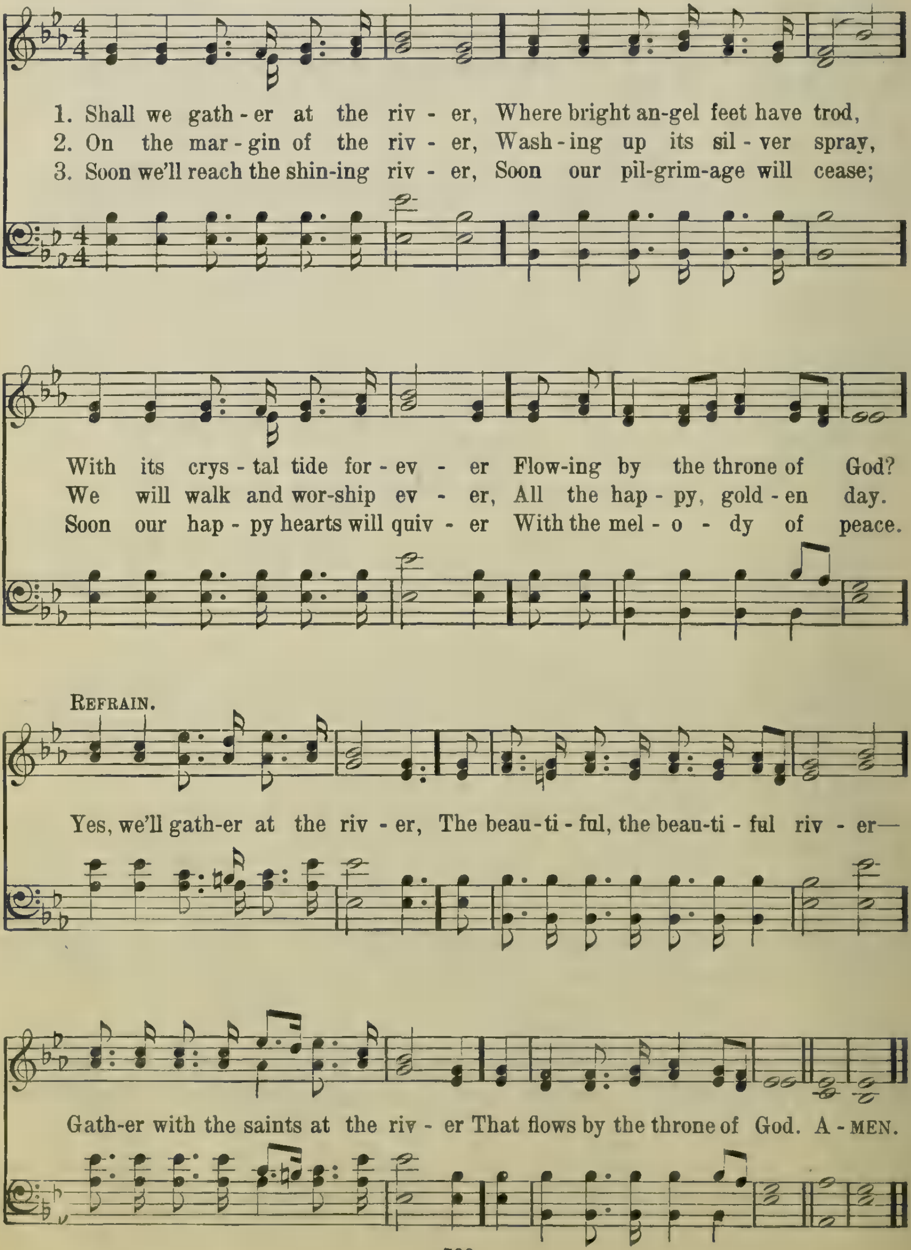

REFRAIN.
SOLO.
Love, rest and Home, sweet . . . . . Home.
PARTS.
I shall be soon;
f
Love, rest, and Home, sweet . . . . . Home,
Lord, tar - ry not,
Lord, tar - ry not, ... but come, but come.
FINE.
LAST TIME
A - MEN.
f
Lord, tar - ry not,
f
Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come. A - MEN.
ff
p
INTERLUDE.
D. S.

580 Shall We Gather At the River?

(SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER? 8s, 7s.)

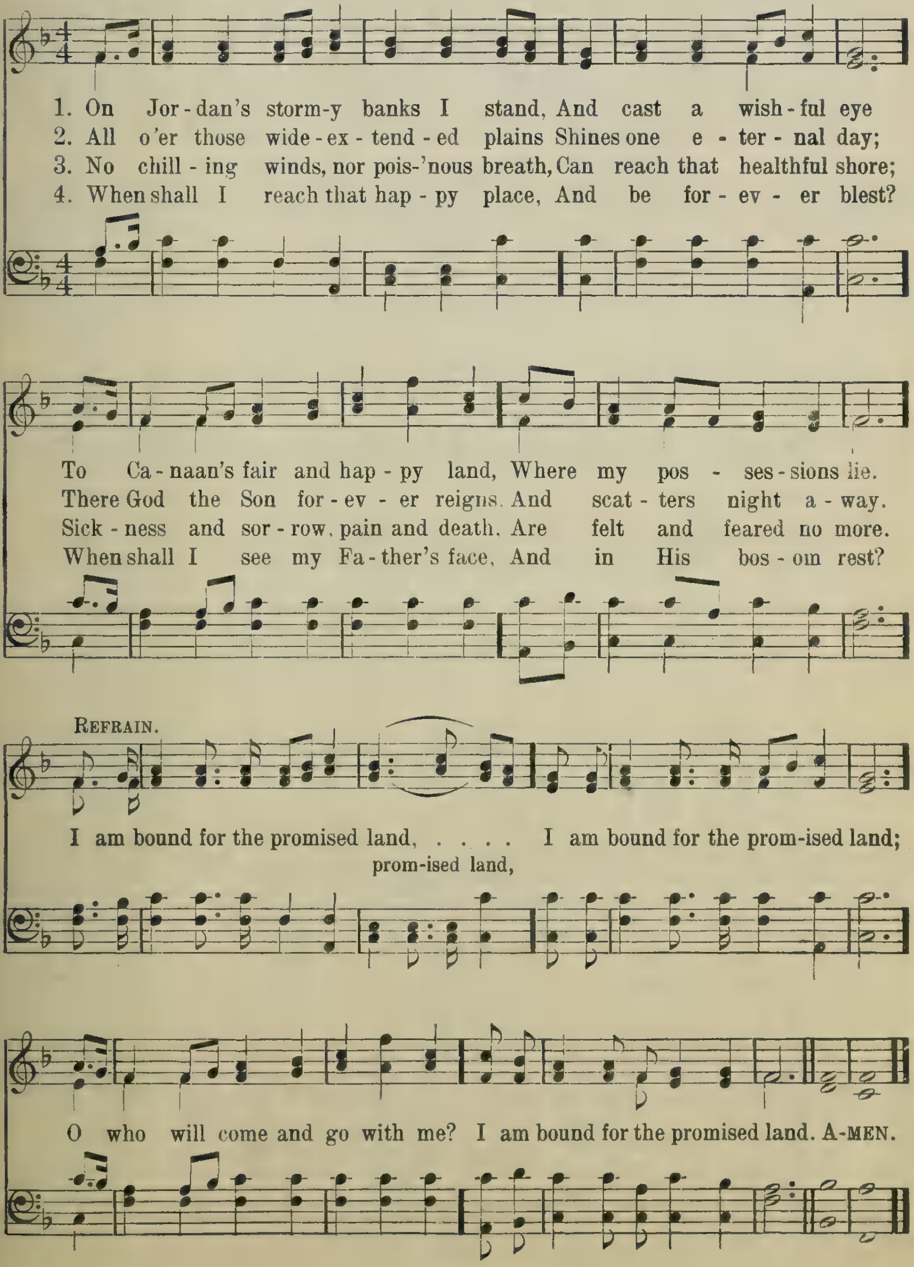
Robert Lowry, 1864. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Soon we'll reach the shin-ing riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.
REFRAIN.
Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

581 On Jordan's Stormy Banks

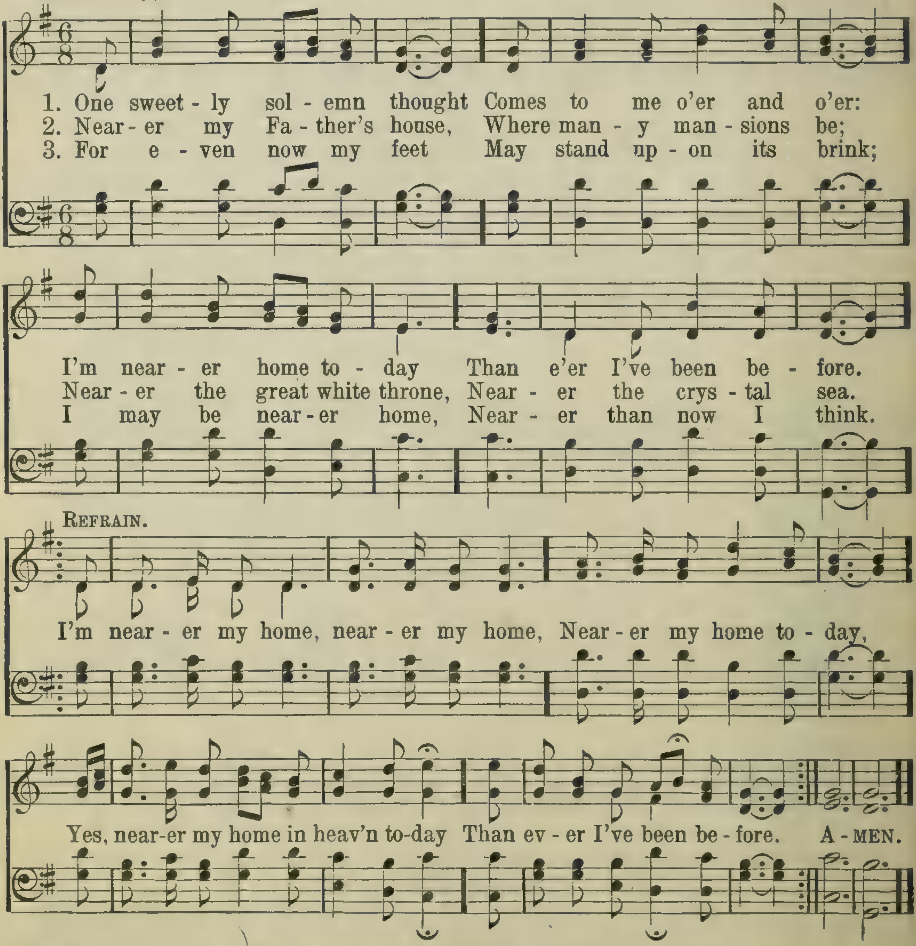
[*First Tune*]

Samuel Stennett. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.


1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?
REFRAIN.
I am bound for the promised land, ... I am bound for the prom-ised land;
prom-ised land,
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.

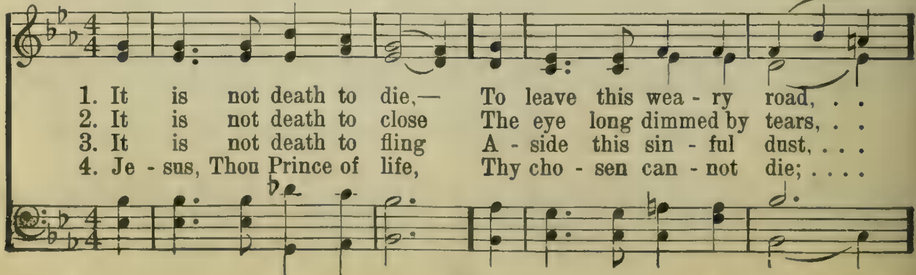
582 One Sweetly Solemn Thought

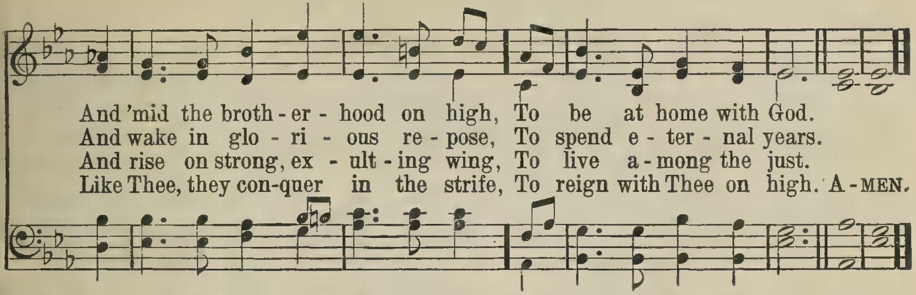
Phoebe Cary, 1854. (NEARER MY HOME. 6s.) John M. Evans.


1. One sweet-ly sol-emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
2. Near-er my Fa-ther's house, Where man-y man-sions be;
3. For e-ven now my feet May stand up-on its brink;
I'm near-er home to-day Than e'er I've been be-fore.
Near-er the great white throne, Near-er the crys-tal sea.
I may be near-er home, Near-er than now I think.
REFRAIN.
I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to-day,
Yes, near-er my home in heav'n to-day Than ev-er I've been be-fore.
A-MEN.

583 It is Not Death to Die

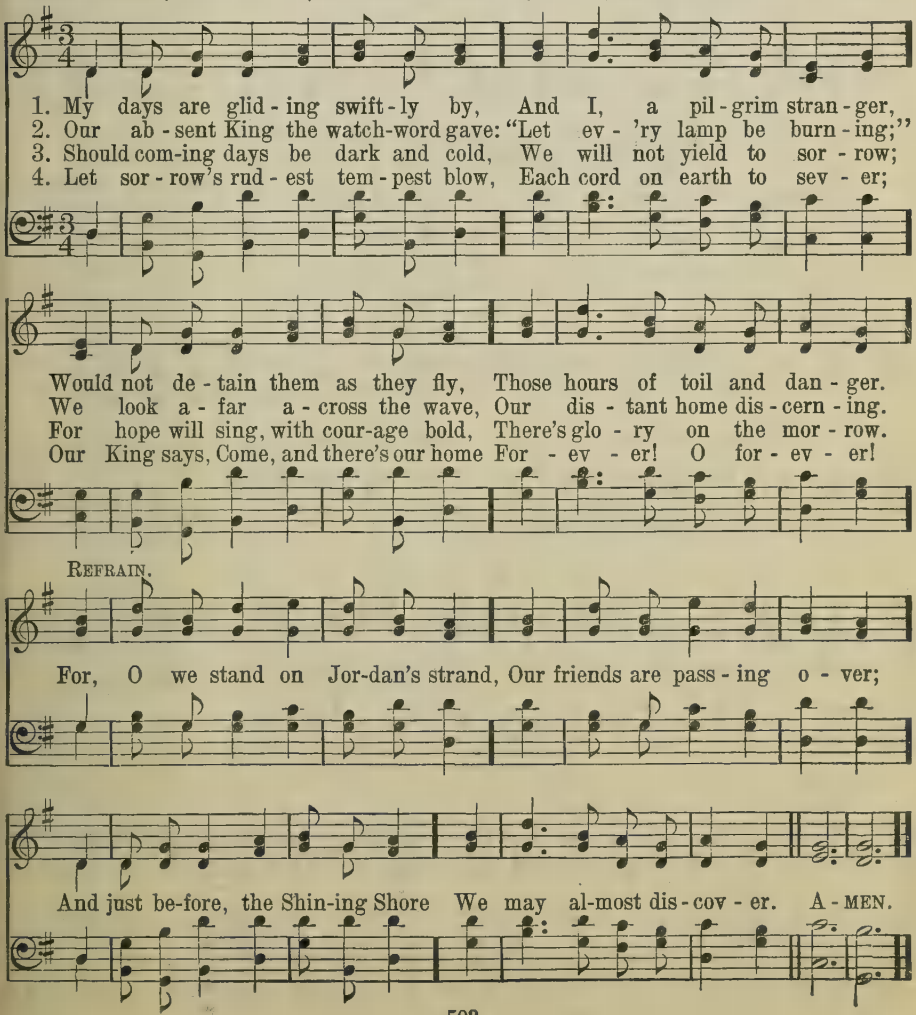
George W. Bethune, 1847. (FESCA. S. M.) Arr. from A. E. Fesca, 1820–1849.


1. It is not death to die,— To leave this wea-ry road, . .
2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, . .
3. It is not death to fling A-side this sin-ful dust, . . .
4. Je-sus, Thou Prince of life, Thy cho-sen can-not die; . . . .


And 'mid the broth-er-hood on high, To be at home with God.
And wake in glo-ri-ous re-pose, To spend e-ter-nal years.
And rise on strong, ex-ult-ing wing, To live a-mong the just.
Like Thee, they con-quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high. A-MEN.

584 My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

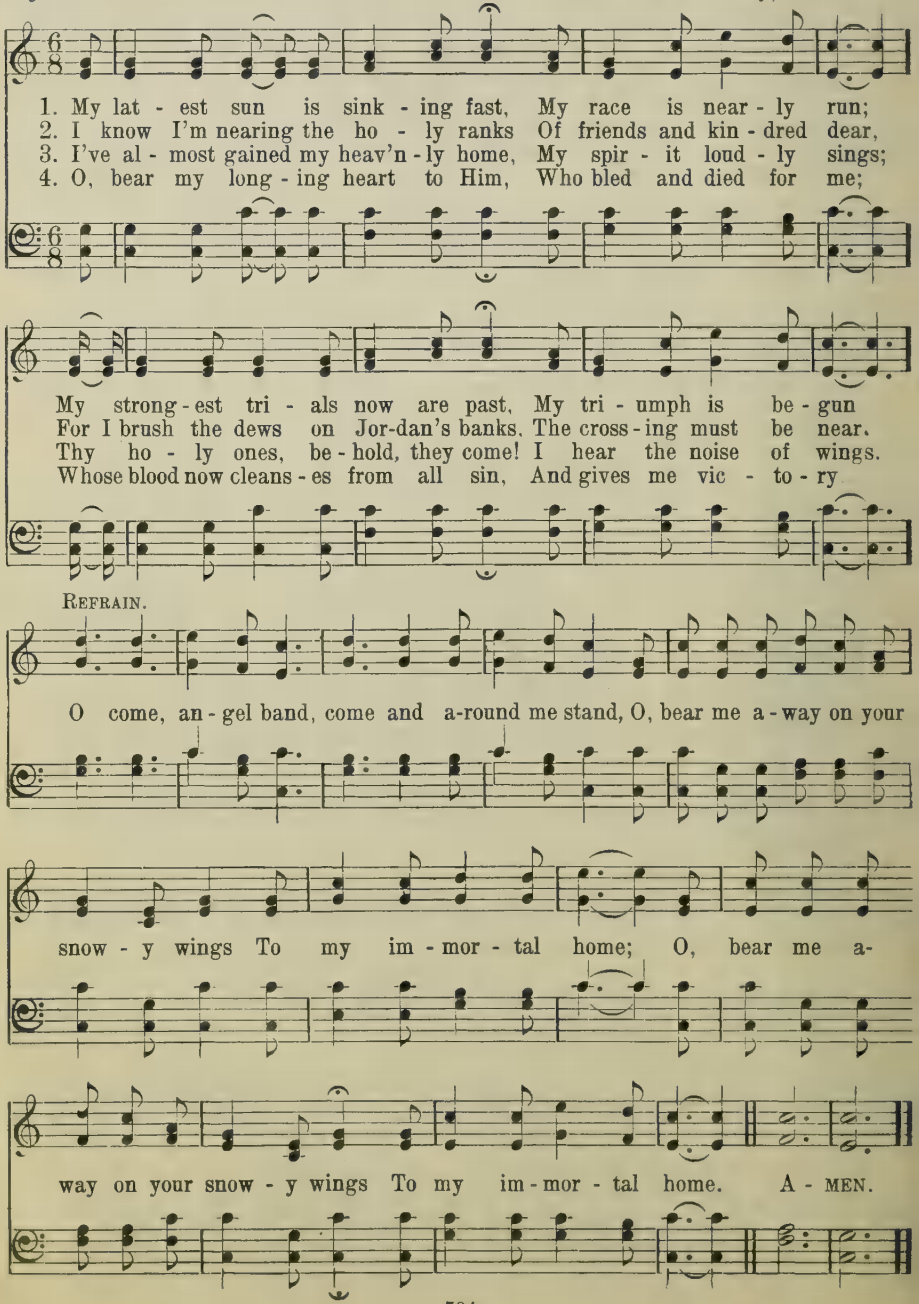
David Nelson, 1835. (SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s. D.) Geo. F. Root.


1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Our ab-sent King the watch-word gave: "Let ev-'ry lamp be burn-ing;"
3. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor-row;
4. Let sor-row's rud-est tem-pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev-er;
Would not de-tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
We look a-far a-cross the wave, Our dis-tant home dis-cern-ing.
For hope will sing, with cour-age bold, There's glo-ry on the mor-row.
Our King says, Come, and there's our home For-ev-er! O for-ev-er!
REFRAIN.
For, O we stand on Jor-dan's strand, Our friends are pass-ing o-ver;
And just be-fore, the Shin-ing Shore We may al-most dis-cov-er. A-MEN.

585

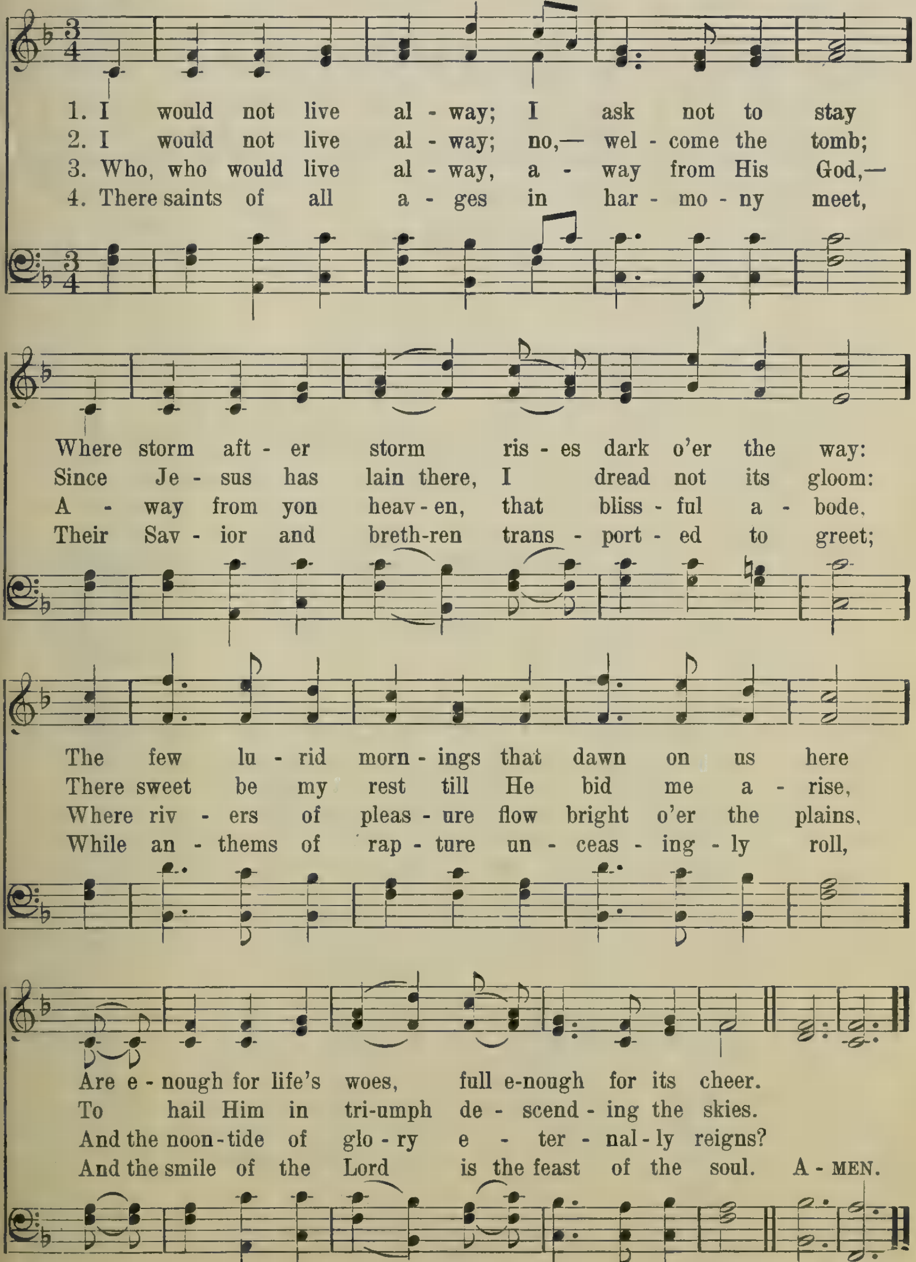
My Latest Sun is Sinking Fast

J. Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.


1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
3. I've al - most gained my heav'n - ly home, My spir - it loud - ly sings;
4. O, bear my long - ing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me;
My strong - est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun
For I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
Thy ho - ly ones, be - hold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
Whose blood now cleans - es from all sin, And gives me vic - to - ry
REFRAIN.
O come, an - gel band, come and a-round me stand, O, bear me a - way on your
snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; O, bear me a-
way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home. A - MEN.

586 I Would Not Live Alway

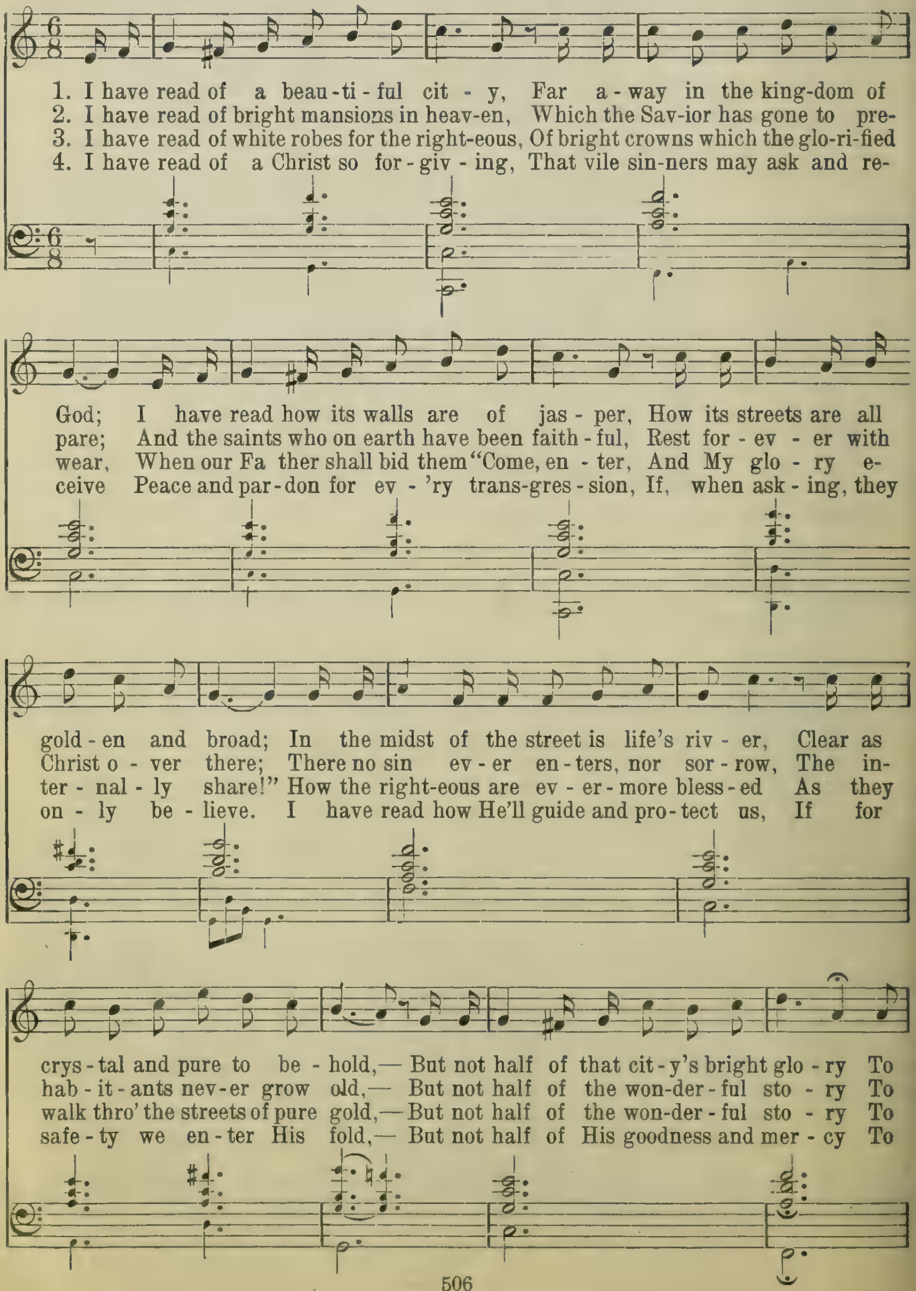
William A. Muhlenberg, 1823. (FREDERICK. 11s.) George Kingsley, 1811.

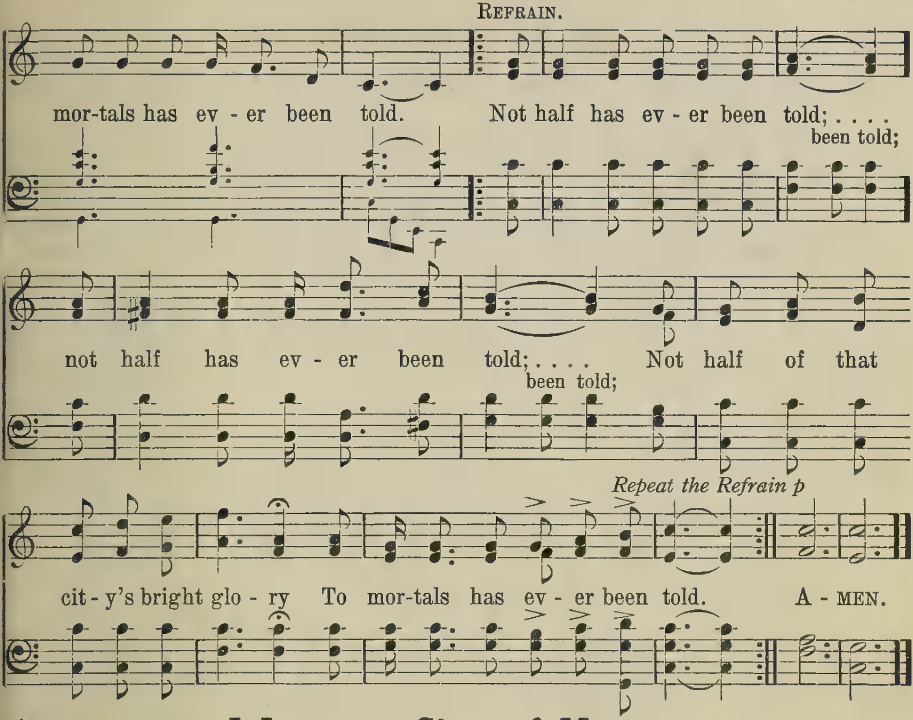

1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay
2. I would not live al - way; no,— wel - come the tomb;
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from His God,—
4. There saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet,
Where storm aft - er storm ris - es dark o'er the way:
Since Je - sus has lain there, I dread not its gloom:
A - way from yon heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode,
Their Sav - ior and breth-ren trans - port - ed to greet;
The few lu - rid morn - ings that dawn on us here
There sweet be my rest till He bid me a - rise,
Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow bright o'er the plains,
While an - thems of rap - ture un - ceas - ing - ly roll,
Are e - nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
To hail Him in tri-umph de - scend - ing the skies.
And the noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. A - MEN.

587 I Have Read of a Beautiful City

(NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD.)

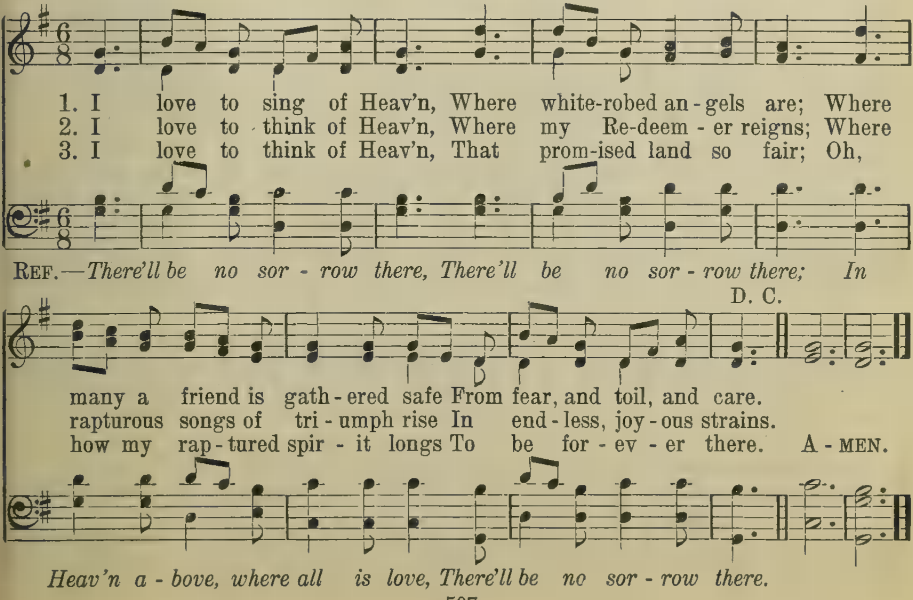
John Burch Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey.


1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the king-dom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in heav-en, Which the Sav-ior has gone to pre-
3. I have read of white robes for the right-eous, Of bright crowns which the glo-ri-fied
4. I have read of a Christ so for-giv-ing, That vile sin-ners may ask and re-
God; I have read how its walls are of jas-per, How its streets are all
pare; And the saints who on earth have been faith-ful, Rest for-ev-er with
wear, When our Fa ther shall bid them "Come, en-ter, And My glo-ry e-
ceive Peace and par-don for ev-'ry trans-gres-sion, If, when ask-ing, they
gold-en and broad; In the midst of the street is life's riv-er, Clear as
Christ o-ver there; There no sin ev-er en-ters, nor sor-row, The in-
ter-nal-ly share!" How the right-eous are ev-er-more bless-ed As they
on-ly be-lieve. I have read how He'll guide and pro-tect us, If for
crys-tal and pure to be-hold,— But not half of that cit-y's bright glo-ry To
hab-it-ants nev-er grow old,— But not half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To
walk thro' the streets of pure gold,—But not half of the won-der-ful sto-ry To
safe-ty we en-ter His fold,— But not half of His goodness and mer-cy To


Refrain.
mor-tals has ev - er been told. Not half has ev - er been told; . . . .
been told;
not half has ev - er been told; . . . .
been told;
Not half of that
Repeat the Refrain p
cit - y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
A - men.

588 I Love to Sing of Heaven

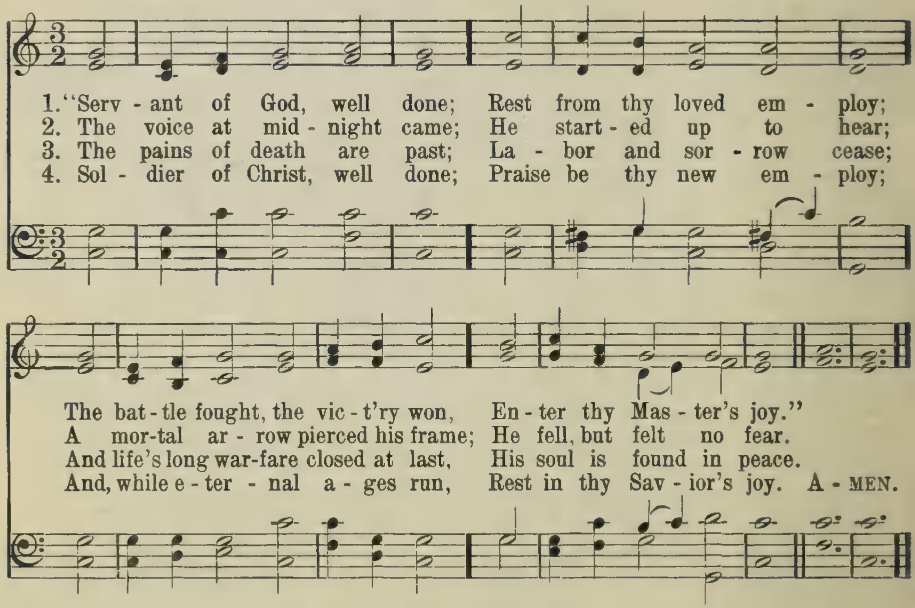
L. Hartsough. (Dunbar. S. M.) Chas. W. Dunbar.


1. I love to sing of Heav'n, Where white-robed an - gels are; Where many a friend is gath - ered safe From fear, and toil, and care.
2. I love to think of Heav'n, Where my Re-deem - er reigns; Where rapturous songs of tri - umph rise In end - less, joy - ous strains.
3. I love to think of Heav'n, That prom-ised land so fair; Oh, how my rap - tured spir - it longs To be for - ev - er there.
Ref.—There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there; In Heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.
D. C.
A - men.

589

Servant of God, Well Done

James Montgomery, 1825. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.

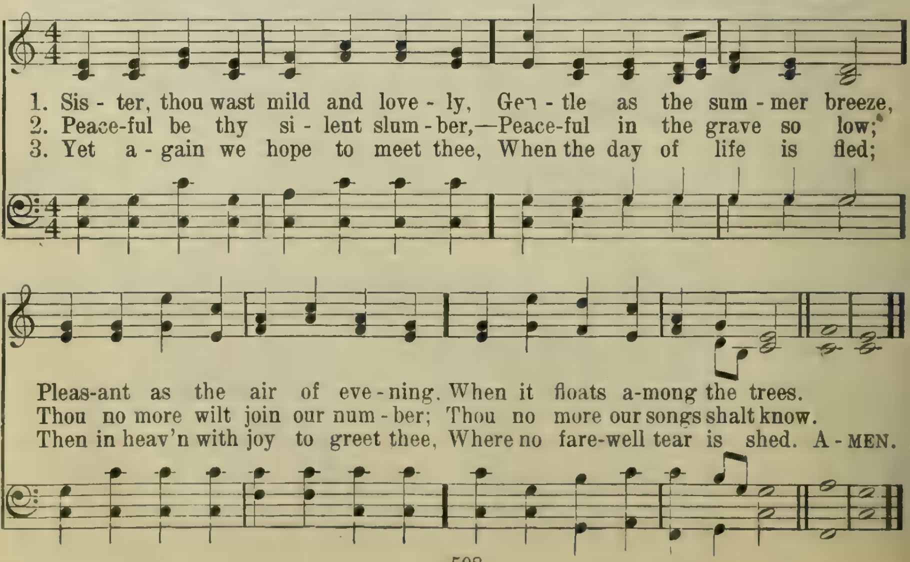

1. "Serv - ant of God, well done; Rest from thy loved em - ploy;
2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear;
3. The pains of death are past; La - bor and sor - row cease;
4. Sol - dier of Christ, well done; Praise be thy new em - ploy;
The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy."
A mor-tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
And life's long war-fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
And, while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Sav - ior's joy. A - MEN.

590

Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely

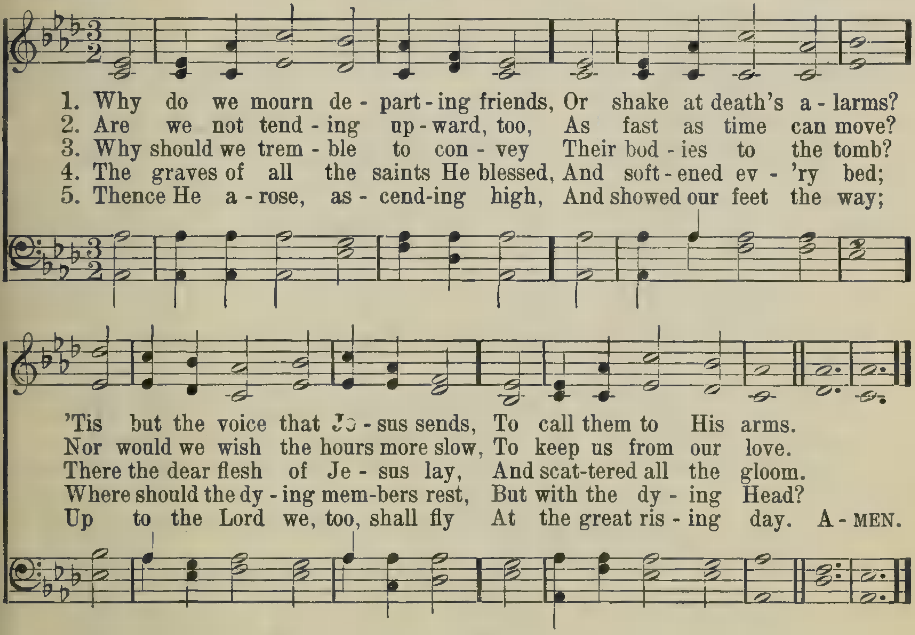
(MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.)

S. F. Smith, 1843. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
2. Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum - ber,—Peace-ful in the grave so low;
3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;
Pleas-ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a-mong the trees.
Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our songs shalt know.
Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare-well tear is shed. A - MEN.

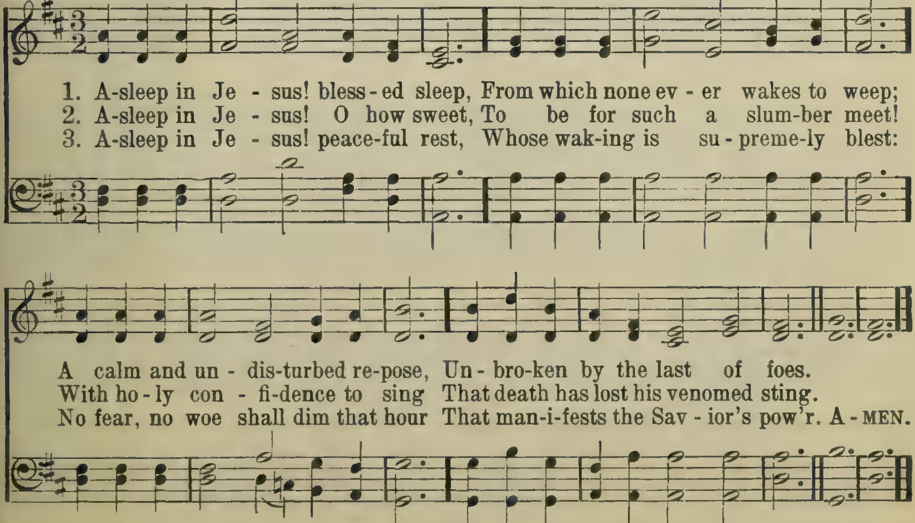
591 Why Do We Mourn Departing Friends?

Isaac Watts, 1707. (EVAN. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793–1870.


1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As fast as time can move?
3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?
4. The graves of all the saints He blessed, And soft - ened ev - 'ry bed;
5. Thence He a - rose, as - cend-ing high, And showed our feet the way;
'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.
Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And scat-tered all the gloom.
Where should the dy - ing mem-bers rest, But with the dy - ing Head?
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly At the great ris - ing day. A - MEN.

592 Asleep In Jesus

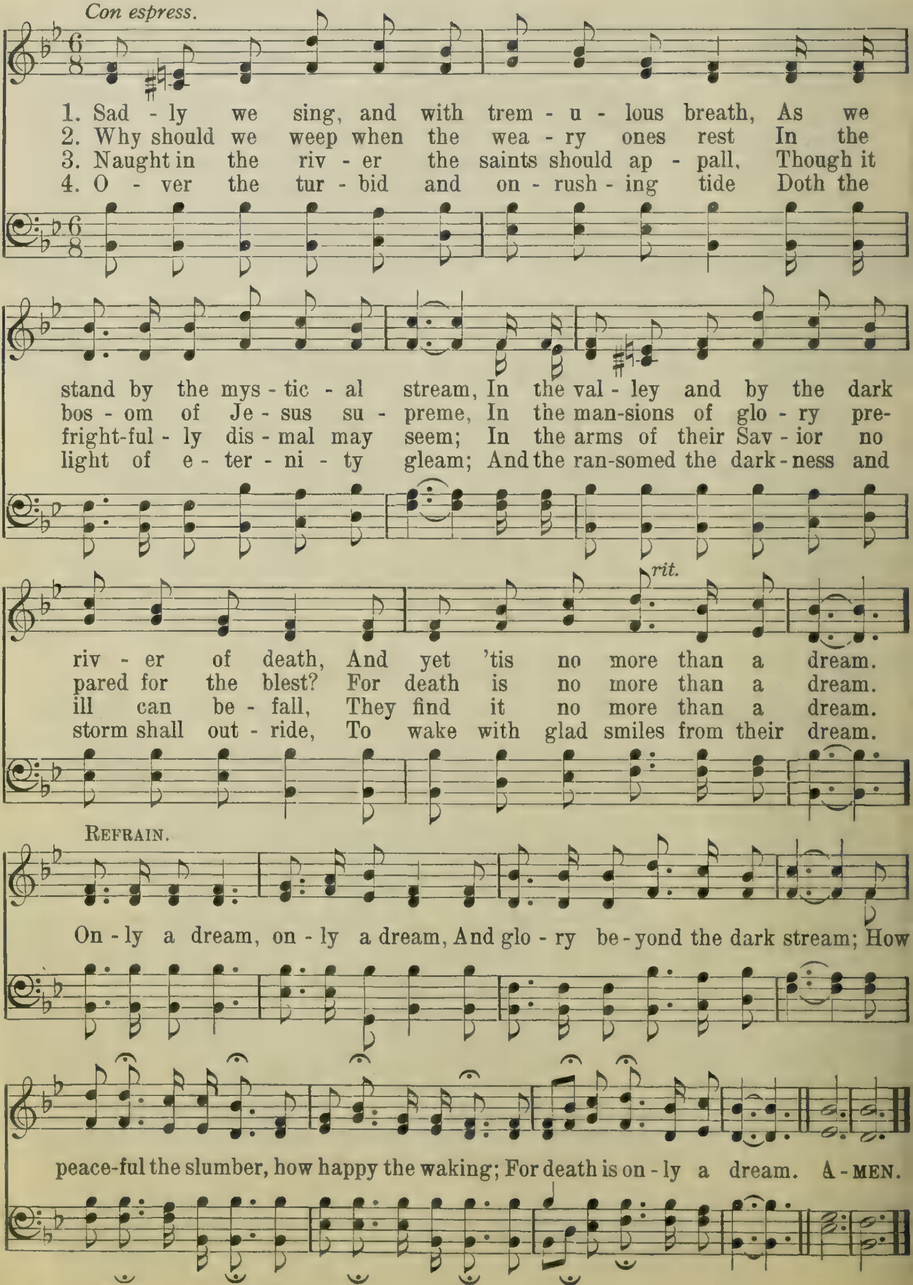
Margaret Mackay, 1832. (REST. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.


1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum-ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace-ful rest, Whose wak-ing is su - preme-ly blest:
A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to sing That death has lost his venomed sting.
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man-i-fests the Sav - ior's pow'r. A - MEN.

593

Death is Only a Dream

C. W. Ray. (*Good as a Solo.*) A. J. Buchanan.

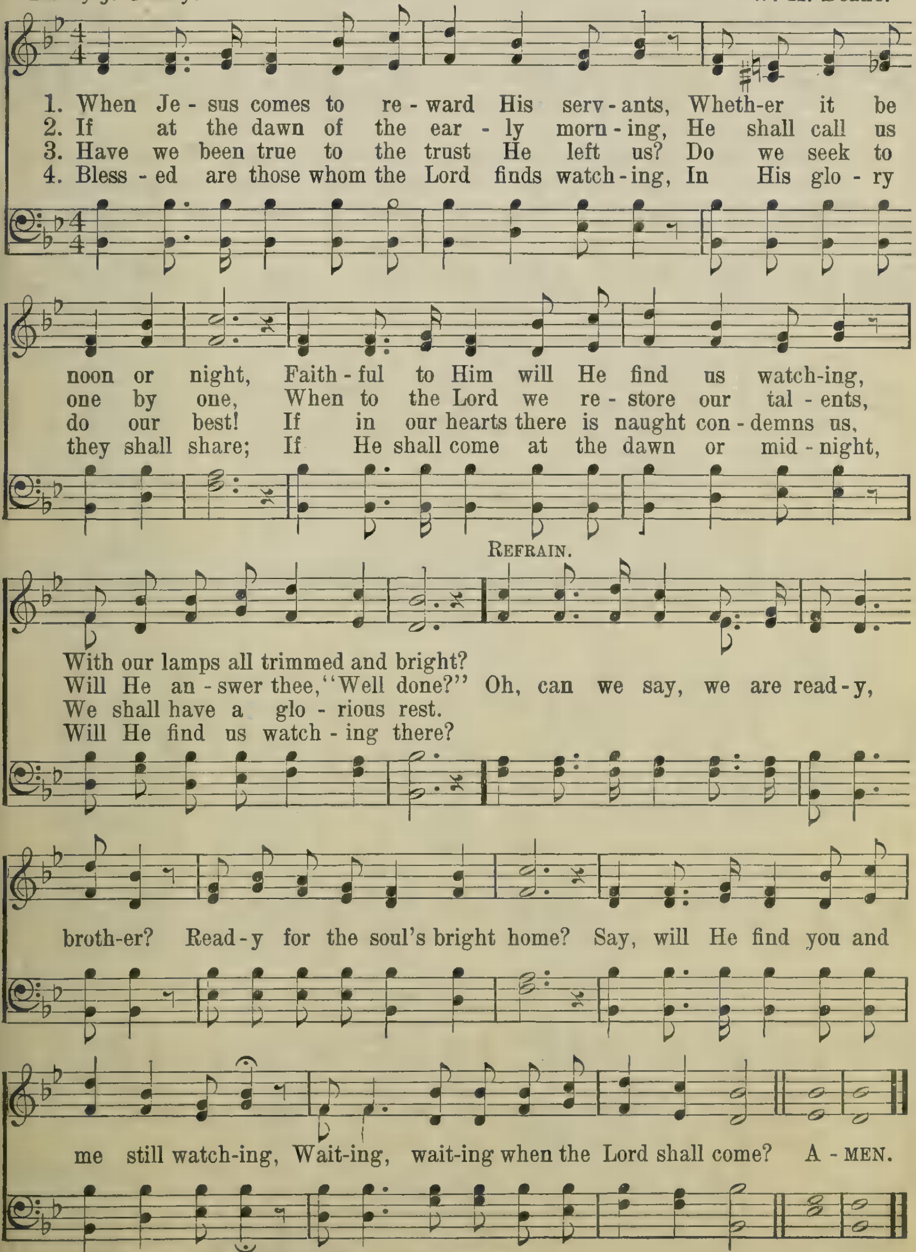

Con espress.
1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we
2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the
3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall, Though it
4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the
stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man-sions of glo - ry pre-
fright-ful - ly dis - mal may seem; In the arms of their Sav - ior no
light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran-somed the dark-ness and
rit.
riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.
REFRAIN.
On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry be - yond the dark stream; How
peace-ful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream. A - MEN.

Samuel W. Beazley, owner of arrangement.

594 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 THES. 5: 6.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth-er it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best! If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?"
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will He find us watch - ing there?
REFRAIN.
Oh, can we say, we are read - y,
broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and
me still watch-ing, Wait-ing, wait-ing when the Lord shall come? A - MEN.

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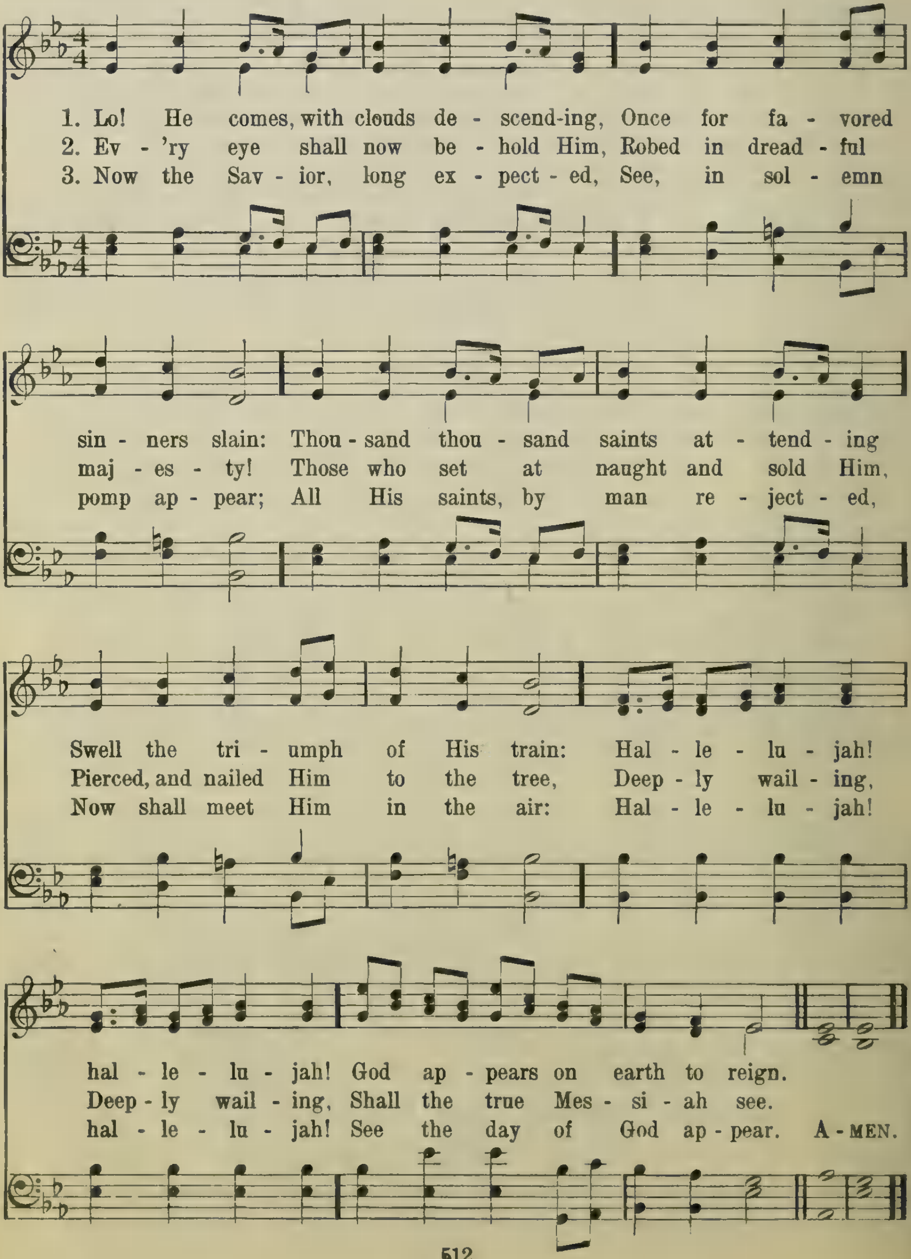
595 Lo! He Comes, With Clouds Descending

(SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

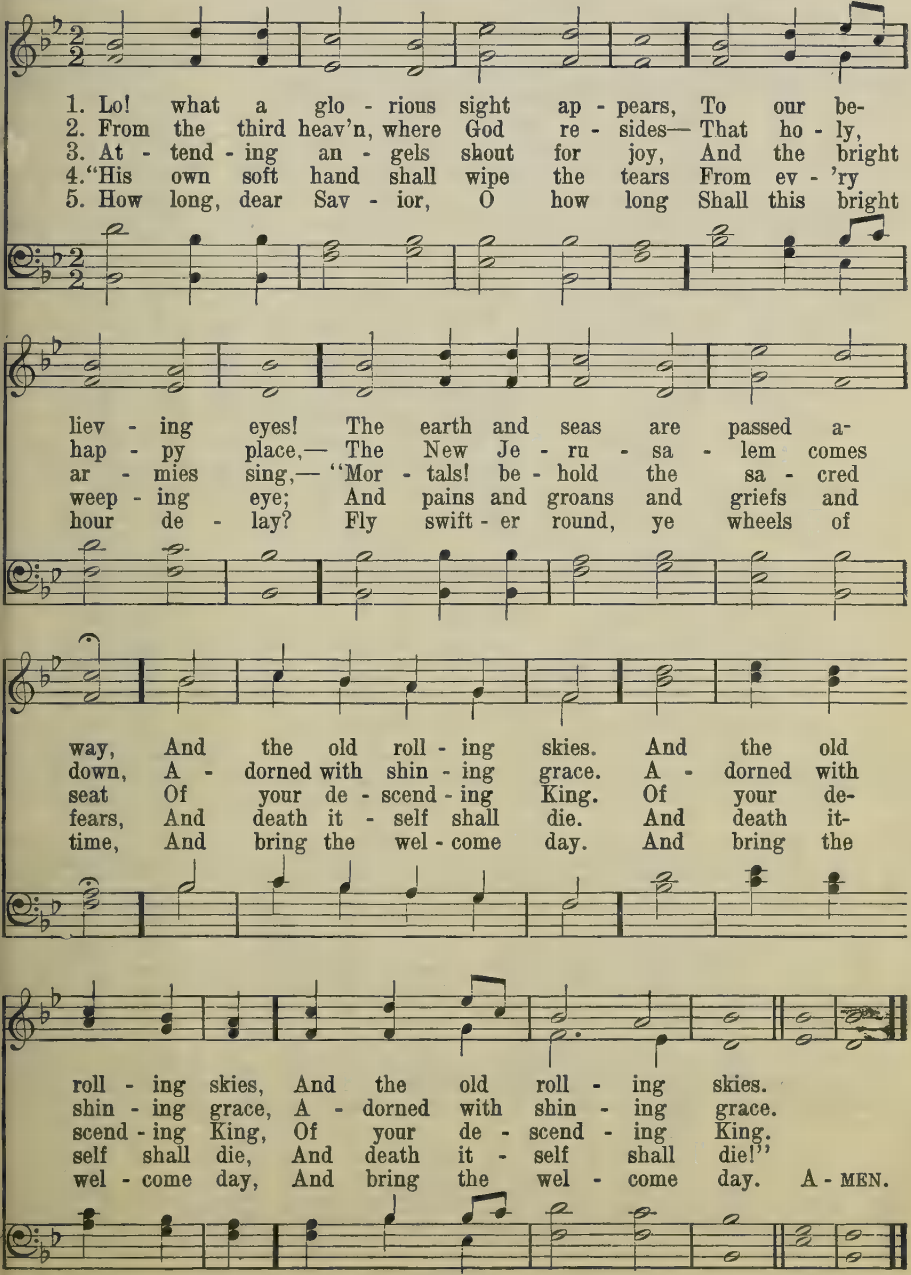
Altered from J. Cennick, 1752.

Sicilian Melody.


1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa - vored
2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dread - ful
3. Now the Sav - ior, long ex - pect - ed, See, in sol - emn
sin - ners slain: Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing
maj - es - ty! Those who set at naught and sold Him,
pomp ap - pear; All His saints, by man re - ject - ed,
Swell the tri - umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah!
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,
Now shall meet Him in the air: Hal - le - lu - jah!
hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear. A - MEN.

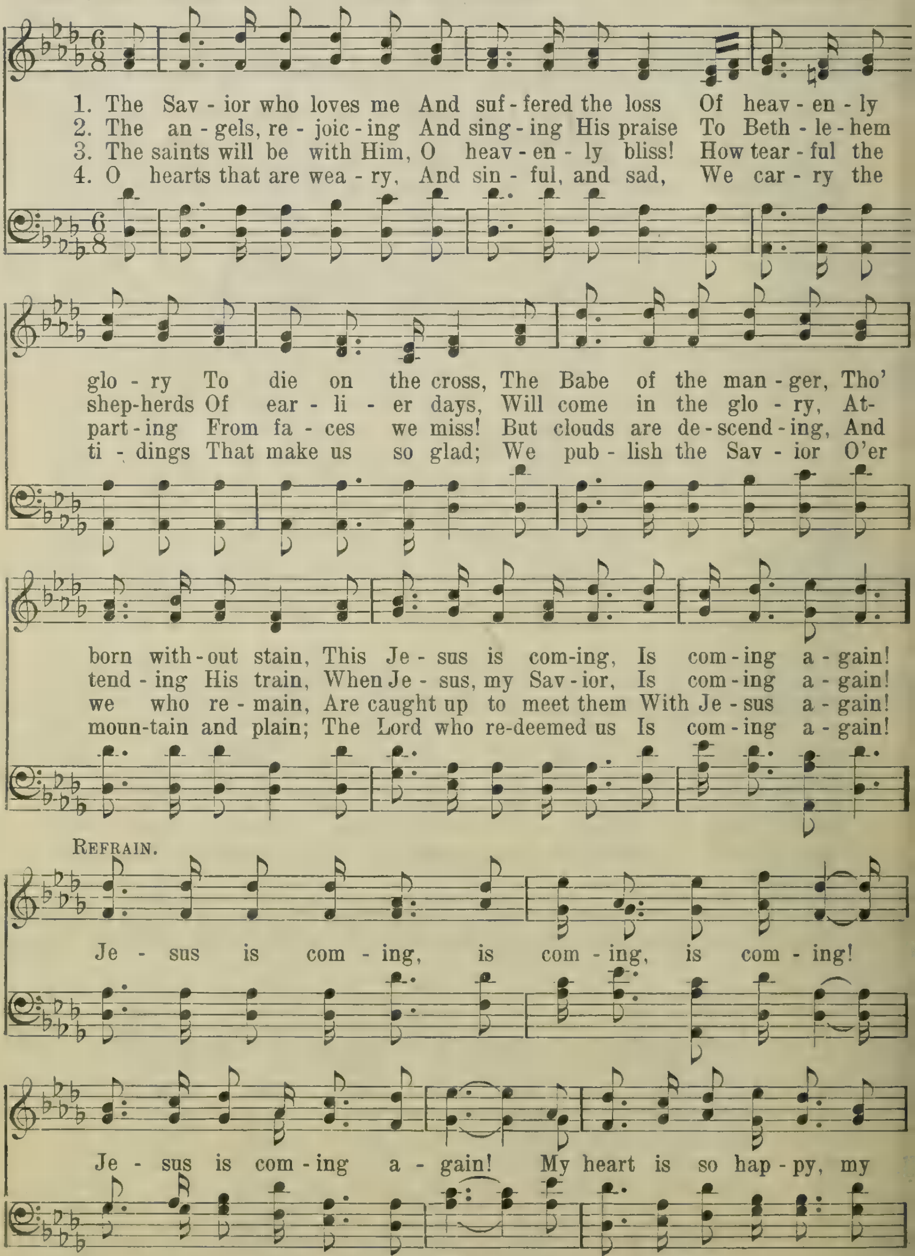
596 Lo! What a Glorious Sight Appears

Isaac Watts, 1707. (CAMBRIDGE. C. M.) John Randall, 1715–1799.


1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears, To our be-
2. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides— That ho - ly,
3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright
4. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry
5. How long, dear Sav - ior, O how long Shall this bright
liev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are passed a-
hap - py place,— The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes
ar - mies sing,— "Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred
weep - ing eye; And pains and groans and griefs and
hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of
way, And the old roll - ing skies. And the old
down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace. A - dorned with
seat Of your de - scend - ing King. Of your de-
fears, And death it - self shall die. And death it-
time, And bring the wel - come day. And bring the
roll - ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies.
shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.
scend - ing King, Of your de - scend - ing King.
self shall die, And death it - self shall die!"
wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day. A - MEN.

597 The Savior Who Loves Me

Rev. James M. Gray. (JESUS IS COMING.) J. C. Trowbridge.


1. The Sav - ior who loves me And suf - fered the loss Of heav - en - ly
2. The an - gels, re - joic - ing And sing - ing His praise To Beth - le - hem
3. The saints will be with Him, O heav - en - ly bliss! How tear - ful the
4. O hearts that are wea - ry, And sin - ful, and sad, We car - ry the
glo - ry To die on the cross, The Babe of the man - ger, Tho'
shep-herds Of ear - li - er days, Will come in the glo - ry, At-
part - ing From fa - ces we miss! But clouds are de - scend - ing, And
ti - dings That make us so glad; We pub - lish the Sav - ior O'er
born with - out stain, This Je - sus is com-ing, Is com - ing a - gain!
tend - ing His train, When Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is com - ing a - gain!
we who re - main, Are caught up to meet them With Je - sus a - gain!
moun-tain and plain; The Lord who re-deemed us Is com - ing a - gain!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus is com - ing, is com - ing, is com - ing!
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! My heart is so hap - py, my

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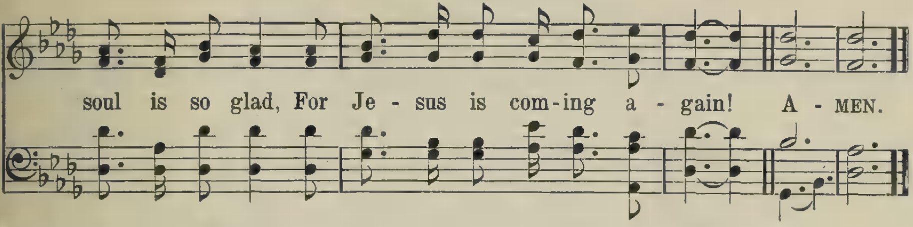
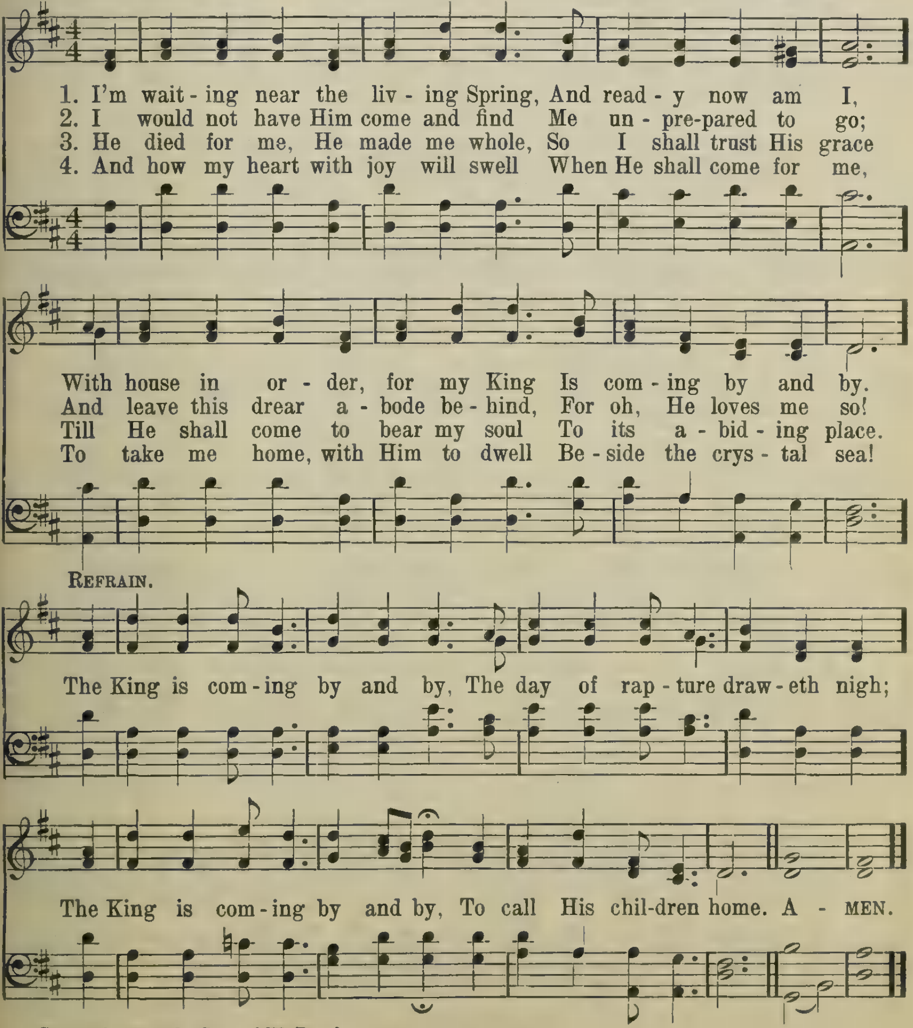

soul is so glad, For Je - sus is com-ing a - gain! A - MEN.

598 I'm Waiting Near the Living Spring

Brown Rowland, A. B. (The King is Coming.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. I'm wait - ing near the liv - ing Spring, And read - y now am I,
2. I would not have Him come and find Me un - pre-pared to go;
3. He died for me, He made me whole, So I shall trust His grace
4. And how my heart with joy will swell When He shall come for me,
With house in or - der, for my King Is com - ing by and by.
And leave this drear a - bode be - hind, For oh, He loves me so!
Till He shall come to bear my soul To its a - bid - ing place.
To take me home, with Him to dwell Be - side the crys - tal sea!
REFRAIN.
The King is com - ing by and by, The day of rap - ture draw - eth nigh;
The King is com - ing by and by, To call His chil-dren home. A - MEN.

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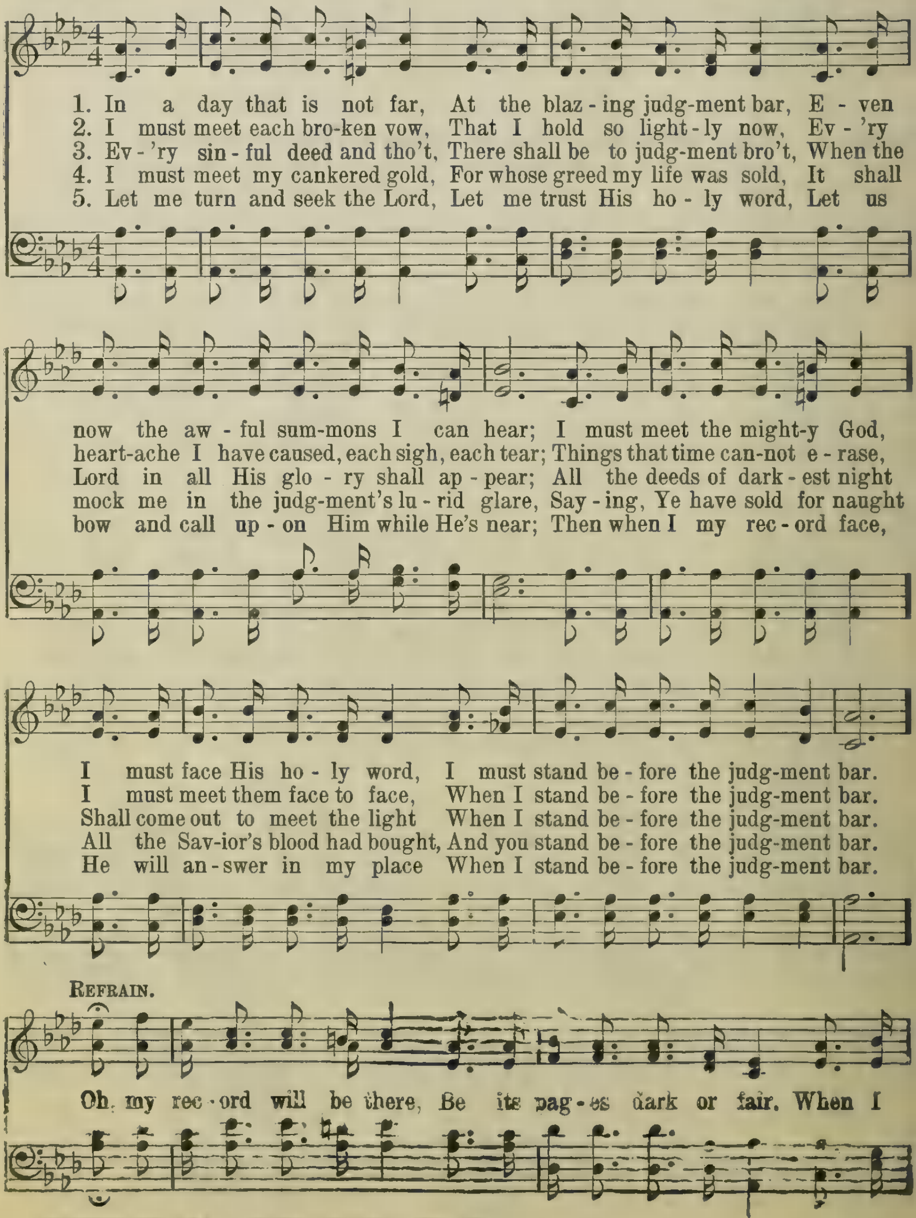
599

My Record Will Be There

"For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—Eccl. 12: 14.

J. A. B. J. A. Brown.


1. In a day that is not far, At the blaz-ing judg-ment bar, E-ven
2. I must meet each bro-ken vow, That I hold so light-ly now, Ev-'ry
3. Ev-'ry sin-ful deed and tho't, There shall be to judg-ment bro't, When the
4. I must meet my cankered gold, For whose greed my life was sold, It shall
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho-ly word, Let us
now the aw-ful sum-mons I can hear; I must meet the might-y God,
heart-ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that time can-not e-rase,
Lord in all His glo-ry shall ap-pear; All the deeds of dark-est night
mock me in the judg-ment's lu-rid glare, Say-ing, Ye have sold for naught
bow and call up-on Him while He's near; Then when I my rec-ord face,
I must face His ho-ly word, I must stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.
I must meet them face to face, When I stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.
Shall come out to meet the light When I stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.
All the Sav-ior's blood had bought, And you stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.
He will an-swer in my place When I stand be-fore the judg-ment bar.
Refrain.
Oh, my rec-ord will be there, Be its pag-es dark or fair. When I

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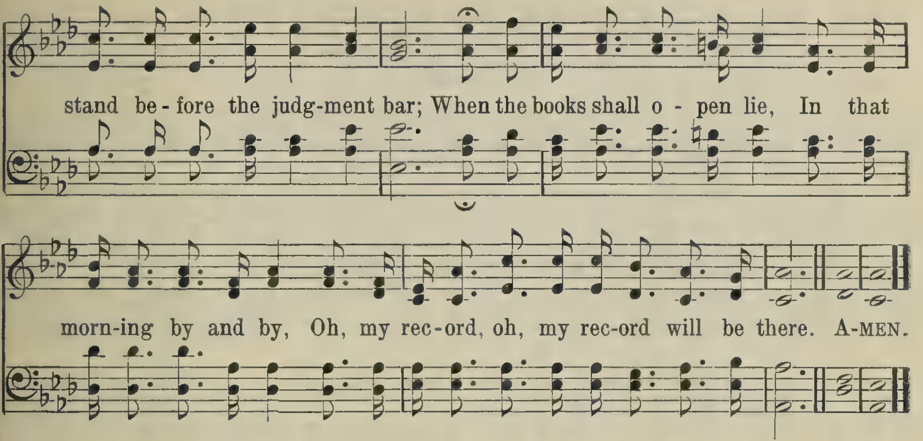
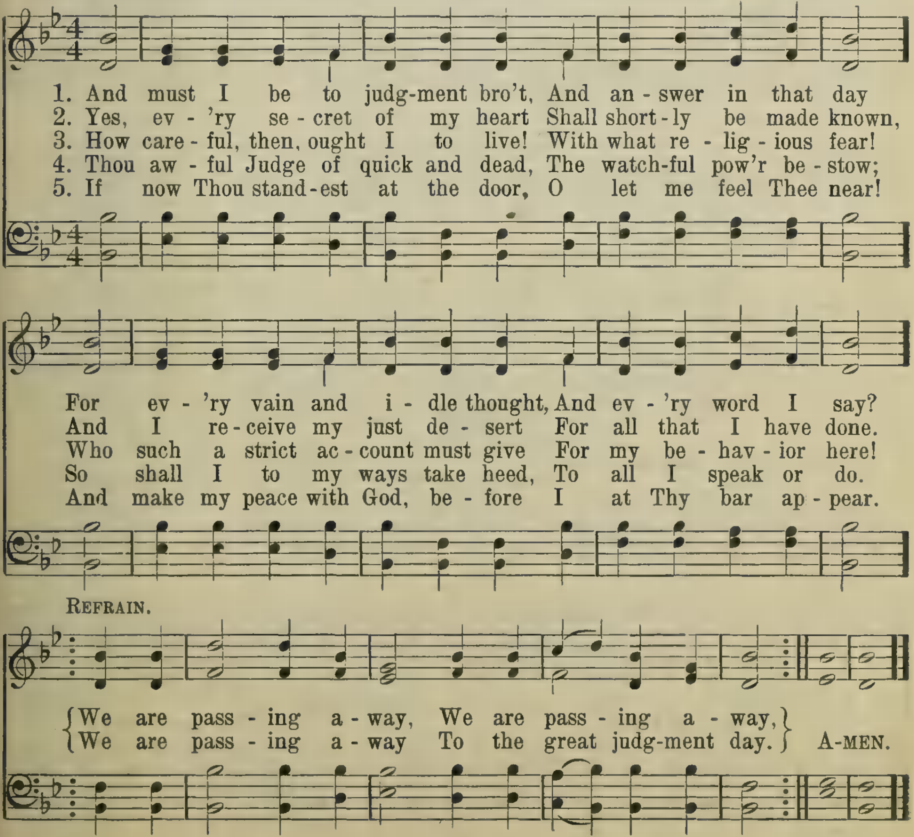

stand be-fore the judg-ment bar; When the books shall o - pen lie, In that
morn-ing by and by, Oh, my rec-ord, oh, my rec-ord will be there. A-MEN.

600 And Must I Be to Judgment Brought

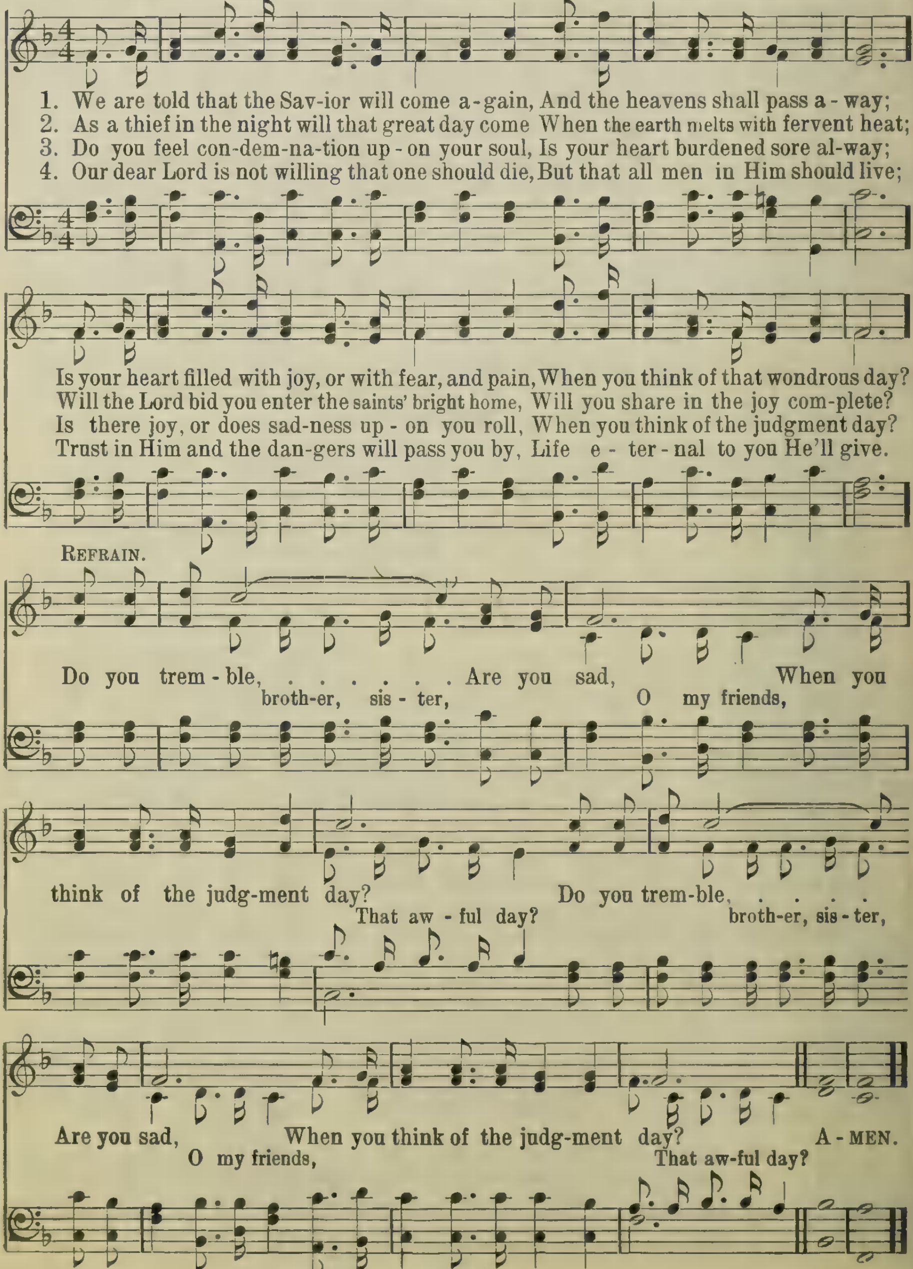
Charles Wesley, 1703–1788. (WE ARE PASSING AWAY.) Traditional.


1. And must I be to judg-ment bro't, And an - swer in that day
2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short - ly be made known,
3. How care - ful, then, ought I to live! With what re - lig - ious fear!
4. Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, The watch-ful pow'r be - stow;
5. If now Thou stand-est at the door, O let me feel Thee near!
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought, And ev - 'ry word I say?
And I re - ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.
Who such a strict ac - count must give For my be - hav - ior here!
So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
And make my peace with God, be - fore I at Thy bar ap - pear.
REFRAIN.
We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,
We are pass - ing a - way To the great judg-ment day.
A-MEN.

601 We Are Told That the Savior Will Come

(WHEN YOU THINK OF THE JUDGMENT DAY.)

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. II. PETER 3. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. We are told that the Sav-ior will come a-gain, And the heavens shall pass a-way;
2. As a thief in the night will that great day come When the earth melts with fervent heat;
3. Do you feel con-dem-na-tion up-on your soul, Is your heart burdened sore al-way;
4. Our dear Lord is not willing that one should die, But that all men in Him should live;
Is your heart filled with joy, or with fear, and pain, When you think of that wondrous day?
Will the Lord bid you enter the saints' bright home, Will you share in the joy com-plete?
Is there joy, or does sad-ness up-on you roll, When you think of the judgment day?
Trust in Him and the dan-gers will pass you by, Life e-ter-nal to you He'll give.
REFRAIN.
Do you trem-ble, ... Are you sad, When you
broth-er, sis-ter, O my friends,
think of the judg-ment day? Do you trem-ble, ...
That aw-ful day? broth-er, sis-ter,
Are you sad, When you think of the judg-ment day? A-MEN.
O my friends, That aw-ful day?

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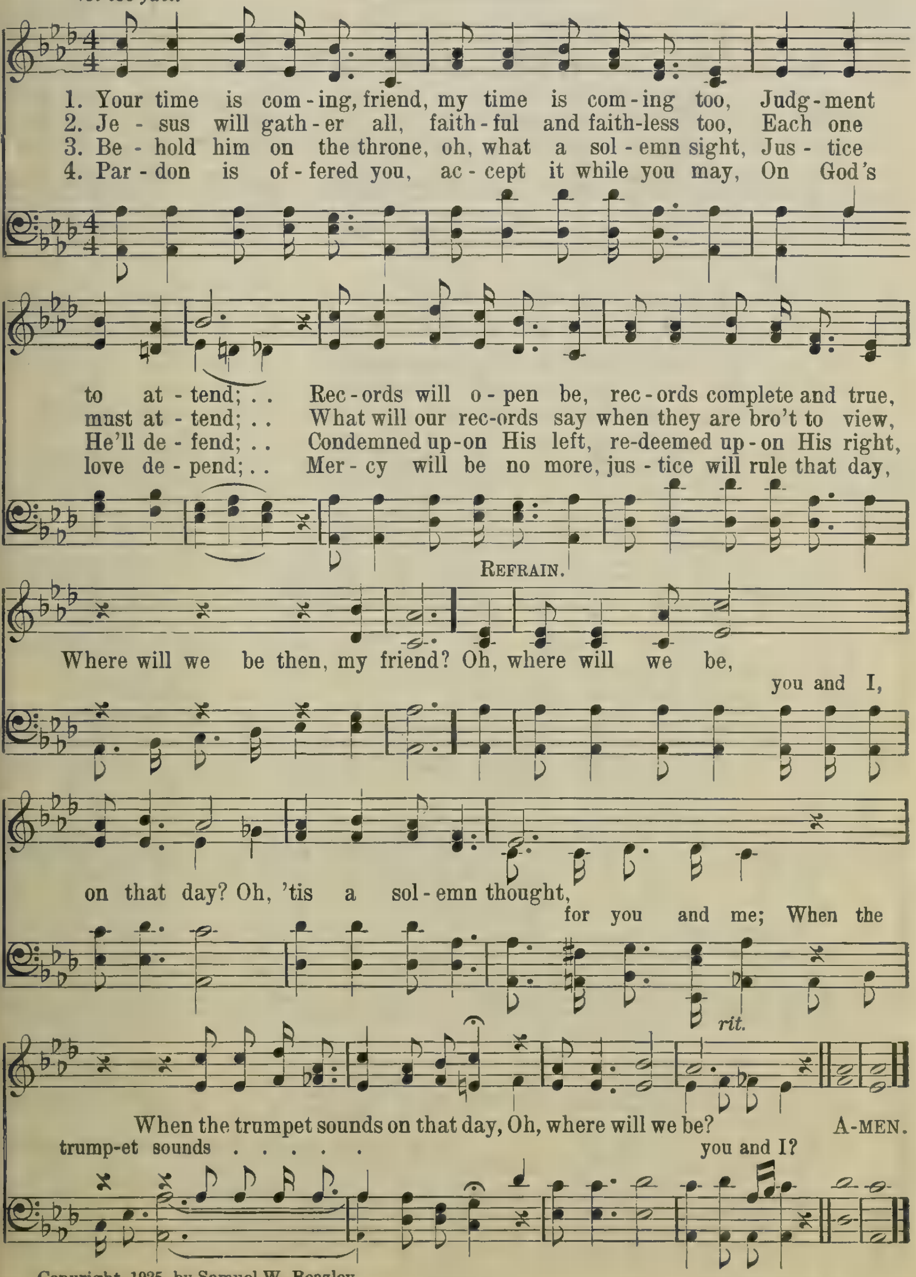
602 Your Time Is Coming, Friend

Rev. B. B. Edmiaston. (Where Will We Be?) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Not too fast. (Also Good as Quartet.)


1. Your time is com-ing, friend, my time is com-ing too, Judg-ment to at-tend; . . Rec-ords will o-pen be, rec-ords complete and true,
2. Je-sus will gath-er all, faith-ful and faith-less too, Each one must at-tend; . . What will our rec-ords say when they are bro't to view,
3. Be-hold him on the throne, oh, what a sol-emn sight, Jus-tice He'll de-fend; . . Condemned up-on His left, re-deemed up-on His right,
4. Par-don is of-fered you, ac-cept it while you may, On God's love de-pend; . . Mer-cy will be no more, jus-tice will rule that day,
Refrain.
Where will we be then, my friend? Oh, where will we be, you and I, on that day? Oh, 'tis a sol-emn thought, for you and me; When the trump-et sounds . . . . . .
When the trumpet sounds on that day, Oh, where will we be? you and I?
rit.
A-men.

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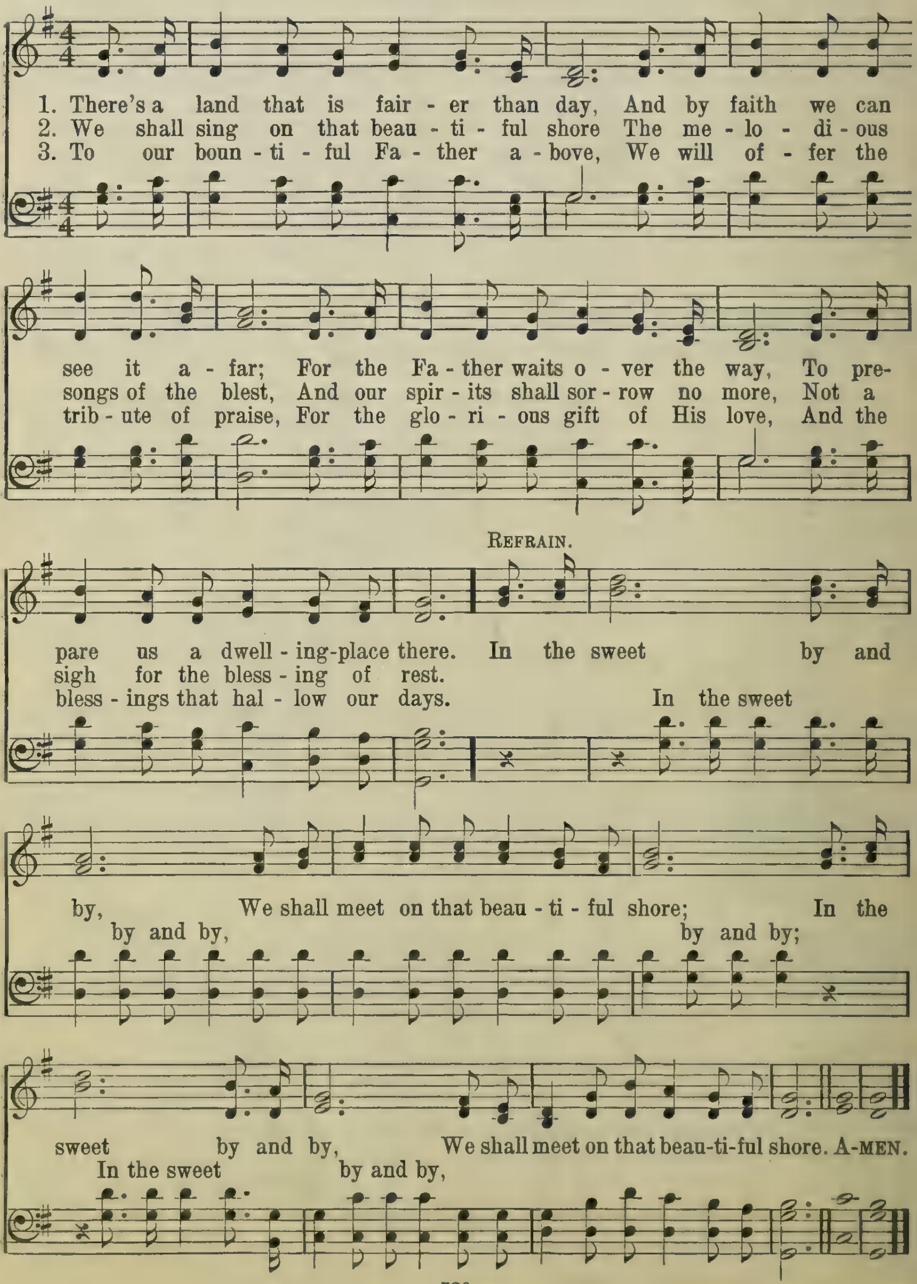
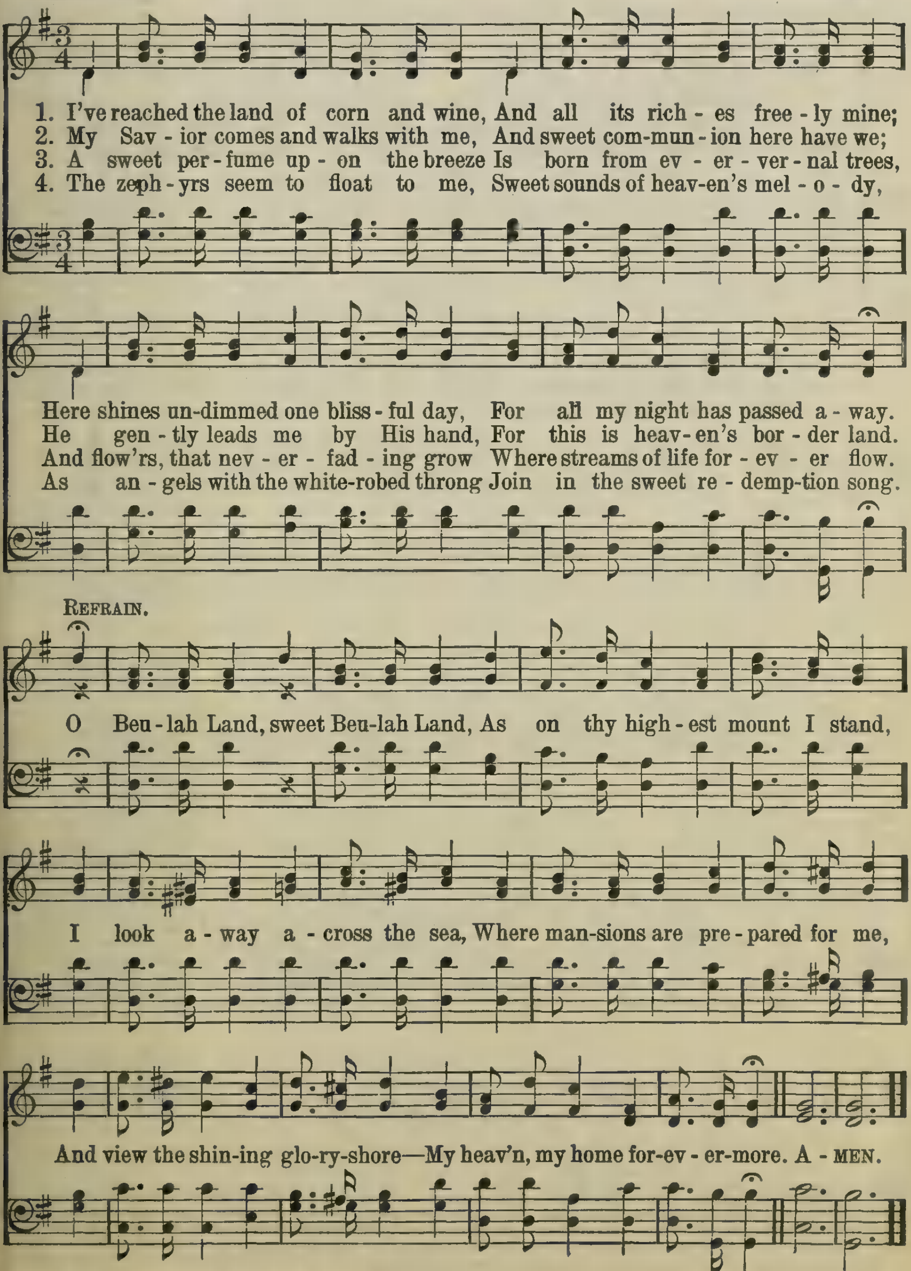
603 There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day

S. F. Bennett. (SWEET BY AND BY.) J. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
pare us a dwell - ing-place there.
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless - ings that hal - low our days.
REFRAIN.
In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore;
by and by;
In the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.

604 I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine

Edgar Page. (BEULAH LAND.) Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun - ion here have we;
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,
Here shines un-dimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der land.
And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an - gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp-tion song.
REFRAIN.
O Beu - lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man-sions are pre - pared for me,
And view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore—My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more. A - MEN.

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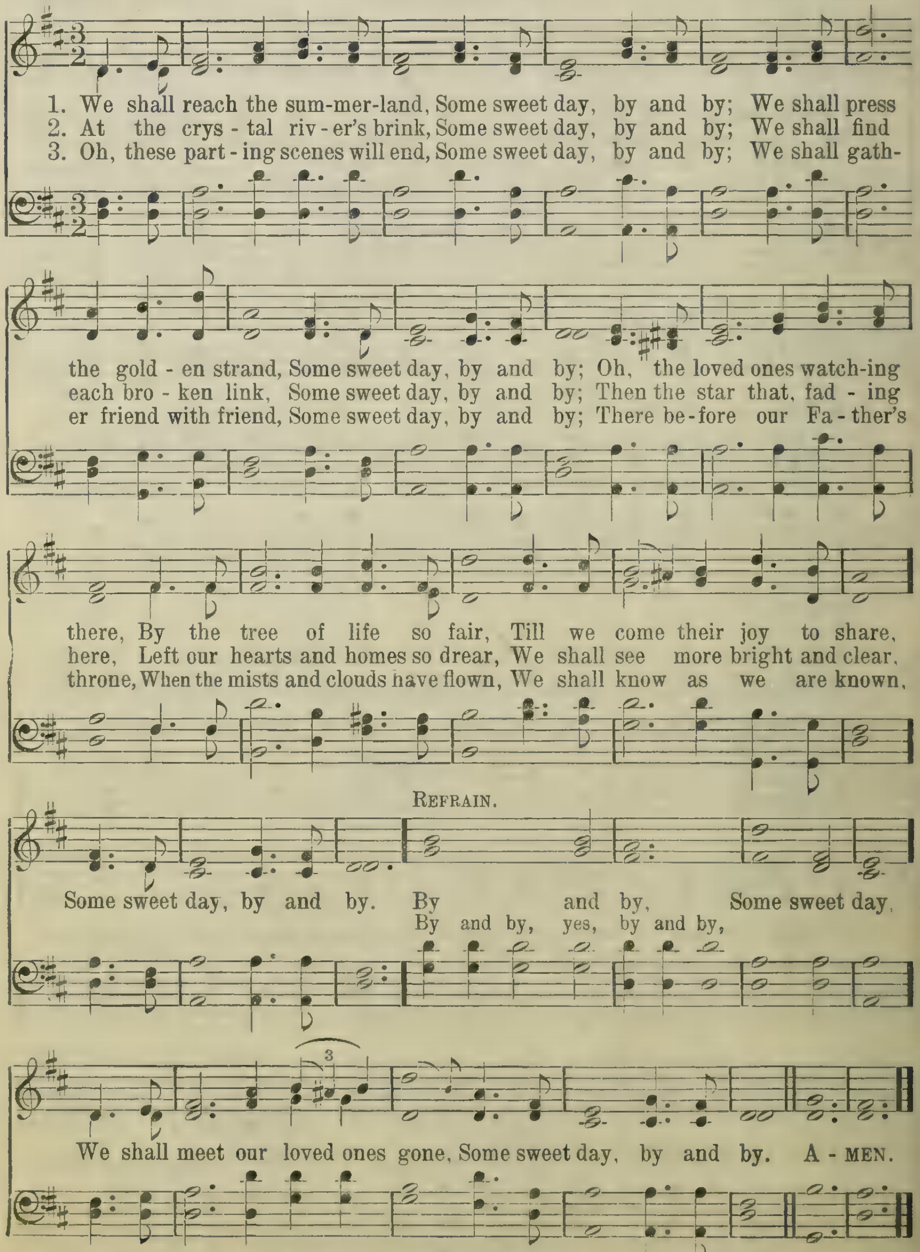
605 We Shall Reach the Summer-Land

Fanny J. Crosby. (Some Sweet Day By and By.) W. H. Doane, 1832.


1. We shall reach the sum-mer-land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press
2. At the crys - tal riv - er's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find
3. Oh, these part - ing scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gath-
the gold - en strand, Some sweet day, by and by; Oh, the loved ones watch-ing
each bro - ken link, Some sweet day, by and by; Then the star that, fad - ing
er friend with friend, Some sweet day, by and by; There be-fore our Fa - ther's
there, By the tree of life so fair, Till we come their joy to share,
here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,
Some sweet day, by and by.
Refrain.
By and by, Some sweet day,
By and by, yes, by and by,
3
We shall meet our loved ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by. A - men.

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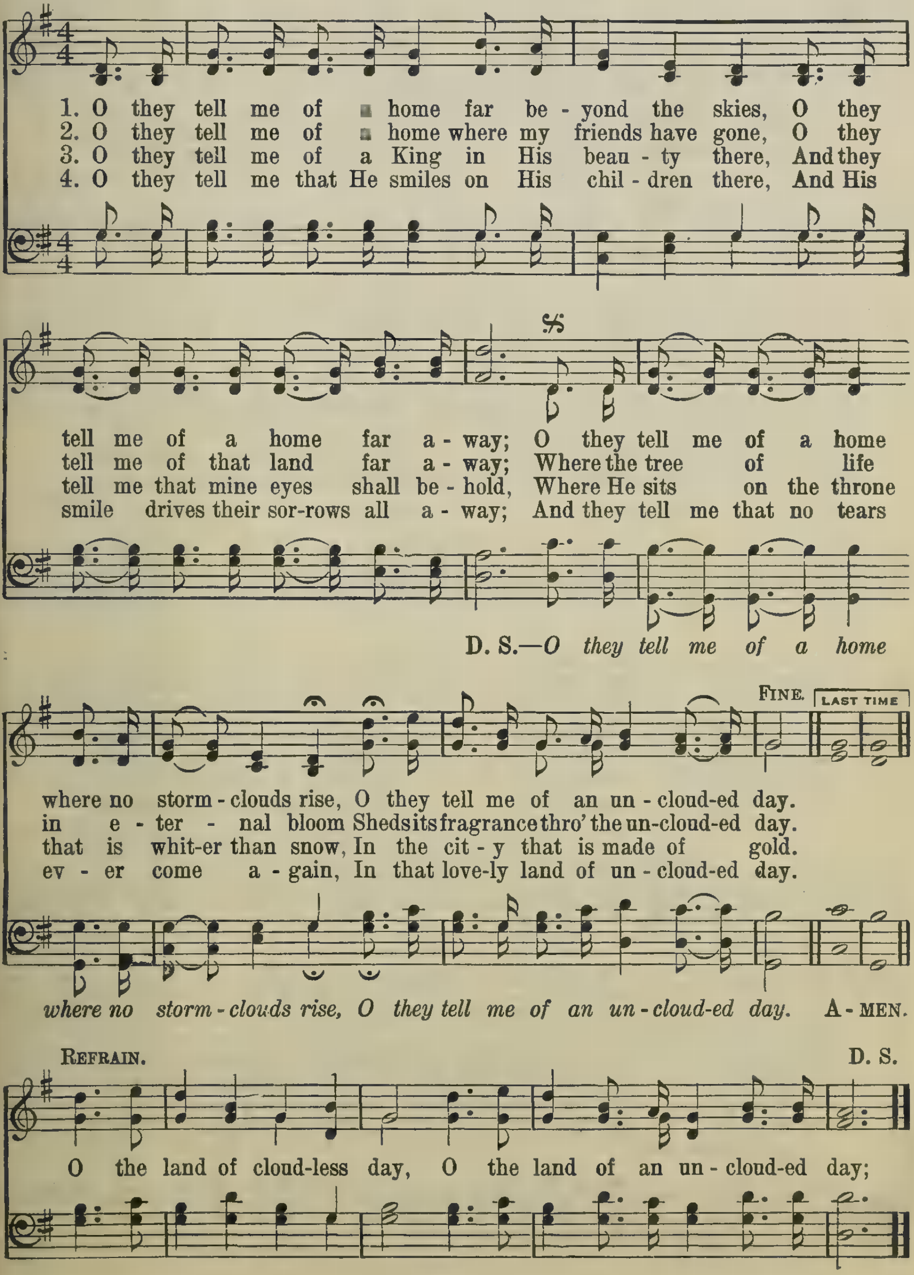
606

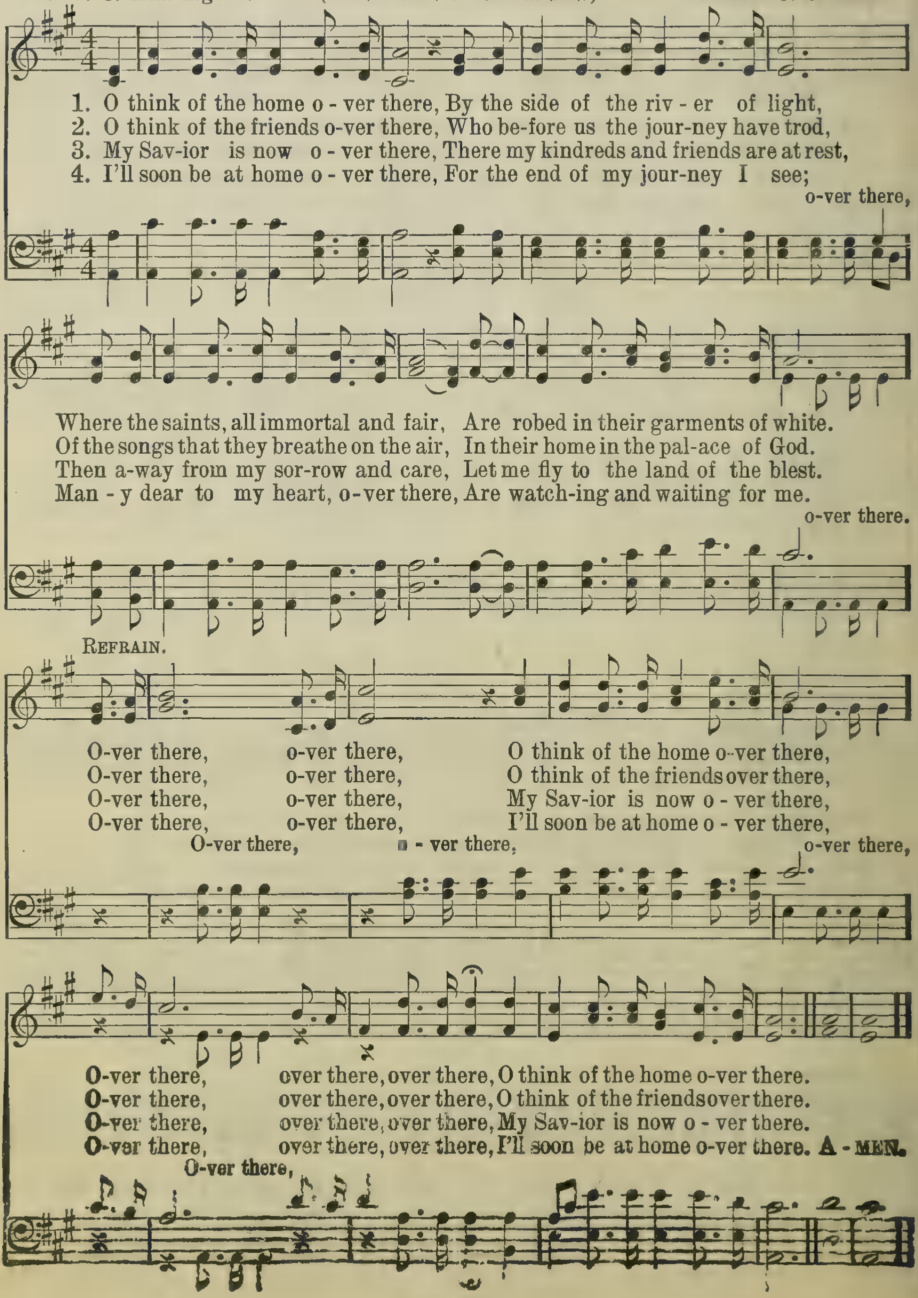
The Unclouded Day

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood.


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His
tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears
D. S.—O they tell me of a home
FINE.
LAST TIME
where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud-ed day.
that is whit-er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love-ly land of un - cloud-ed day.
where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud-ed day. A - MEN.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un - cloud-ed day;

607 O Think of the Home Over There

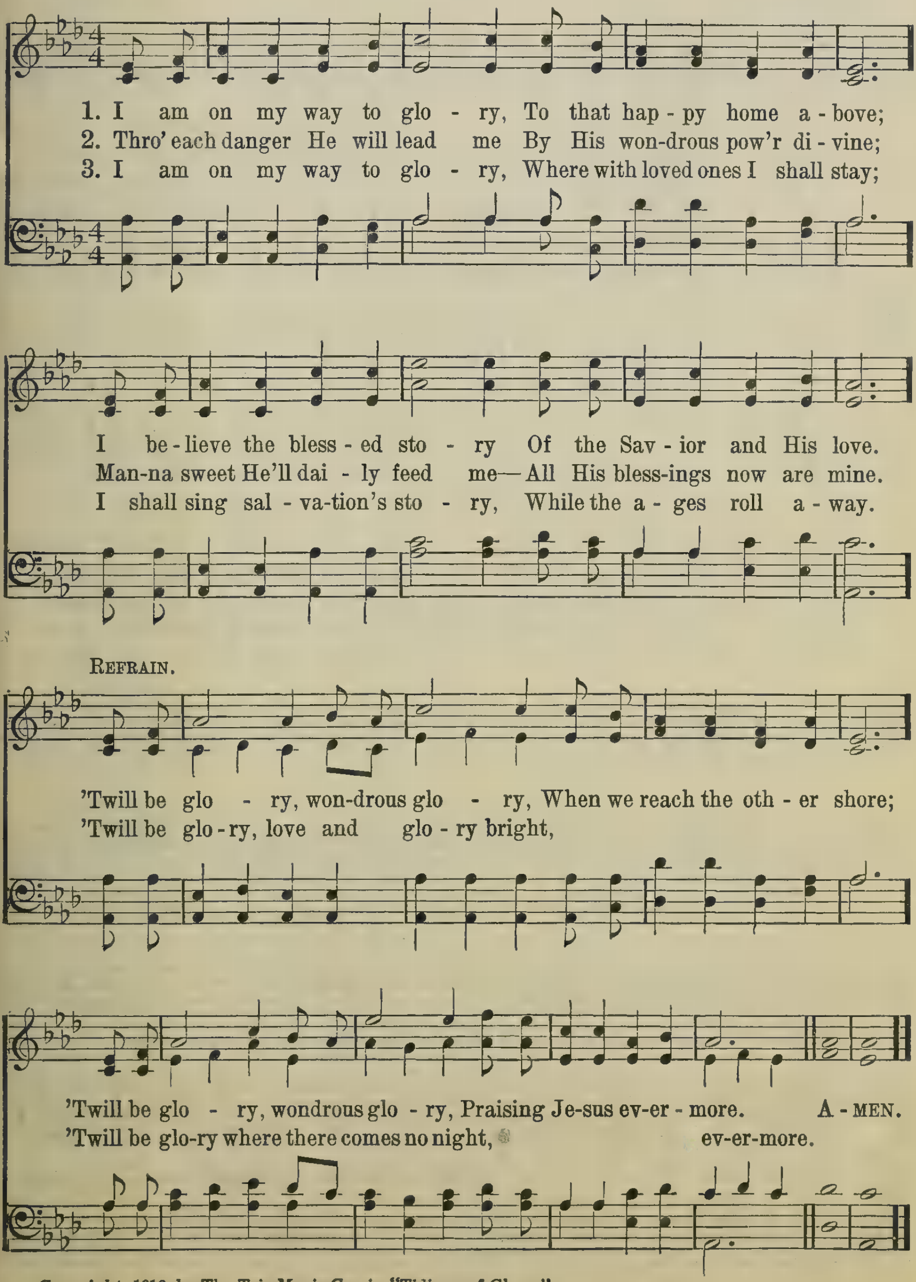
D. W. C. Huntington. (THE HOME OVER THERE.) Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have trod,
3. My Sav-ior is now o - ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see;
o-ver there,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal-ace of God.
Then a-way from my sor-row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Man - y dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are watch-ing and waiting for me.
o-ver there.
REFRAIN.
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends over there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-ior is now o - ver there,
O-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there,
O-ver there, o - ver there, o-ver there,
O-ver there, over there, over there, O think of the home o-ver there.
O-ver there, over there, over there, O think of the friends over there.
O-ver there, over there, over there, My Sav-ior is now o - ver there.
O-ver there, over there, over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there. A - MEN.
O-ver there,

608

'Twill Be Glory

J. L. D. J. L. Dockery.


1. I am on my way to glo - ry, To that hap - py home a - bove;
2. Thro' each danger He will lead me By His won-drous pow'r di - vine;
3. I am on my way to glo - ry, Where with loved ones I shall stay;
I be - lieve the bless - ed sto - ry Of the Sav - ior and His love.
Man-na sweet He'll dai - ly feed me—All His bless-ings now are mine.
I shall sing sal - va-tion's sto - ry, While the a - ges roll a - way.
Refrain.
'Twill be glo - ry, won-drous glo - ry, When we reach the oth - er shore;
'Twill be glo - ry, love and glo - ry bright,
'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry, Praising Je-sus ev-er - more. A - MEN.
'Twill be glo-ry where there comes no night, ev-er-more.

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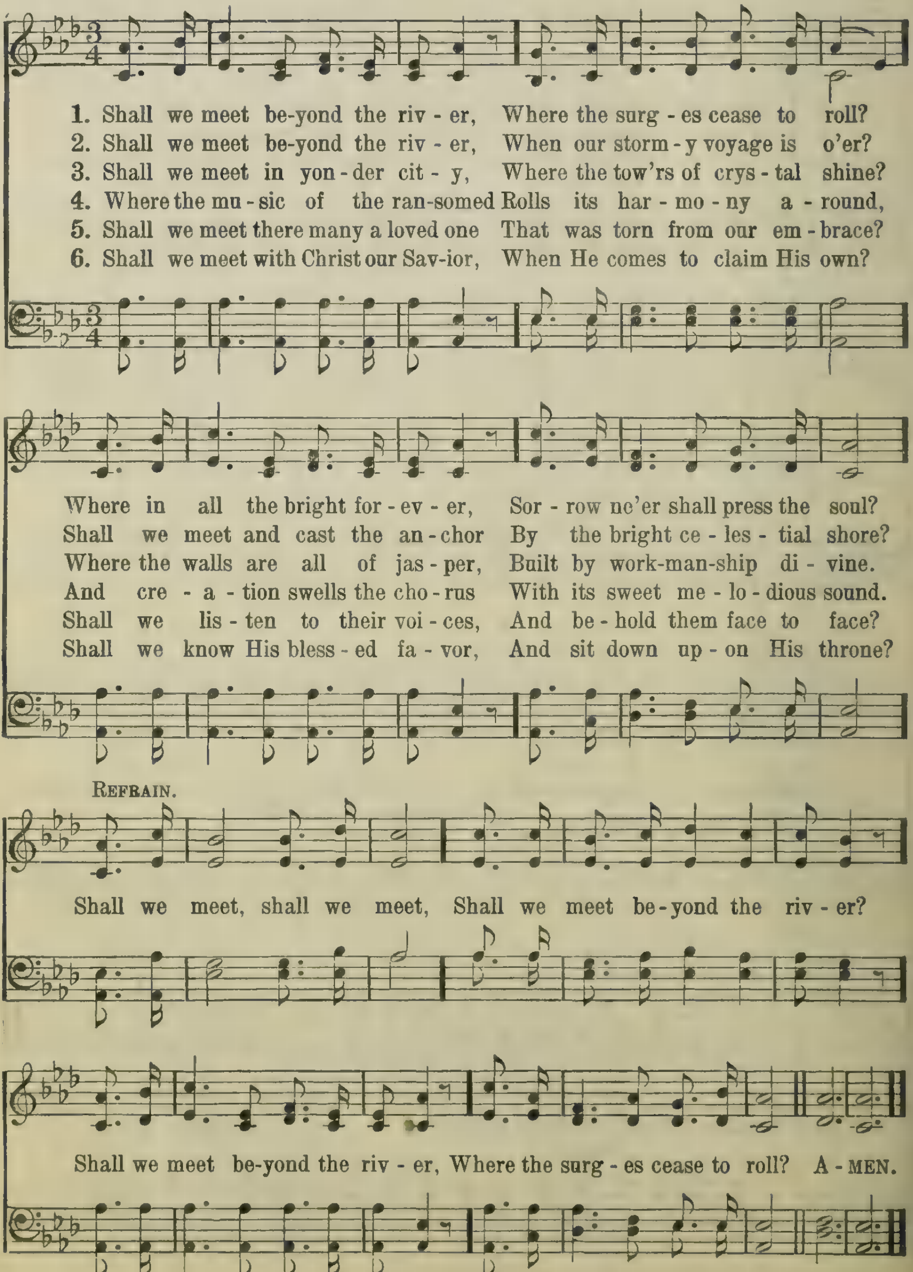
609 Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elihu S. Rice.


3/4
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ran-somed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one That was torn from our em - brace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav-ior, When He comes to claim His own?
Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di - vine.
And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet me - lo - dious sound.
Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?
Refrain.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?
Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll? A - MEN.

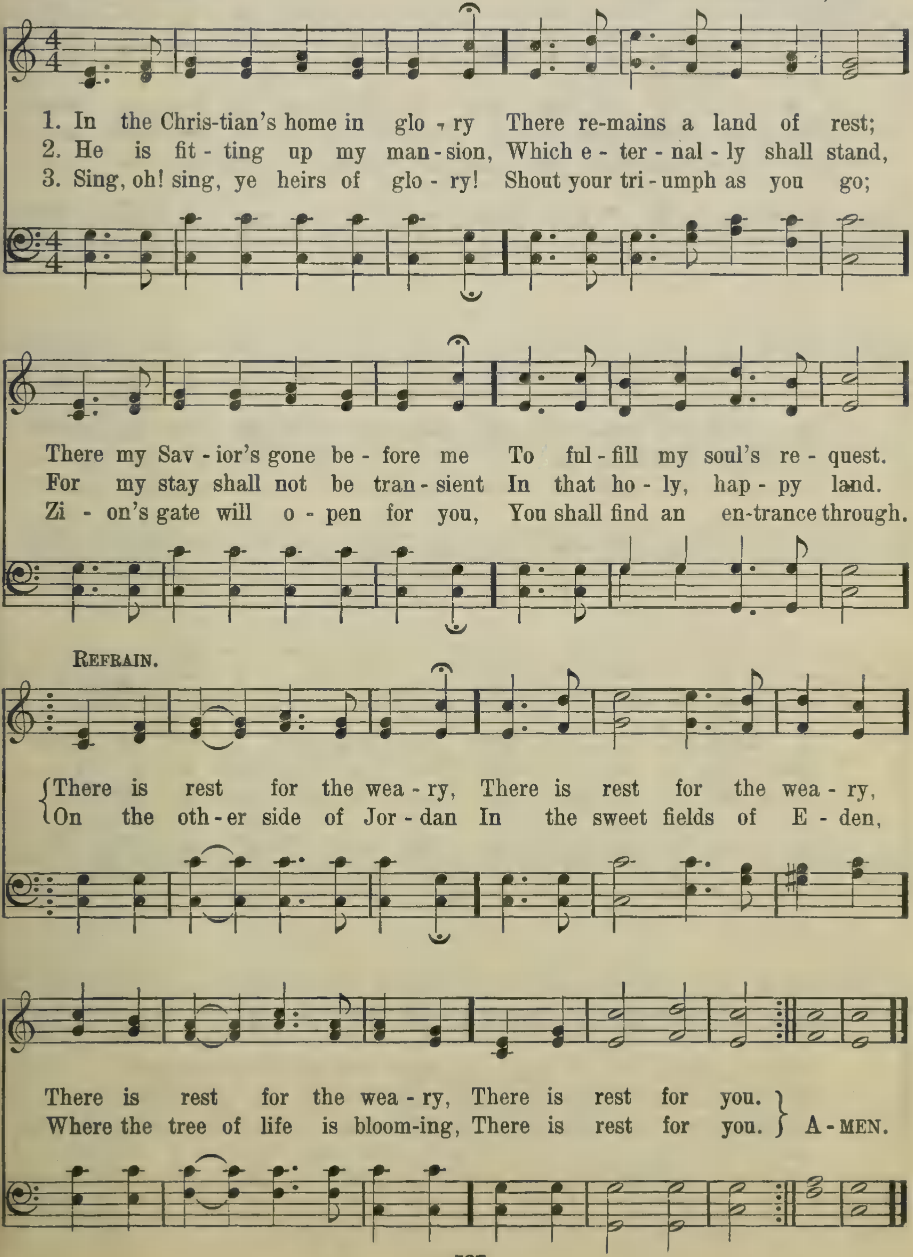
610

In the Christian's Home in Glory

(REST FOR THE WEARY.)

Rev. S. Y. Harmer.

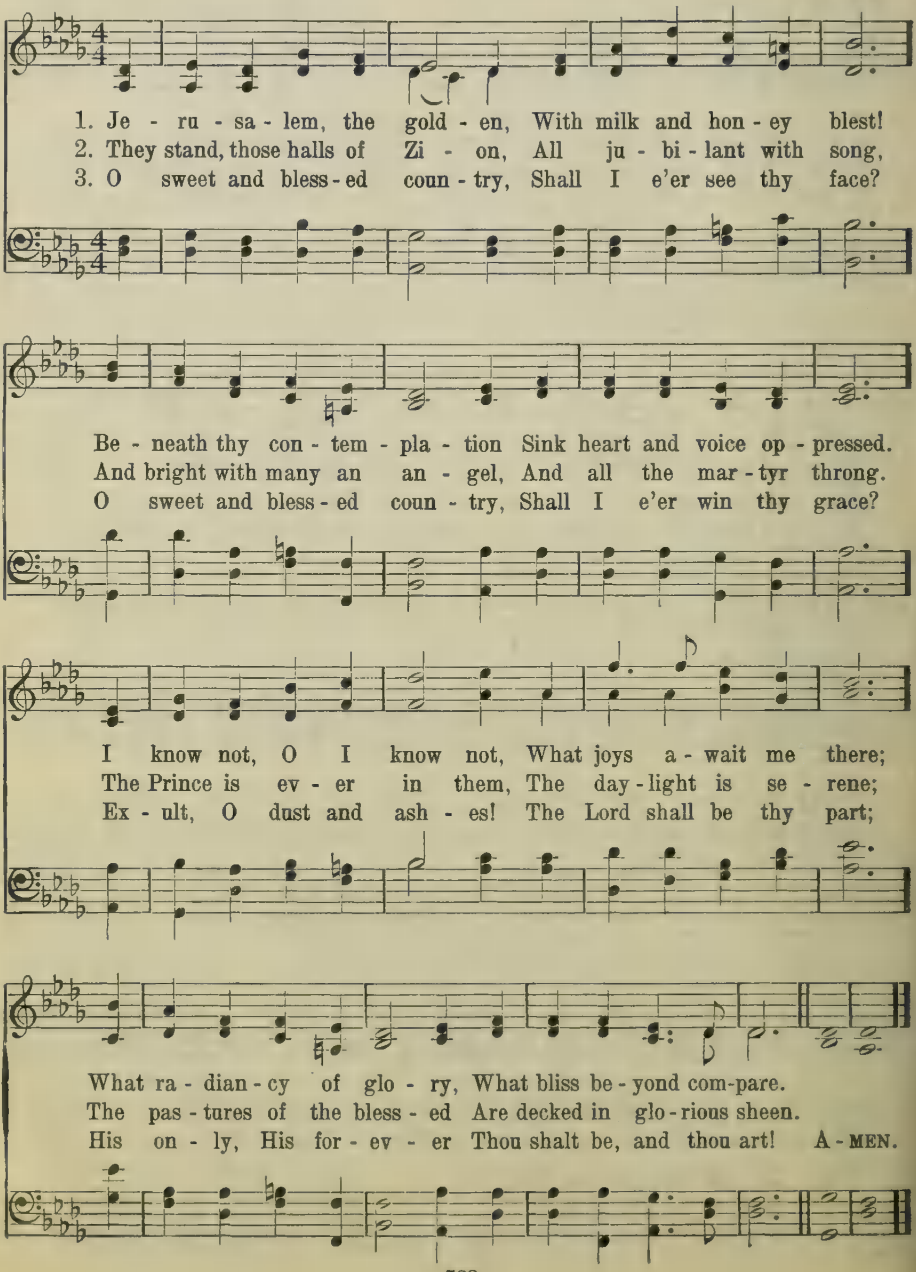
Rev. Wm. McDonald, 1857.


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest;
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
3. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri - umph as you go;
There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me To ful - fill my soul's re - quest.
For my stay shall not be tran - sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance through.
REFRAIN.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan In the sweet fields of E - den,
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you.
Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you.
A - MEN.

611 Jerusalem, the Golden

(EWING. 7s, 6s. D.)

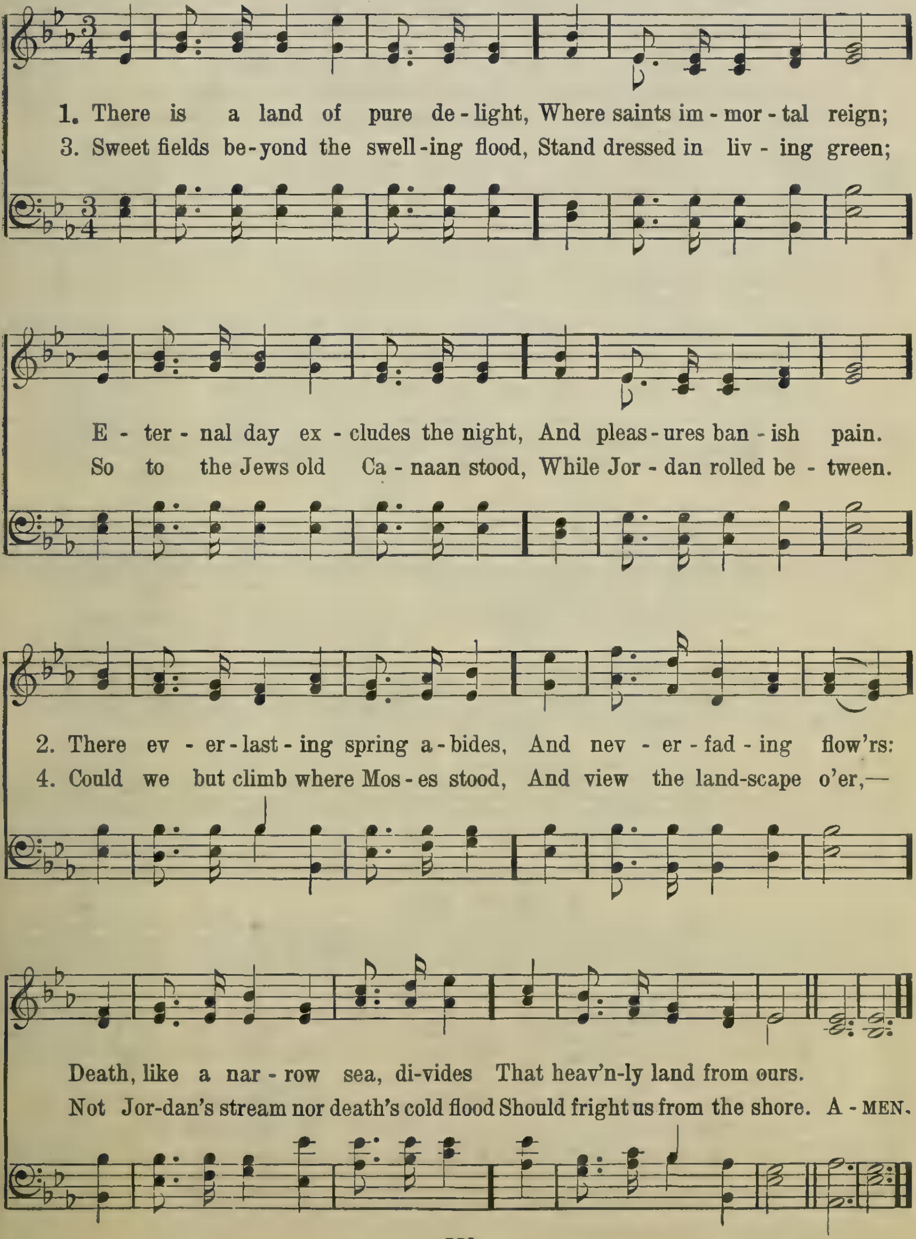
Bernard of Cluny. Alex. Ewing.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er see thy face?
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed.
And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng.
O sweet and bless - ed coun - try, Shall I e'er win thy grace?
I know not, O I know not, What joys a - wait me there;
The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com-pare.
The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
His on - ly, His for - ev - er Thou shalt be, and thou art! A - MEN.

612 There is a Land of Pure Delight

(VARINA. C. M. D.)

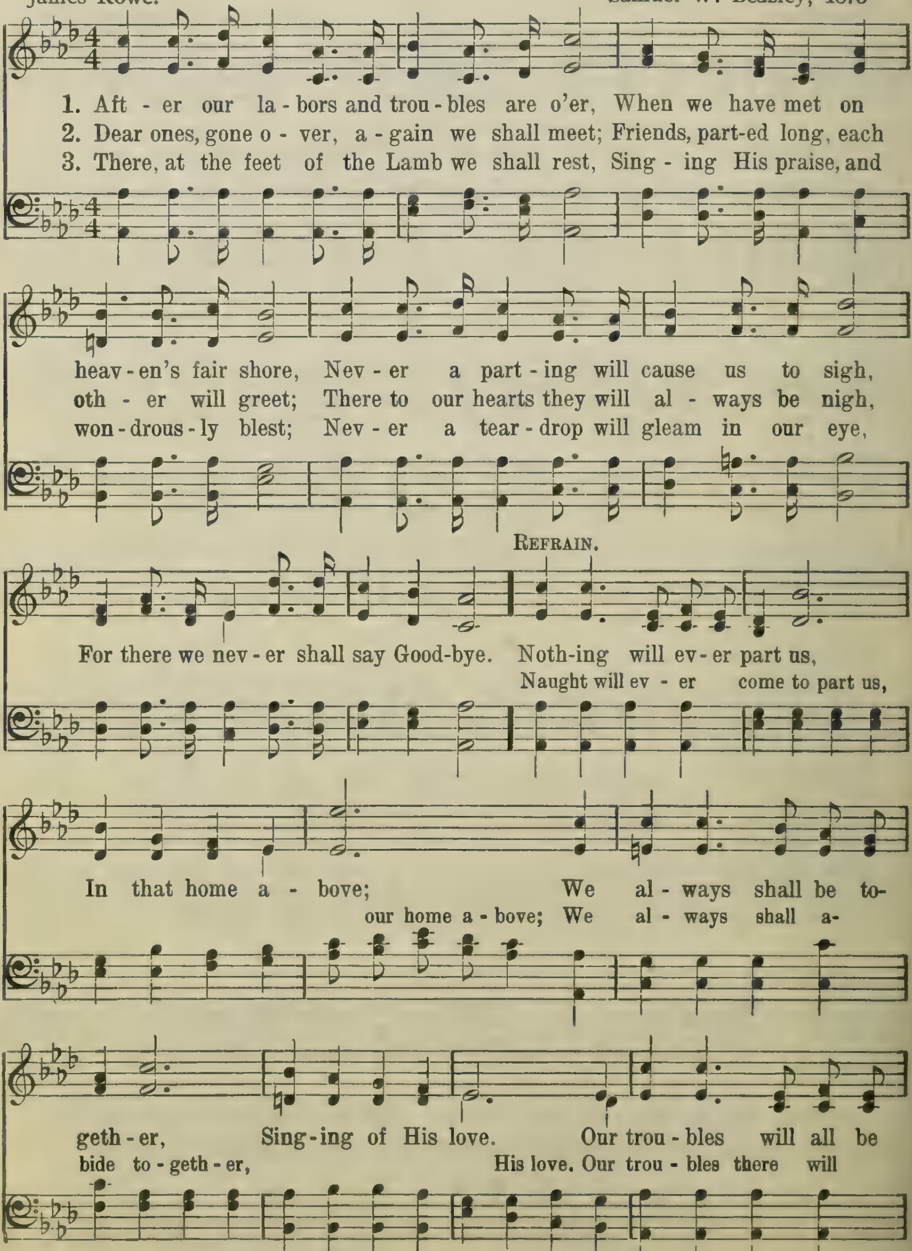
Isaac Watts, 1707. Johann C. H Rink, 1770–1846.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;
E-ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-fad-ing flow'rs:
4. Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the land-scape o'er,—
Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides That heav'n-ly land from ours.
Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A-MEN.

613 After Our Labors and Troubles

(We Shall Never Say Good-Bye in Heaven.)

James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. After our labors and troubles are o'er, When we have met on heaven's fair shore, Never a parting will cause us to sigh,
2. Dear ones, gone over, again we shall meet; Friends, parted long, each other will greet; There to our hearts they will always be nigh,
3. There, at the feet of the Lamb we shall rest, Singing His praise, and wondrously blest; Never a tear-drop will gleam in our eye,
Refrain.
For there we never shall say Good-bye. Nothing will ever part us,
Naught will ever come to part us,
In that home above;
our home above;
We always shall be together, Singing of His love.
We always shall abide together,
His love.
Our troubles will all be
Our troubles there will

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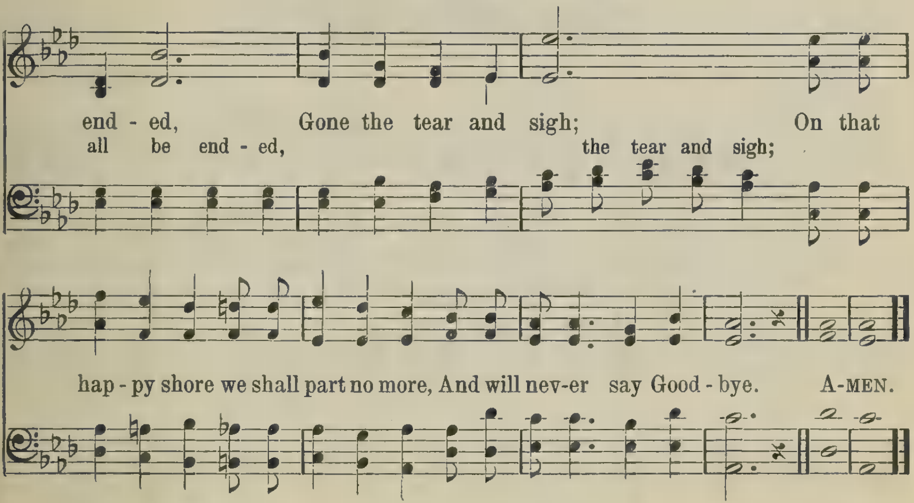
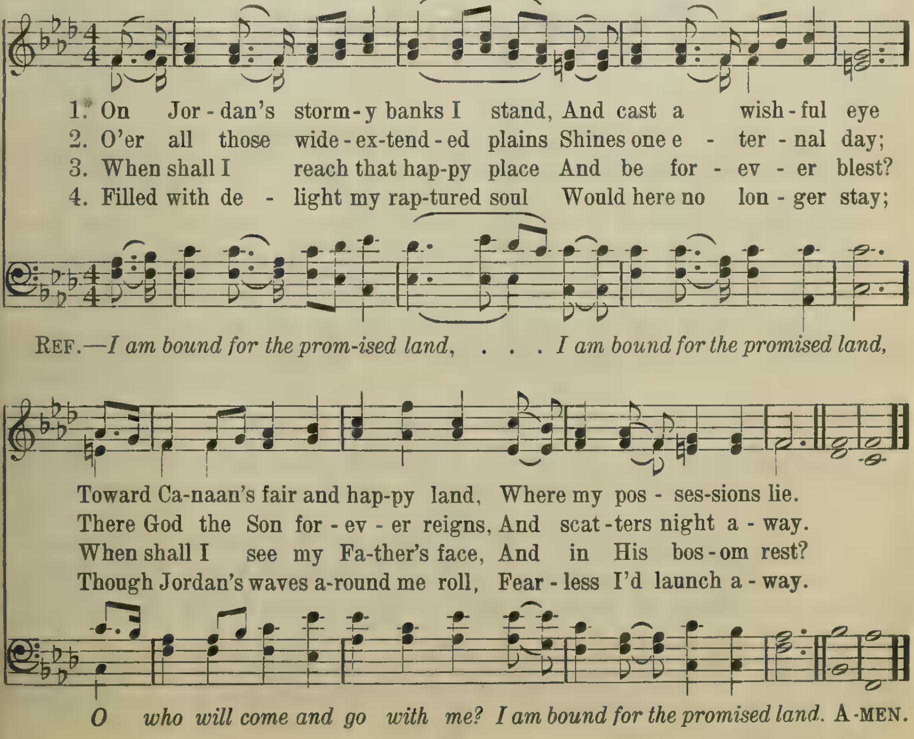

end - ed, Gone the tear and sigh; On that
all be end - ed, the tear and sigh;
hap - py shore we shall part no more, And will nev-er say Good - bye. A-MEN.

614 I Am Bound For the Promised Land

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—REV. 21 : 2.

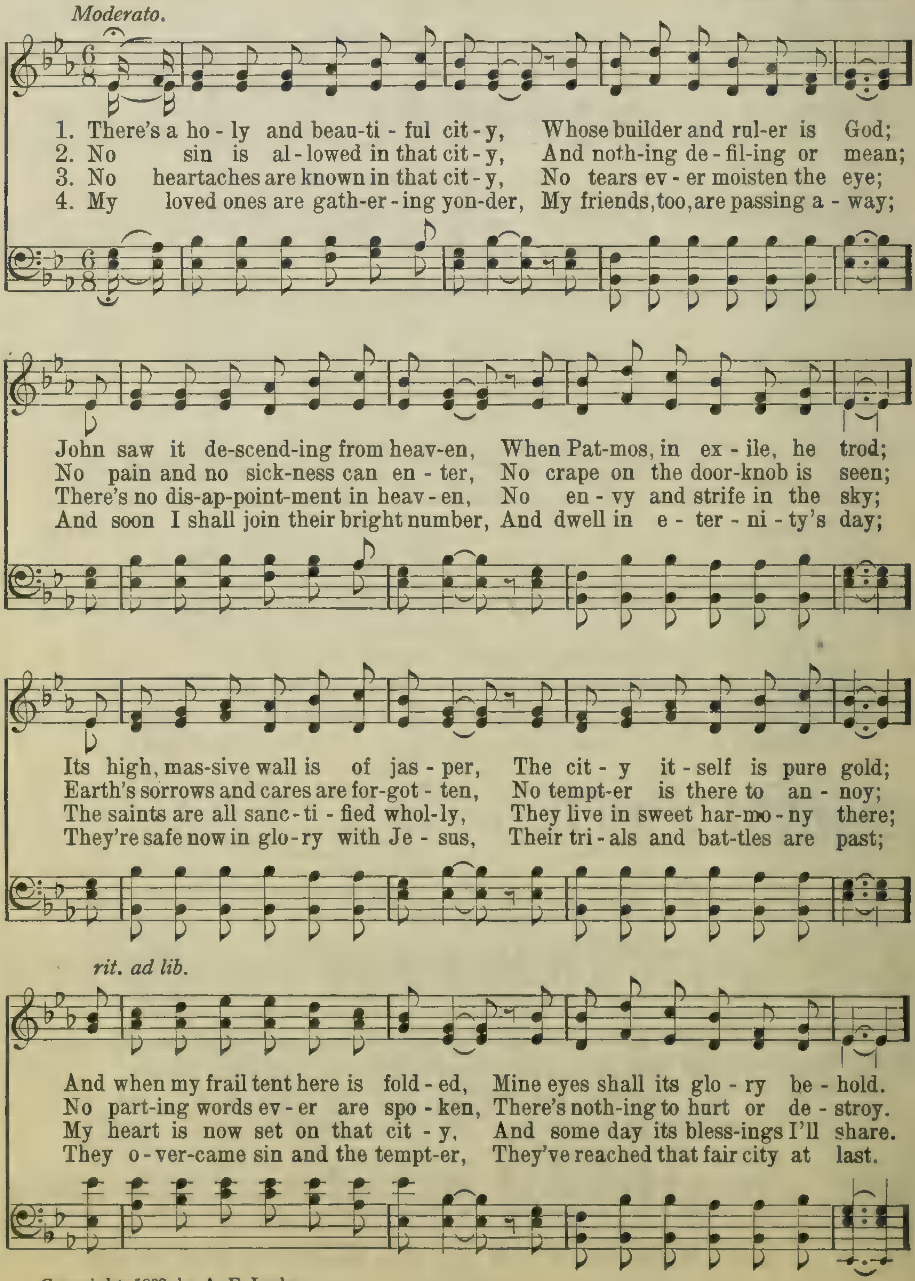
Rev. Samuel Stennett. Arranged.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide - ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light my rap-tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;
REF.—I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land,
Toward Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Though Jordan's waves a-round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.

615

The Pearly White City

A. F. I. Arthur F. Ingler.


Moderato.
1. There's a ho - ly and beau-ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul-er is God;
2. No sin is al - lowed in that cit - y, And noth-ing de - fil-ing or mean;
3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moisten the eye;
4. My loved ones are gath-er - ing yon-der, My friends, too, are passing a - way;
John saw it de-scend-ing from heav-en, When Pat-mos, in ex - ile, he trod;
No pain and no sick-ness can en - ter, No crape on the door-knob is seen;
There's no dis-ap-point-ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;
Its high, mas-sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
Earth's sorrows and cares are for-got - ten, No tempt-er is there to an - noy;
The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol-ly, They live in sweet har-mo - ny there;
They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat-tles are past;
rit. ad lib.
And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
No part-ing words ev - er are spo - ken, There's noth-ing to hurt or de - stroy.
My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless-ings I'll share.
They o - ver-came sin and the tempt-er, They've reached that fair city at last.

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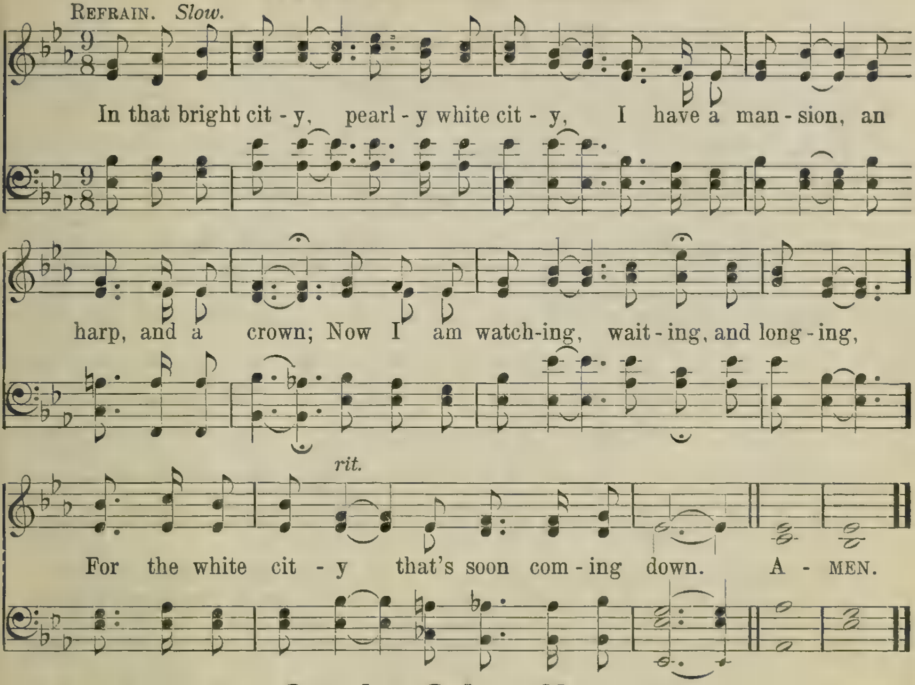
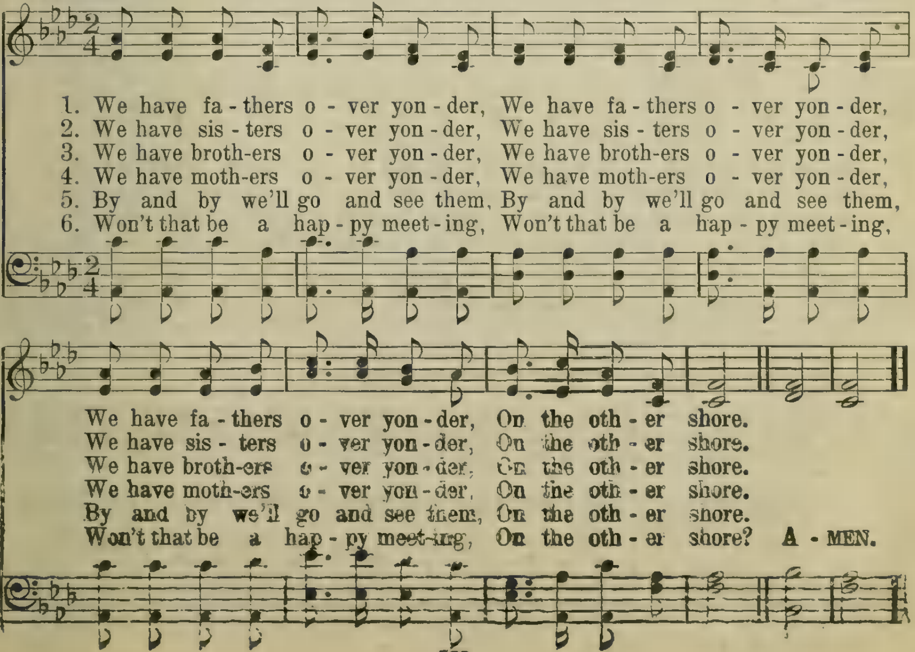

REFRAIN. Slow.
In that bright cit - y, pearl - y white cit - y, I have a man - sion, an
harp, and a crown; Now I am watch-ing, wait - ing, and long - ing,
rit.
For the white cit - y that's soon com - ing down. A - MEN.

616

On the Other Shore

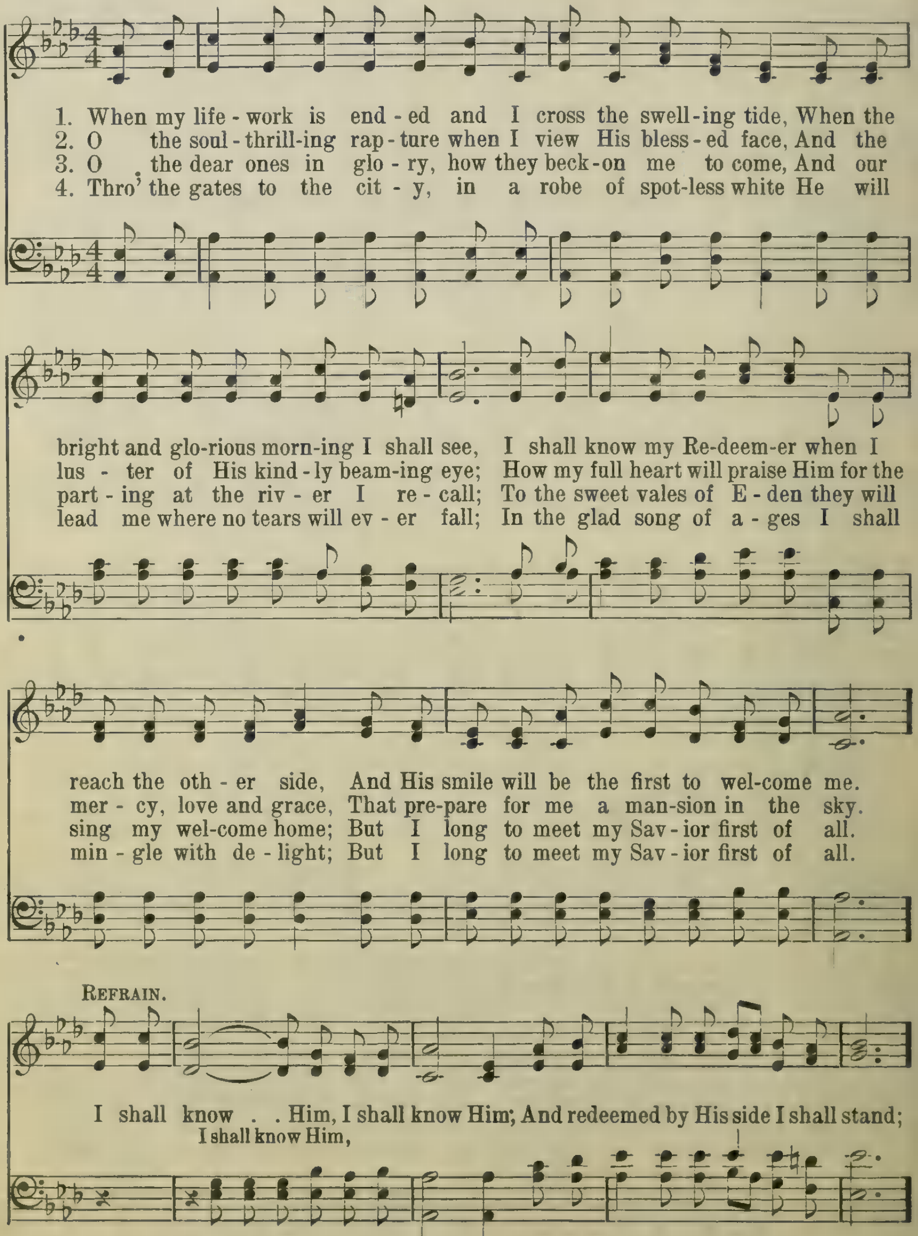
Traditional. Traditional.


1. We have fa - thers o - ver yon - der, We have fa - thers o - ver yon - der,
2. We have sis - ters o - ver yon - der, We have sis - ters o - ver yon - der,
3. We have broth-ers o - ver yon - der, We have broth-ers o - ver yon - der,
4. We have moth-ers o - ver yon - der, We have moth-ers o - ver yon - der,
5. By and by we'll go and see them, By and by we'll go and see them,
6. Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing, Won't that be a hap - py meet - ing,
We have fa - thers o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
We have sis - ters o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
We have broth-ers o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
We have moth-ers o - ver yon - der, On the oth - er shore.
By and by we'll go and see them, On the oth - er shore.
Won't that be a hap - py meet-ing, On the oth - er shore? A - MEN.

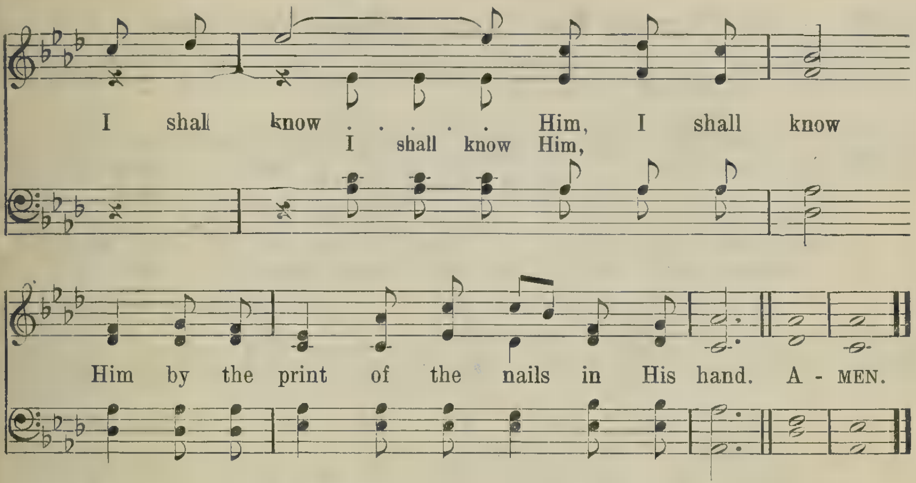
617 When My Life-work Is Ended

(My Savior First of All.)

Fanny J. Crosby, 1823. Jno. R. Sweney.

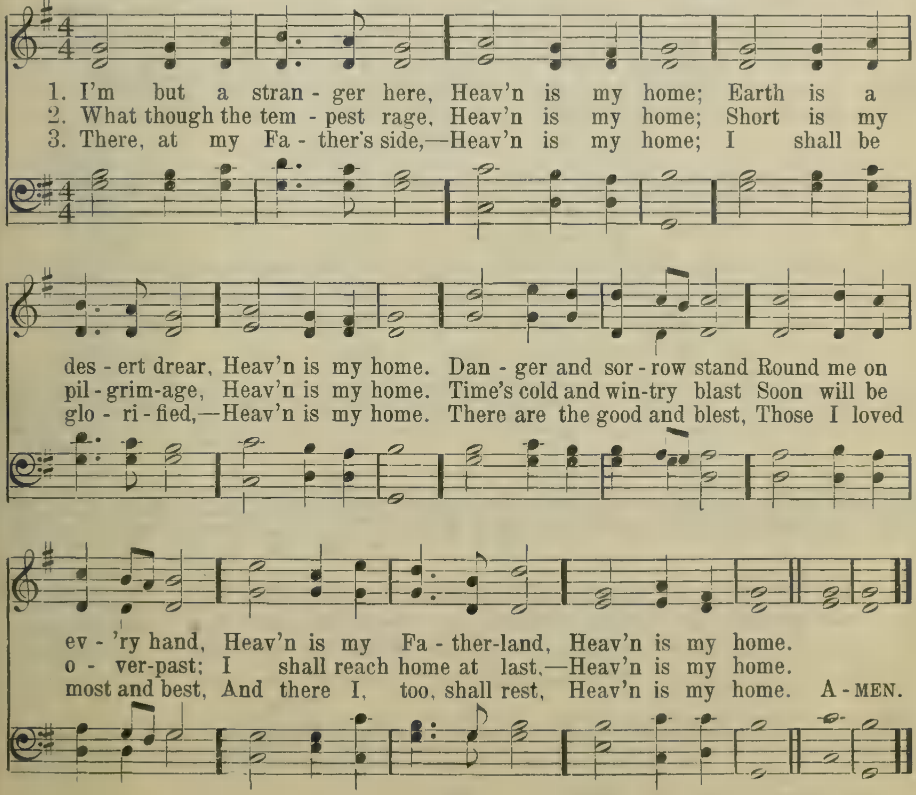

1. When my life - work is end - ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O the soul - thrill-ing rap - ture when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. O the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot-less white He will
bright and glo-rious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Re-deem-er when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E - den they will
lead me where no tears will ev - er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav - ior first of all.
Refrain.
I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him; And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney.


I shall know . . . . . . Him, I shall know
I shall know Him,
Him by the print of the nails in His hand. A - MEN.

618 I'm But a Stranger Here

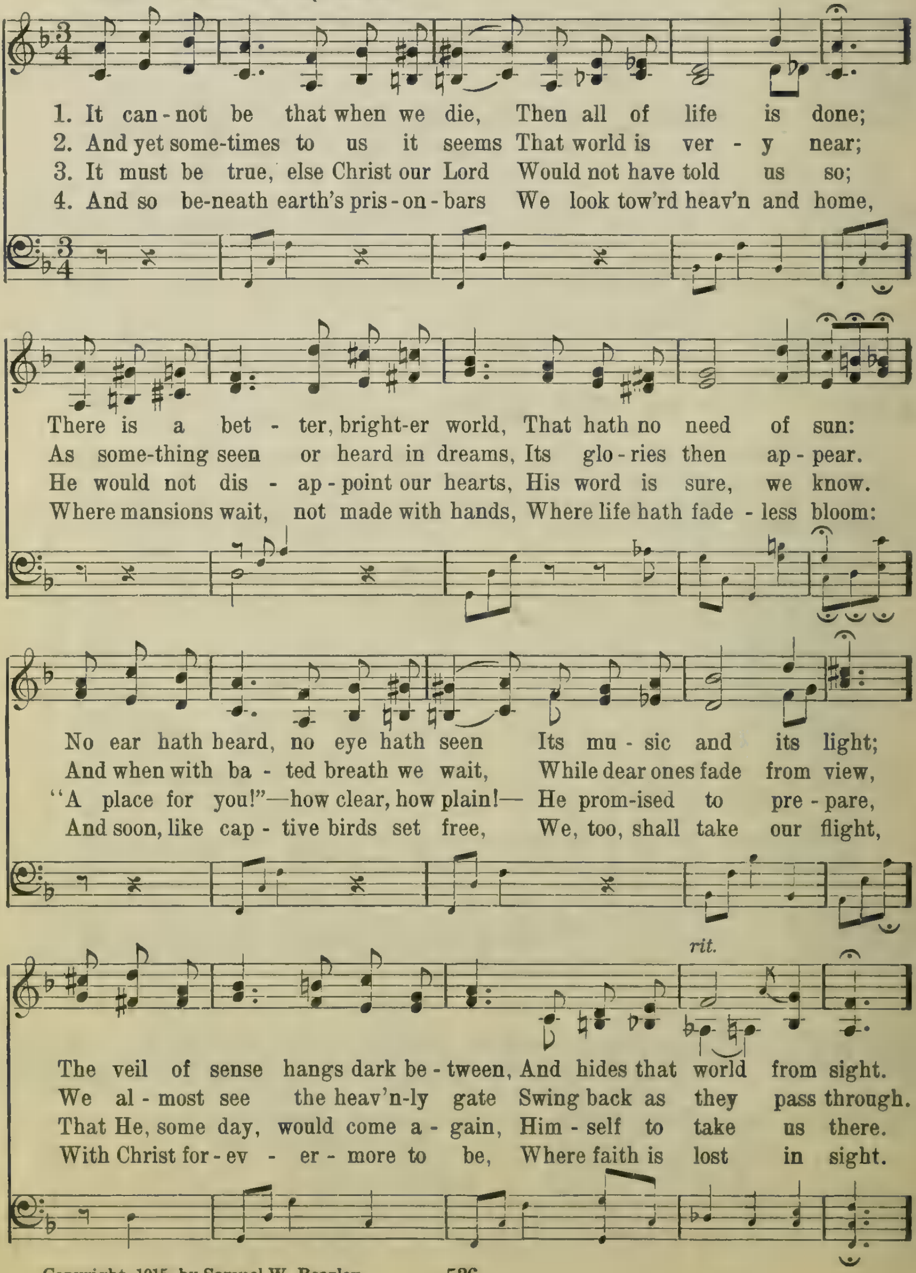
Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1835. (OAK. 7s, 4s.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
3. There, at my Fa - ther's side,—Heav'n is my home; I shall be
des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home. Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on
pil - grim-age, Heav'n is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be
glo - ri - fied,—Heav'n is my home. There are the good and blest, Those I loved
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa - ther-land, Heav'n is my home.
o - ver-past; I shall reach home at last,—Heav'n is my home.
most and best, And there I, too, shall rest, Heav'n is my home. A - MEN.

619 It Cannot Be That When We Die

T. O. Chisholm. (It Must Be True.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Duet. *Andante con espressione.*


1. It can-not be that when we die, Then all of life is done;
2. And yet some-times to us it seems That world is ver - y near;
3. It must be true, else Christ our Lord Would not have told us so;
4. And so be-neath earth's pris-on-bars We look tow'rd heav'n and home,
There is a bet - ter, bright-er world, That hath no need of sun:
As some-thing seen or heard in dreams, Its glo-ries then ap-pear.
He would not dis - ap-point our hearts, His word is sure, we know.
Where mansions wait, not made with hands, Where life hath fade - less bloom:
No ear hath heard, no eye hath seen Its mu-sic and its light;
And when with ba - ted breath we wait, While dear ones fade from view,
"A place for you!"—how clear, how plain!— He prom-ised to pre-pare,
And soon, like cap - tive birds set free, We, too, shall take our flight,
rit.
The veil of sense hangs dark be-tween, And hides that world from sight.
We al-most see the heav'n-ly gate Swing back as they pass through.
That He, some day, would come a-gain, Him-self to take us there.
With Christ for-ev - er - more to be, Where faith is lost in sight.

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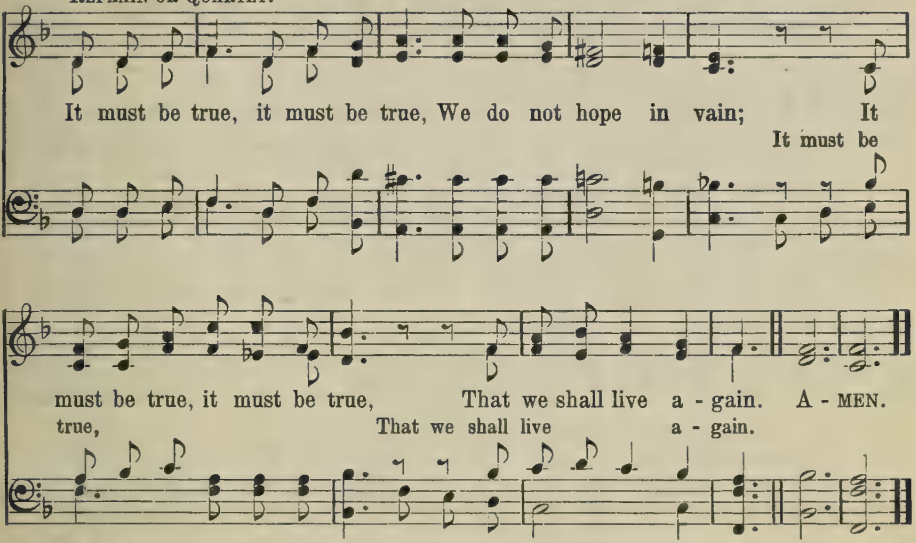
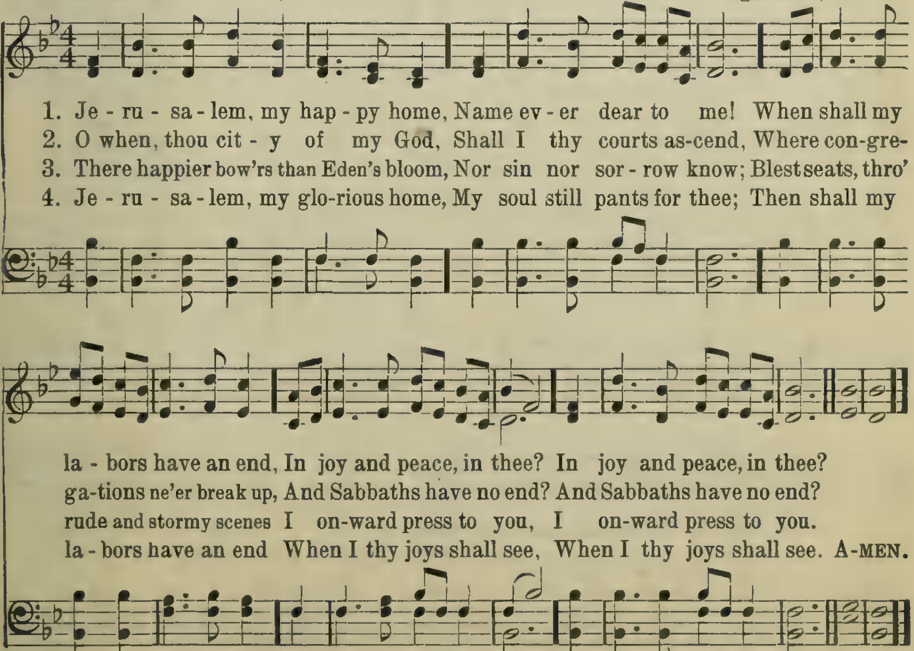
REFRAIN OR QUARTET.


It must be true, it must be true, We do not hope in vain; It
It must be
must be true, it must be true, That we shall live a - gain. A - MEN.
true, That we shall live a - gain.

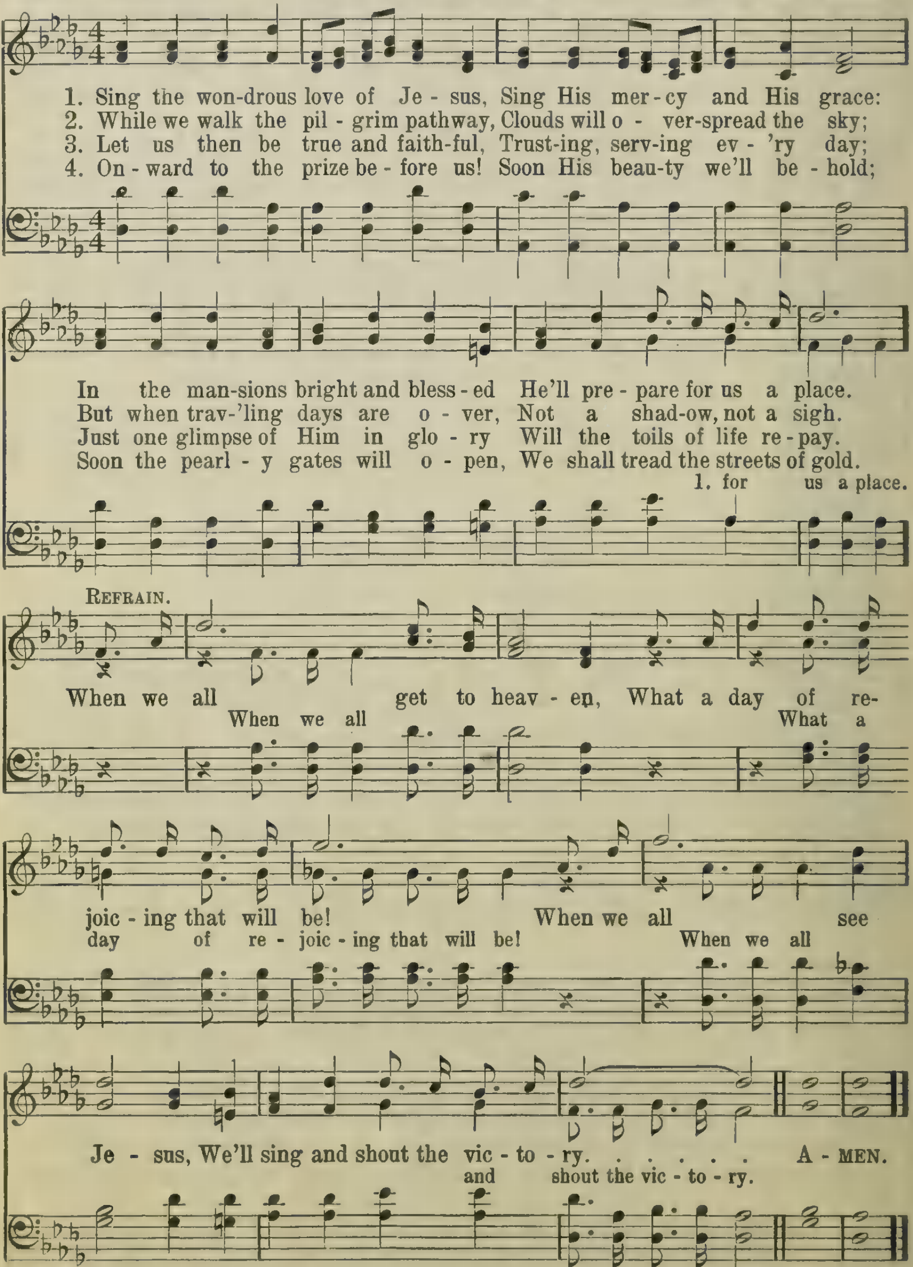
620 Jerusalem, My Happy Home

Latin Hymn. 8th Century. (JERUSALEM. C. M.)
Williams' and Boden's Col., 1801. F. Burgmuller, 1804.


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as-cend, Where con-gre-
3. There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know; Blest seats, thro'
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo-rious home, My soul still pants for thee; Then shall my
la - bors have an end, In joy and peace, in thee? In joy and peace, in thee?
ga-tions ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no end? And Sabbaths have no end?
rude and stormy scenes I on-ward press to you, I on-ward press to you.
la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see. A-MEN.

621 Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus

E. E. Hewitt. (When We All Get to Heaven.) Mrs. J. G. Wilson.


1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace:
2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;
In the man-sions bright and bless - ed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
1. for us a place.
Refrain.
When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
When we all What a
joic - ing that will be! When we all see
day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all
Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. . . . . . . A - MEN.
and shout the vic - to - ry.

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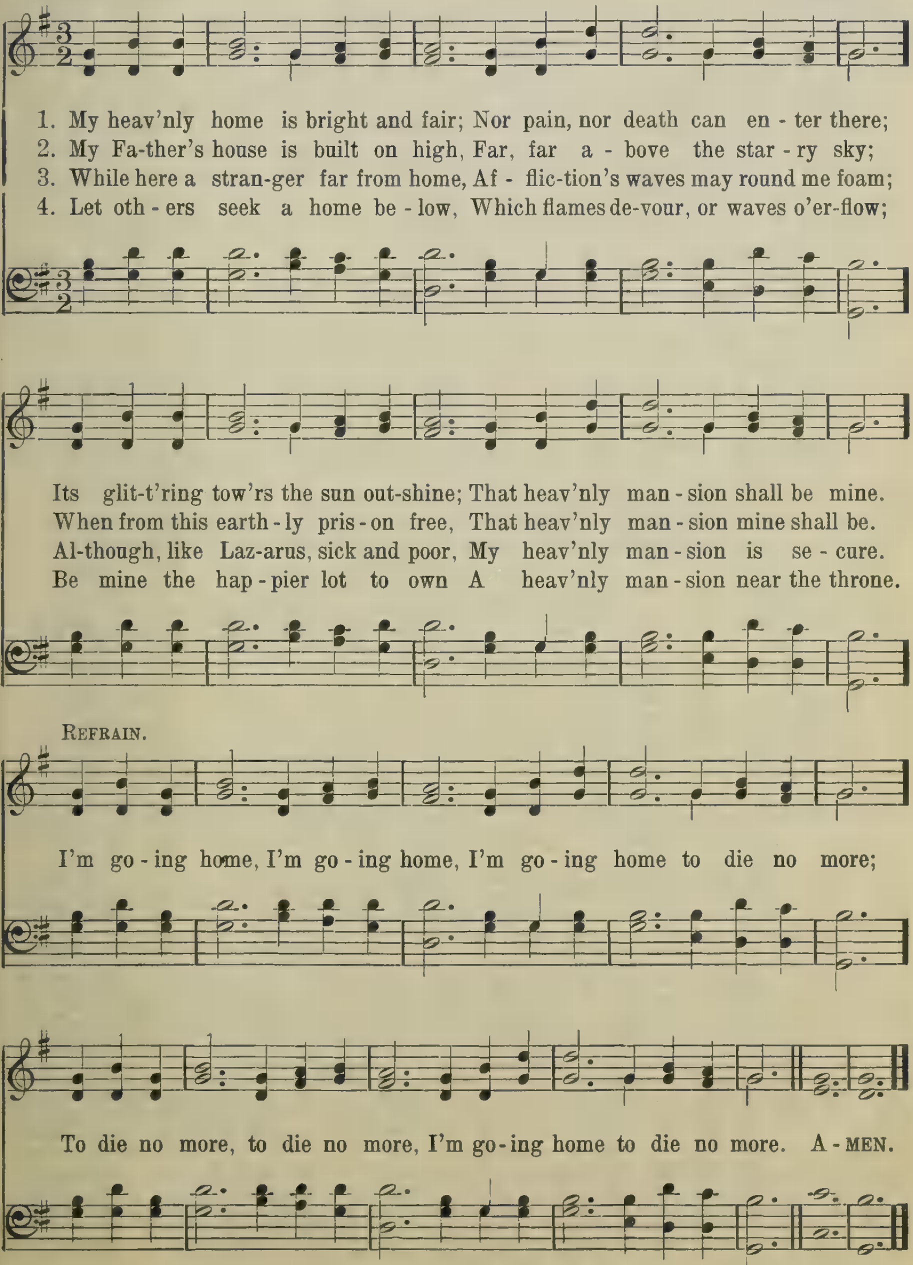
622 My Heavenly Home Is Bright and Fair

William Hunter. (I'M GOING HOME.) Traditional.

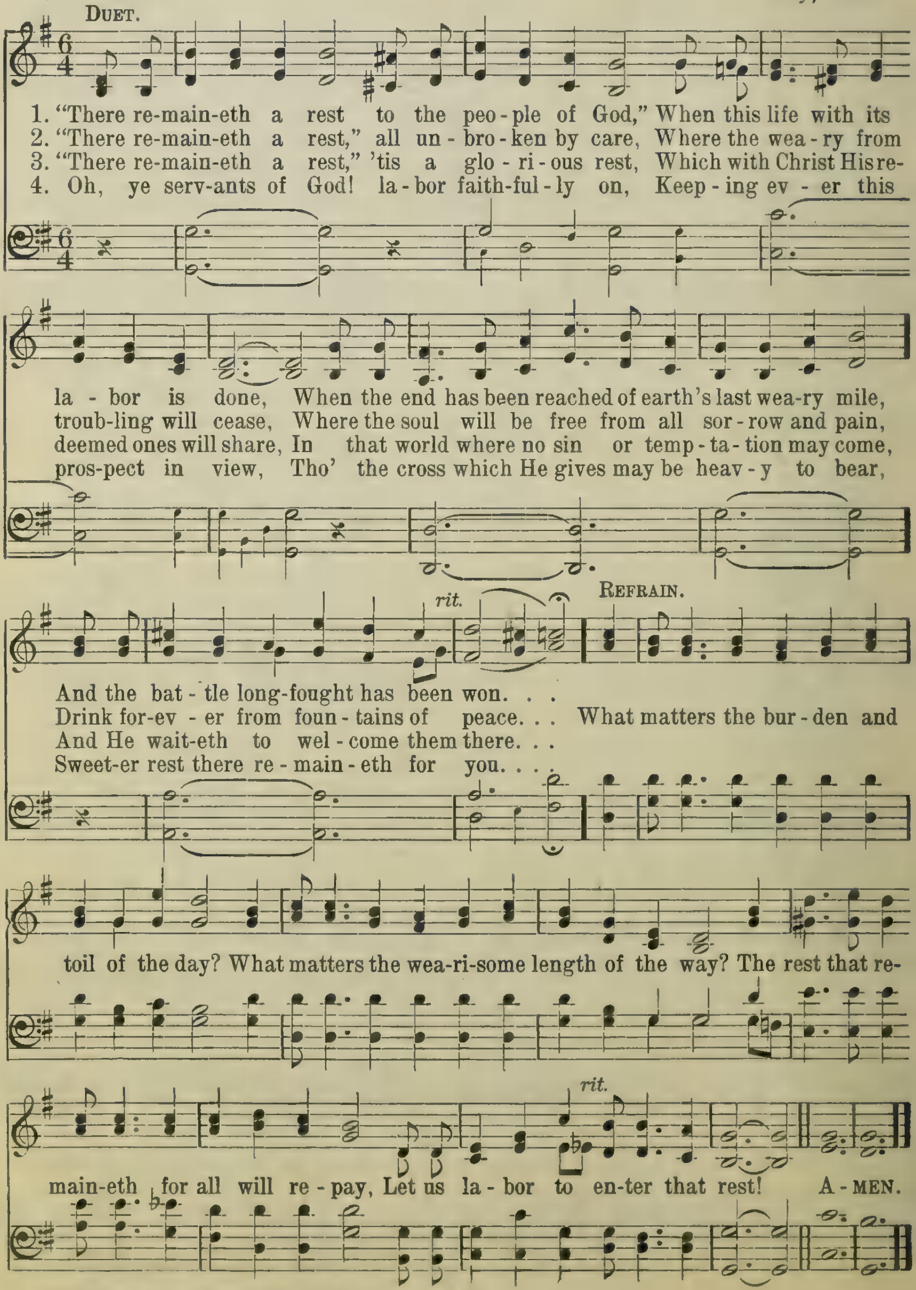

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en - ter there;
2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star - ry sky;
3. While here a stran-ger far from home, Af - flic-tion's waves may round me foam;
4. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames de-vour, or waves o'er-flow;
Its glit-t'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man - sion shall be mine.
When from this earth - ly pris - on free, That heav'nly man - sion mine shall be.
Al-though, like Laz-arus, sick and poor, My heav'nly man - sion is se - cure.
Be mine the hap - pier lot to own A heav'nly man - sion near the throne.
REFRAIN.
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more. A - MEN.

623

There Remaineth a Rest

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


DUET.
1. "There re-main-eth a rest to the peo-ple of God," When this life with its la-bor is done, When the end has been reached of earth's last wea-ry mile, And the bat-tle long-fought has been won. . .
2. "There re-main-eth a rest," all un-bro-ken by care, Where the wea-ry from troub-ling will cease, Where the soul will be free from all sor-row and pain, Drink for-ev-er from foun-tains of peace. . .
3. "There re-main-eth a rest," 'tis a glo-ri-ous rest, Which with Christ His re-deemed ones will share, In that world where no sin or temp-ta-tion may come, And He wait-eth to wel-come them there. . .
4. Oh, ye serv-ants of God! la-bor faith-ful-ly on, Keep-ing ev-er this pros-pect in view, Tho' the cross which He gives may be heav-y to bear, Sweet-er rest there re-main-eth for you. . .
rit.
REFRAIN.
What matters the bur-den and toil of the day? What matters the wea-ri-some length of the way? The rest that re-main-eth for all will re-pay, Let us la-bor to en-ter that rest!
rit.
A-MEN.

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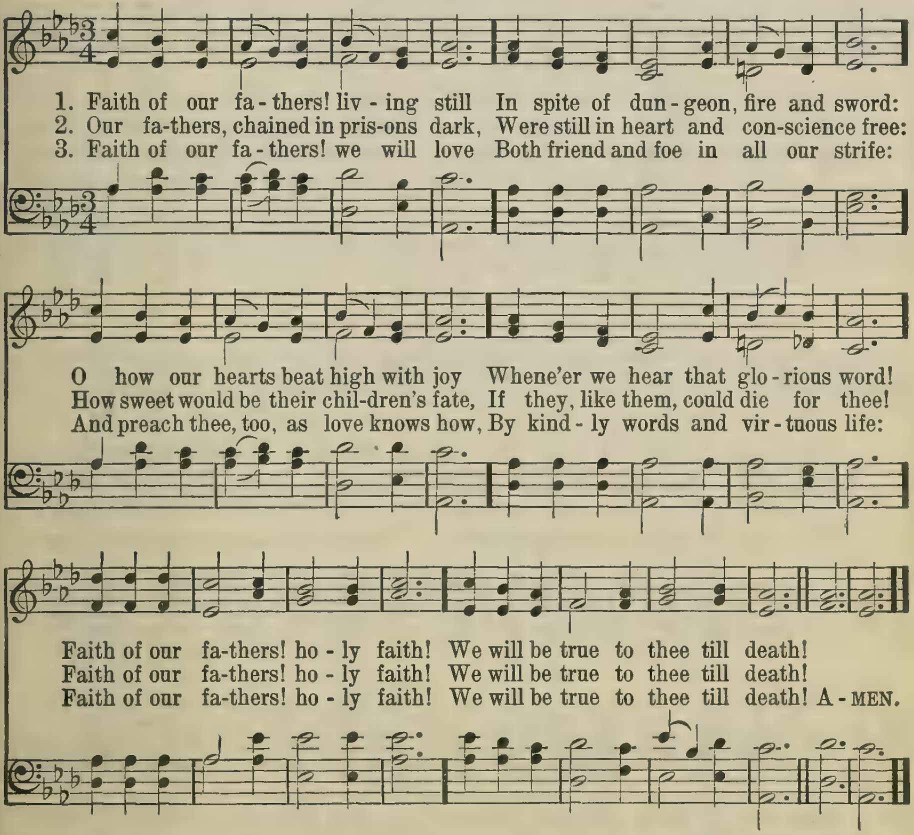
624 Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber. (St. Catherine.) Adapted by J. G. Walton.


1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv-ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and con-science free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their chil-dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A-MEN.

624½ Faith of Our Mothers, Living Yet

Hymn to Our Mothers.

(St. Catherine.)

1 Faith of our Mothers, living yet
In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
In nursery love and fireside love,
Thy presence still pervades the air:
Faith of our Mothers, living faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

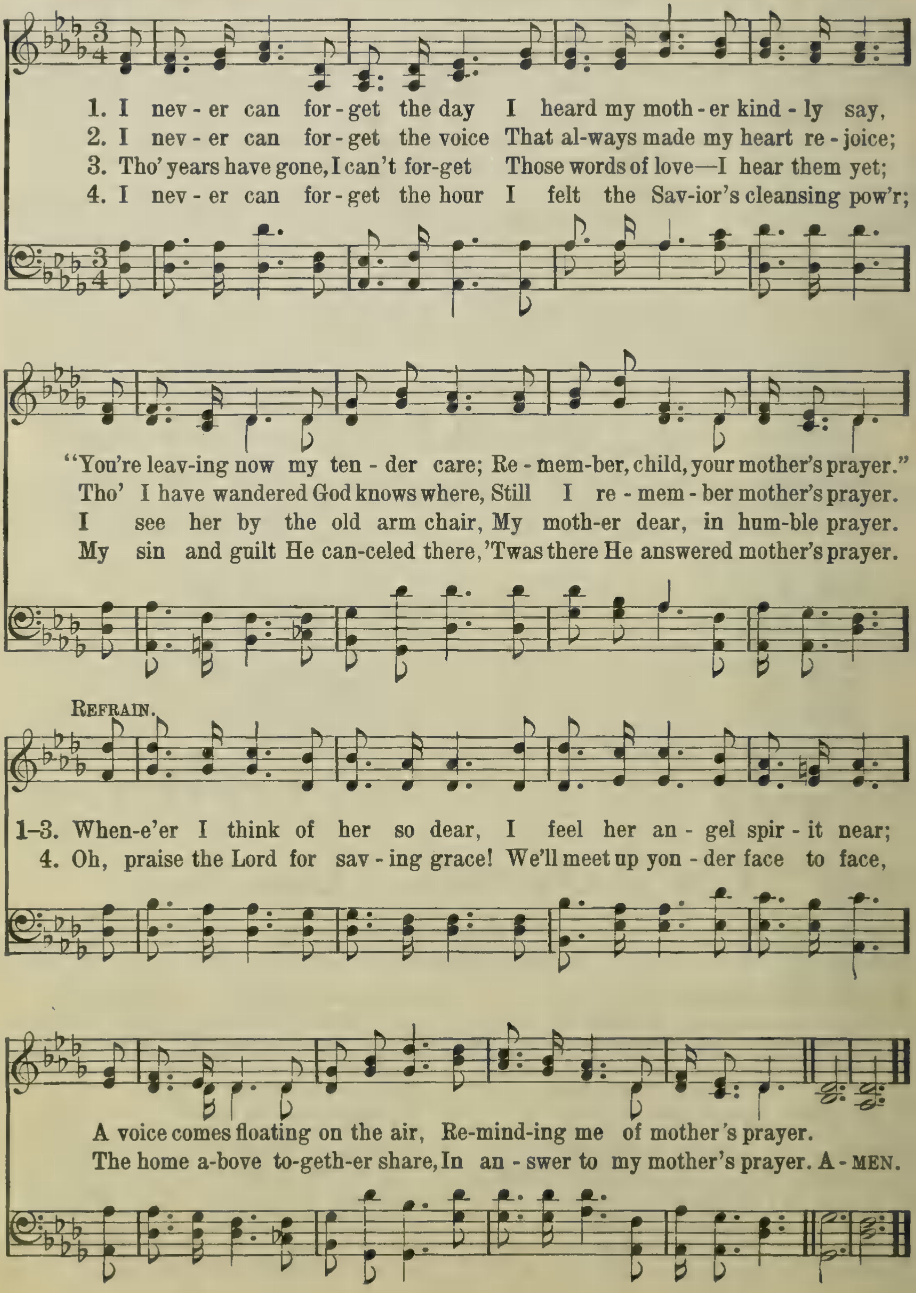
2 Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
The fount of childhood's trust and grace,
O, may thy consecration prove
The well-spring of a nobler race:
Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
For youthful longing—youthful doubt,
How blurred our vision, blind our way,
Thy providential care without:
Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

4 Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
In truth beyond our man-made creeds,
Still serve the home and save the church,
And breathe thy spirit through our deeds:
Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

625 My Mother's Prayer

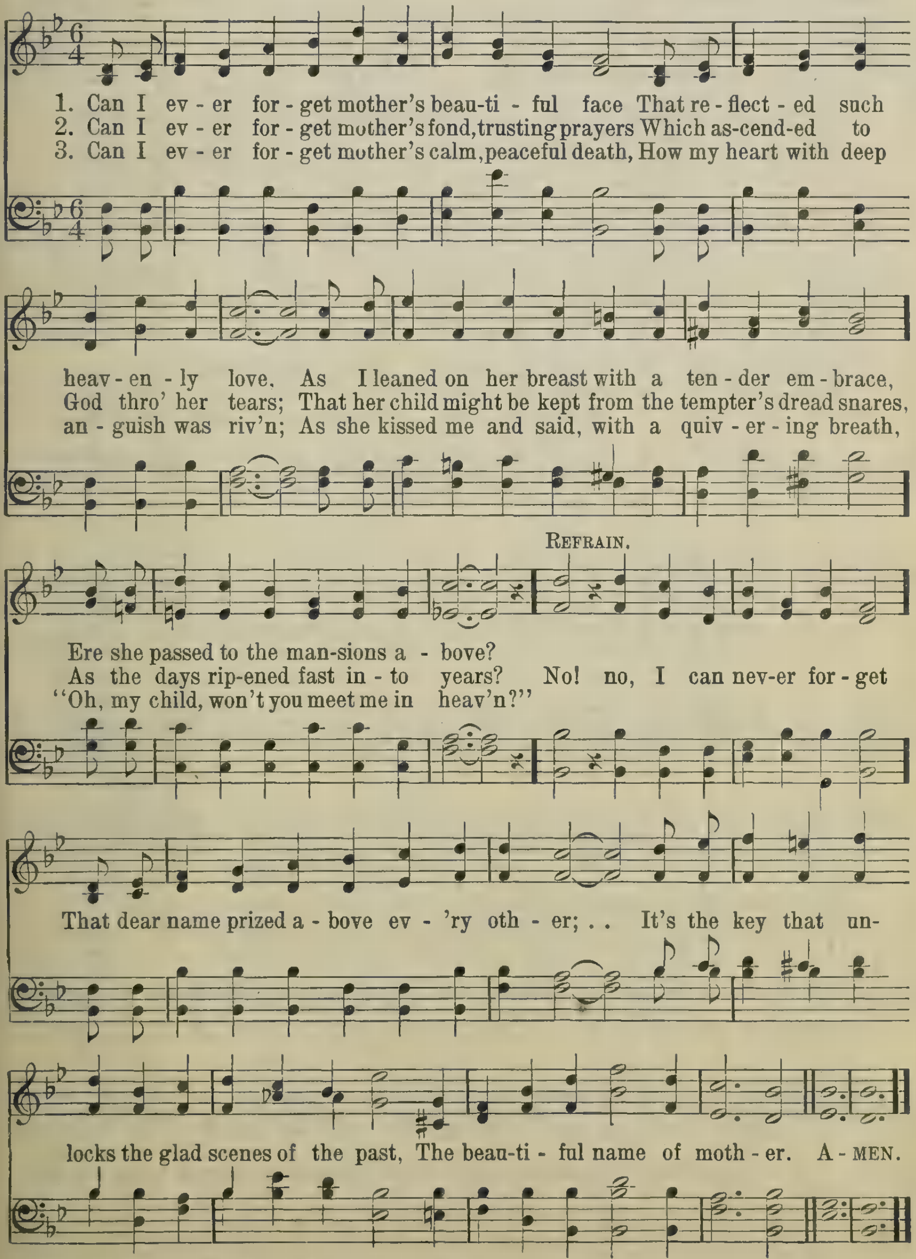
J. W. Van DeVenter. W. S. Weeden.


1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al-ways made my heart re - joice;
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for-get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav-ior's cleansing pow'r;
"You're leav-ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem-ber, child, your mother's prayer."
Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's prayer.
I see her by the old arm chair, My moth-er dear, in hum-ble prayer.
My sin and guilt He can-celed there, 'Twas there He answered mother's prayer.
Refrain.
1–3. When-e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face,
A voice comes floating on the air, Re-mind-ing me of mother's prayer.
The home a-bove to-geth-er share, In an - swer to my mother's prayer. A - men.

626

Mother

Rev. D. H. King. Robt. E. Clarke.


1. Can I ev - er for - get mother's beau-ti - ful face That re - flect - ed such
2. Can I ev - er for - get mother's fond, trusting prayers Which as-cend-ed to
3. Can I ev - er for - get mother's calm, peaceful death, How my heart with deep
heav - en - ly love. As I leaned on her breast with a ten - der em - brace,
God thro' her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempter's dread snares,
an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,
Ere she passed to the man-sions a - bove?
As the days rip-ened fast in - to years?
"Oh, my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?"
Refrain.
No! no, I can nev-er for - get
That dear name prized a - bove ev - 'ry oth - er; . . It's the key that un-
locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau-ti - ful name of moth - er. A - MEN.

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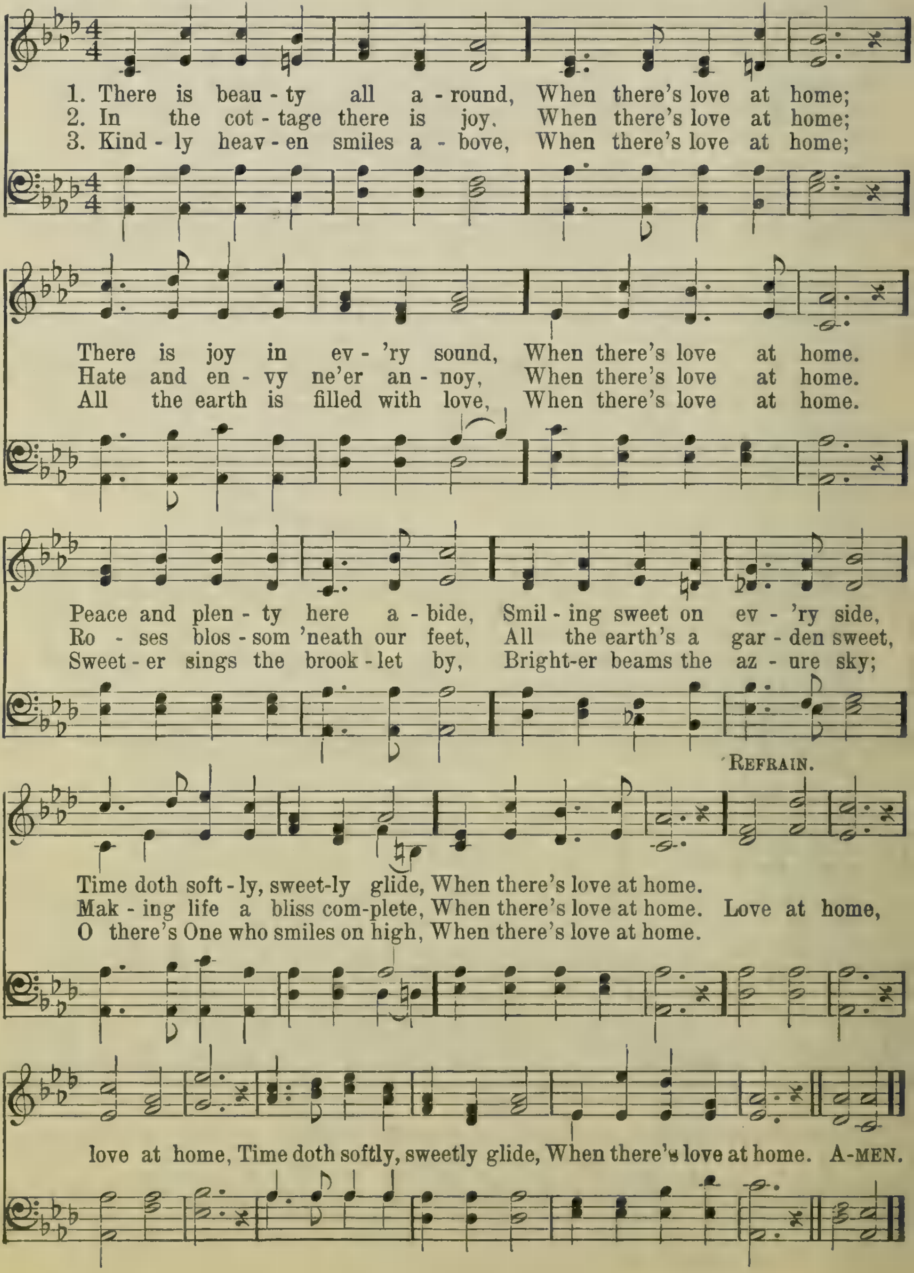
627

There Is Beauty All Around

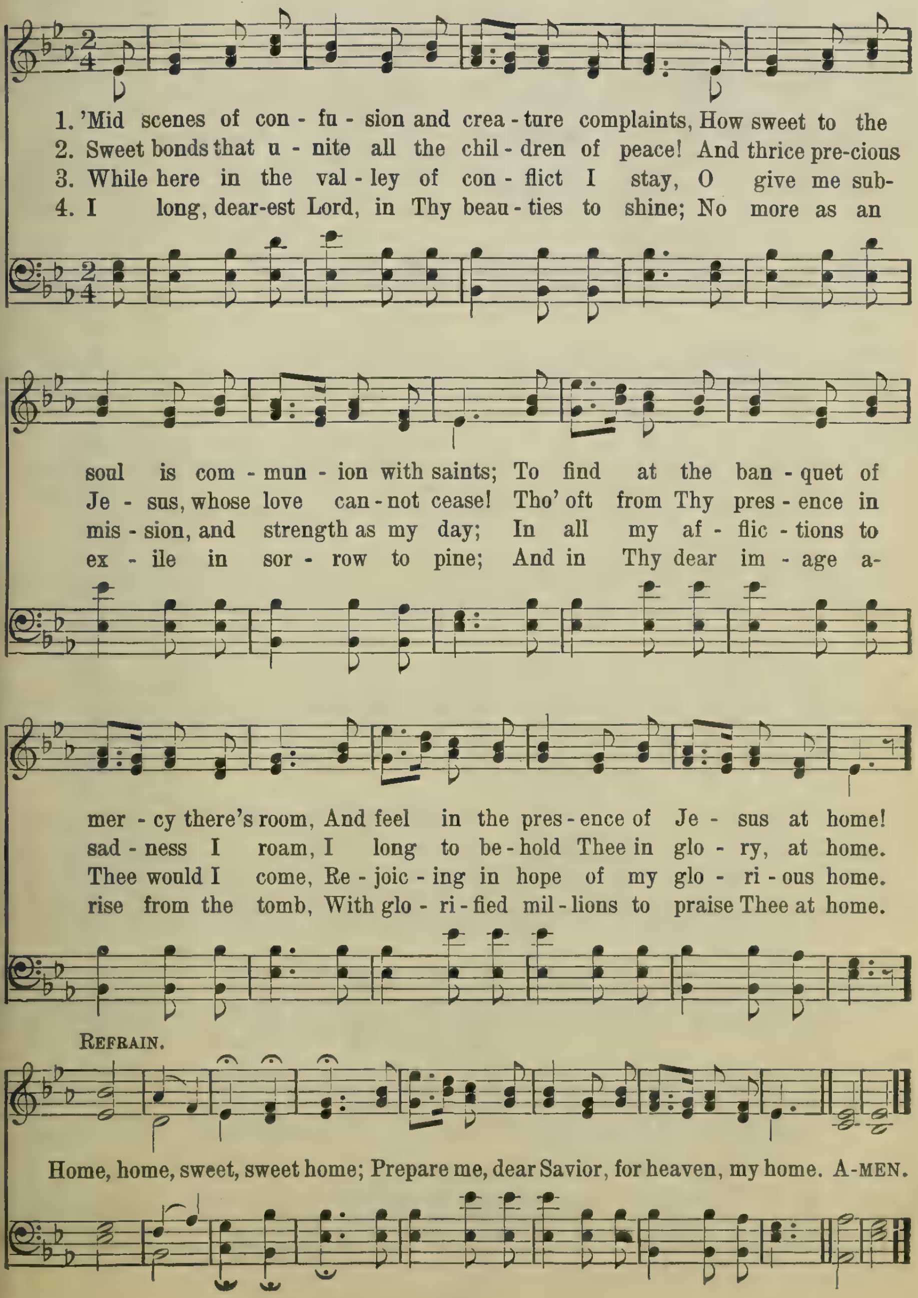
(HOME. 7, 5, 7, 5, 7, 7, 7, 5. With Refrain.)

John H. McNaughton. John H. McNaughton.


1. There is beau - ty all a - round, When there's love at home;
2. In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home;
3. Kind - ly heav - en smiles a - bove, When there's love at home;
There is joy in ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home.
Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home.
All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.
Peace and plen - ty here a - bide, Smil - ing sweet on ev - 'ry side,
Ro - ses blos - som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet,
Sweet - er sings the brook - let by, Bright-er beams the az - ure sky;
REFRAIN.
Time doth soft - ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.
Mak - ing life a bliss com-plete, When there's love at home. Love at home,
O there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.
love at home, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home. A-MEN.

628 Sweet Home

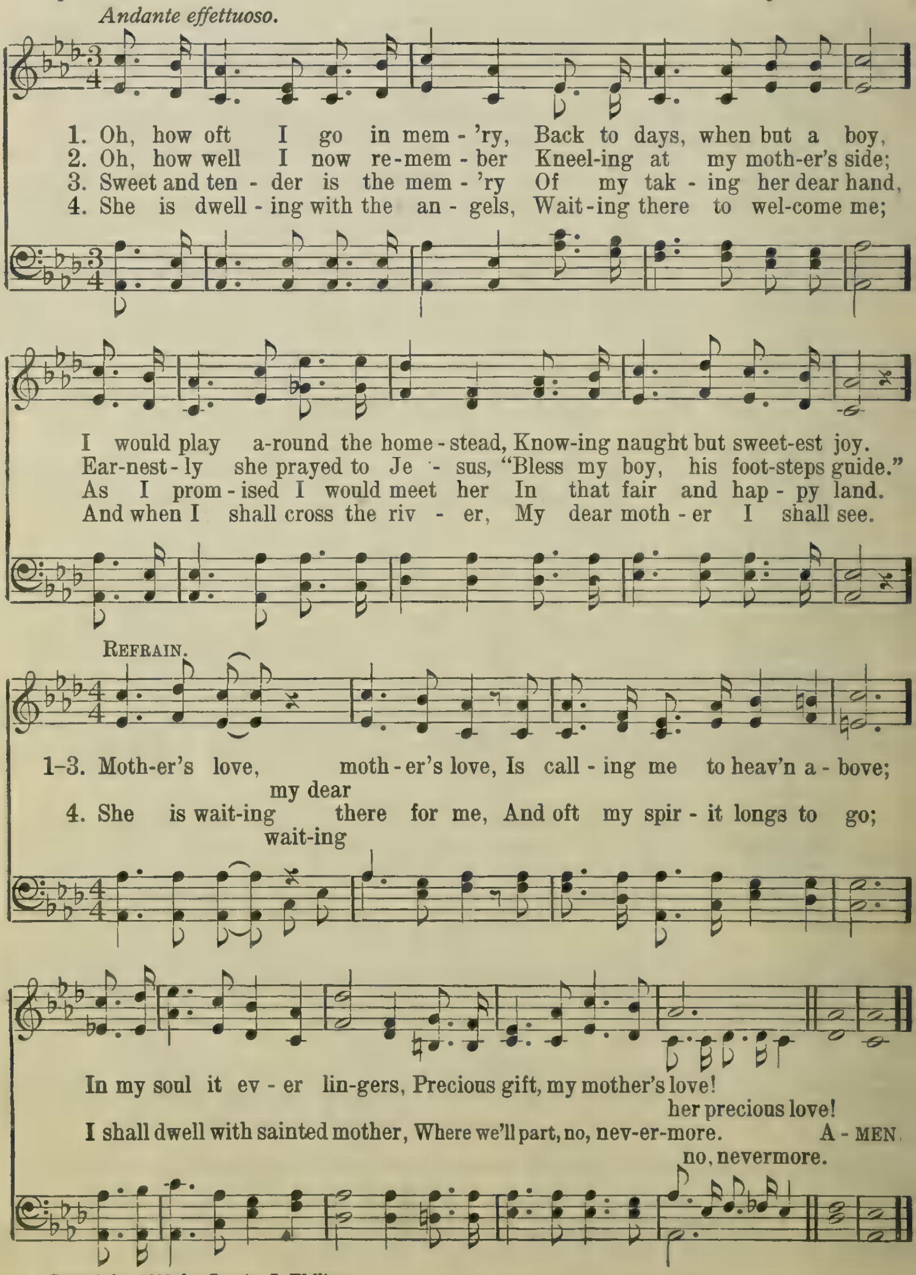
David Denham. Henry Rowley Bishop.


1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture complaints, How sweet to the
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the chil - dren of peace! And thrice pre-cious
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub-
4. I long, dear-est Lord, in Thy beau - ties to shine; No more as an
soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban - quet of
Je - sus, whose love can - not cease! Tho' oft from Thy pres - ence in
mis - sion, and strength as my day; In all my af - flic - tions to
ex - ile in sor - row to pine; And in Thy dear im - age a-
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home!
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold Thee in glo - ry, at home.
Thee would I come, Re - joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.
rise from the tomb, With glo - ri - fied mil - lions to praise Thee at home.
REFRAIN.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven, my home. A-MEN.

629

Memories of Mother

C. J. W. Curtis J. Williams.


Andante effettuoso.
1. Oh, how oft I go in mem - 'ry, Back to days, when but a boy,
2. Oh, how well I now re-mem - ber Kneel-ing at my moth-er's side;
3. Sweet and ten - der is the mem - 'ry Of my tak - ing her dear hand,
4. She is dwell - ing with the an - gels, Wait-ing there to wel-come me;
I would play a-round the home - stead, Know-ing naught but sweet-est joy.
Ear-nest - ly she prayed to Je - sus, "Bless my boy, his foot-steps guide."
As I prom - ised I would meet her In that fair and hap - py land.
And when I shall cross the riv - er, My dear moth - er I shall see.
REFRAIN.
1–3. Moth-er's love, my dear moth - er's love, Is call - ing me to heav'n a - bove;
4. She is wait-ing wait-ing there for me, And oft my spir - it longs to go;
In my soul it ev - er lin-gers, Precious gift, my mother's love! her precious love!
I shall dwell with sainted mother, Where we'll part, no, nev-er-more. no, nevermore. A - MEN.

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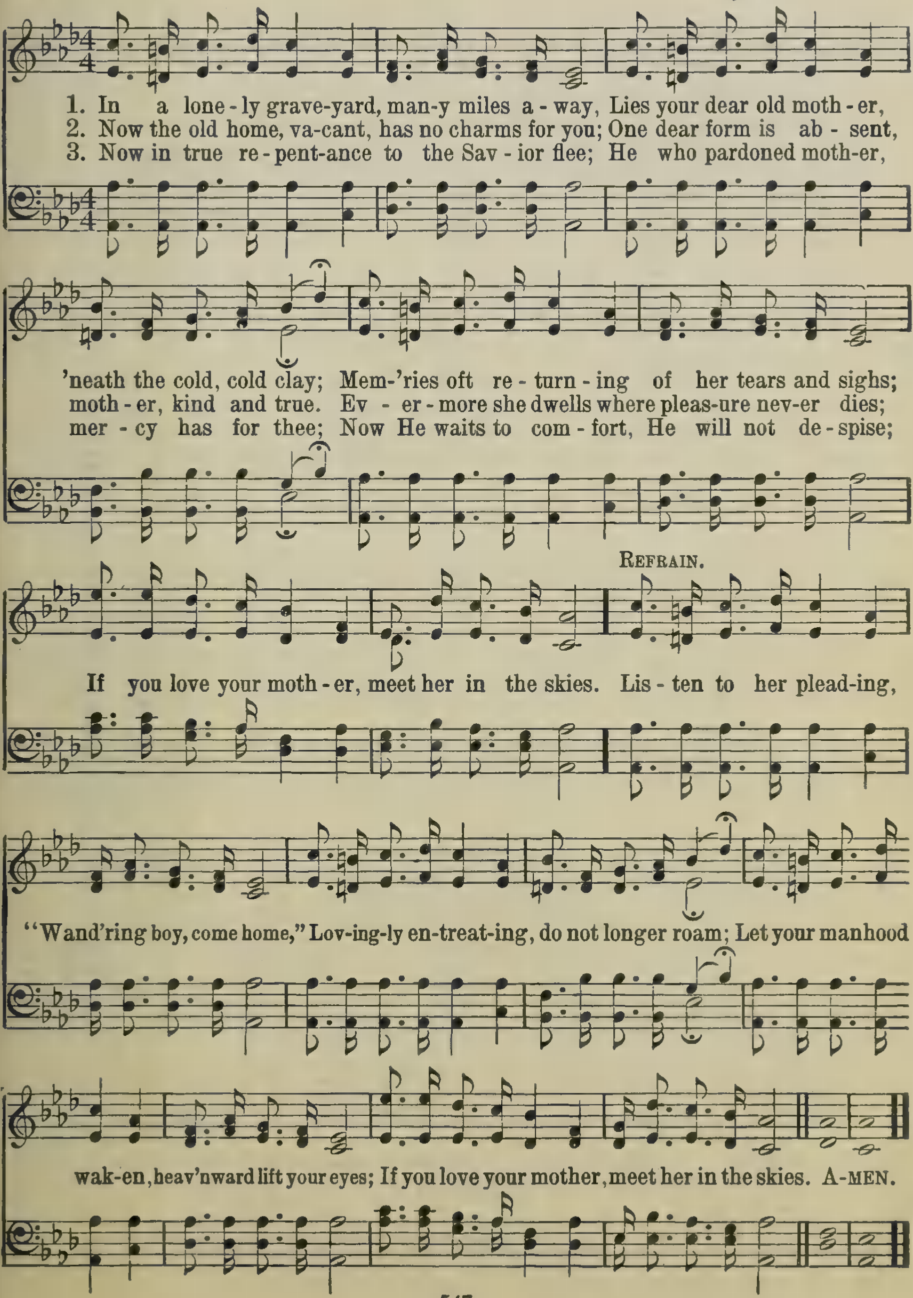
630

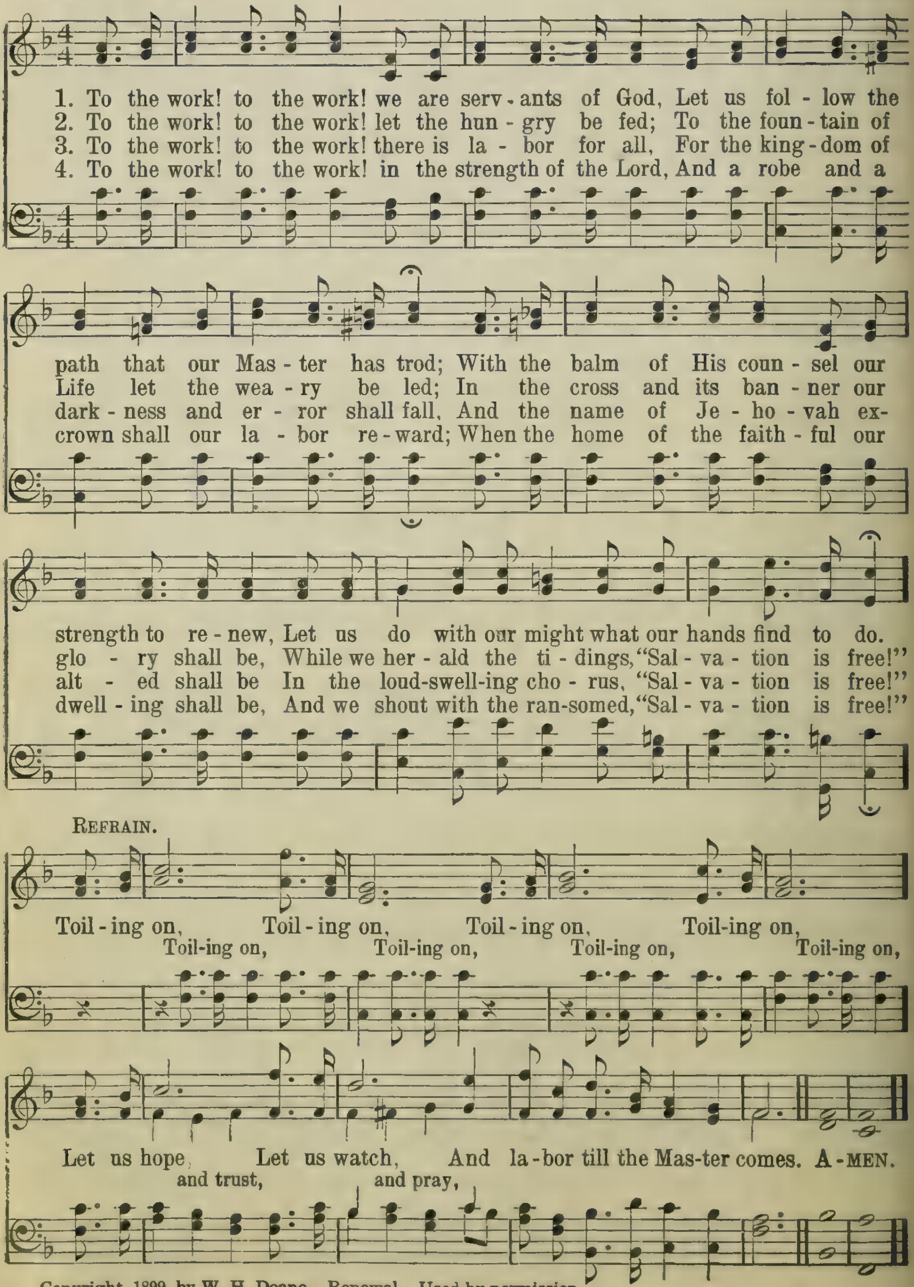
Meet Mother in the Skies

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.


1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a-way, Lies your dear old moth-er,
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab-sent,
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav-ior flee; He who pardoned moth-er,
'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re-turn-ing of her tears and sighs;
moth-er, kind and true. Ev-er-more she dwells where pleas-ure nev-er dies;
mer-cy has for thee; Now He waits to com-fort, He will not de-spise;
If you love your moth-er, meet her in the skies.
Refrain.
Lis-ten to her plead-ing, "Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing, do not longer roam; Let your manhood wak-en, heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies. A-men.

631 To the Work

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us fol - low the
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the foun - tain of
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the king - dom of
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a
path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His coun - sel our
Life let the wea - ry be led; In the cross and its ban - ner our
dark - ness and er - ror shall fall, And the name of Je - ho - vah ex-
crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the faith - ful our
strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
alt - ed shall be In the loud-swell-ing cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed, "Sal - va - tion is free!"
Refrain.
Toil - ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil - ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
Let us hope and trust, Let us watch and pray, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes. A - men.

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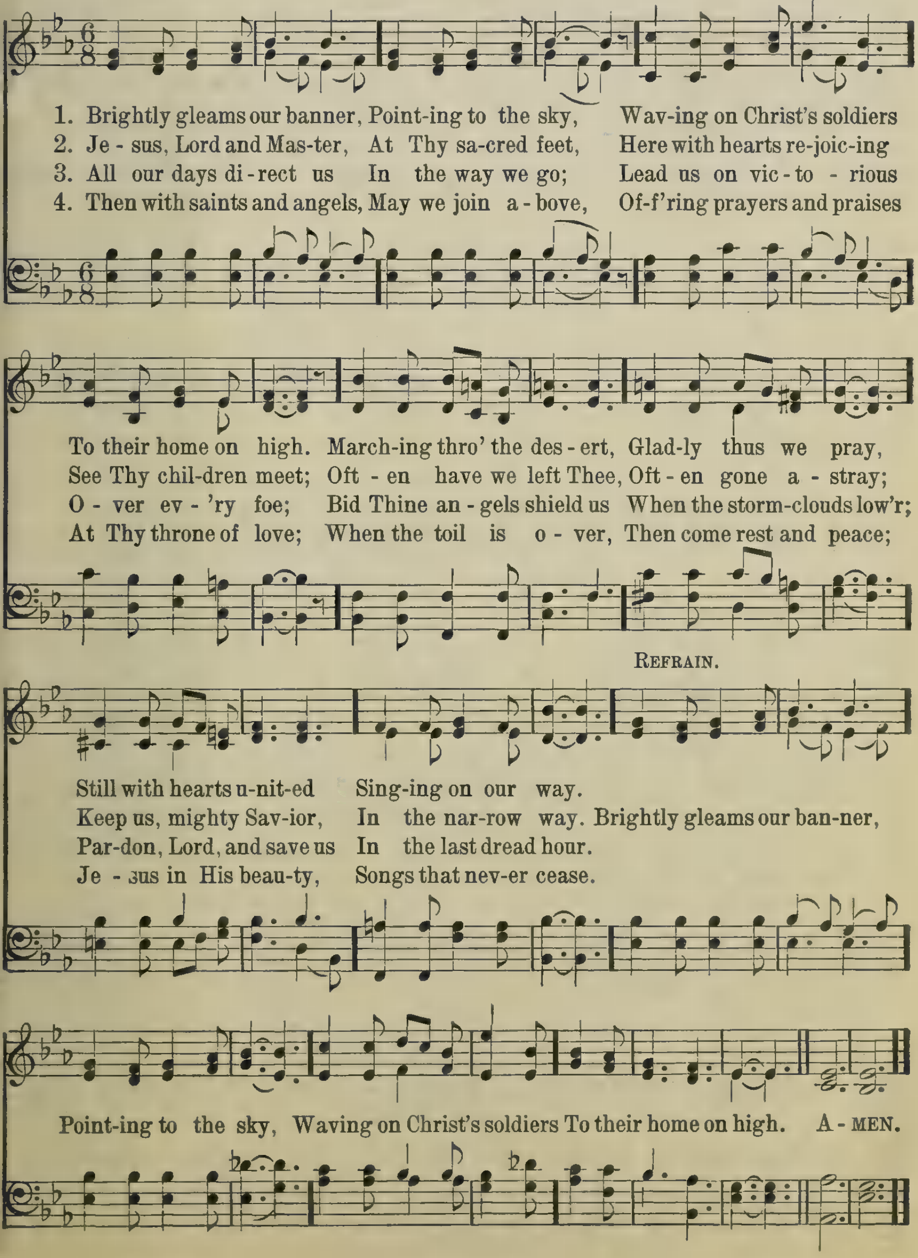
632 Brightly Gleams Our Banner

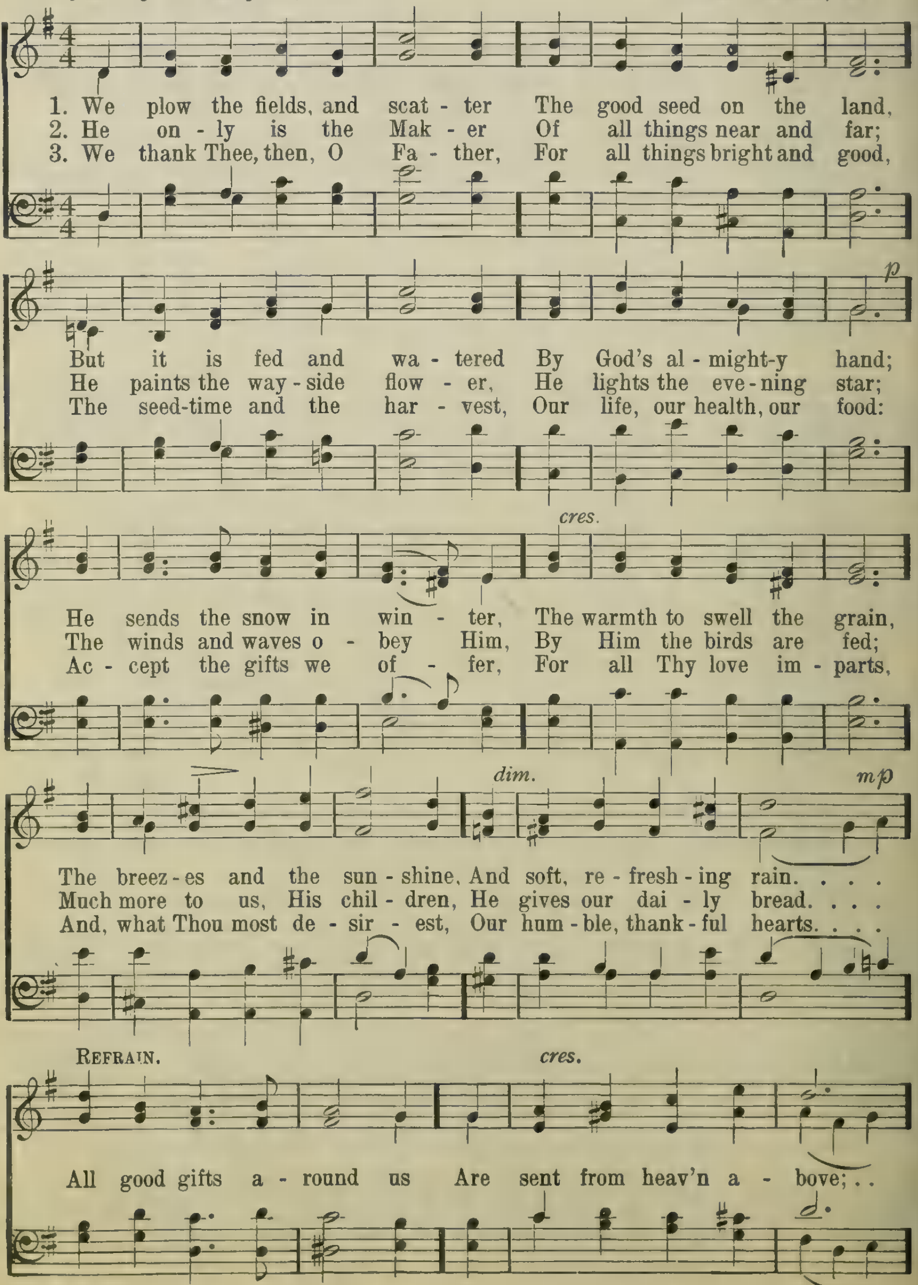
(St. Theresa. 6, 5, 6, 5. D. With Refrain.)

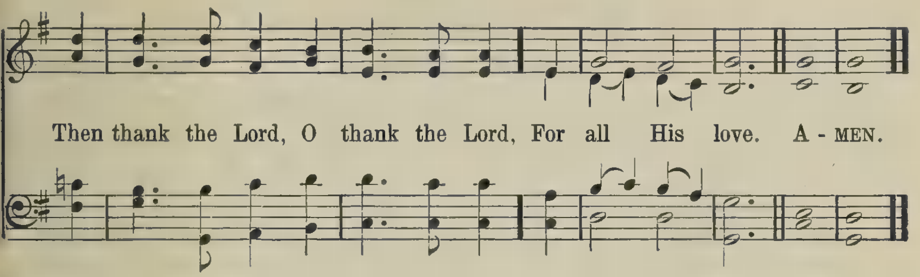
Thomas J. Potter, 1860. Arthur S. Sullivan, 1874.


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers
2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing
3. All our days di - rect us In the way we go; Lead us on vic - to - rious
4. Then with saints and angels, May we join a - bove, Of-f'ring prayers and praises
To their home on high. March-ing thro' the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray;
O - ver ev - 'ry foe; Bid Thine an - gels shield us When the storm-clouds low'r;
At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then come rest and peace;
Refrain.
Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way.
Keep us, mighty Sav-ior, In the nar-row way. Brightly gleams our ban-ner,
Par-don, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.
Je - sus in His beau-ty, Songs that nev-er cease.
Point-ing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A - men.

633 We Plow the Fields

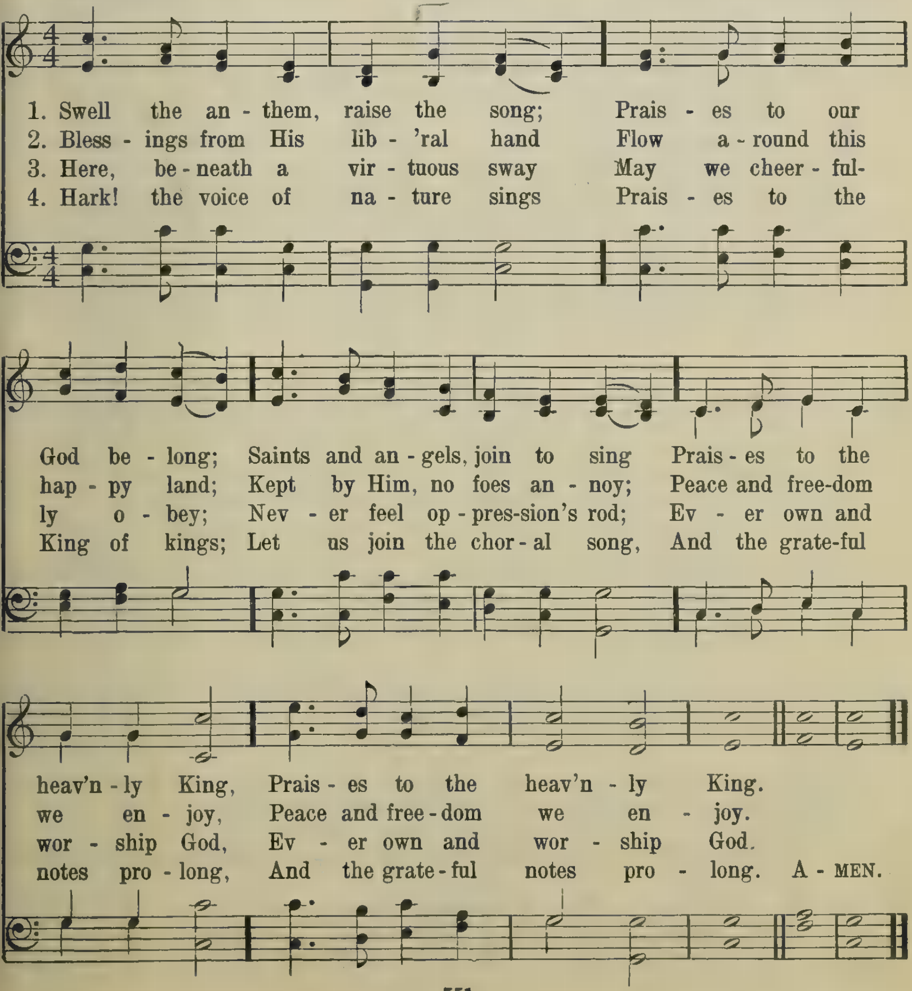
Matthias Claudius, 1782. (COTTMAN. P. M.)
Tr. by Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861. Arthur Cottman, 1879.


1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far;
3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good,
p
But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might-y hand;
He paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star;
The seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food:
cres.
He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed;
Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts,
dim.
mp
The breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing rain. . . .
Much more to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread. . . .
And, what Thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts. . . .
REFRAIN.
cres.
All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove; . .


Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love. A - MEN.

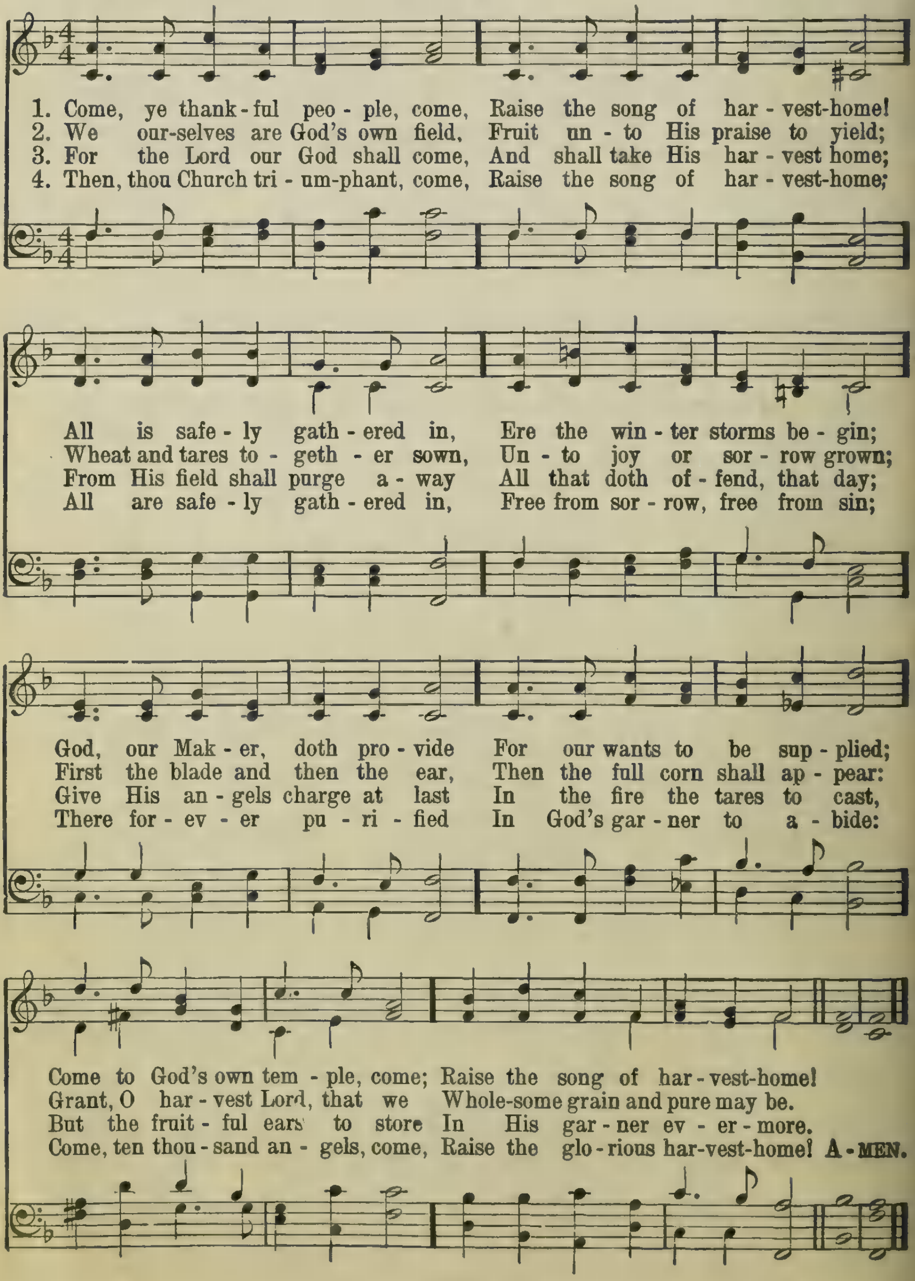
634 Swell the Anthem, Raise the Song

Nathan Strong, 1799. (ESSEX. 7s.) Thomas Clark, 1775–1859.


1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our
2. Bless - ings from His lib - 'ral hand Flow a - round this
3. Here, be - neath a vir - tuous sway May we cheer - ful-
4. Hark! the voice of na - ture sings Prais - es to the
God be - long; Saints and an - gels, join to sing Prais - es to the
hap - py land; Kept by Him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free-dom
ly o - bey; Nev - er feel op - pres-sion's rod; Ev - er own and
King of kings; Let us join the chor - al song, And the grate-ful
heav'n - ly King, Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.
we en - joy, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
wor - ship God, Ev - er own and wor - ship God.
notes pro - long, And the grate - ful notes pro - long. A - MEN.

635 Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

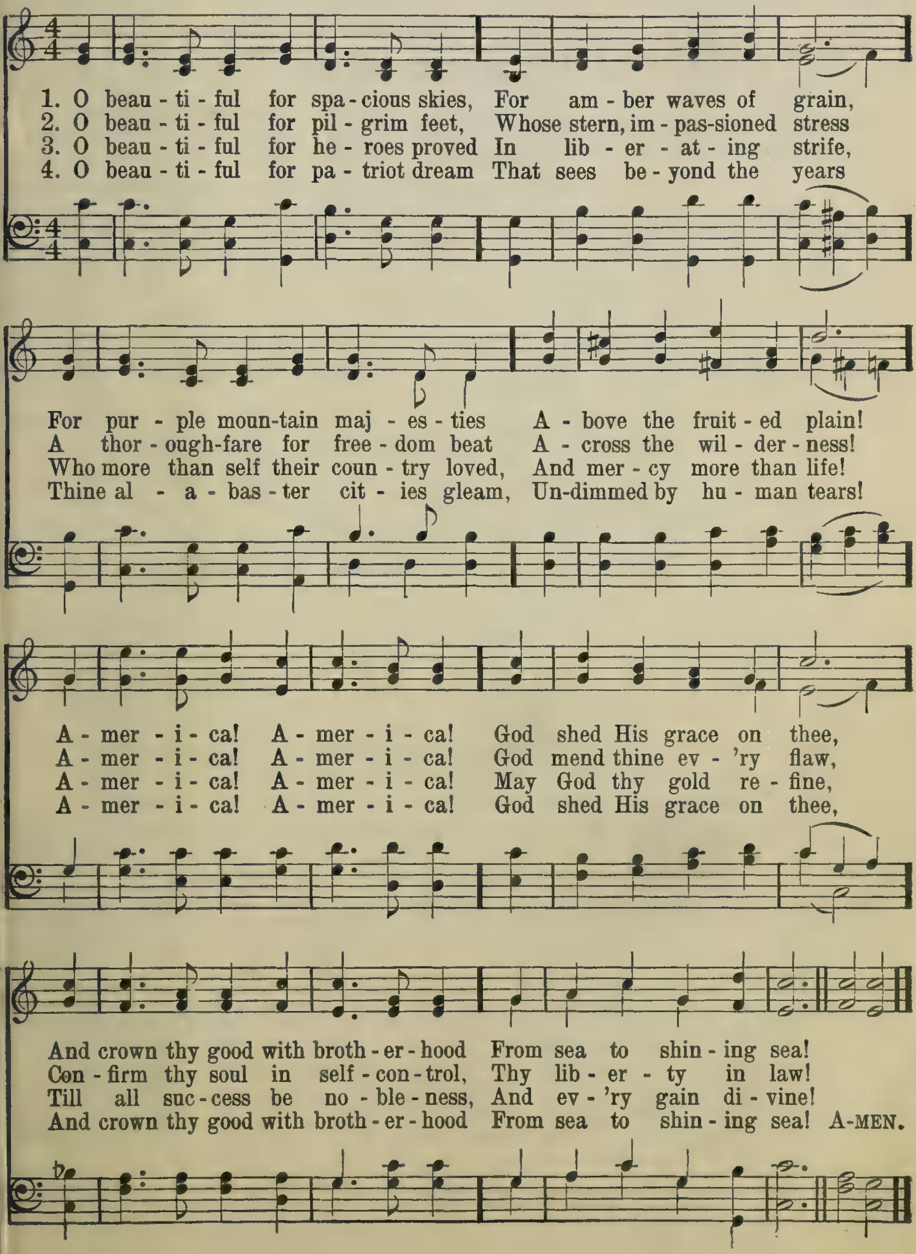
Henry Alford. (St. George.) George J. Elvey.


1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home!
2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
4. Then, thou Church tri - um-phant, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;
All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend, that day;
All are safe - ly gath - ered in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;
God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear:
Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied In God's gar - ner to a - bide:
Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest-home!
Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
Come, ten thou - sand an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har-vest-home! A - MEN.

636 O Beautiful For Spacious Skies

(MATERNA. C. M. D.)

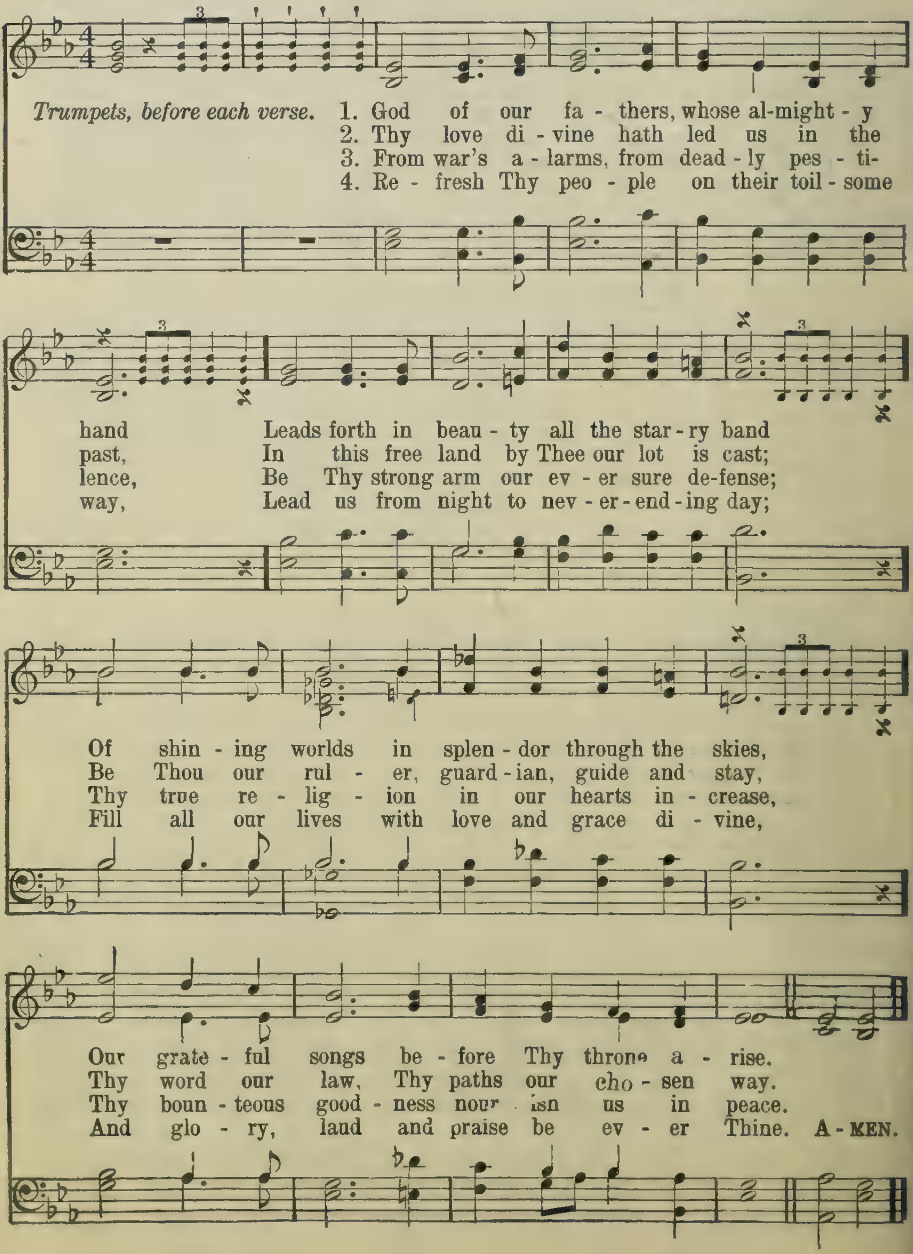
Katherine Lee Bates, 1893, revised, 1910. Samuel A. Ward, 1882.


1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor - ough-fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A-MEN.

637 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

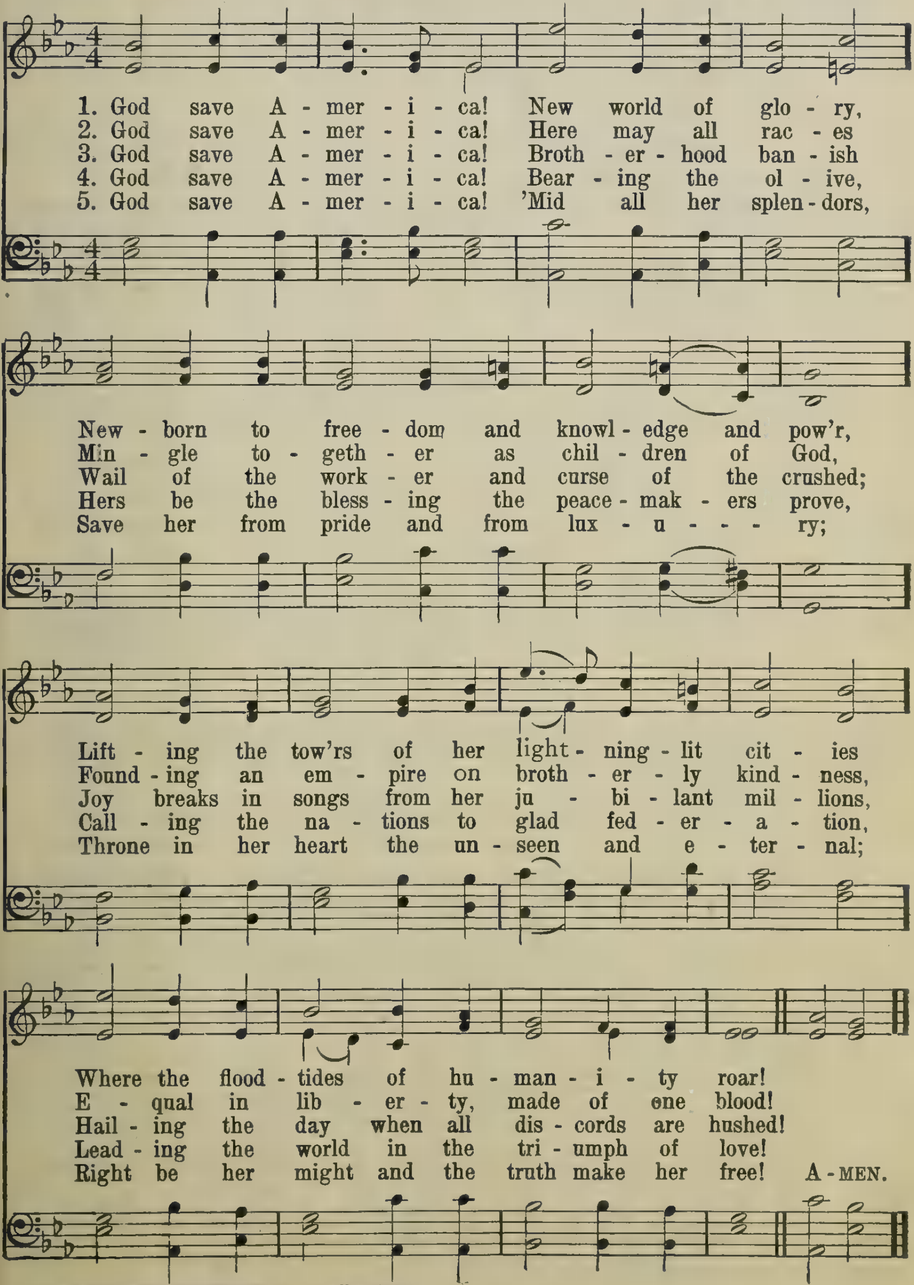
(National Hymn. 10, 10, 10, 10.)

Daniel C. Roberts, 1876. George W. Warren, 1892.


3
Trumpets, before each verse.
1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti-
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some
hand Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
past, In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
lence, Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de-fense;
way, Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;
Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and stay,
Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,
Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine.
A - MEN.

638 God Save America

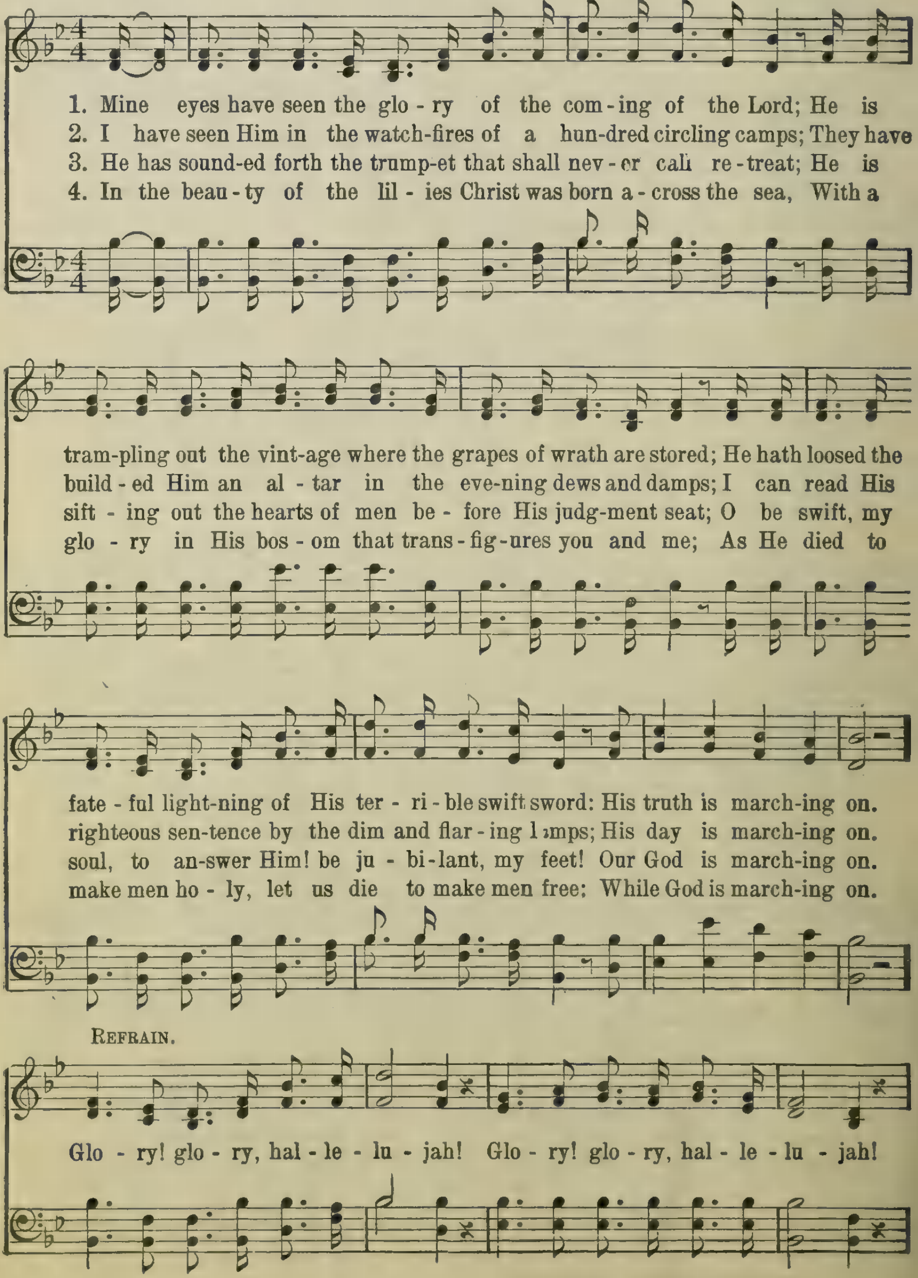
William G. Ballantine. (RUSSIAN HYMN. 11, 10, 11, 10.) Alexis T. Lwoff, 1833.

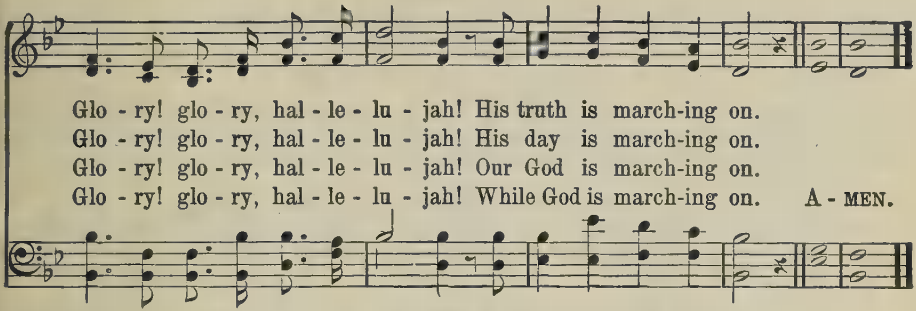

1. God save A - mer - i - ca! New world of glo - ry,
2. God save A - mer - i - ca! Here may all rac - es
3. God save A - mer - i - ca! Broth - er - hood ban - ish
4. God save A - mer - i - ca! Bear - ing the ol - ive,
5. God save A - mer - i - ca! 'Mid all her splen - dors,
New - born to free - dom and knowl - edge and pow'r,
Min - gle to - geth - er as chil - dren of God,
Wail of the work - er and curse of the crushed;
Hers be the bless - ing the peace - mak - ers prove,
Save her from pride and from lux - u - - - ry;
Lift - ing the tow'rs of her light - ning - lit cit - ies
Found - ing an em - pire on broth - er - ly kind - ness,
Joy breaks in songs from her ju - bi - lant mil - lions,
Call - ing the na - tions to glad fed - er - a - tion,
Throne in her heart the un - seen and e - ter - nal;
Where the flood - tides of hu - man - i - ty roar!
E - qual in lib - er - ty, made of one blood!
Hail - ing the day when all dis - cords are hushed!
Lead - ing the world in the tri - umph of love!
Right be her might and the truth make her free! A - MEN.

Used by permission of William G. Ballantine.

639 Battle Hymn of the Republic

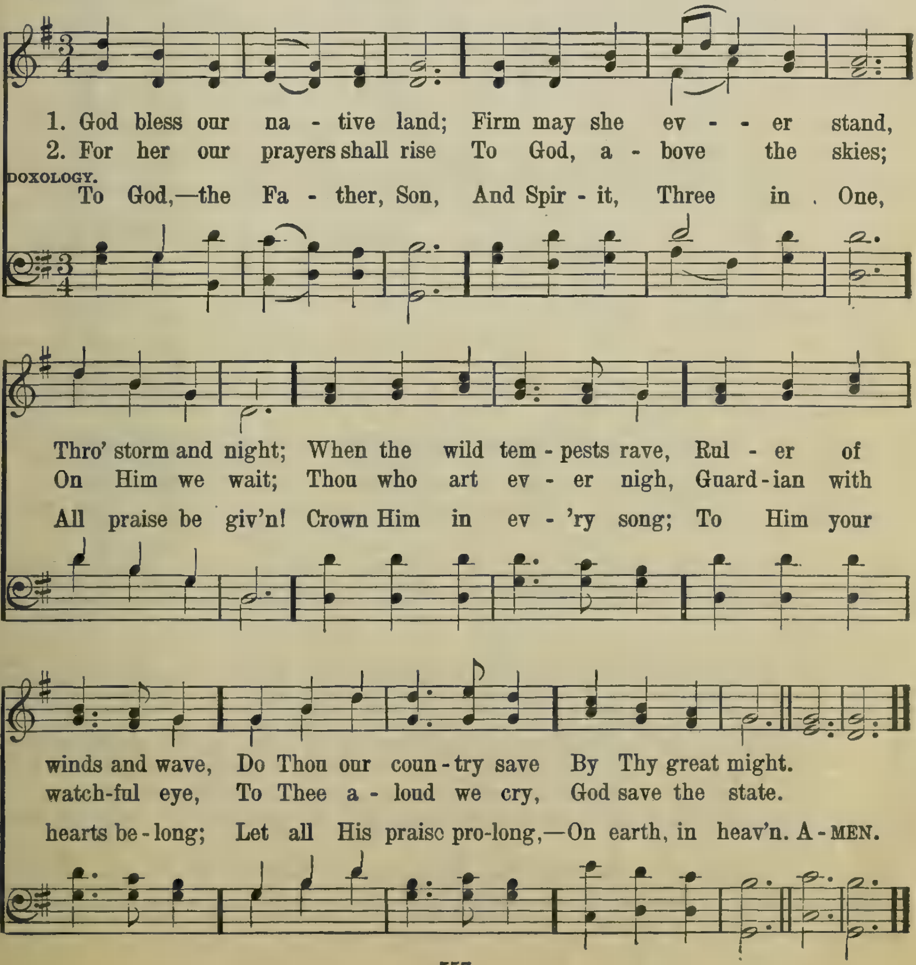
Julia Ward Howe. (GLORY, HALLELUJAH.)


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sen-tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
REFRAIN.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!


Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His day is march-ing on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march-ing on. A - MEN.

640 God Bless Our Native Land

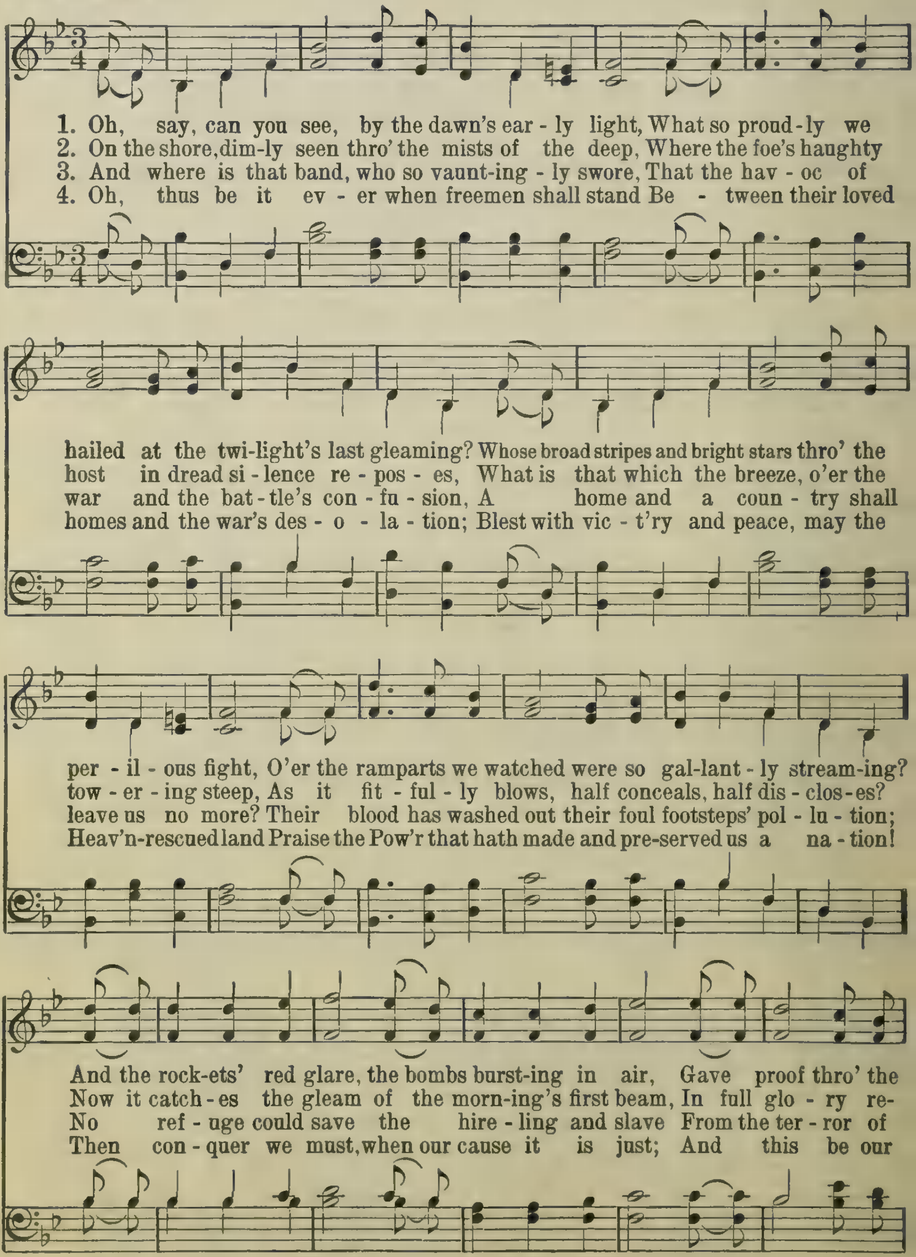
John S. Dwight, 1844. (ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.) F. Giardini, 1716–1796.

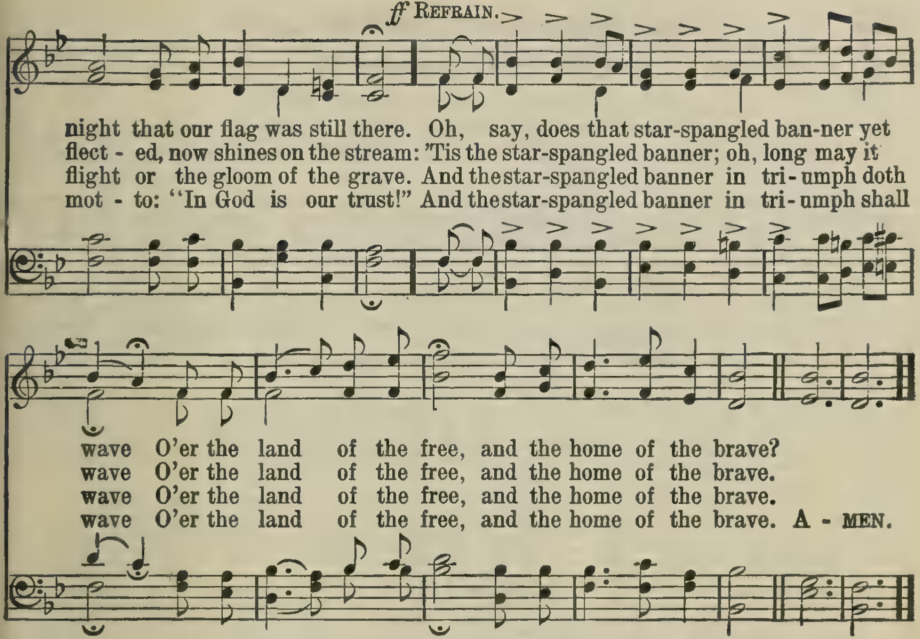

1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - - er stand,
2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;
DOXOLOGY.
To God,—the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, Three in One,
Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ian with
All praise be giv'n! Crown Him in ev - 'ry song; To Him your
winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
watch-ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state.
hearts be - long; Let all His praise pro-long,—On earth, in heav'n. A - MEN.

641

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key.


1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try shall
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-lant - ly stream-ing?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

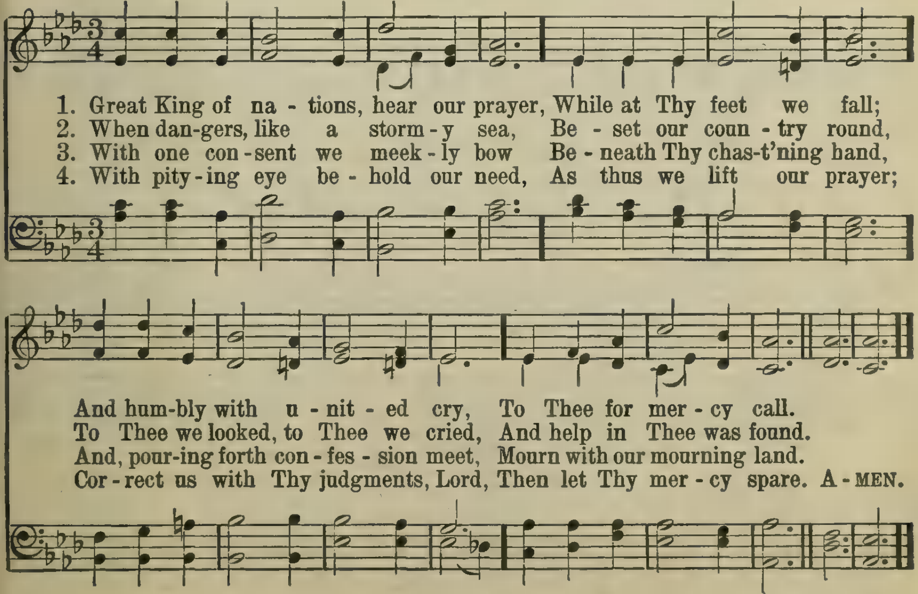

ff Refrain.
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - men.

642

Great King of Nations

(St. Agnes. C. M.)

John H. Gurney, 1851. Rev. John B. Dykes, 1800–1876.


1. Great King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall;
2. When dan-gers, like a storm - y sea, Be - set our coun - try round,
3. With one con - sent we meek - ly bow Be - neath Thy chas-t'ning hand,
4. With pity - ing eye be - hold our need, As thus we lift our prayer;
And hum-bly with u - nit - ed cry, To Thee for mer - cy call.
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee was found.
And, pour-ing forth con - fes - sion meet, Mourn with our mourning land.
Cor - rect us with Thy judgments, Lord, Then let Thy mer - cy spare. A - men.

643

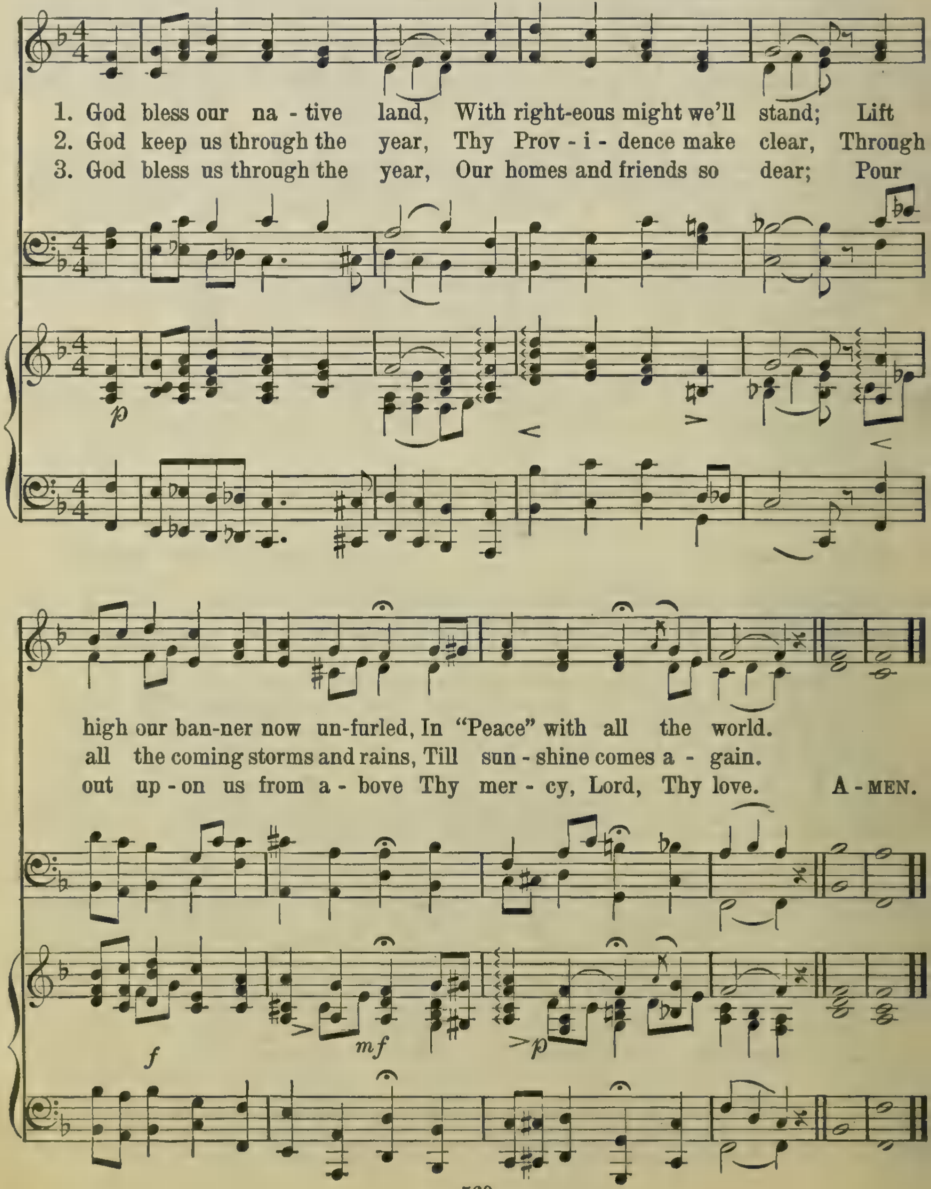
God Bless Our Native Land

AMERICAN NATIONAL ODE

Suitable to New Year's, patriotic and other occasions.

Dedicated to the American people.

Composed and arranged
by Wellington A. Adams,
Washington, D. C.

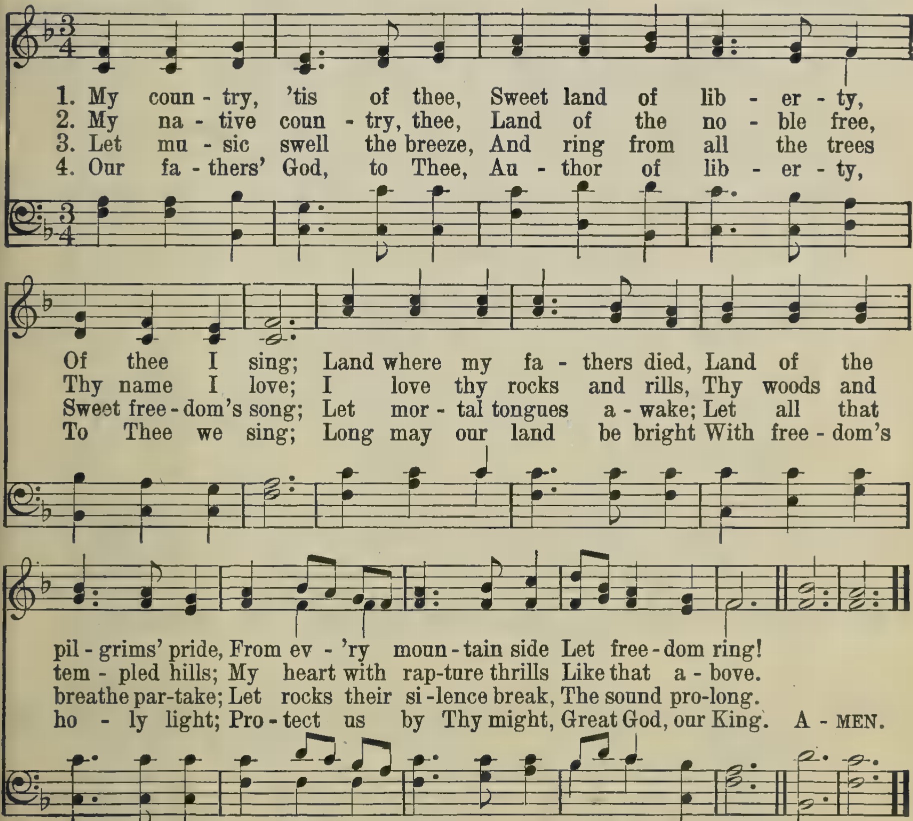

1. God bless our na - tive land, With right-eous might we'll stand; Lift high our ban-ner now un-furled, In "Peace" with all the world.
2. God keep us through the year, Thy Prov - i - dence make clear, Through all the coming storms and rains, Till sun - shine comes a - gain.
3. God bless us through the year, Our homes and friends so dear; Pour out up - on us from a - bove Thy mer - cy, Lord, Thy love.
A - MEN.
p
f
mf
p

644 My Country, 'Tis of Thee

(AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

Henry Carey, 1740.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe par-take; Let rocks their si -lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

645 God Bless Our Native Land

(AMERICA.)

1 God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save,
By Thy great might!

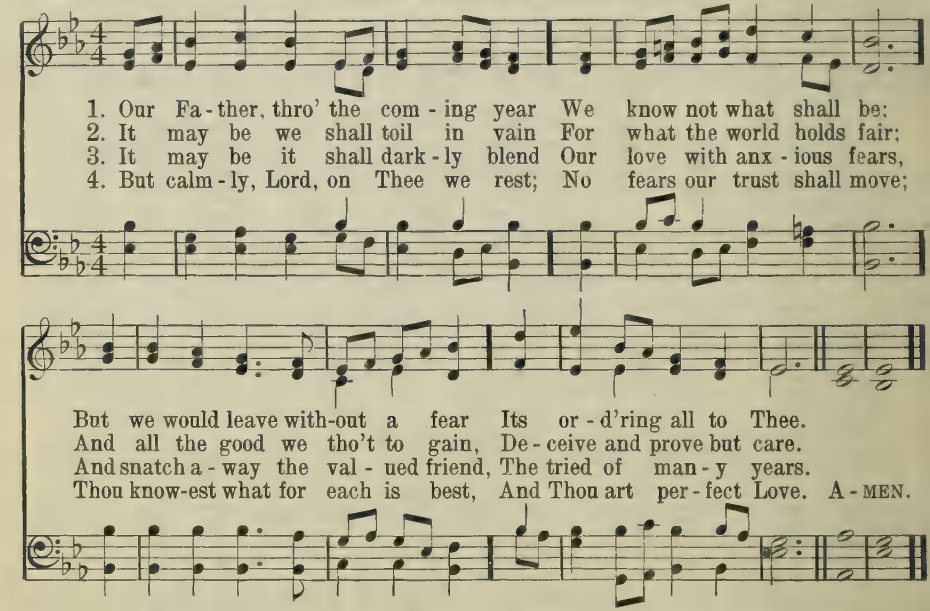
2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the state!

3 Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
On Thee we call!
And may the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family!
God save us all! AMEN.

Charles T. Brooks, 1833.
John S. Dwight, 1844.

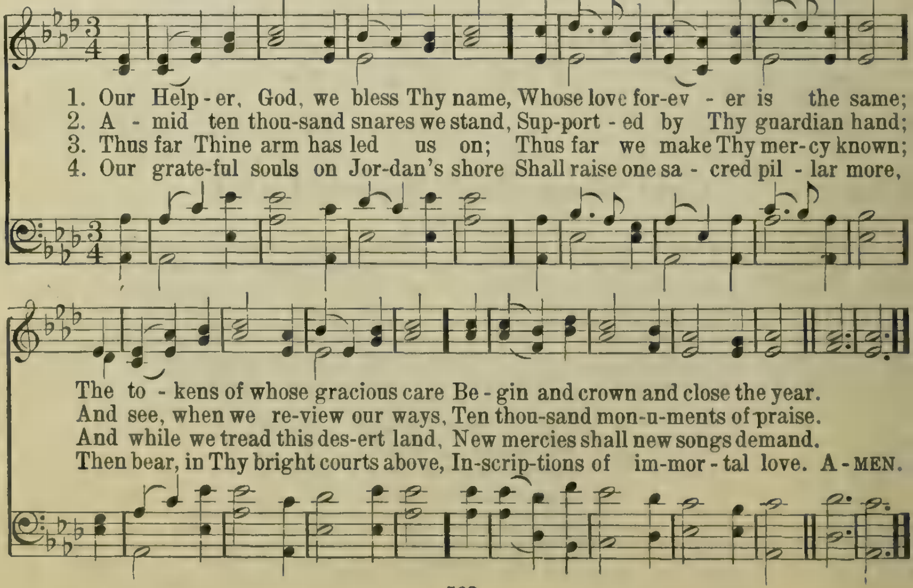
646 Our Father, Through the Coming Year

Anon. (FROME. C. M.) Arr. Hugh Bond, 1762–1792.


1. Our Fa-ther, thro' the com-ing year We know not what shall be;
2. It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair;
3. It may be it shall dark-ly blend Our love with anx-ious fears,
4. But calm-ly, Lord, on Thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move;
But we would leave with-out a fear Its or-d'ring all to Thee.
And all the good we tho't to gain, De-ceive and prove but care.
And snatch a-way the val-ued friend, The tried of man-y years.
Thou know-est what for each is best, And Thou art per-fect Love. A-MEN.

647 Our Helper, God, We Bless Thy Name

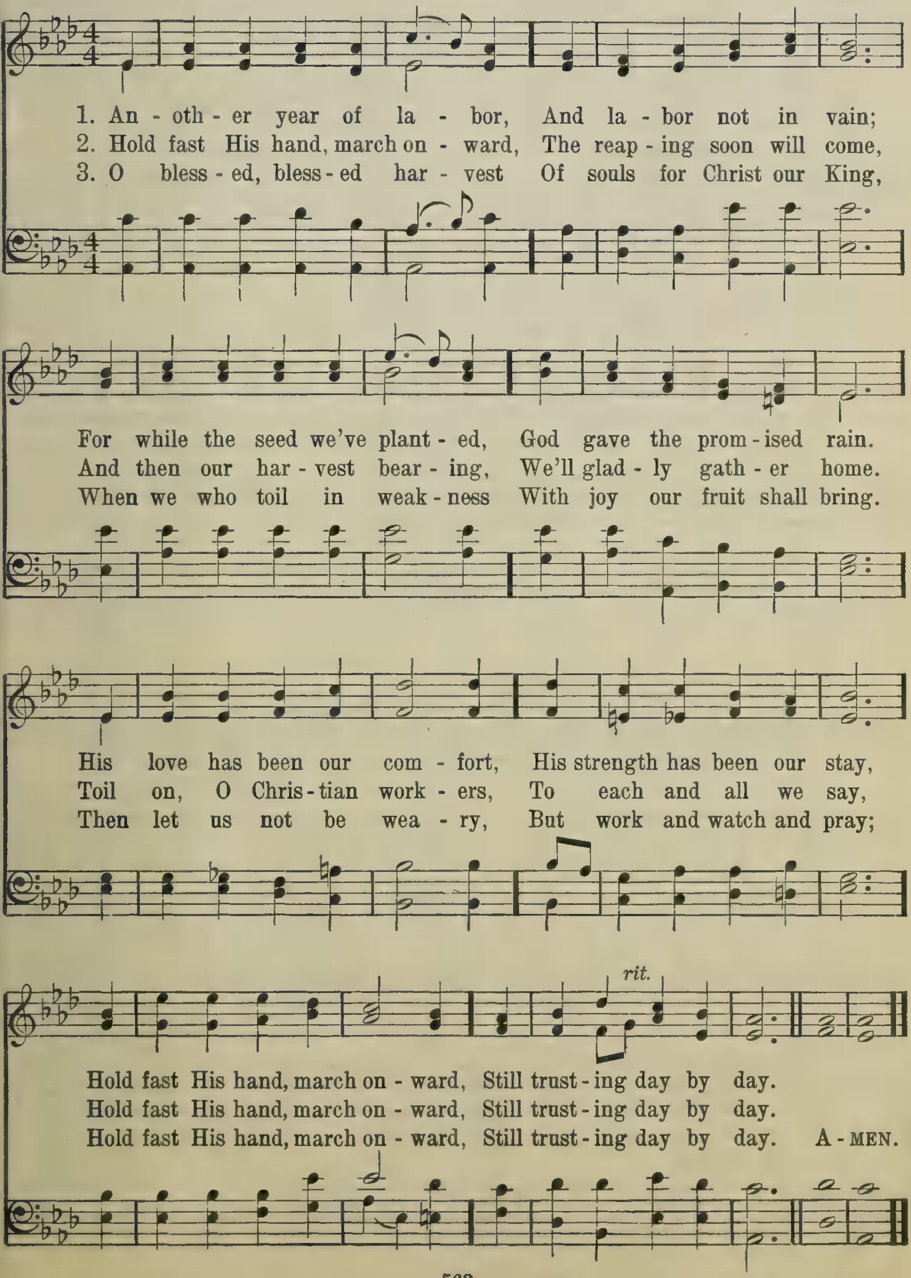
Philip Doddridge, 1751. (LOUVAN. L. M.) V. C. Taylor, 1817.


1. Our Help-er, God, we bless Thy name, Whose love for-ev-er is the same;
2. A-mid ten thou-sand snares we stand, Sup-port-ed by Thy guardian hand;
3. Thus far Thine arm has led us on; Thus far we make Thy mer-cy known;
4. Our grate-ful souls on Jor-dan's shore Shall raise one sa-cred pil-lar more,
The to-kens of whose gracious care Be-gin and crown and close the year.
And see, when we re-view our ways, Ten thou-sand mon-u-ments of praise.
And while we tread this des-ert land, New mercies shall new songs demand.
Then bear, in Thy bright courts above, In-scrip-tions of im-mor-tal love. A-MEN.

648 Another Year of Labor

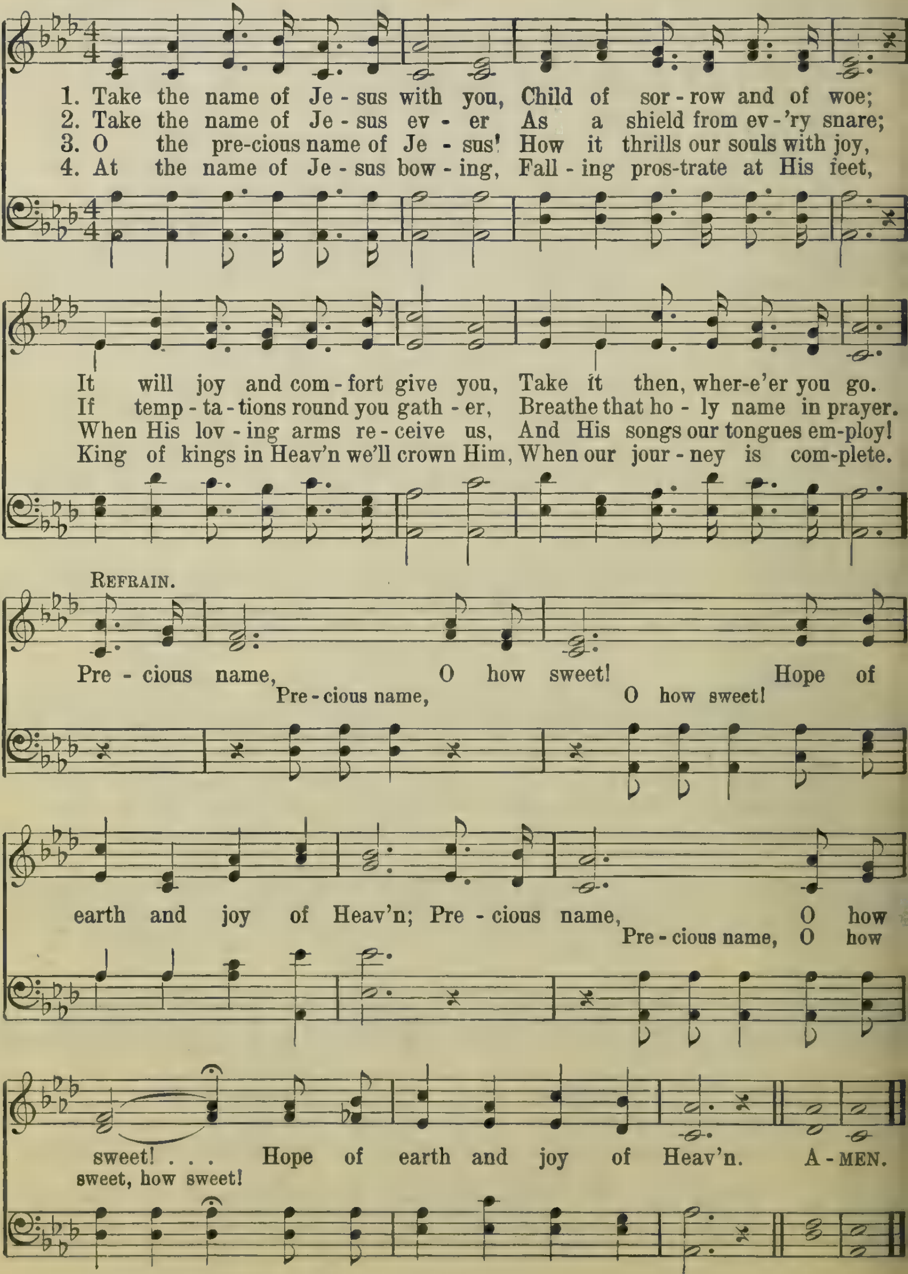
(Encouragement. 7s, 6s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1823. W. H. Doane.


1. An - oth - er year of la - bor, And la - bor not in vain;
2. Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, The reap - ing soon will come,
3. O bless - ed, bless - ed har - vest Of souls for Christ our King,
For while the seed we've plant - ed, God gave the prom - ised rain.
And then our har - vest bear - ing, We'll glad - ly gath - er home.
When we who toil in weak - ness With joy our fruit shall bring.
His love has been our com - fort, His strength has been our stay,
Toil on, O Chris - tian work - ers, To each and all we say,
Then let us not be wea - ry, But work and watch and pray;
rit.
Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day.
Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day.
Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day. A - MEN.

649 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Miss Lydia Baxter, W. H. Doane.


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com-plete.
Refrain.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre - cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre - cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
sweet, how sweet!

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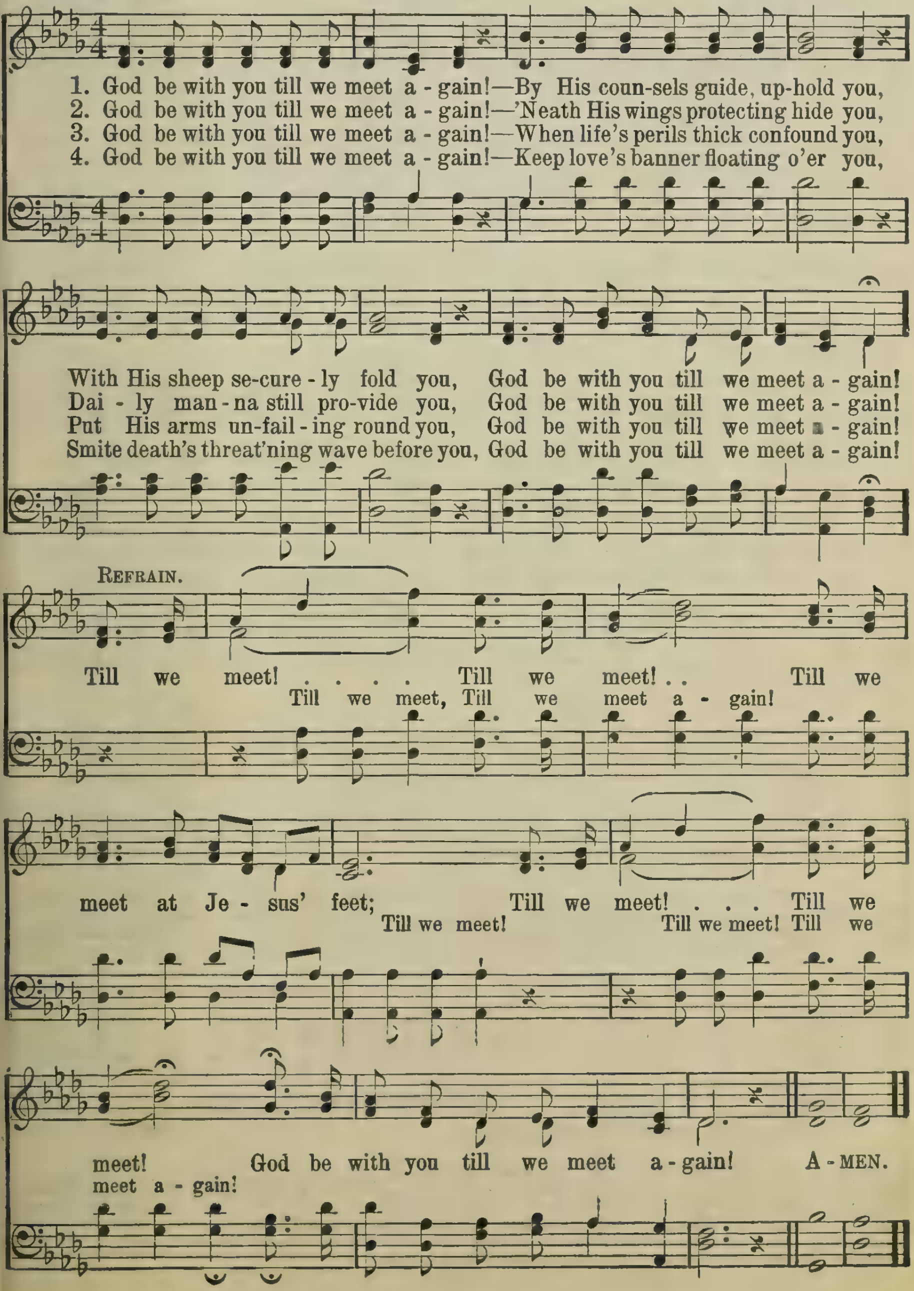
650

God Be With You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16: 20.

Jeremiah E. Rankin. William G. Tomer.

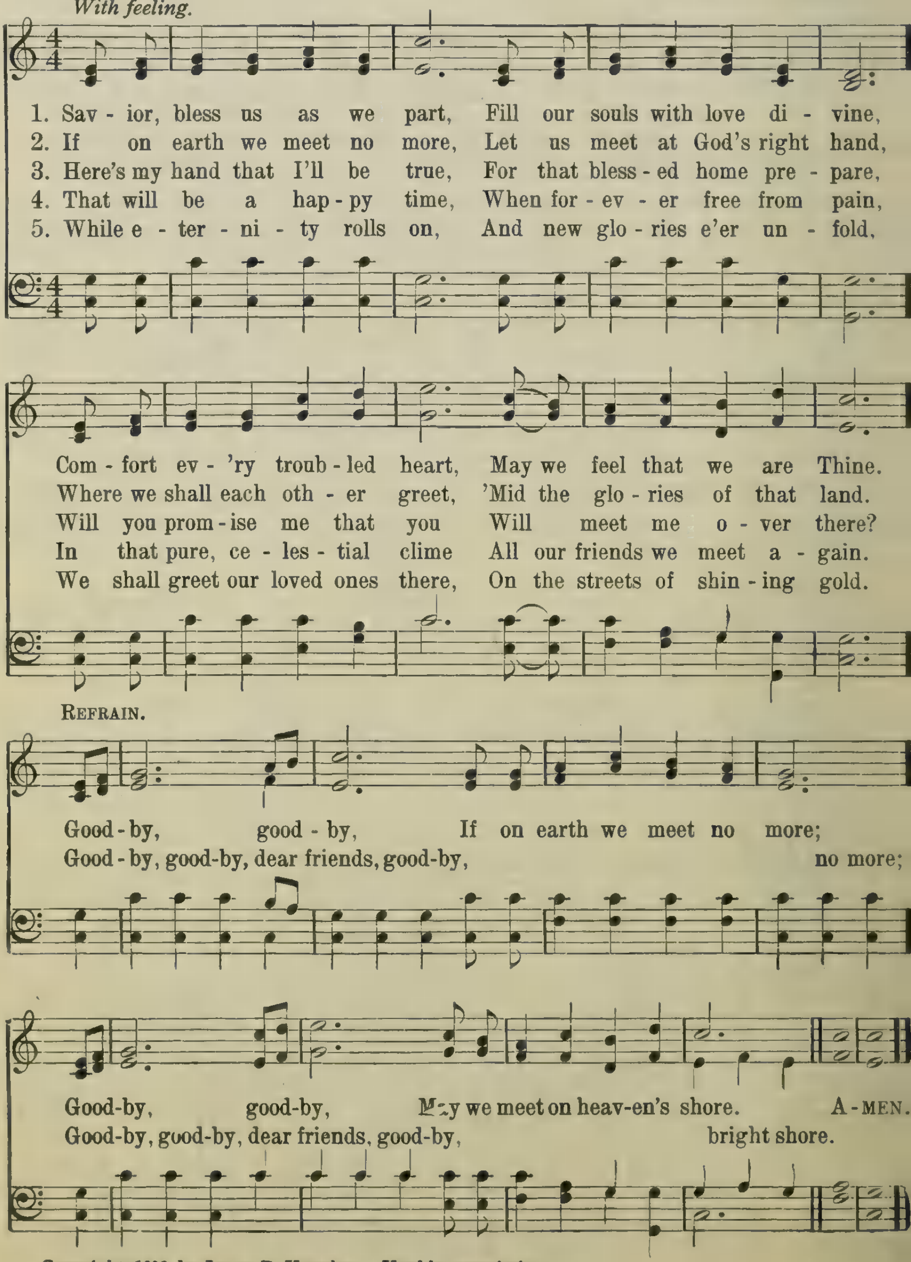

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Dai - ly man - na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
REFRAIN.
Till we meet! . . . . Till we meet! . . Till we
Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain!
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! . . . Till we
Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we
meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
meet a - gain!

651

Good-By

J. D. V.

James D. Vaughan.


With feeling.
1. Sav - ior, bless us as we part, Fill our souls with love di - vine,
2. If on earth we meet no more, Let us meet at God's right hand,
3. Here's my hand that I'll be true, For that bless - ed home pre - pare,
4. That will be a hap - py time, When for - ev - er free from pain,
5. While e - ter - ni - ty rolls on, And new glo - ries e'er un - fold,
Com - fort ev - 'ry troub - led heart, May we feel that we are Thine.
Where we shall each oth - er greet, 'Mid the glo - ries of that land.
Will you prom - ise me that you Will meet me o - ver there?
In that pure, ce - les - tial clime All our friends we meet a - gain.
We shall greet our loved ones there, On the streets of shin - ing gold.
Refrain.
Good - by, good - by, If on earth we meet no more;
Good - by, good-by, dear friends, good-by, no more;
Good-by, good-by, May we meet on heav-en's shore. A - men.
Good-by, good-by, dear friends, good-by, bright shore.

Copyright, 1906, by James D. Vaughan. Used by permission.

Directions for Chanting.

1 CHANTS consist of two distinct divisions: one portion is recited, the other portion is sung.

2 The words from the beginning of each verse and half-verse up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation, and should be recited smoothly, and without undue haste.

3 On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

4 If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

5 An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to, as in good *reading*.

6 As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

7 Final *ed* is always to be pronounced as a separate syllable.

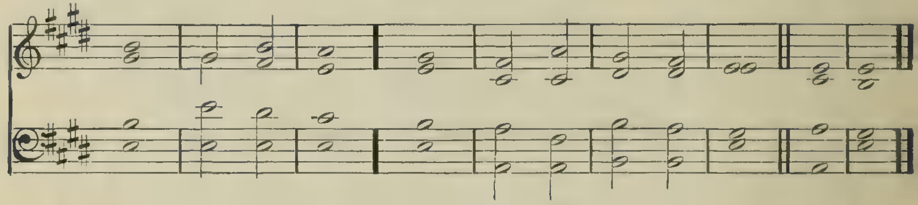
8 The expression "2nd part" indicates that the verse so marked is to be sung to the second half of a double chant, when such chant is used.

652

I Was Glad

(Laetatus Sum.)

Psalm 122. J. Barnby.



1 I was glad when they said ·· | unto | me, ‖ let us go ··into the | house— | of the | Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand ··with- | in thy | gates, ‖ O | —Je- | rusa- | lem.

3 Jerusalem is buil ··ded | as a | city ‖ that·· | is com- | pact to- | gether.

4 Whith ·· er the | tribes go | up, ‖ the ·· | tribes— | of the | Lord;

5 Unto the tes ··timony of | Isra- | el, ‖ to give thanks ··unto the | name— | of the | Lord.

6 For there are set ·· | thrones of | judgment, ‖ the thrones ·· | of the | house of | David.

7 Pray for the peace ·· of Je- | rusa- | lem; ‖ they ·· shall | prosper ·· that | love— | thee.

8 Peace ··be with- | in thy | walls, ‖ and prosper ··ity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.

9 For my brethren and ··com- | panions' | sakes ‖ I will now ··say, | Peace— | be with- | in thee.

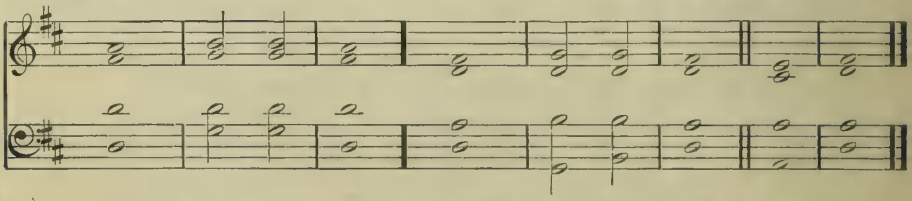
10 Because of the house ··of the | Lord our | God, ‖ I | —will | seek thy | good. ‖ A— | MEN.

653

The Lord is My Shepherd

(Dominus Regit Me.)

Psalm 23. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



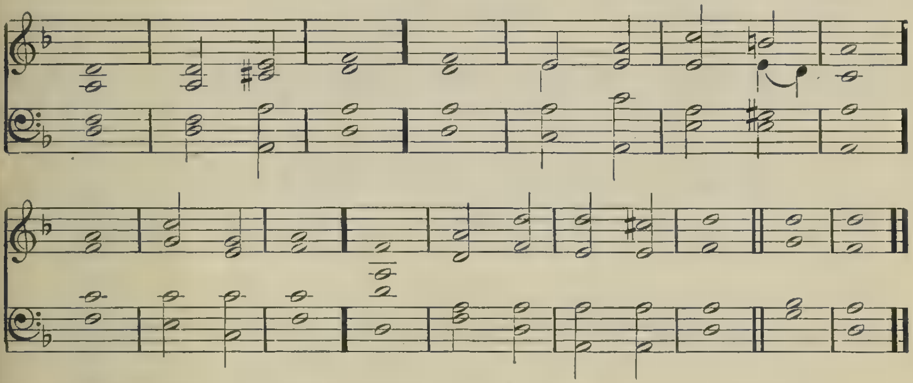
1 The Lord is my Shep ··herd, I | shall not | want; ‖ he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside ··the | still-- | waters.

2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for·· his | name's— | sake. ‖ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff ·· they | comfort | me. ‖

3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest mine head with oil ··my | cup ··runneth | over. ‖ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house·· of the | Lord for | ever. ‖ A— | MEN.

654 Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling-Place

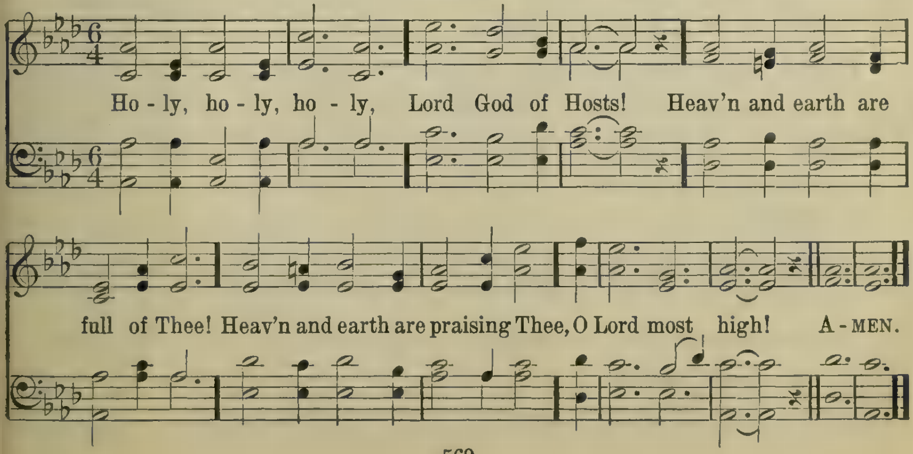
(Domine Refugium.) W. Morley.



1 Lord, Thou hast been ·· our | dwelling | place, ‖ in | —all | gene- | rations.
2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed ·· the | earth and ·· the | world, ‖ even from everlasting to e ·· ver- | lasting | thou art | God.
3 Thou turnest man ·· | to de- | struction, ‖ and say ·· est, Re- | turn ye | children ·· of | men.
4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes ·· terday when | it is | past, ‖ and as ·· a | watch— | in the | night.
5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they ·· are | as a | sleep; ‖ in the morn ·· ing they are like | grass which | groweth ‖ up;
6 In the morning it flourisheth, and ·· | groweth | up; ‖ in the evening it is ·· cut down and | wither- | eth.
7 For all our days are passed ·· away | in thy | wrath; ‖ we spend ·· our | years ·· as a | tale that ·· is | told.
8 So teach us ·· to | number ·· our | days, ‖ that we may ·· ap- | ply our | hearts ·· unto | wisdom. ‖ A— | MEN.

655 Holy, Holy, Holy

(Sanctus.) W. F. Sherwin.

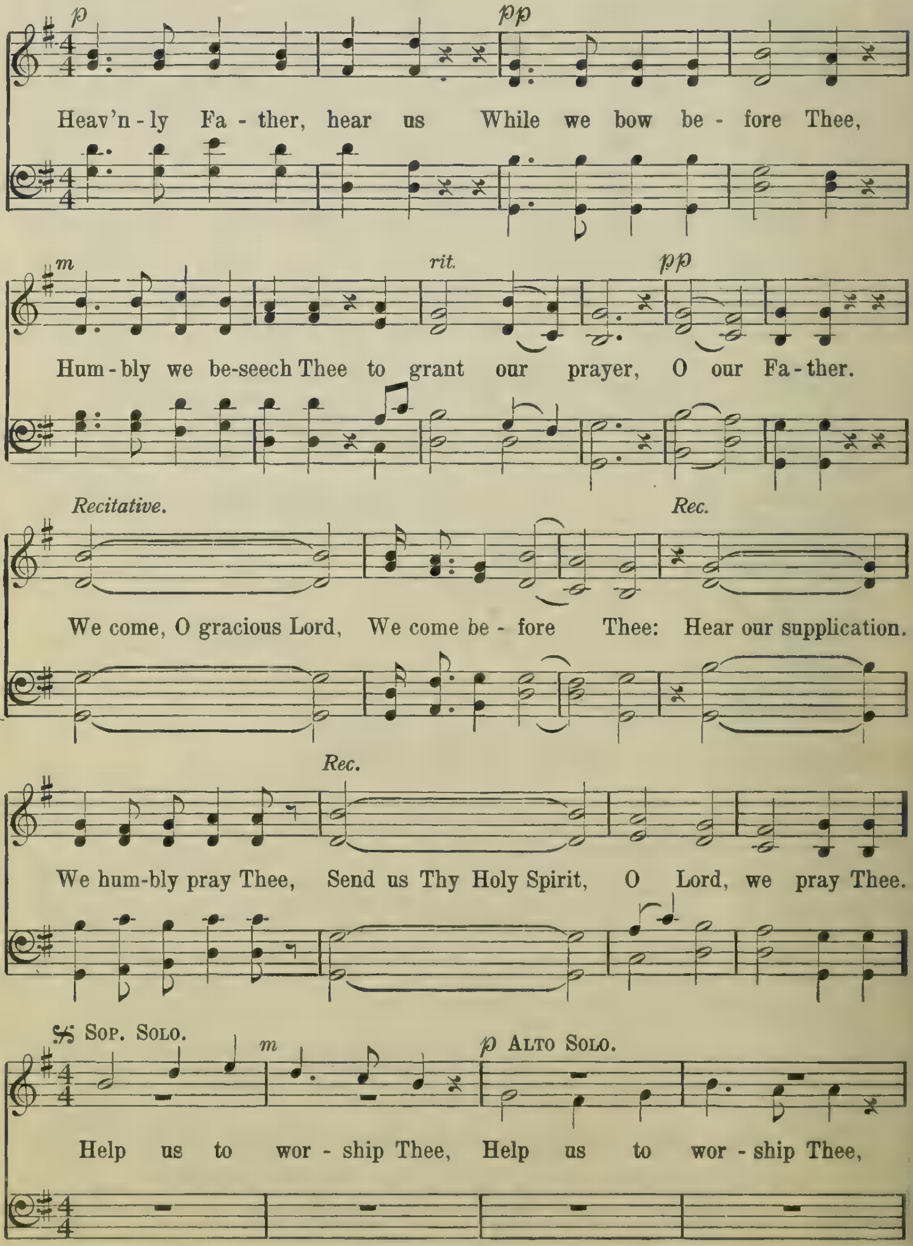

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

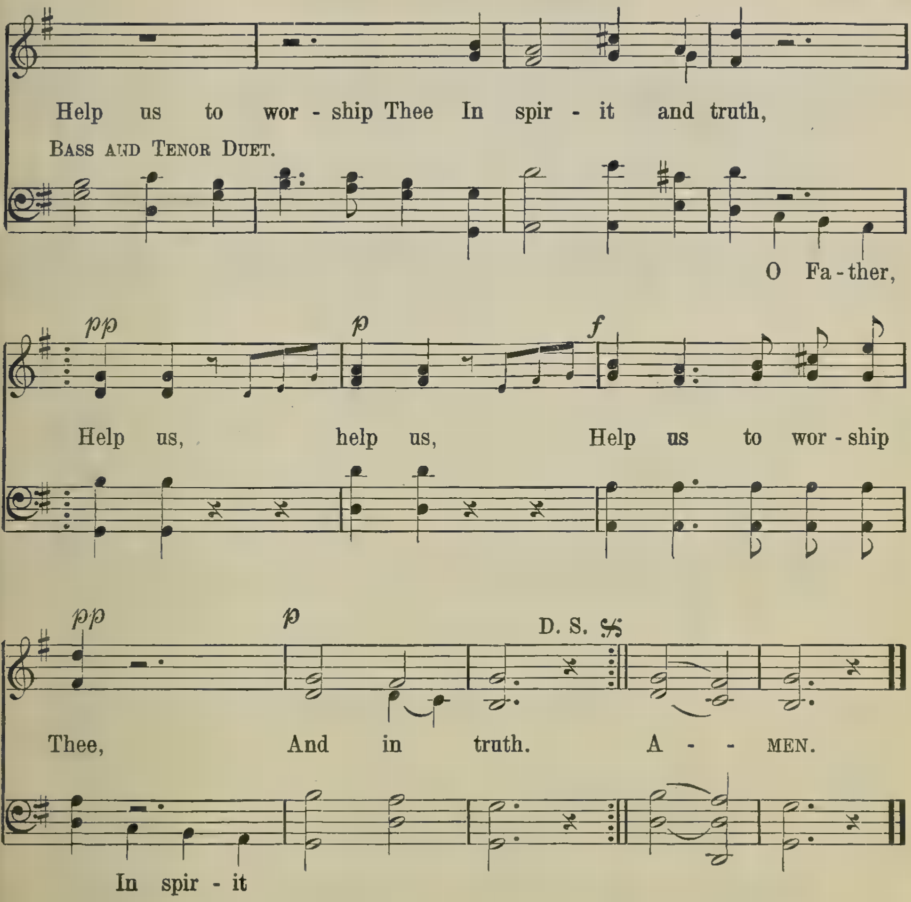
656

Heavenly Father, Hear Us

(Devotional Chant. All occasions.)

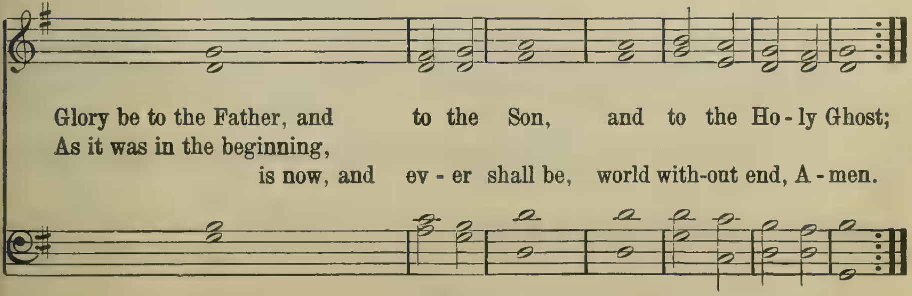
T. W. J. T. T. W. J. Tobias.


p
pp
Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear us While we bow be-fore Thee,
m
rit.
pp
Hum-bly we be-seech Thee to grant our prayer, O our Fa-ther.
Recitative.
Rec.
We come, O gracious Lord, We come be-fore Thee: Hear our supplication.
Rec.
We hum-bly pray Thee, Send us Thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, we pray Thee.
Sop. Solo.
m
p Alto Solo.
Help us to wor-ship Thee, Help us to wor-ship Thee,


Help us to wor - ship Thee In spir - it and truth,
Bass and Tenor Duet.
O Fa - ther,
pp
p
f
Help us, help us, Help us to wor - ship
pp
p
D. S.
Thee, And in truth. A - - men.
In spir - it

657 Gloria Patri, No. 3

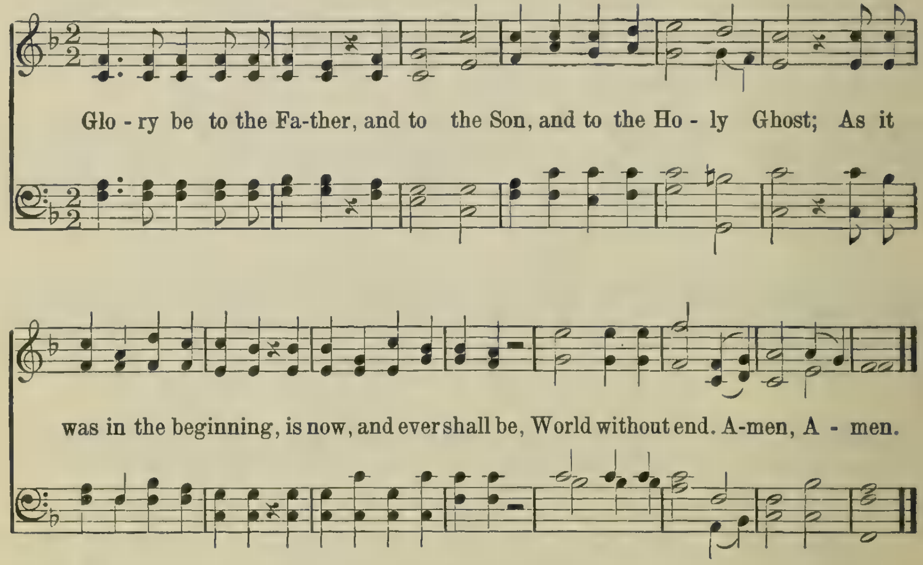
Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, world with-out end, A - men.

658

Gloria Patri, No. 1

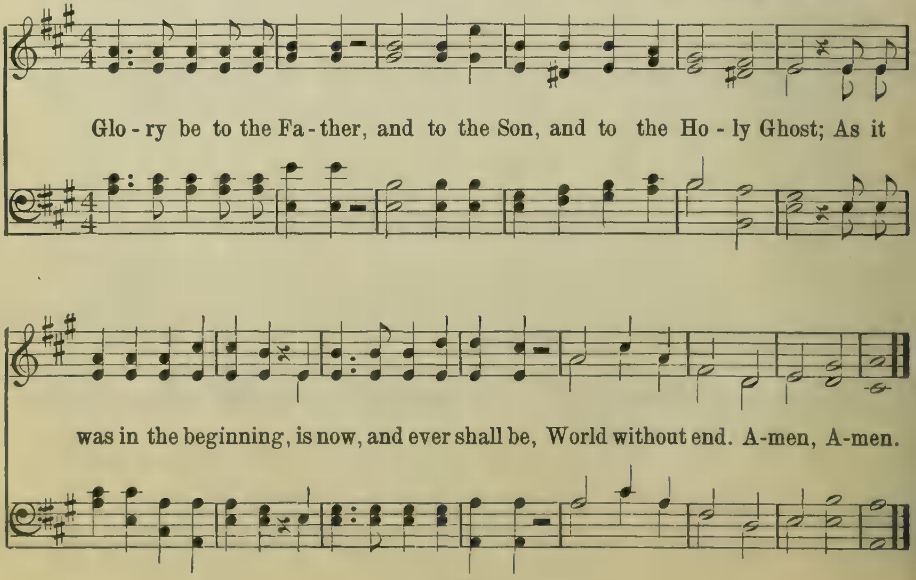
Unknown.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men, A - men.

659

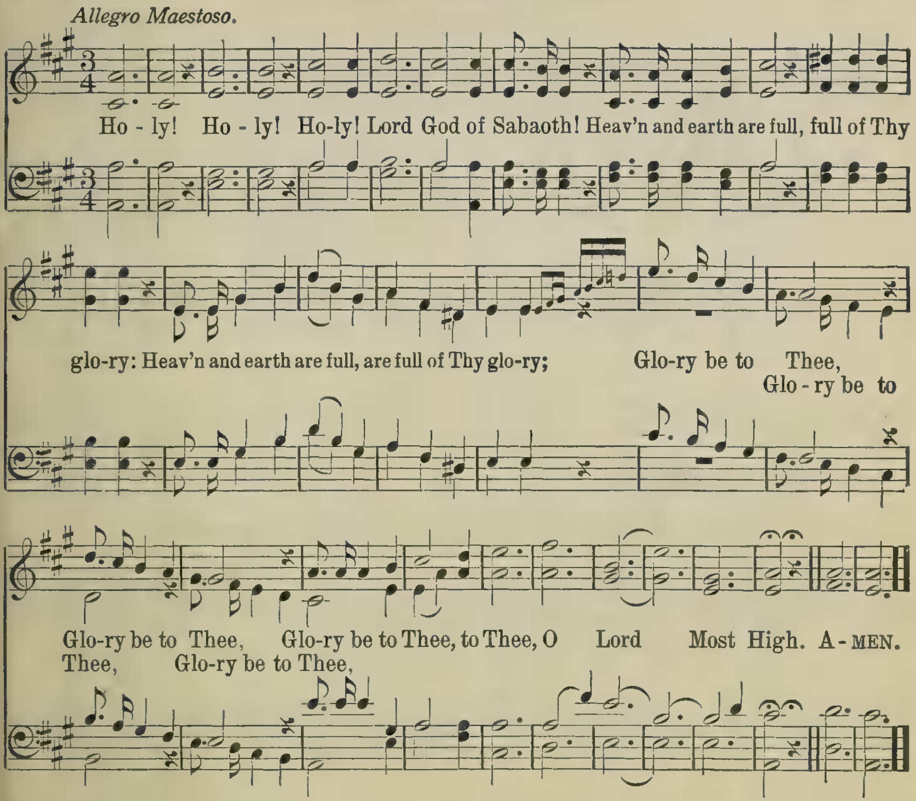
Gloria Patri, No. 2

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A-men, A-men.

660

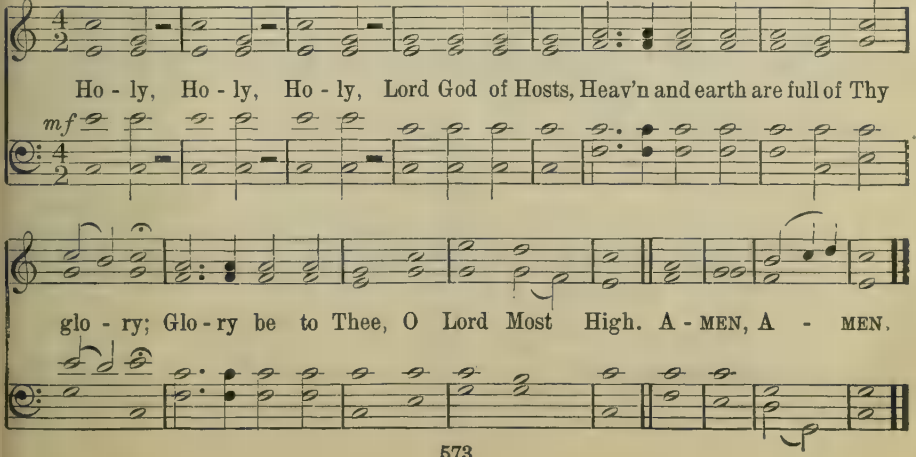
Sanctus, No. 1


Allegro Maestoso.
Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho-ly! Lord God of Sabaoth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy
glo-ry: Heav'n and earth are full, are full of Thy glo-ry; Glo-ry be to Thee,
Glo - ry be to
Glo-ry be to Thee, Glo-ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - MEN.
Thee, Glo-ry be to Thee,

661

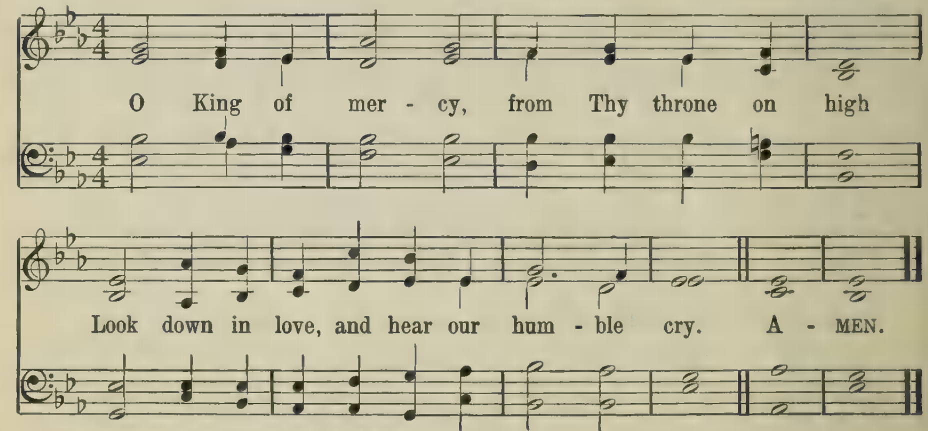
Sanctus, No. 2

Taylor.


Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy
mf
glo - ry; Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - MEN, A - MEN.

662 O King of Mercy

(Coena Domini.) Arthur S. Sullivan.


O King of mer - cy, from Thy throne on high
Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry. A - men.

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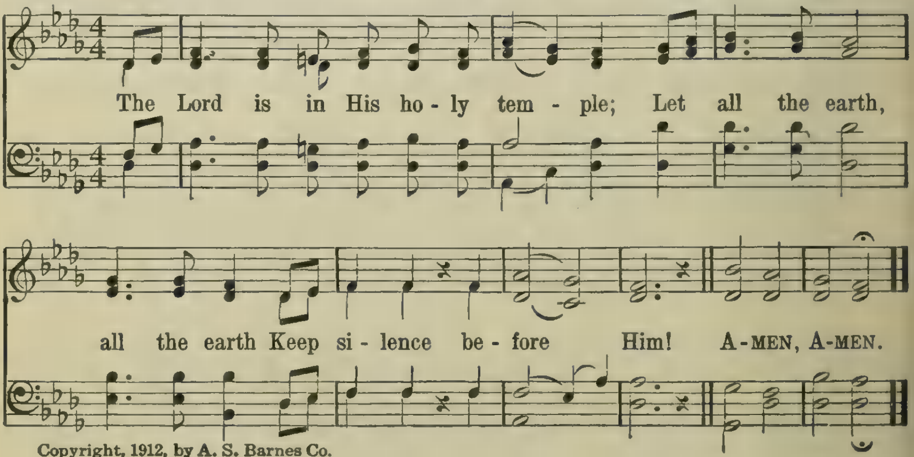
663 The Lord Is In His Holy Temple


The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple; Let all the earth,
all the earth Keep si - lence be - fore Him! A-men, A-men.

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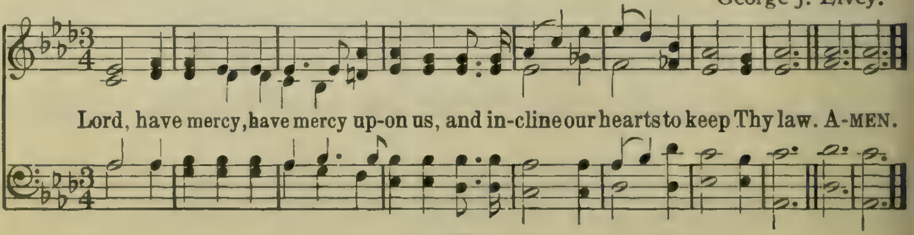
664 Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us

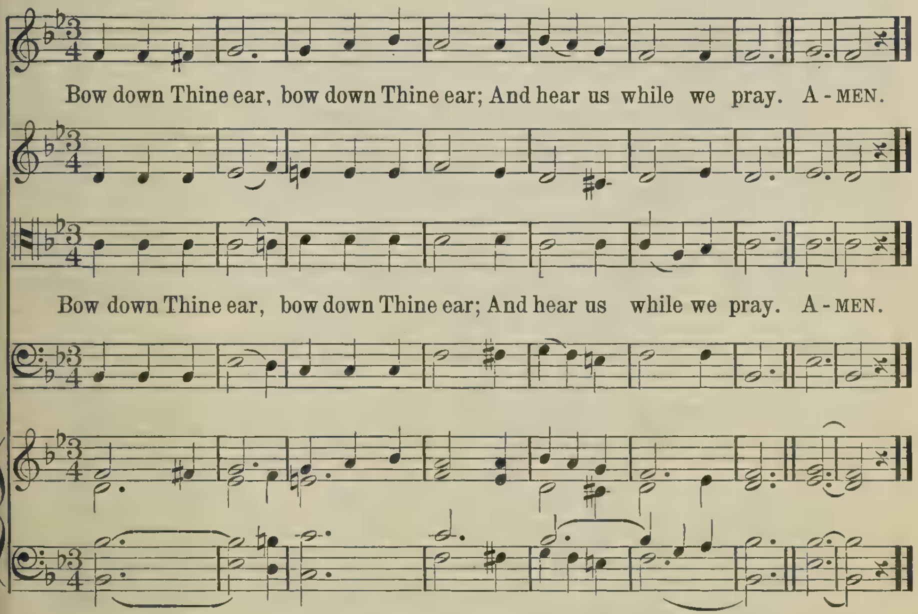
George J. Elvey.


Lord, have mercy, have mercy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep Thy law. A-men.

665

Bow Down Thine Ear

(Response No. 1. For regular service.)


Bow down Thine ear, bow down Thine ear; And hear us while we pray. A-men.
Bow down Thine ear, bow down Thine ear; And hear us while we pray. A-men.

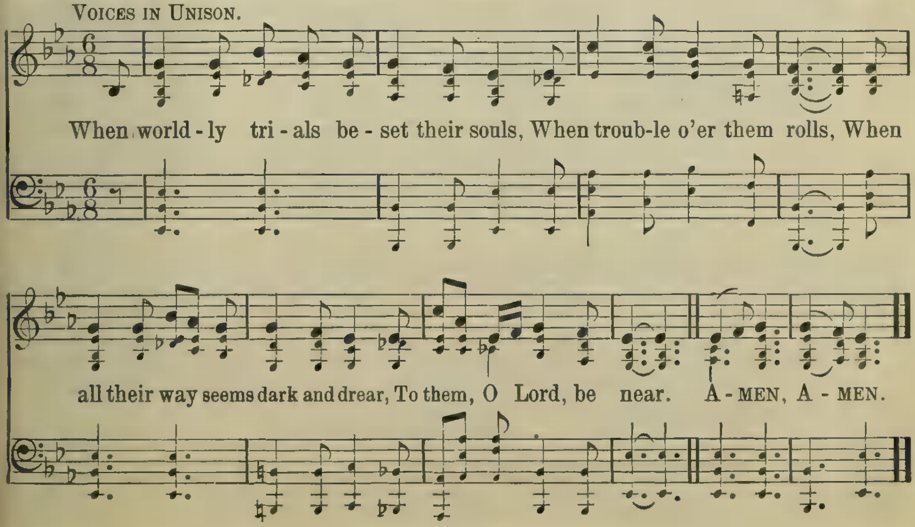
666

When Worldly Trials Beset

(Response After Prayer.)

Rev. Mack T. Williams.

Unknown.

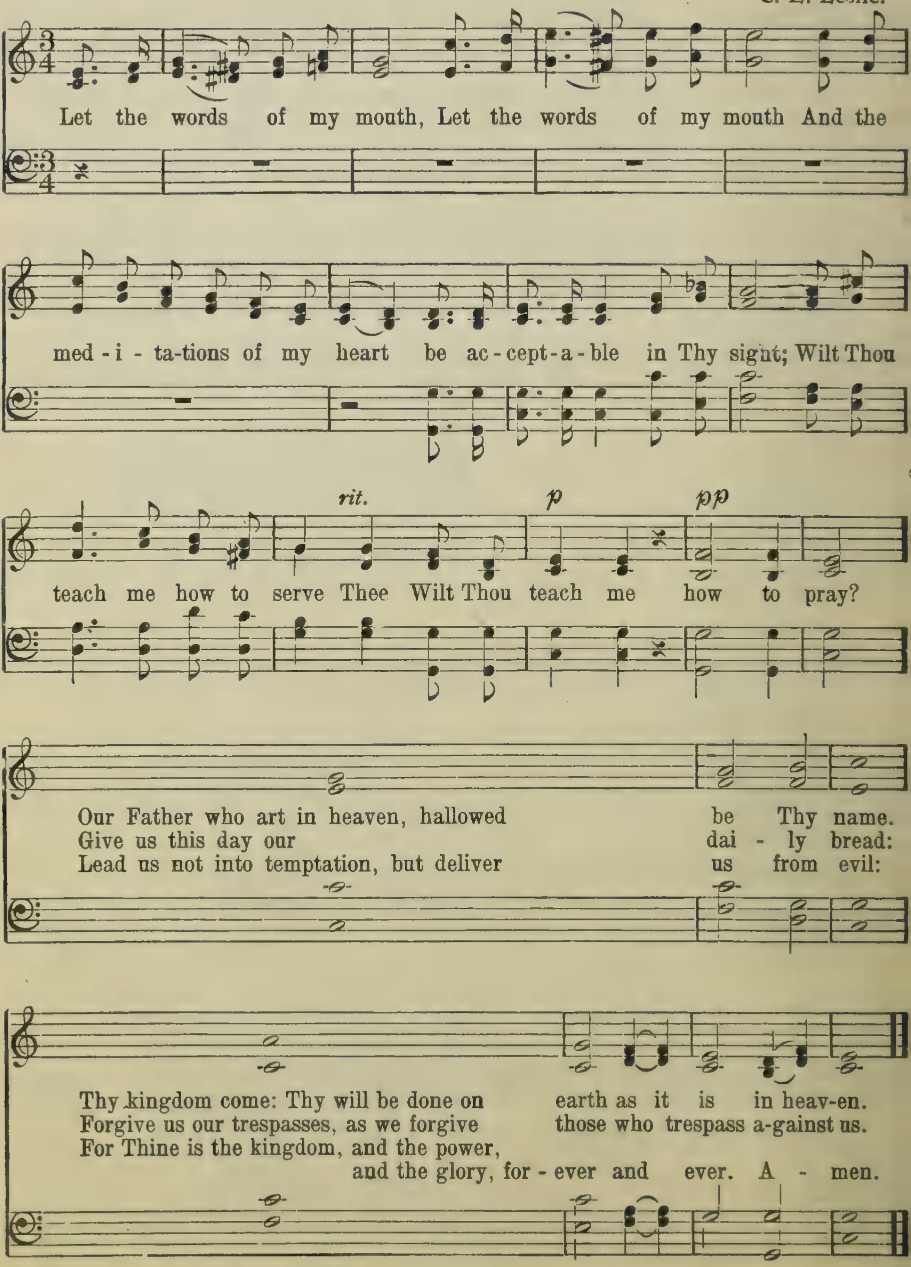

Voices in Unison.
When world-ly tri-als be-set their souls, When troub-le o'er them rolls, When all their way seems dark and drear, To them, O Lord, be near. A-men, A-men.

667

Let the Words of My Mouth

(SENTENCE AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.)

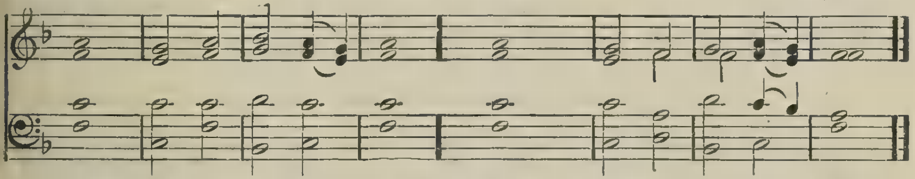
C. E. Leslie.


Let the words of my mouth, Let the words of my mouth And the
med-i-ta-tions of my heart be ac-cept-a-ble in Thy sight; Wilt Thou
rit.
p
pp
teach me how to serve Thee Wilt Thou teach me how to pray?
Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread:
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav-en.
Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-gainst us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ever and ever. A-men.

668

The Lord's Prayer, No. 1

Matt. 6, 9: 13. (PATER NOSTER.) Gregorian.

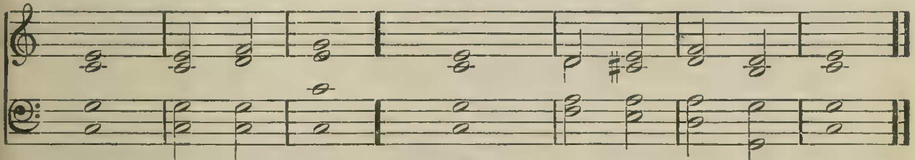


1 Our Father who art in heaven·· | hallow·· ed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come; thy will be done·· on | earth ··as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us ·· this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive·· | them that | trespass·· a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but ··de- | liver | us from | evil. ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the pow·· er and the | glory ··for | ever. ··A- | men.

669

The Lord's Prayer, No. 2

(PATER NOSTER.) L. T. Downs, 1824.

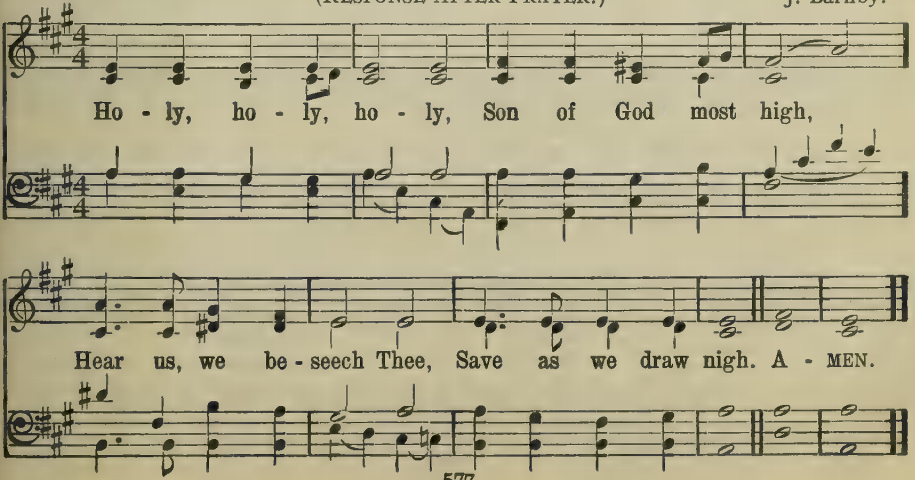


1 Our Father who art in heaven, hal ··lowed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be done ··on | earth ·· as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us this day ··our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive ·· | those that | trespass ··a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deli ·· ver | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, and the pow ··er and the | glory ·· for | ever. ··A- | men.

670

Holy, Holy, Holy

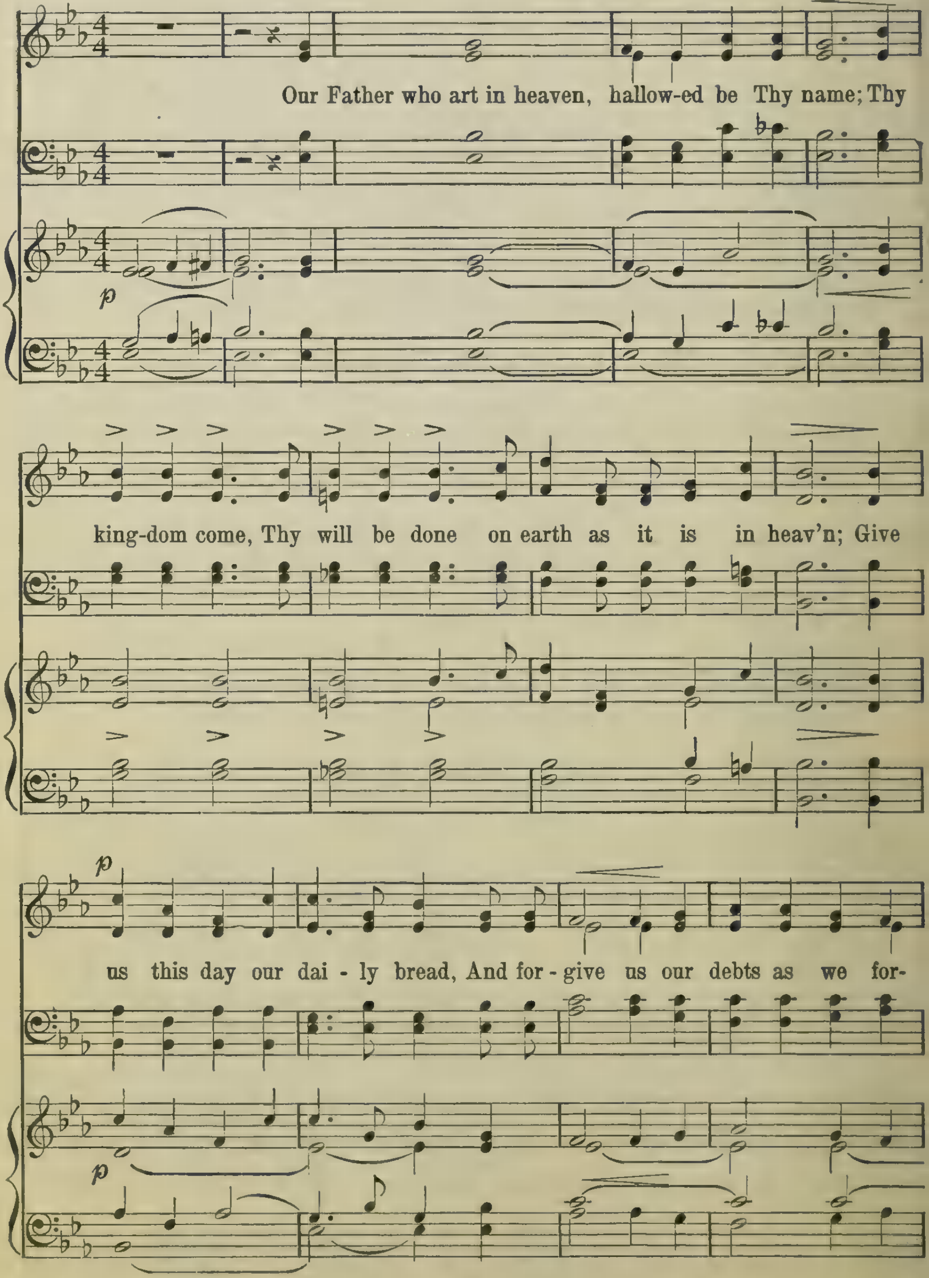
(RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.) J. Barnby.


Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Son of God most high,
Hear us, we be - seech Thee, Save as we draw nigh. A - MEN.

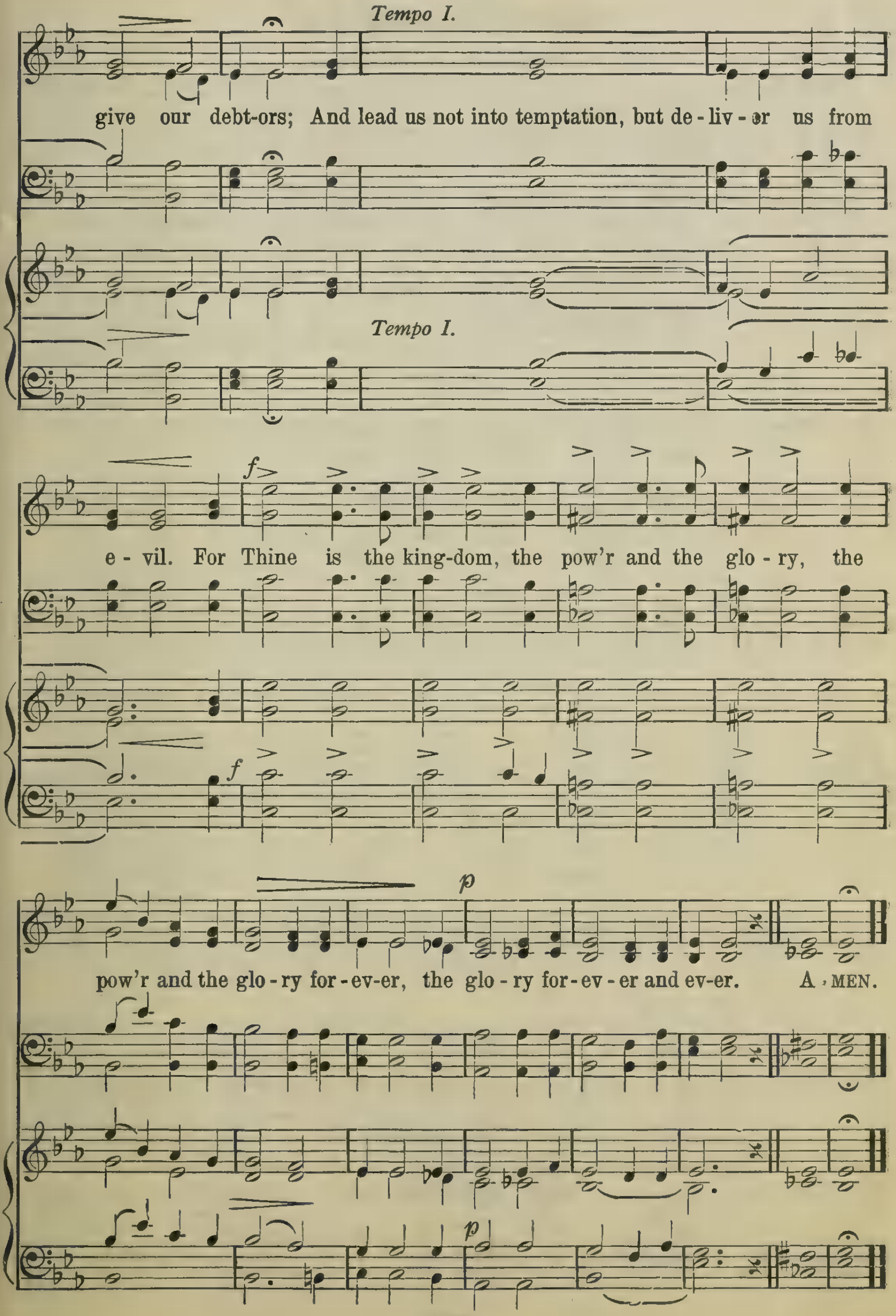
671

The Lord's Prayer, No. 3

J. A. Parks.


Our Father who art in heaven, hallow-ed be Thy name; Thy
king-dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n; Give
us this day our dai - ly bread, And for - give us our debts as we for-
p
p
p

LORD'S PRAYER

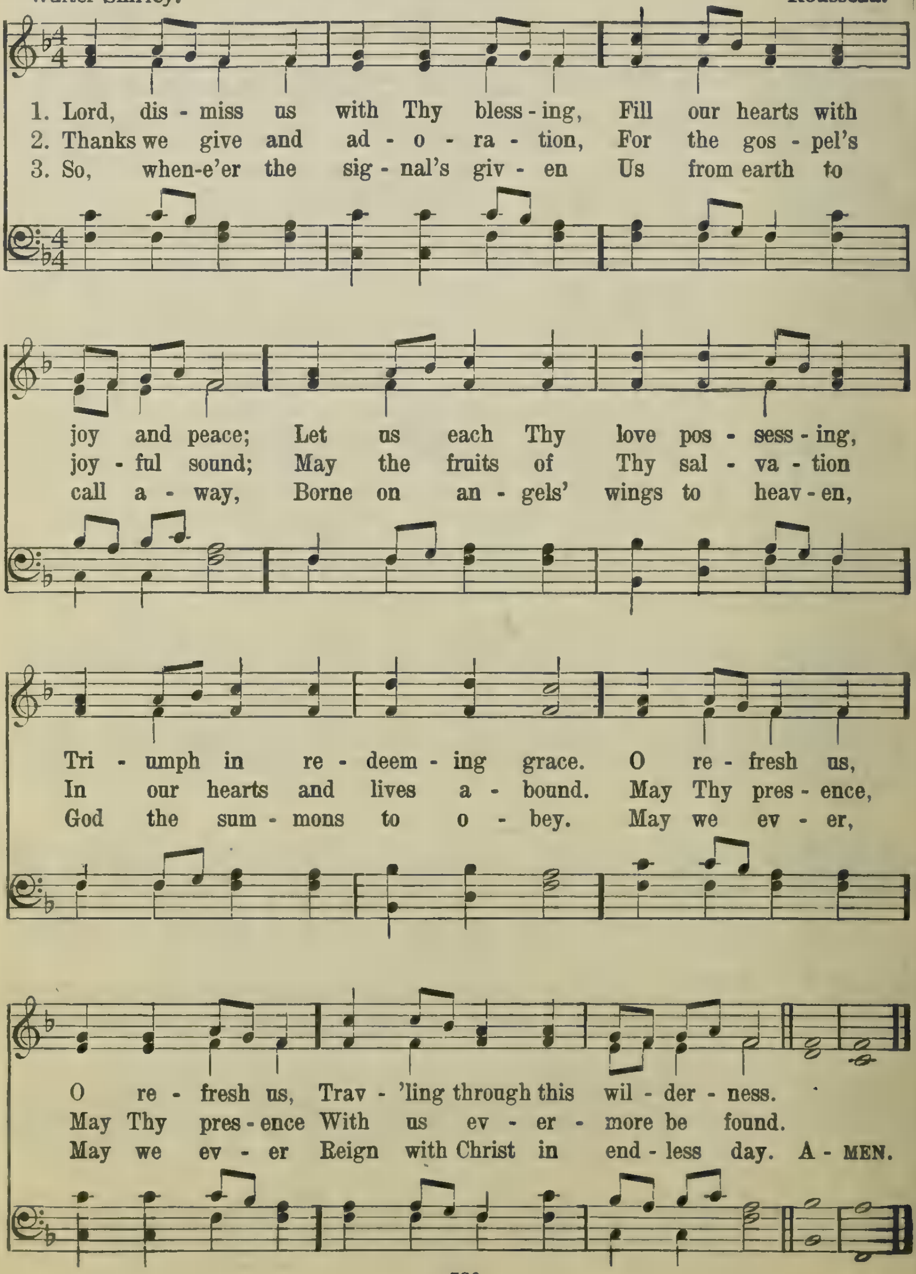

Tempo I.
give our debt-ors; And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from
Tempo I.
f
e - vil. For Thine is the king-dom, the pow'r and the glo - ry, the
f
p
pow'r and the glo - ry for - ev - er, the glo - ry for - ev - er and ev - er. A - MEN.
p

672

Lord, Dismiss Us

(Greenville. 8, 7, 4.)

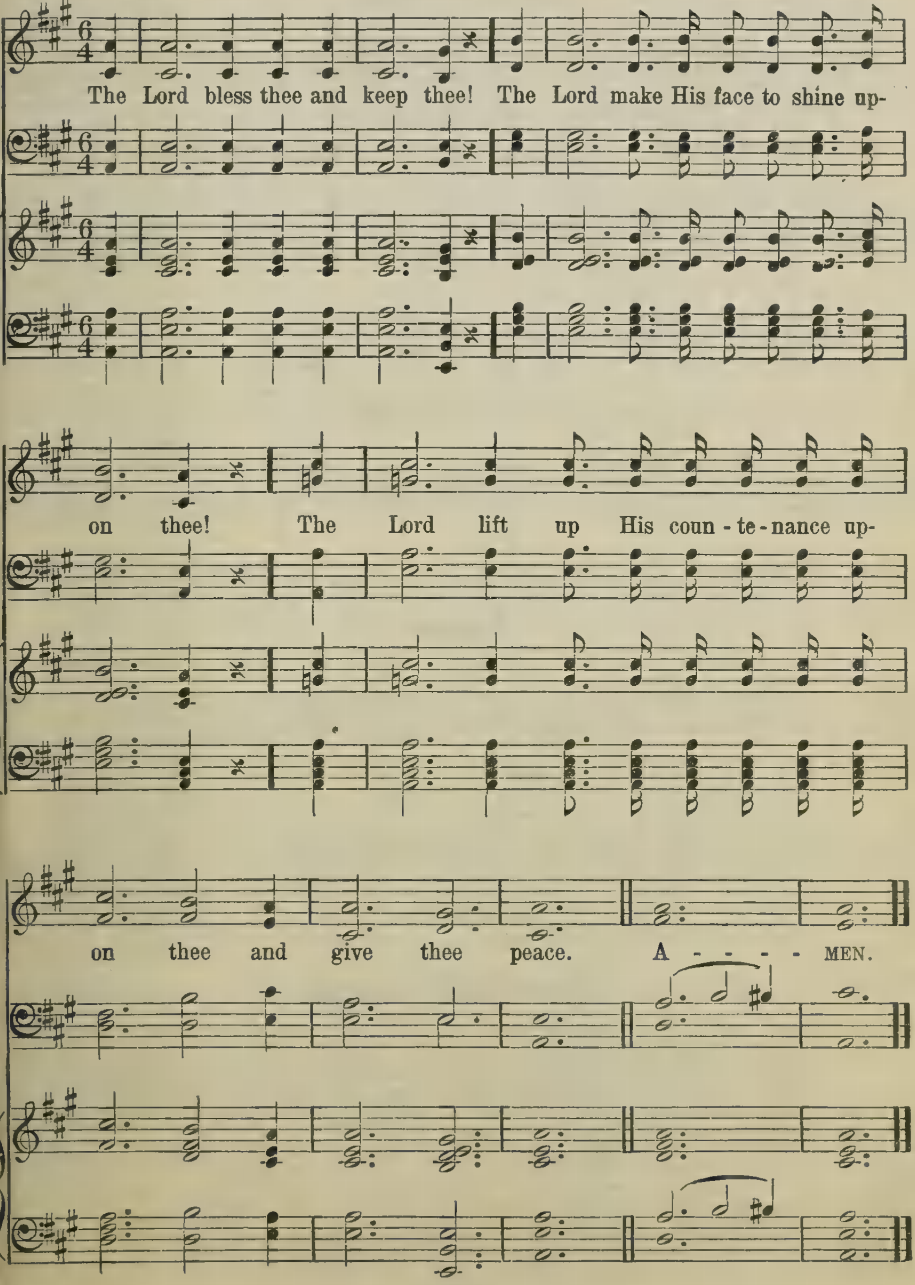
Walter Shirley. Rousseau.


1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's
3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to
joy and peace; Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing,
joy - ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
call a - way, Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,
In our hearts and lives a - bound. May Thy pres - ence,
God the sum - mons to o - bey. May we ev - er,
O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.
May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day. A - MEN.

673

The Lord Bless Thee

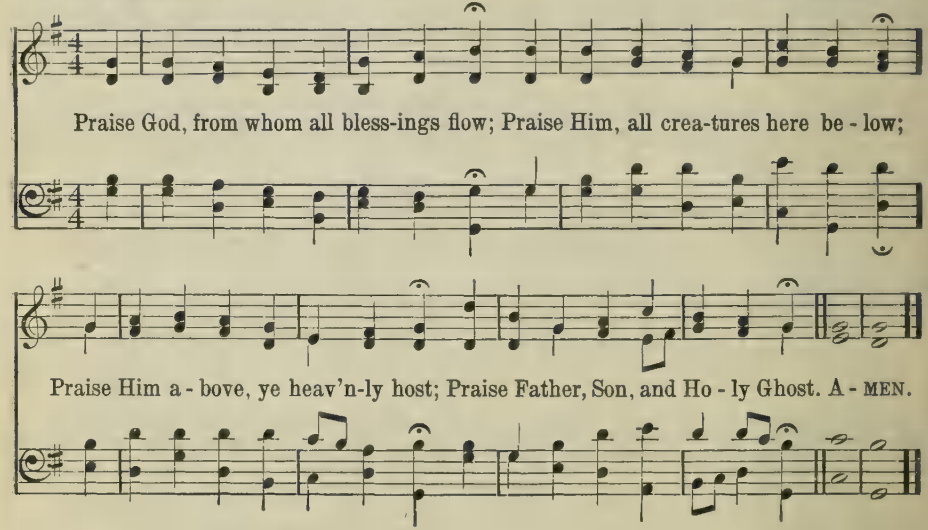
Num. 6: 24, 26. Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.


The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make His face to shine up-
on thee! The Lord lift up His coun-te-nance up-
on thee and give thee peace. A - - - - MEN.

674 Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

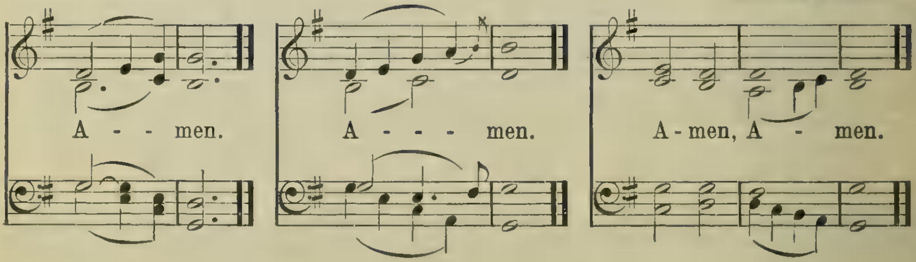
(OLD HUNDRED.)

Thomas Ken. Louis Bourgeois.

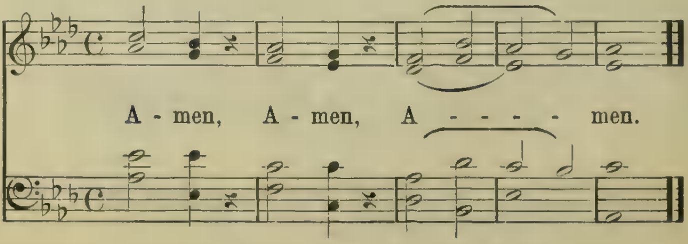

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - MEN.

675 Amen

Thomas Adams.

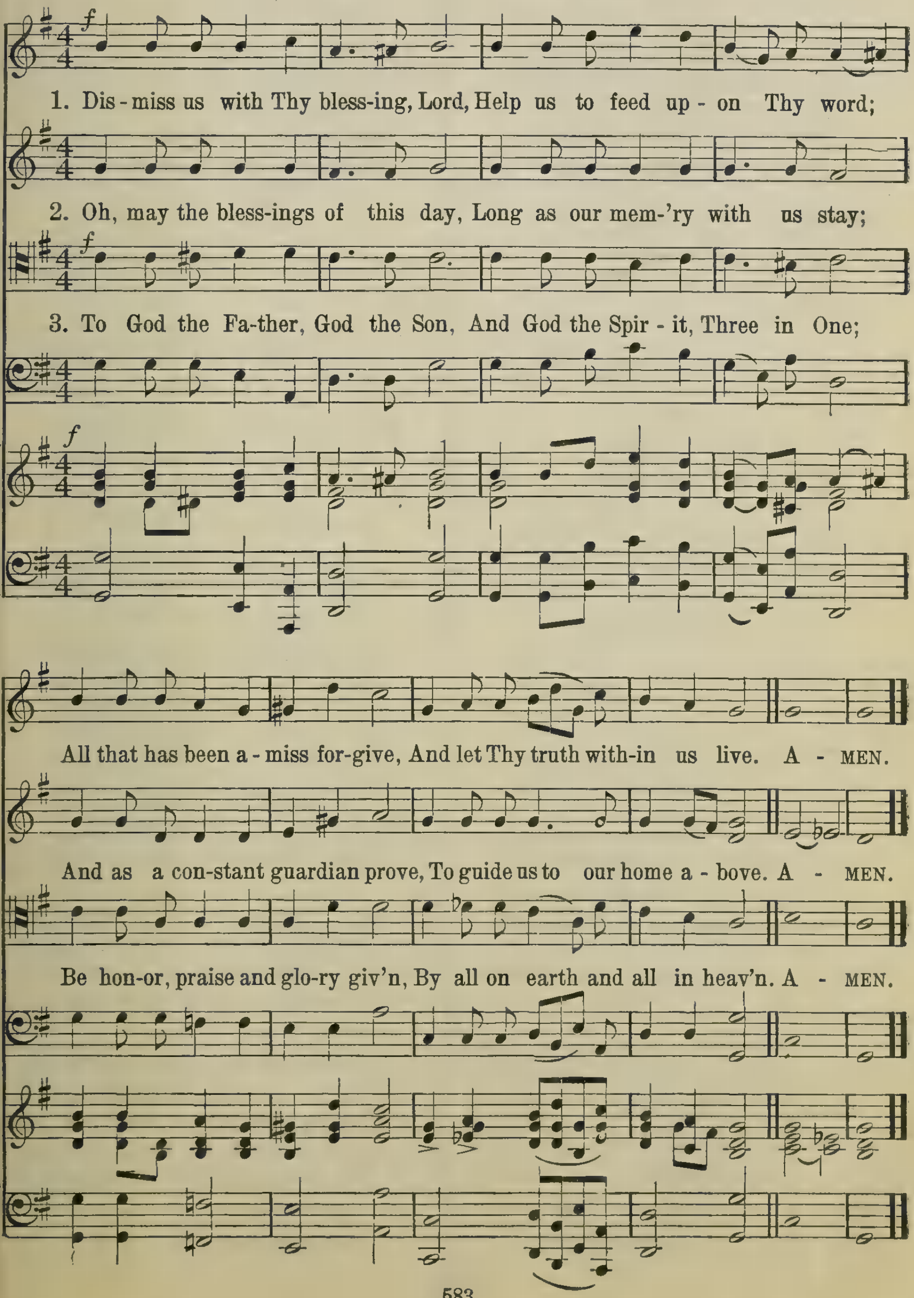

A - - men.
A - - - men.
A - men, A - men.

676 Threefold Amen


A - men, A - men, A - - - - men.

677 Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord

(RECESSIONAL. After the Benediction.)


f
1. Dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Lord, Help us to feed up-on Thy word;
2. Oh, may the bless-ings of this day, Long as our mem-'ry with us stay;
f
3. To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spir-it, Three in One;
f
All that has been a-miss for-give, And let Thy truth with-in us live. A-MEN.
And as a con-stant guardian prove, To guide us to our home a-bove. A-MEN.
Be hon-or, praise and glo-ry giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n. A-MEN.

678

When, Overwhelmed with Grief.

S. M.

1 When, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life by their reward,
I shall possess the same.

679

God's Holy Law, Transgressed.

S. M.

1 God's holy law, transgressed,
Speaks nothing but despair;
Convinced of guilt, with grief oppressed,
We find no comfort there.

2 Not all our groans and tears,
Nor works which we have done,
Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
Can e'er for sin atone.

3 Relief alone is found
In Jesus' precious blood;
'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
And reconciles to God.

4 High lifted on the cross,
The spotless Victim dies;
This is salvation's only source;
Hence all our hopes arise.

680

Jesus! Delightful, Charming Name!

C. M.

1 Jesus! delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.

3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting place.

4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

5 Through every age he's still the same;
But we ungrateful prove,
Forget the savor of his name,
The sweetness of his love.

681 *Shall We Go On to Sin.*

S. M.

1 Shall we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

682 7s. Cowper.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

683

To Thee My Righteous King and Lord.

C. M.

1 To thee my righteous King and Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.

2 Thy gracious human thought exceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.

3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight
Which breathes in praise to thee.

4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.

5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.

6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
And thy dominion, firm and sure,
Forever shall remain.

684 *Mutual Aid.*

C. M.

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!

2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.

6 Then, when the mighty work is wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

685

Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.

C. M. WATTS.

1 That awful day will surely come,—
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

686 *And Are We Yet Alive.*

S. M. D.

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

687 *Now Is the Accepted Time.*
S. M.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings
And bear the news above.

688 *Christ the Object of Love.*
C. M.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last, labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine arms,
The antidote of death.

689
This Mortal Shall Put On Immortality.
S. M.

1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

690
In Distress Pleading with God.
C. M.

1 O! That I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

691

Resurrection and Judgment.

S. M. C. WESLEY

1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory crowned,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph, or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?

4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.

5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery,—

6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

692 *Self-Denial for Christ.*

C. M. BEDDOME.

1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

693 *Solemn Questions.*

S. M.

1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

694

O, Speed Thee, Christian on Thy Way.

C. M.

1 O, speed thee, Christian on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 The glowing lamp of prayer will light
Thee on the anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in sight,
And guide thee to thy God.

5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

695

Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

696

'Tis Faith Supports My Feeble Soul.

C. M.

1 'Tis faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.

2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.

3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose:
In thee my help is found.

4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

697

Filial Confidence.

S. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

1 Lord, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.

2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.

3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.

4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

698 *Prayer for Grace in Trial.*

C. M.

URWICK'S COL.

1 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now;
And answer, and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

699 *Another Soldier Gone.*

S. M.

REV. B. J. PERKINS

1 Another soldier gone
To get a great reward;
He fought the fight and kept the faith
And now gone home to God.

2 He fought until he fell
Upon the battle field,
And then he heard the General say,
"Lay down your sword and shield."

3 His soul has gone to God
The earth has claimed its own,
And now he's shouting 'round the throne,
While we are left to mourn.

4 Some day we'll meet again,
Our loved ones gone before;
Some day we'll reach that happy land,
Where parting is no more.

700 *Love to the Lord Declared.*

C. M.

1 I love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
Oh, let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

701 *Christ Superior to Moses.*

C. M.

1 How strong thine arm is, mighty God,
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are,
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than Moses did,
Our Prophet and our King,
From bonds of hell has freed ou
souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.

4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
Yet never reached the place:
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

702 *The Christian Race.*

C. M. Doddridge.

1 Awake, my soul: stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

703

The Day Is Past and Gone.

S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon dis-robe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May Angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

704 *Funeral Hymn.*

C. M.

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

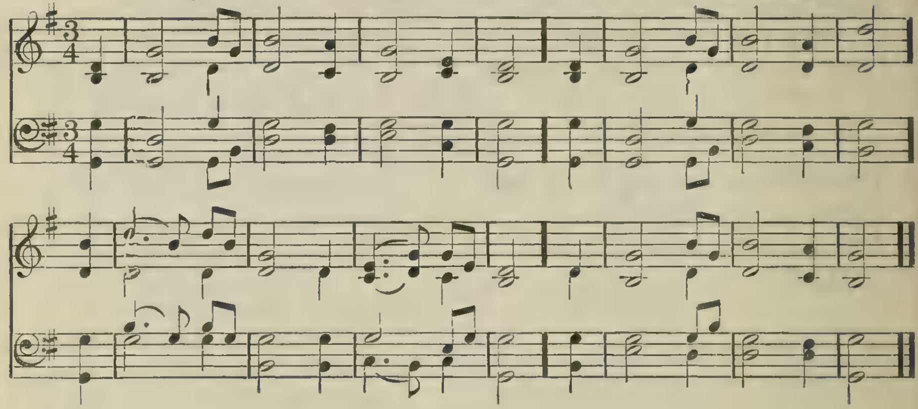
2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

705

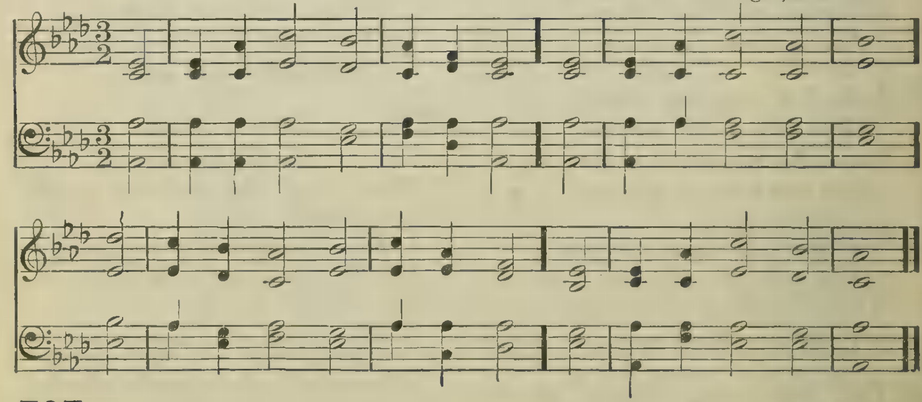
McIntosh. C. M.



706

Evan. C. M.

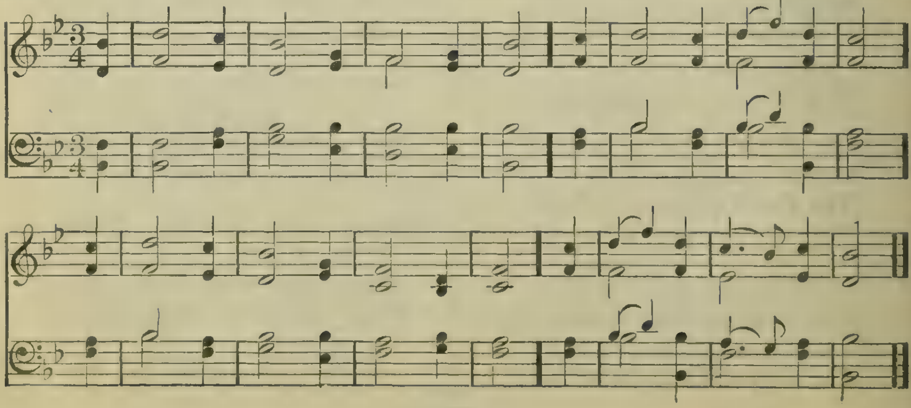
Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



707

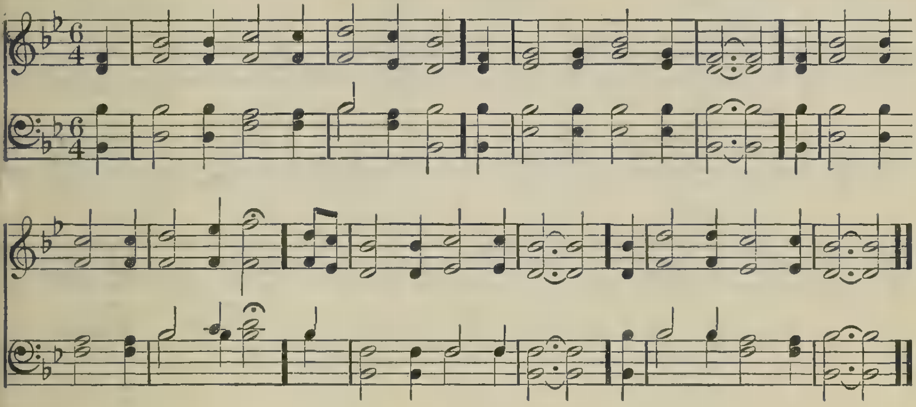
Balerma. C. M.

Adapted by R. Simpson.



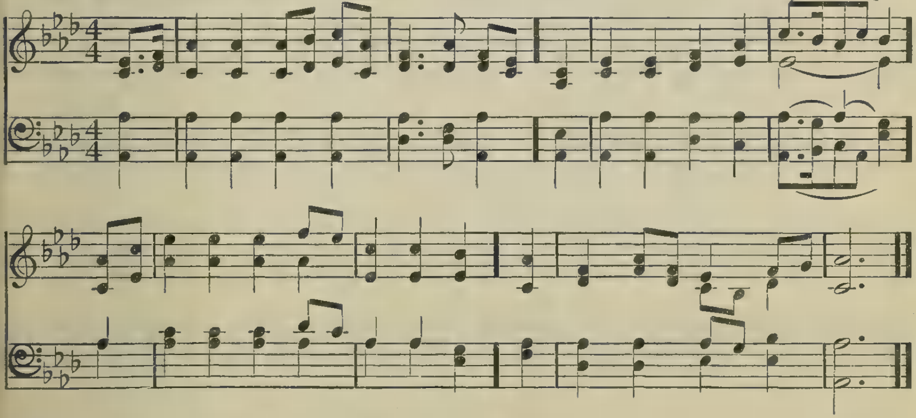
708

ORTONVILLE. .Thos. Hastings.



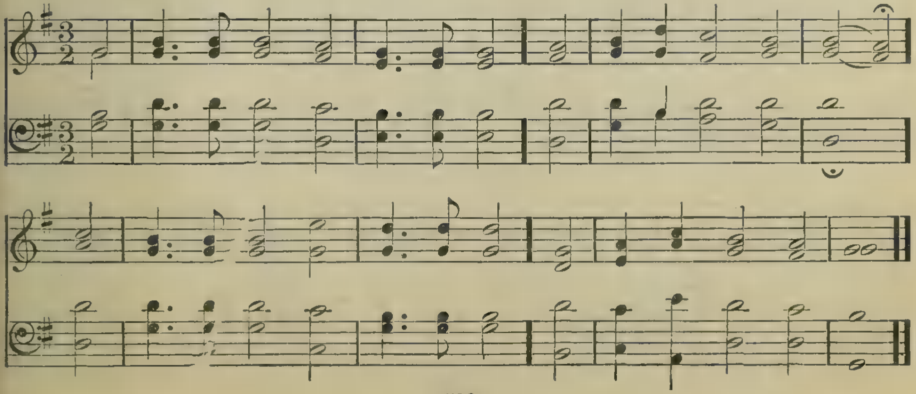
709

PISGAH. C. M. J. C. Lowry.



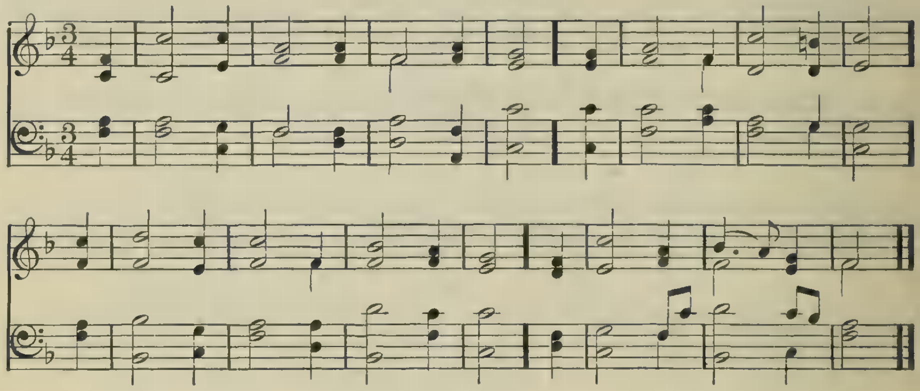
710

ARLINGTON. C. M. Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710–1778.



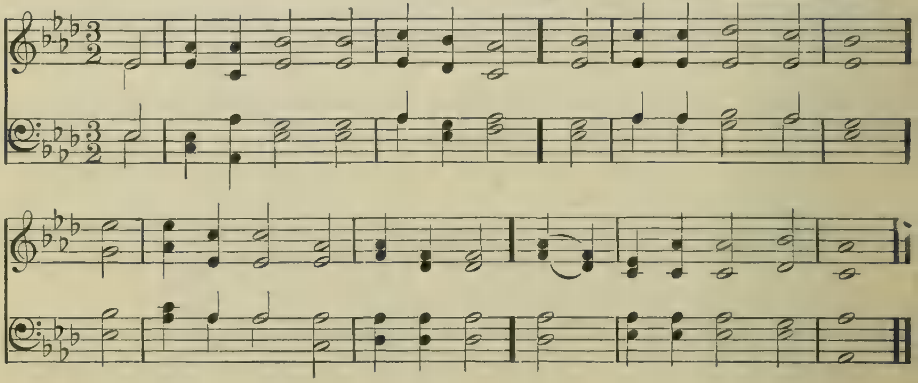
711

MEAR. C. M. American Air.



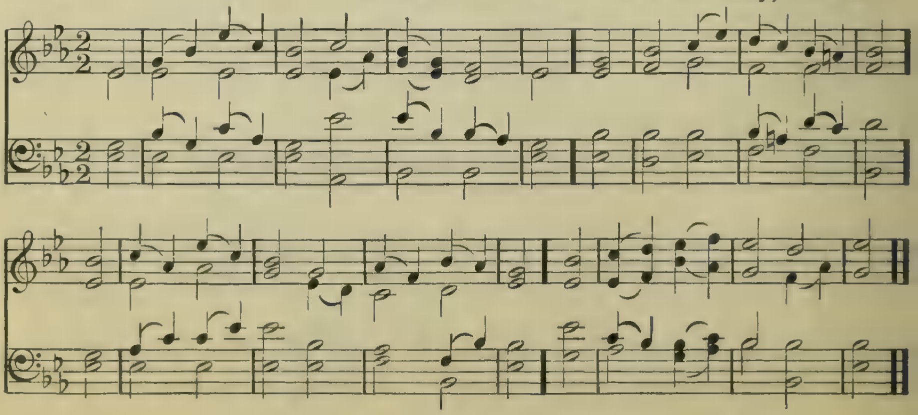
712

AZMON. C. M. Arr. from Carl G. Gläser,
by Lowell Mason, 1839.



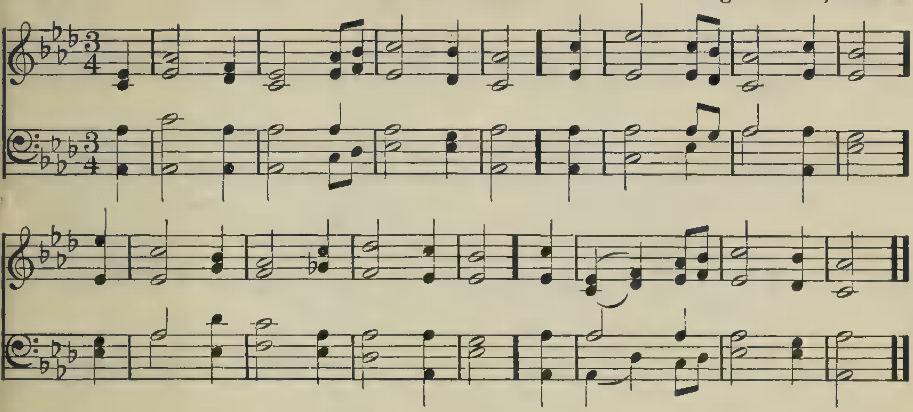
713

WARWICK. C. M. Samuel Stanley, 1767–1822.



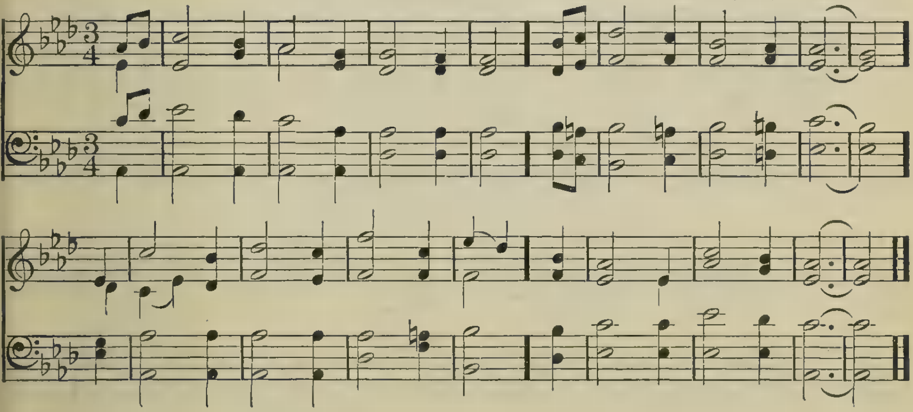
714

AVON. C. M. Hugh Wilson, 1768.



715

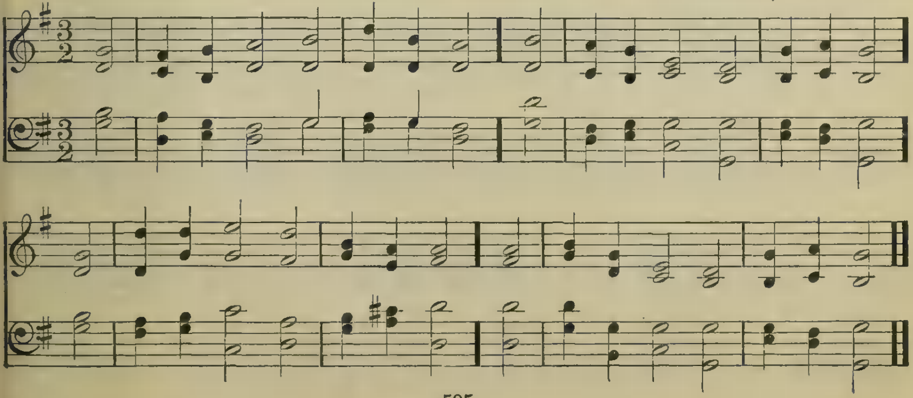
MANOAH. C. M. F. J. Haydn, 1732–1809.



716

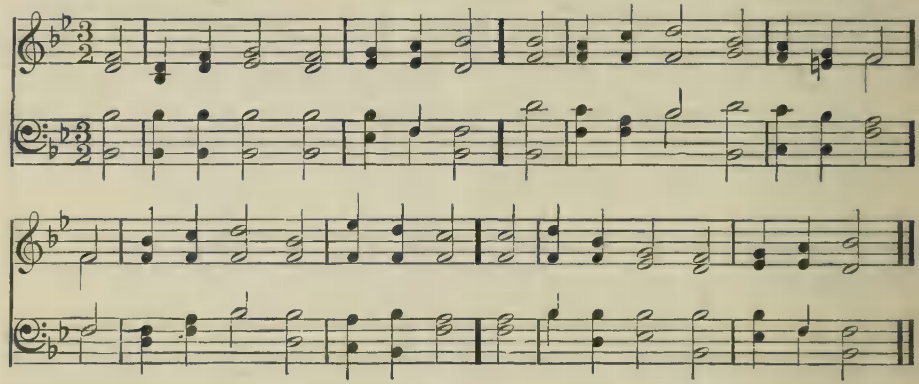
ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



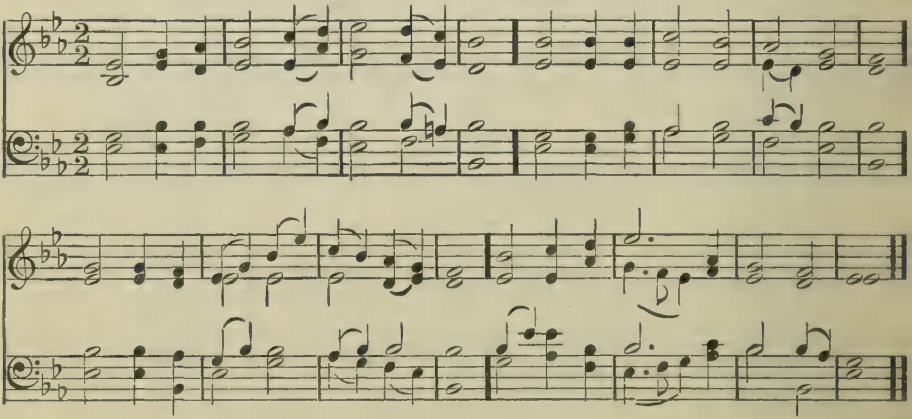
717

HEBRON. L. M. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



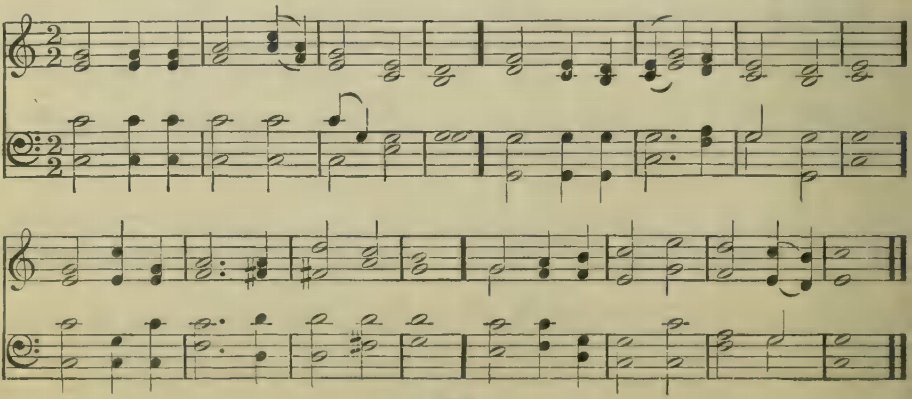
718

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. Hatton, 1790.



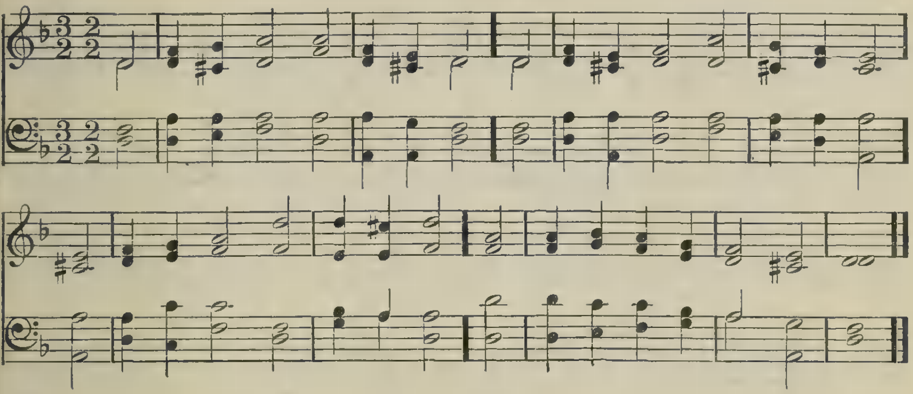
719

ZEPHYR. L. M. W. B. Bradbury, 1816–1868.



720

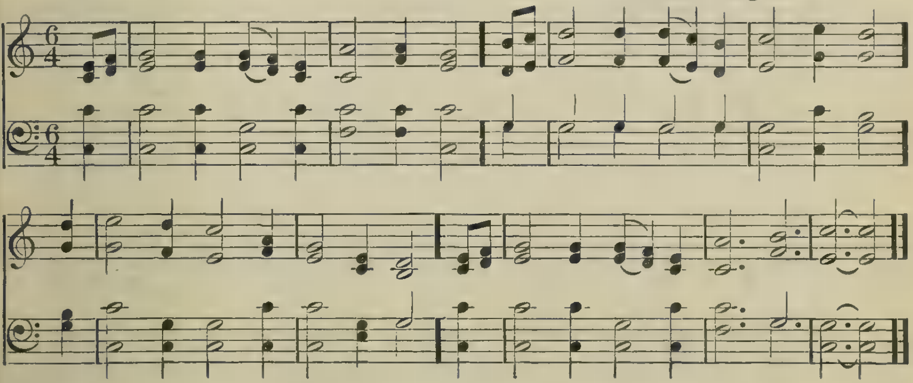
WINDHAM. L. M. Daniel Read, 1757–1836.



721

RETREAT. L. M.

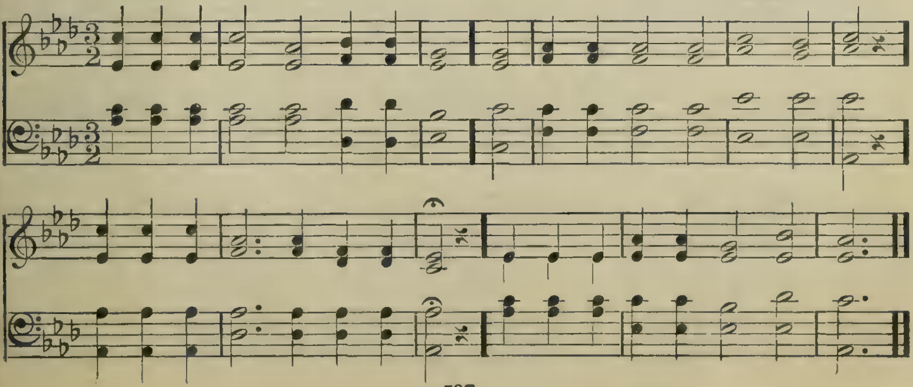
Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784–1872.



722

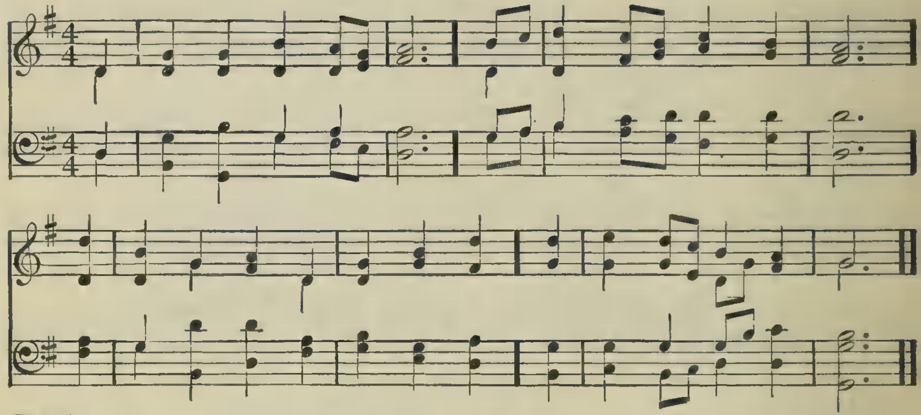
MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1795–1857.



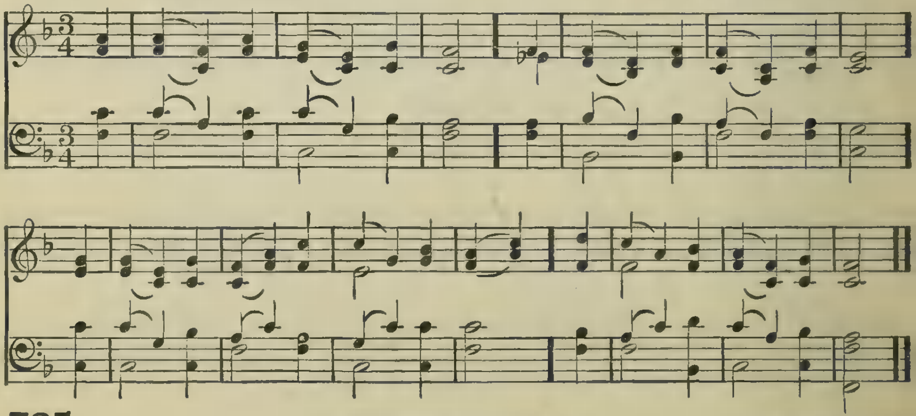
723

ST. THOMAS. S. M. G. F. Handel, 1685–1759.



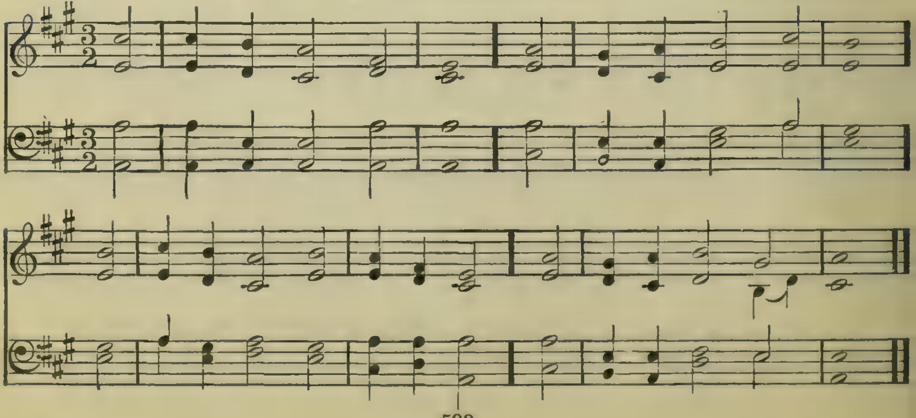
724

DENNIS. S. M. H. G. Nageli, 1768–1836.



725

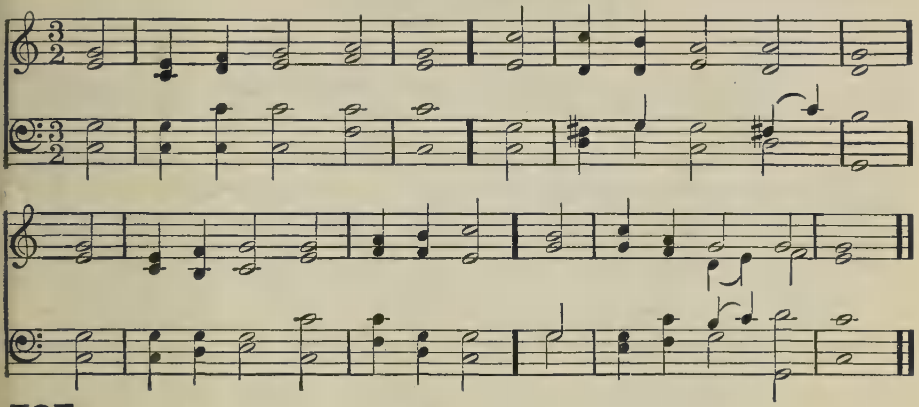
STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. Woodman.



726

BOYLSTON. S. M.

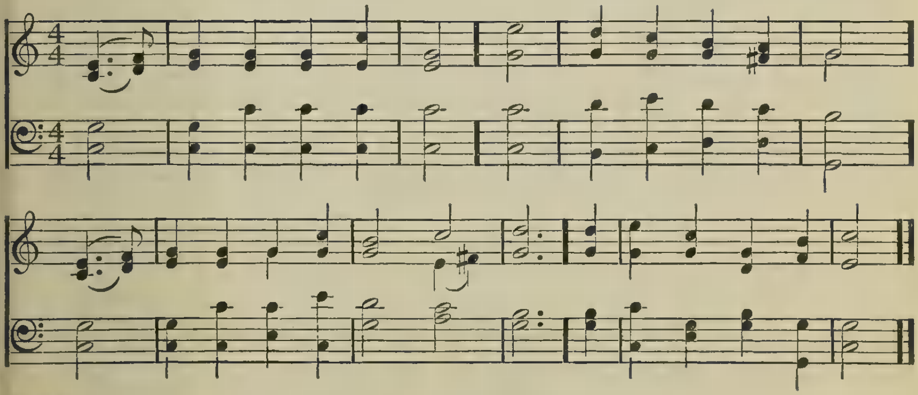
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



727

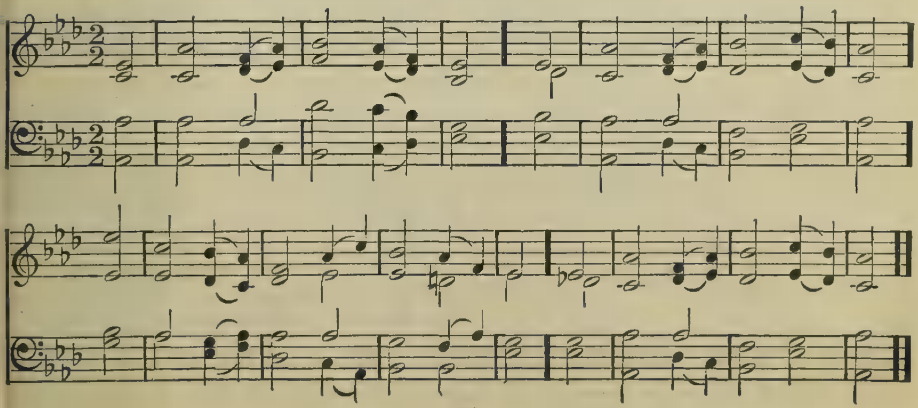
LABAN S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



728

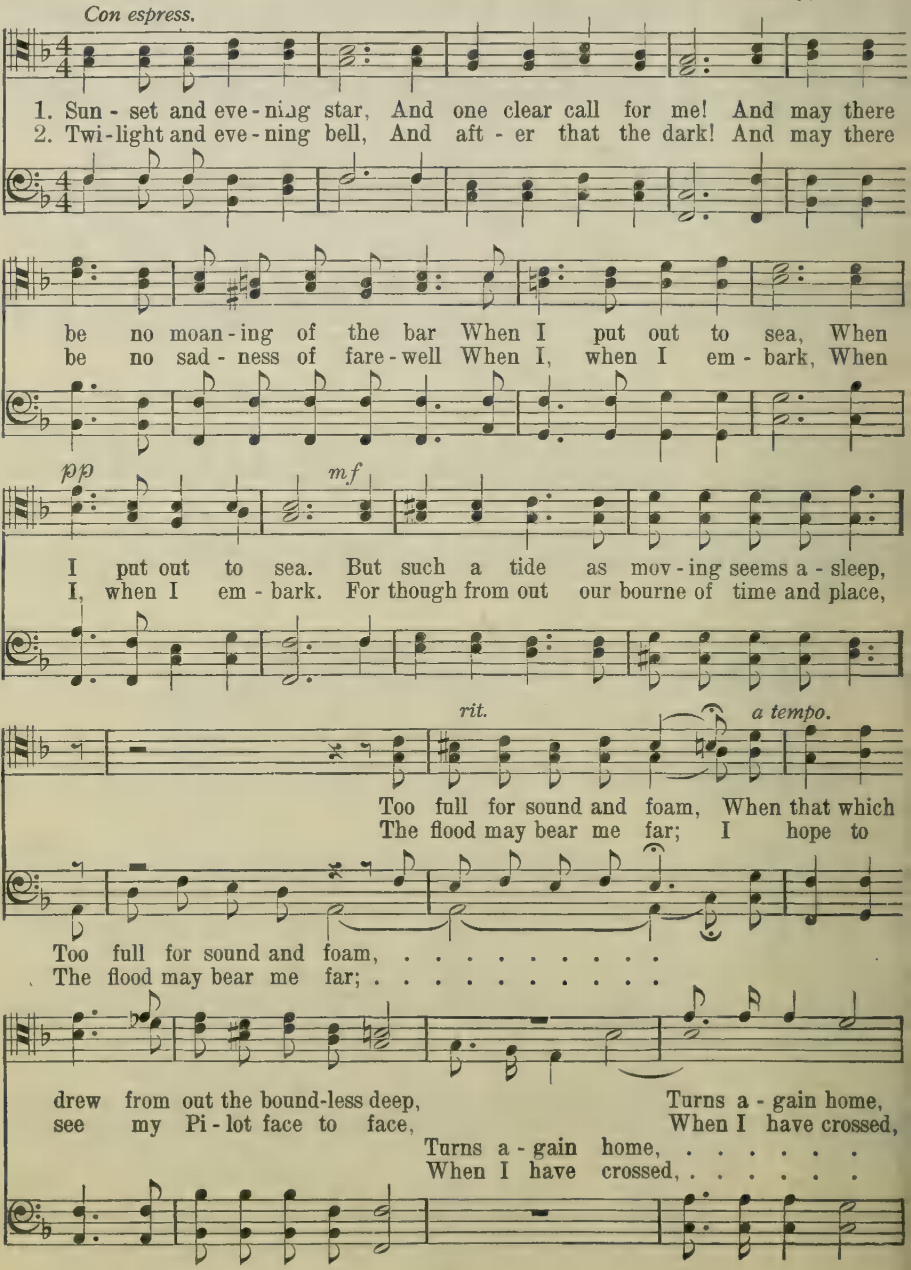
GAVIN. S. M.



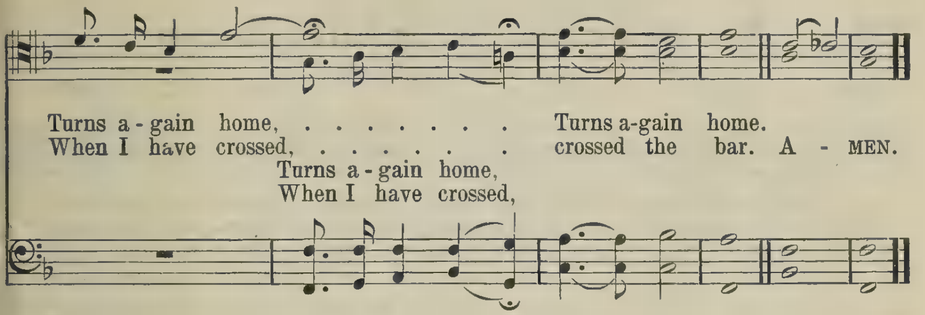
729 Crossing the Bar

(Male Chorus or Quartet.)

Alfred Tennyson. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


Con espress.
1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there
2. Twi-light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there
be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea, When
be no sad - ness of fare - well When I, when I em - bark, When
pp
mf
I put out to sea. But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep,
I, when I em - bark. For though from out our bourne of time and place,
rit.
a tempo.
Too full for sound and foam, When that which
The flood may bear me far; I hope to
Too full for sound and foam, ...
The flood may bear me far; . . . .
drew from out the bound-less deep, Turns a - gain home,
see my Pi - lot face to face, When I have crossed,
Turns a - gain home, ...
When I have crossed, ...

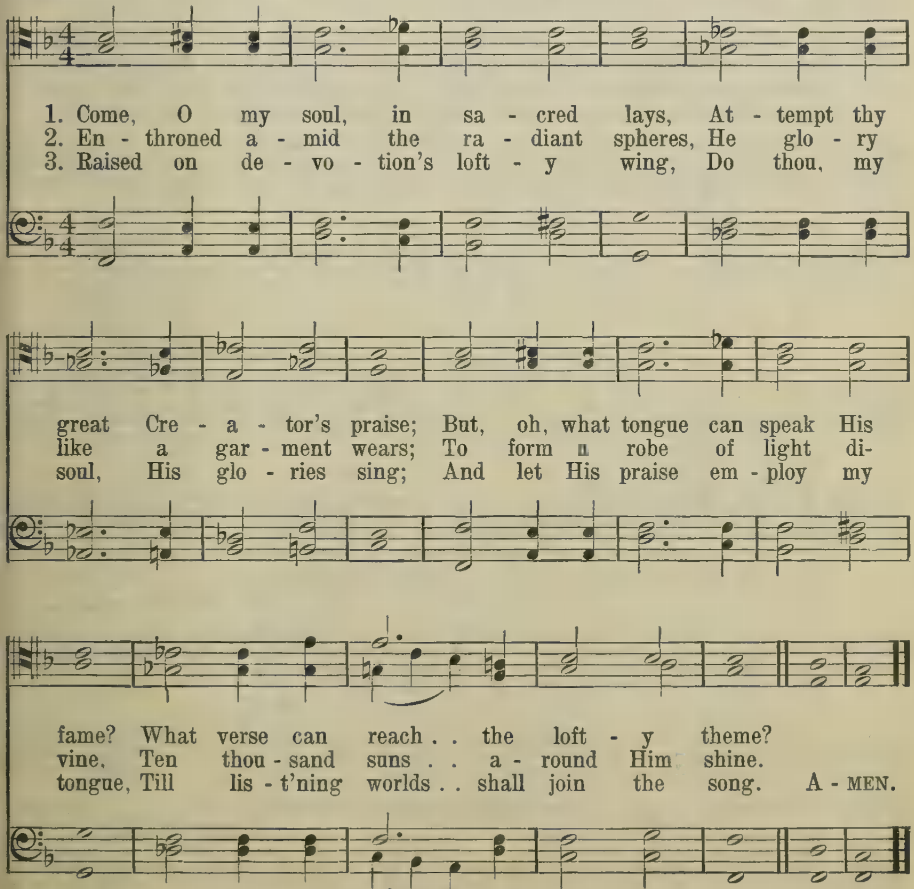
Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley.


Turns a-gain home, ... Turns a-gain home.
When I have crossed, ... crossed the bar. A - MEN.
Turns a-gain home,
When I have crossed,

730 Come, O My Soul

(MALE QUARTET.)

Anon. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

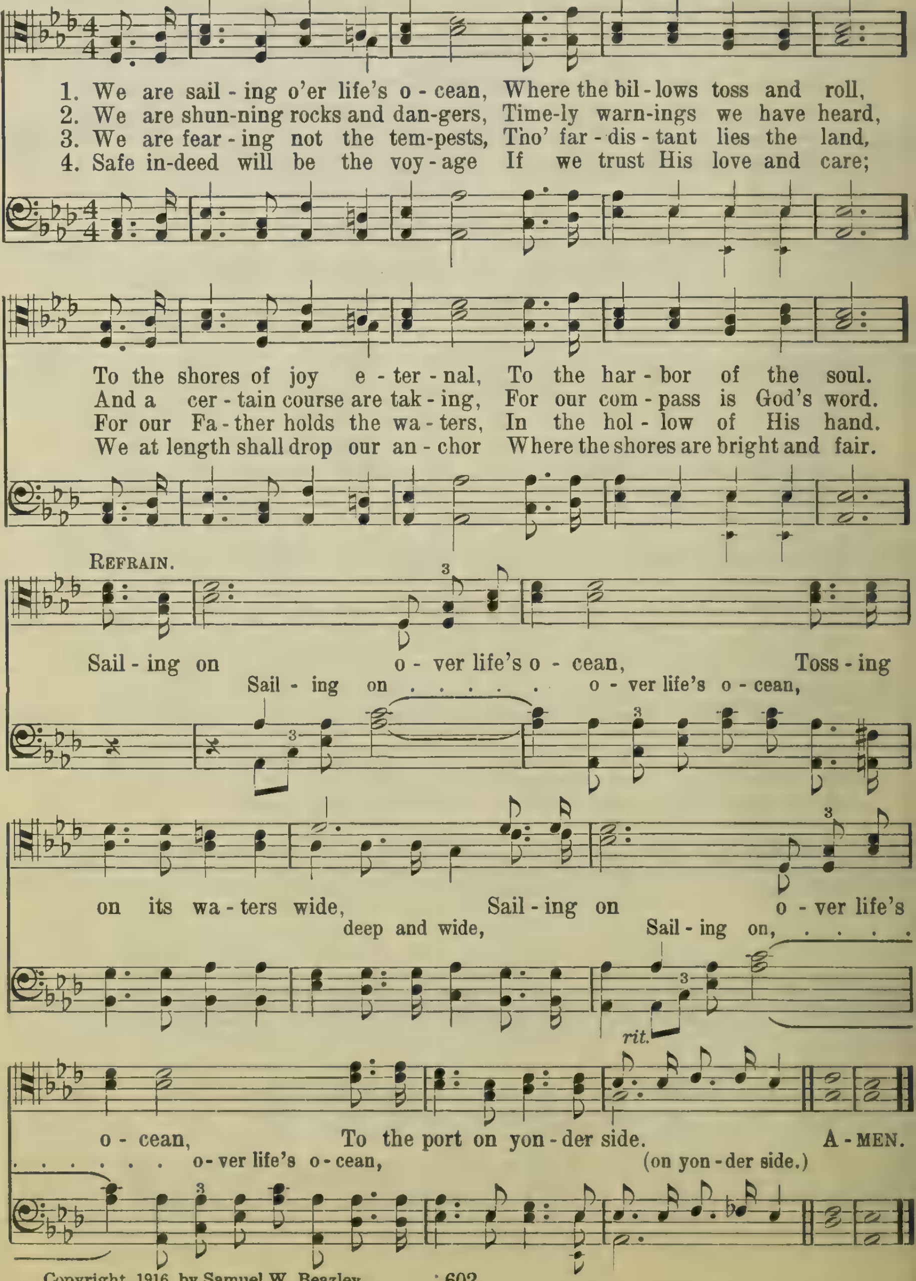

1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy
2. En - throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry
3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my
great Cre - a - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak His
like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di-
soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy my
fame? What verse can reach . . the loft - y theme?
vine, Ten thou - sand suns . . a - round Him shine.
tongue, Till lis - t'ning worlds . . shall join the song. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Beazley's New Songs."

731 We Are Sailing O'er Life's Ocean

(SAILING LIFE'S OCEAN.)

S. W. B. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. We are sail-ing o'er life's o-cean, Where the bil-lows toss and roll,
2. We are shun-ning rocks and dan-gers, Time-ly warn-ings we have heard,
3. We are fear-ing not the tem-pests, Tho' far-dis-tant lies the land,
4. Safe in-deed will be the voy-age If we trust His love and care;
To the shores of joy e-ter-nal, To the har-bor of the soul.
And a cer-tain course are tak-ing, For our com-pass is God's word.
For our Fa-ther holds the wa-ters, In the hol-low of His hand.
We at length shall drop our an-chor Where the shores are bright and fair.
REFRAIN.
Sail-ing on o-ver life's o-cean, Toss-ing
Sail-ing on . . . . . o-ver life's o-cean,
on its wa-ters wide, Sail-ing on o-ver life's
deep and wide, Sail-ing on, ...
o-cean, To the port on yon-der side. A-MEN.
. . . . . . o-ver life's o-cean, (on yon-der side.)
3
rit.

Copyright, 1916, by Samuel W. Beazley.

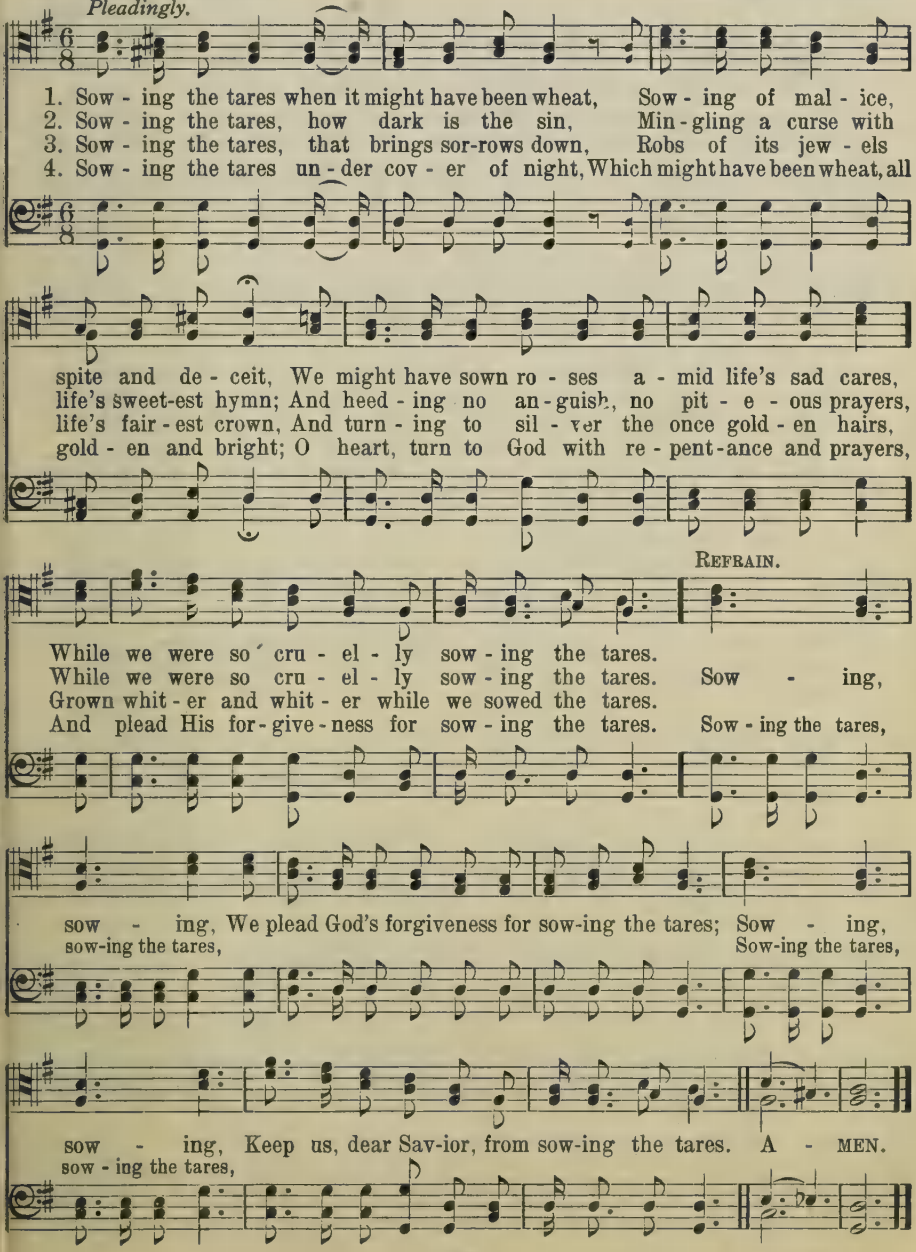
732

Sowing the Tares

"Be not deceived: God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal. 6: 7.

Words by a convict in the
Maryland State Prison.

Chas. Edw. Pollock.

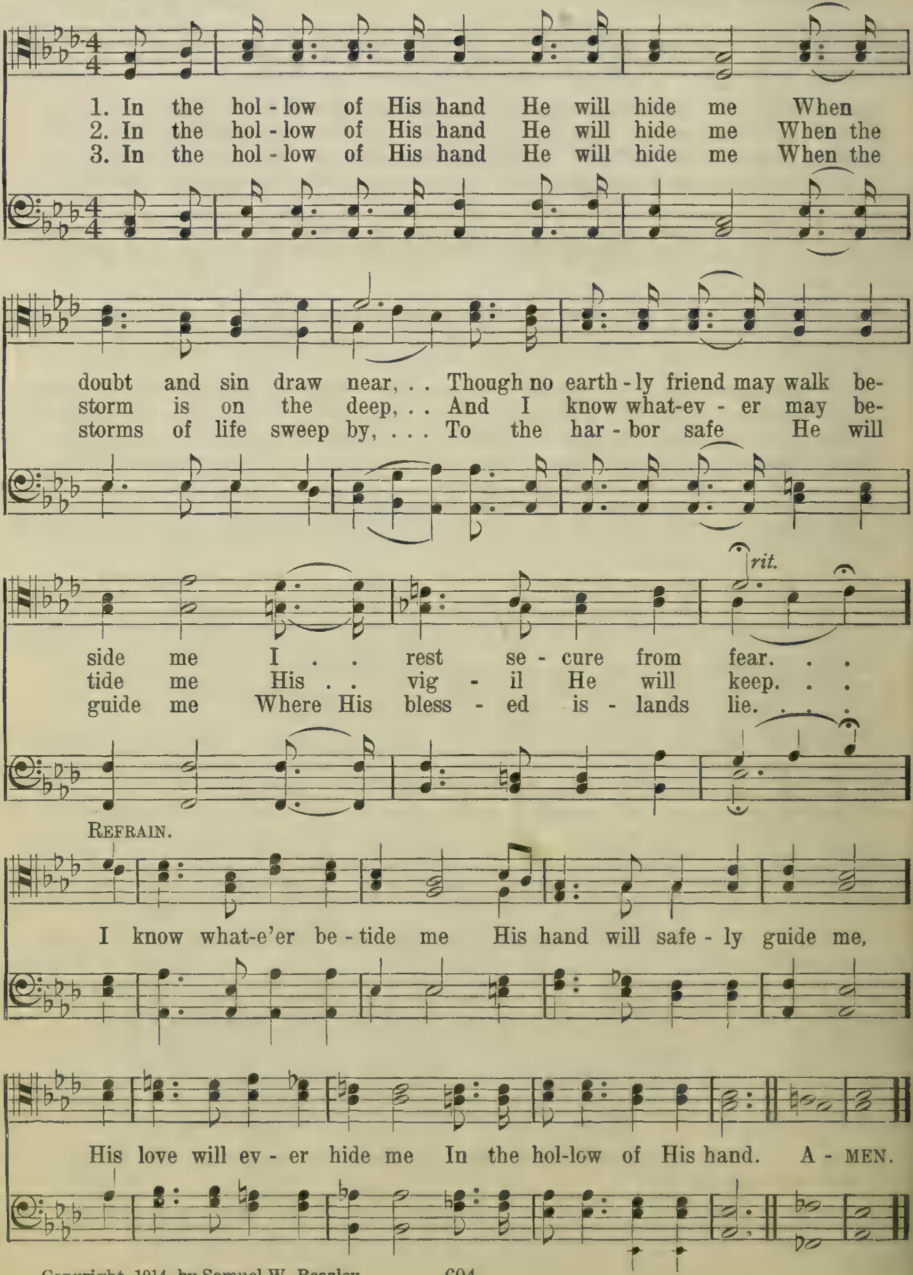

Pleadingly.
1. Sow - ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of mal - ice,
2. Sow - ing the tares, how dark is the sin, Min - gling a curse with
3. Sow - ing the tares, that brings sor-rows down, Robs of its jew - els
4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been wheat, all
spite and de - ceit, We might have sown ro - ses a - mid life's sad cares,
life's sweet-est hymn; And heed - ing no an - guish, no pit - e - ous prayers,
life's fair - est crown, And turn - ing to sil - ver the once gold - en hairs,
gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re - pent-ance and prayers,
While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.
Grown whit - er and whit - er while we sowed the tares.
And plead His for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.
Refrain.
Sow - ing,
Sow - ing the tares,
sow - ing, We plead God's forgiveness for sow-ing the tares; Sow - ing,
sow-ing the tares,
Sow-ing the tares,
sow - ing, Keep us, dear Sav-ior, from sow-ing the tares. A - men.
sow - ing the tares,

733

In the Hollow of His Hand

(MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.)

Florence Jones Hadley. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When doubt and sin draw near, . . Though no earth - ly friend may walk be- side me I . . rest se - cure from fear. . . .
2. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When the storm is on the deep, . . And I know what-ev - er may be- tide me His . . vig - il He will keep. . . .
3. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When the storms of life sweep by, . . . To the har - bor safe He will guide me Where His bless - ed is - lands lie. . . .
rit.
REFRAIN.
I know what-e'er be - tide me His hand will safe - ly guide me, His love will ev - er hide me In the hol-low of His hand. A - MEN.

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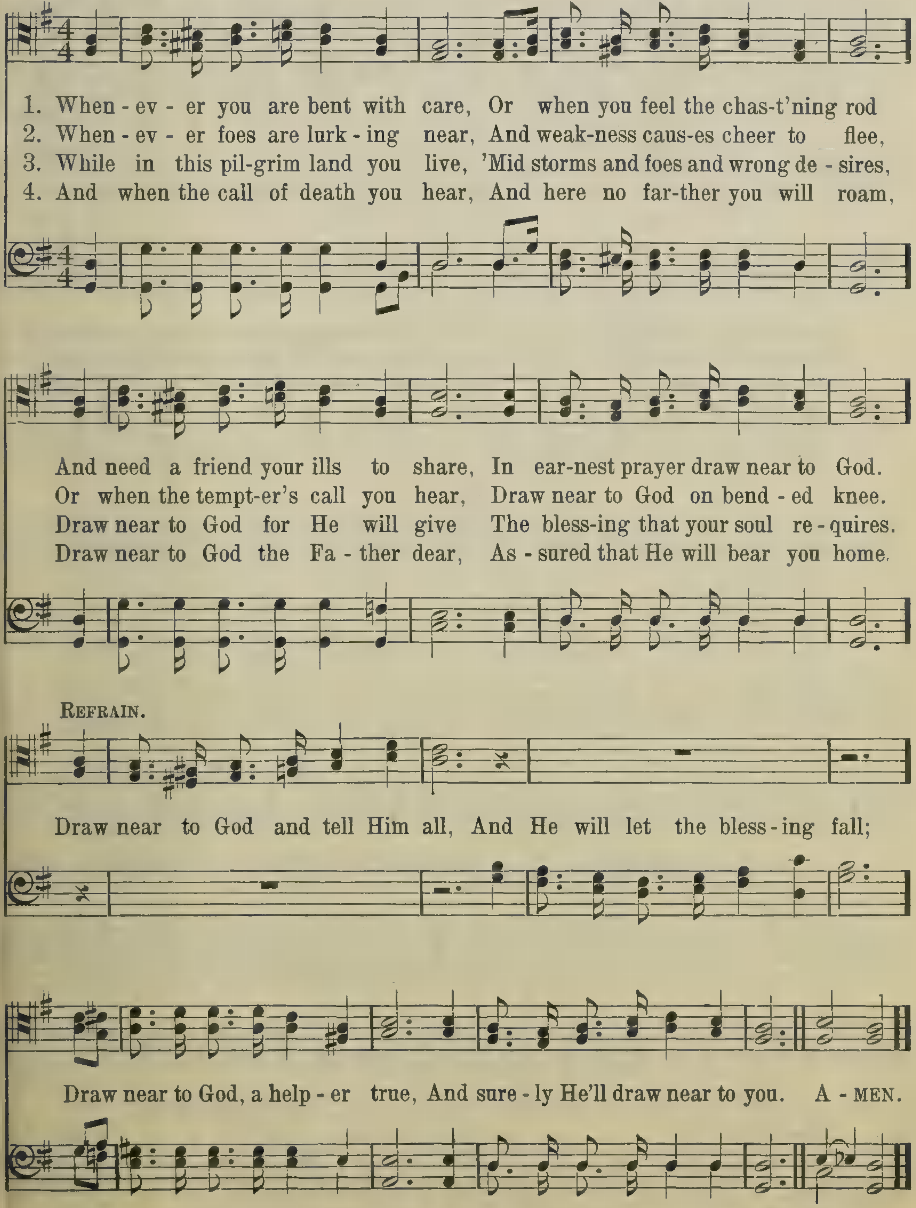
734

Draw Near to God

(MALE QUARTET.)

Mrs. M. Doolittle. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873


1. When-ev-er you are bent with care, Or when you feel the chas-t'ning rod
2. When-ev-er foes are lurk-ing near, And weak-ness caus-es cheer to flee,
3. While in this pil-grim land you live, 'Mid storms and foes and wrong de-sires,
4. And when the call of death you hear, And here no far-ther you will roam,
And need a friend your ills to share, In ear-nest prayer draw near to God.
Or when the tempt-er's call you hear, Draw near to God on bend-ed knee.
Draw near to God for He will give The bless-ing that your soul re-quires.
Draw near to God the Fa-ther dear, As-sured that He will bear you home.
REFRAIN.
Draw near to God and tell Him all, And He will let the bless-ing fall;
Draw near to God, a help-er true, And sure-ly He'll draw near to you. A-MEN.

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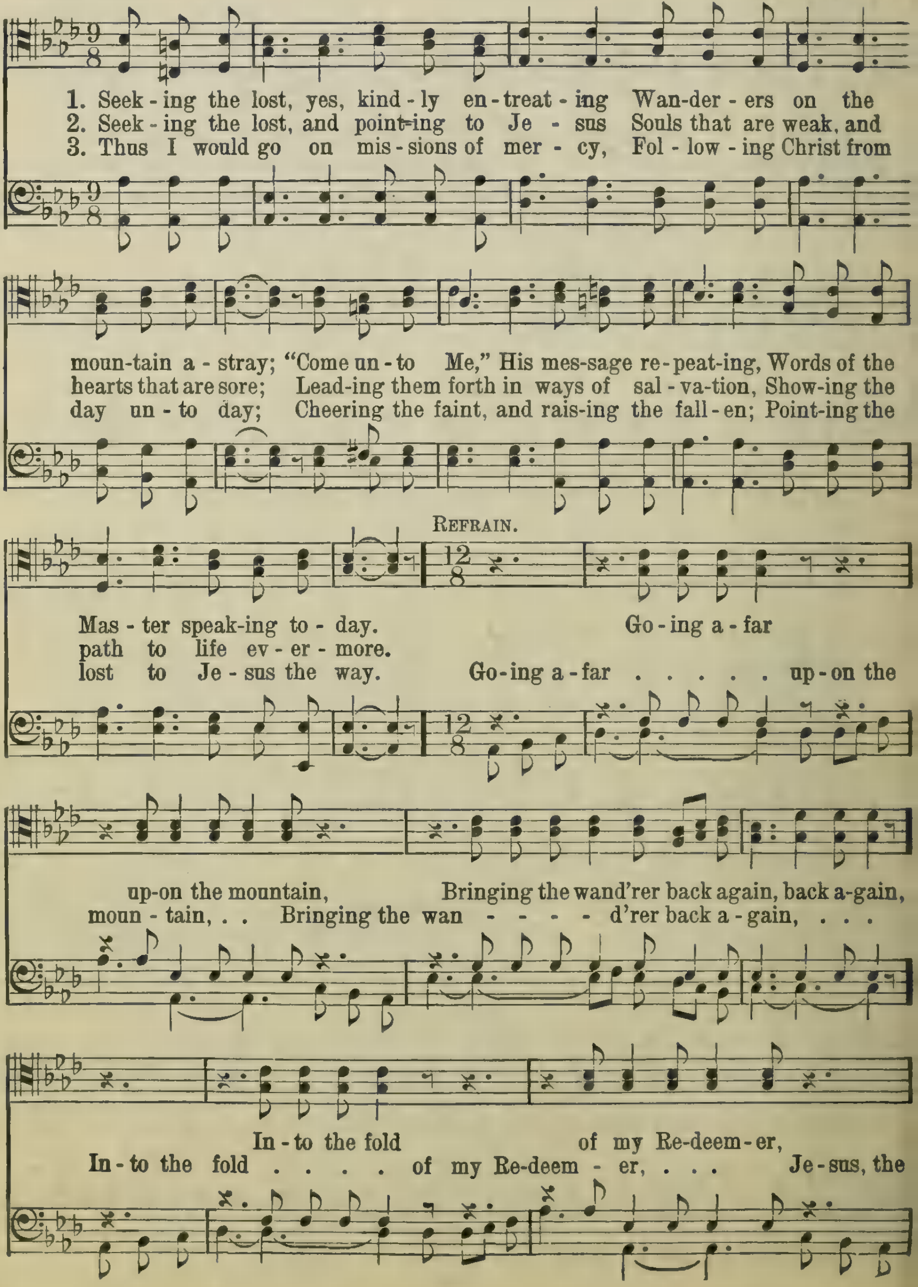
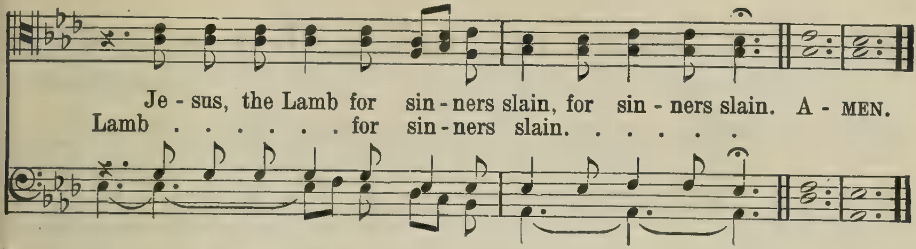
735 Seeking the Lost

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden.


1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wan-der-ers on the
2. Seek-ing the lost, and point-ing to Je-sus Souls that are weak, and
3. Thus I would go on mis-sions of mer-cy, Fol-low-ing Christ from
moun-tain a-stray; "Come un-to Me," His mes-sage re-peat-ing, Words of the
hearts that are sore; Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Show-ing the
day un-to day; Cheering the faint, and rais-ing the fall-en; Point-ing the
Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
path to life ev-er-more.
lost to Je-sus the way.
REFRAIN.
Go-ing a-far
Go-ing a-far . . . . . . up-on the
up-on the mountain, Bringing the wand'rer back again, back a-gain,
moun-tain, . . Bringing the wan - - - - d'rer back a-gain, . . .
In-to the fold of my Re-deem-er,
In-to the fold . . . . of my Re-deem-er, . . . Je-sus, the


Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain. A - MEN.
Lamb . . . . for sin - ners slain. . . . . . .

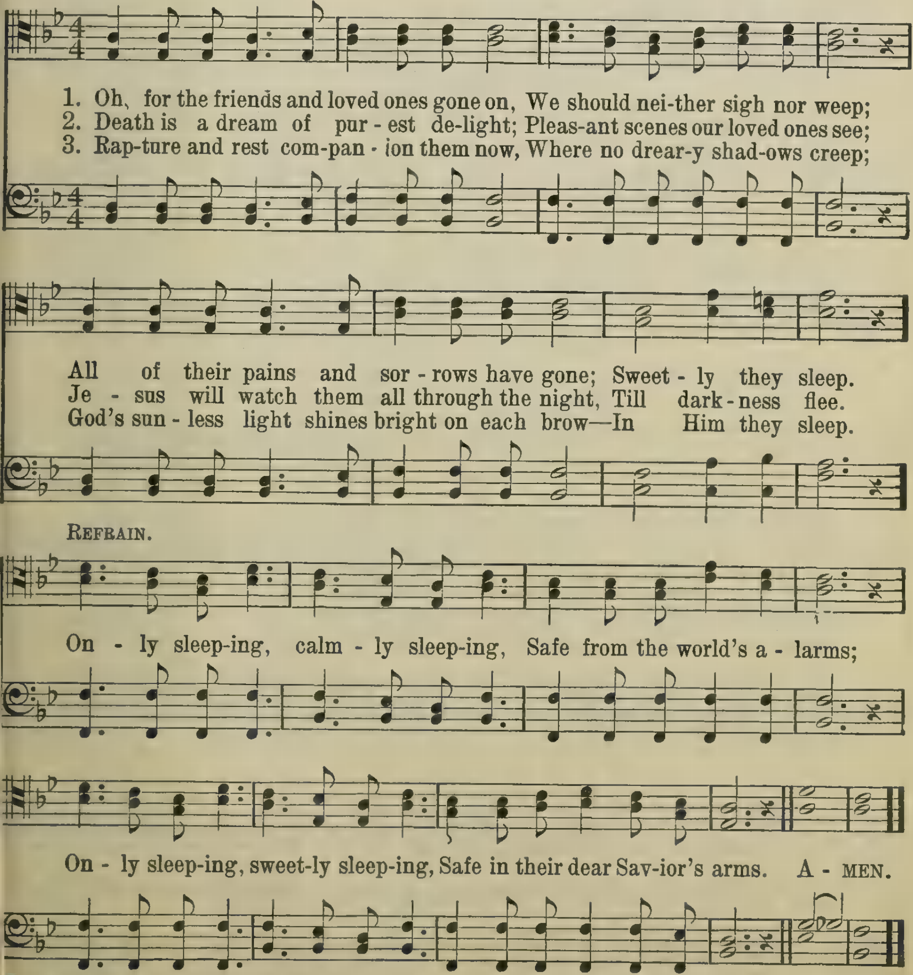
736

Only Sleeping

(MALE QUARTET.)

James Rowe.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Oh, for the friends and loved ones gone on, We should nei-ther sigh nor weep;
2. Death is a dream of pur - est de-light; Pleas-ant scenes our loved ones see;
3. Rap-ture and rest com-pan - ion them now, Where no drear-y shad-ows creep;
All of their pains and sor - rows have gone; Sweet - ly they sleep.
Je - sus will watch them all through the night, Till dark - ness flee.
God's sun - less light shines bright on each brow—In Him they sleep.
REFRAIN.
On - ly sleep-ing, calm - ly sleep-ing, Safe from the world's a - larms;
On - ly sleep-ing, sweet-ly sleep-ing, Safe in their dear Sav-ior's arms. A - MEN.

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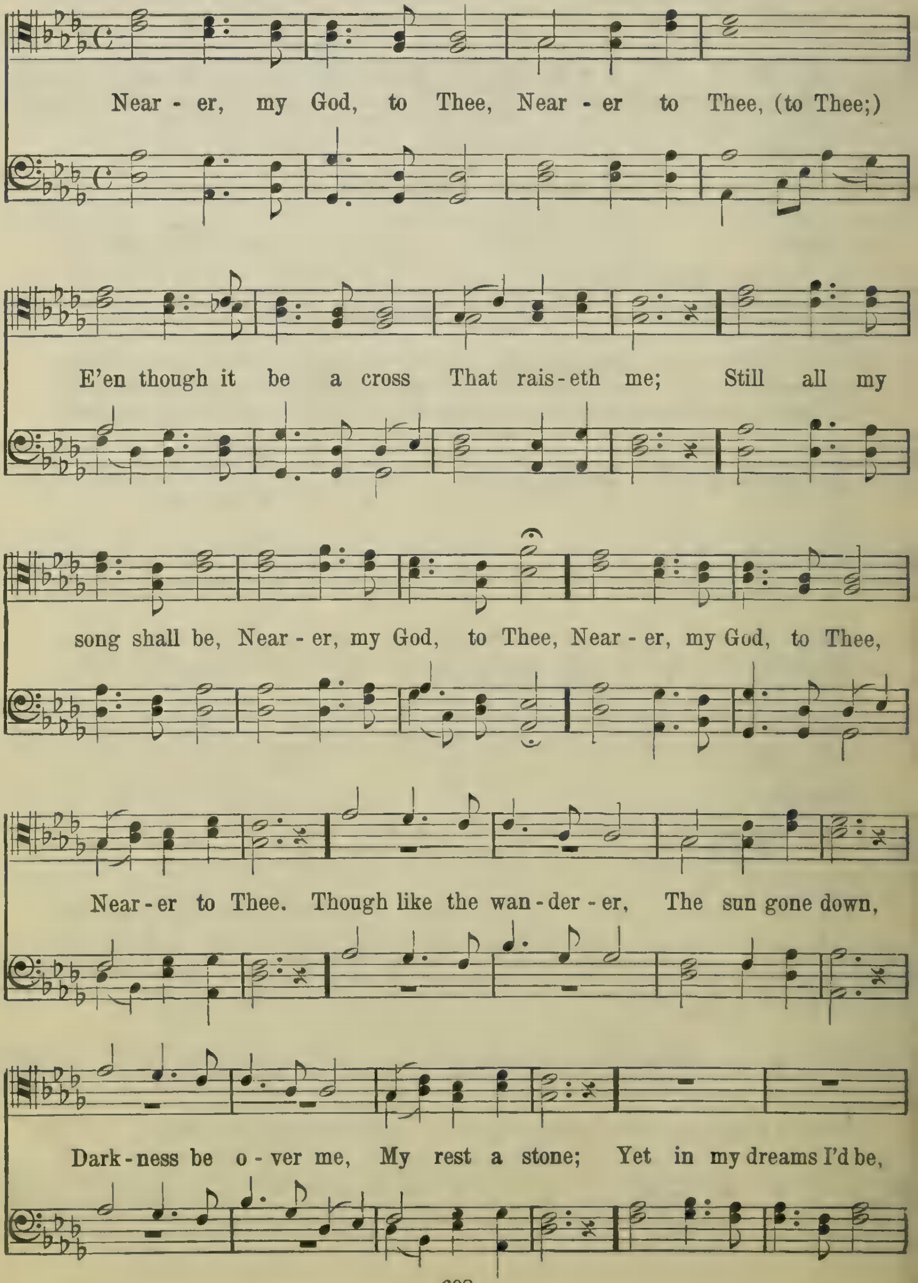
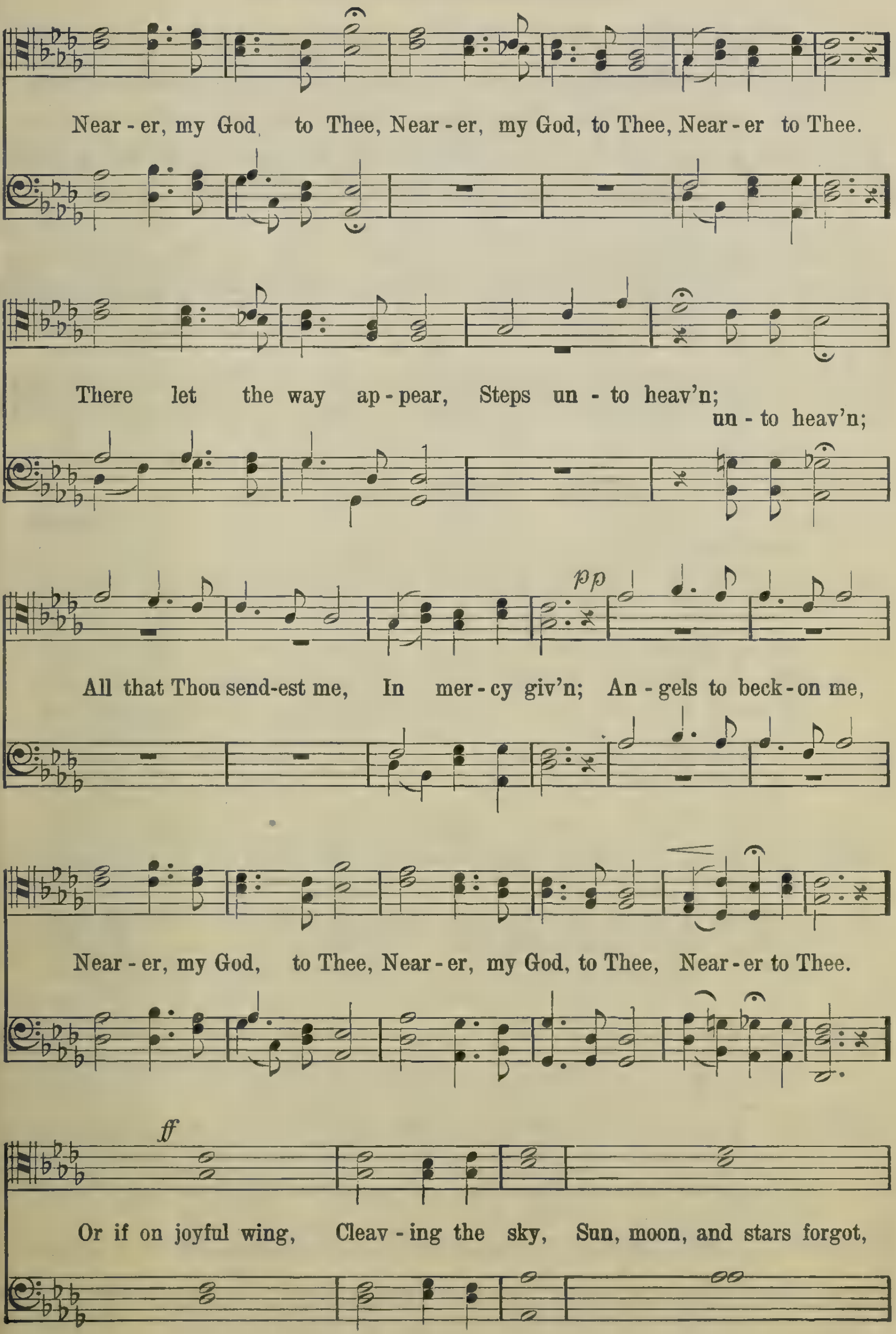
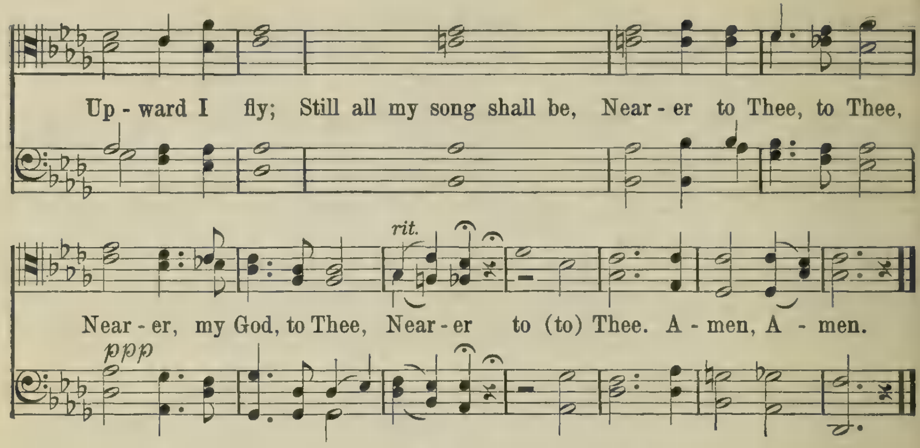
737

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Lowell Mason.


Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, (to Thee;)
E'en though it be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my
song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Near - er to Thee. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,
Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,

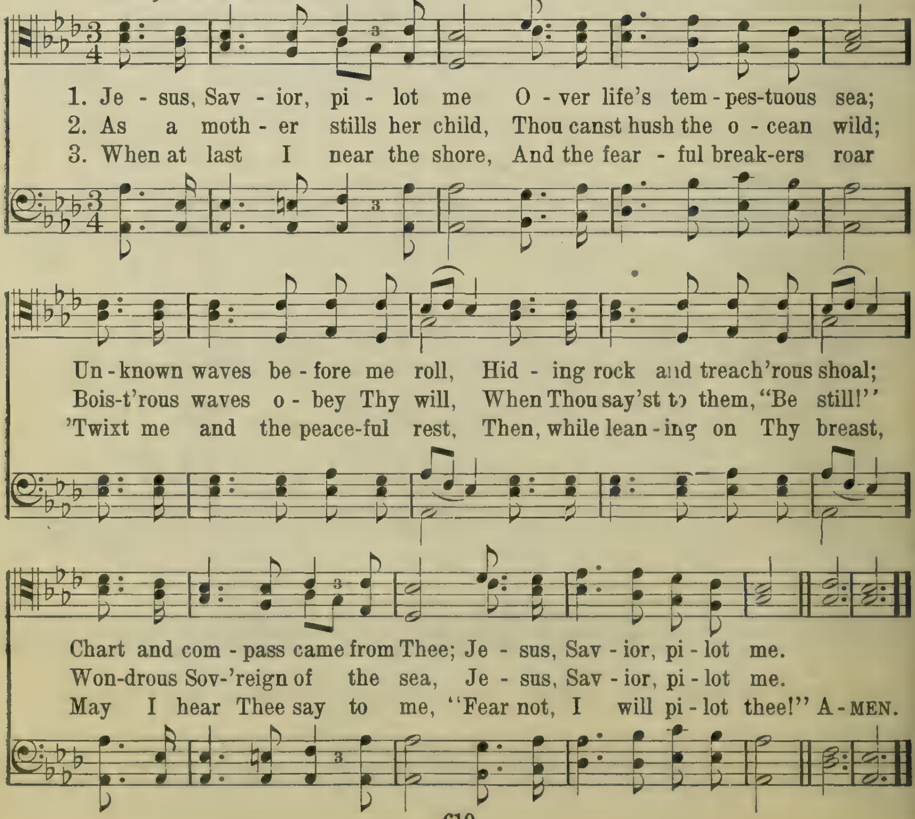

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
un - to heav'n;
pp
All that Thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me,
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
ff
Or if on joyful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,


Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er to Thee, to Thee,
rit.
ppp
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to (to) Thee. A - men, A - men.

738 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

E. Hopper.

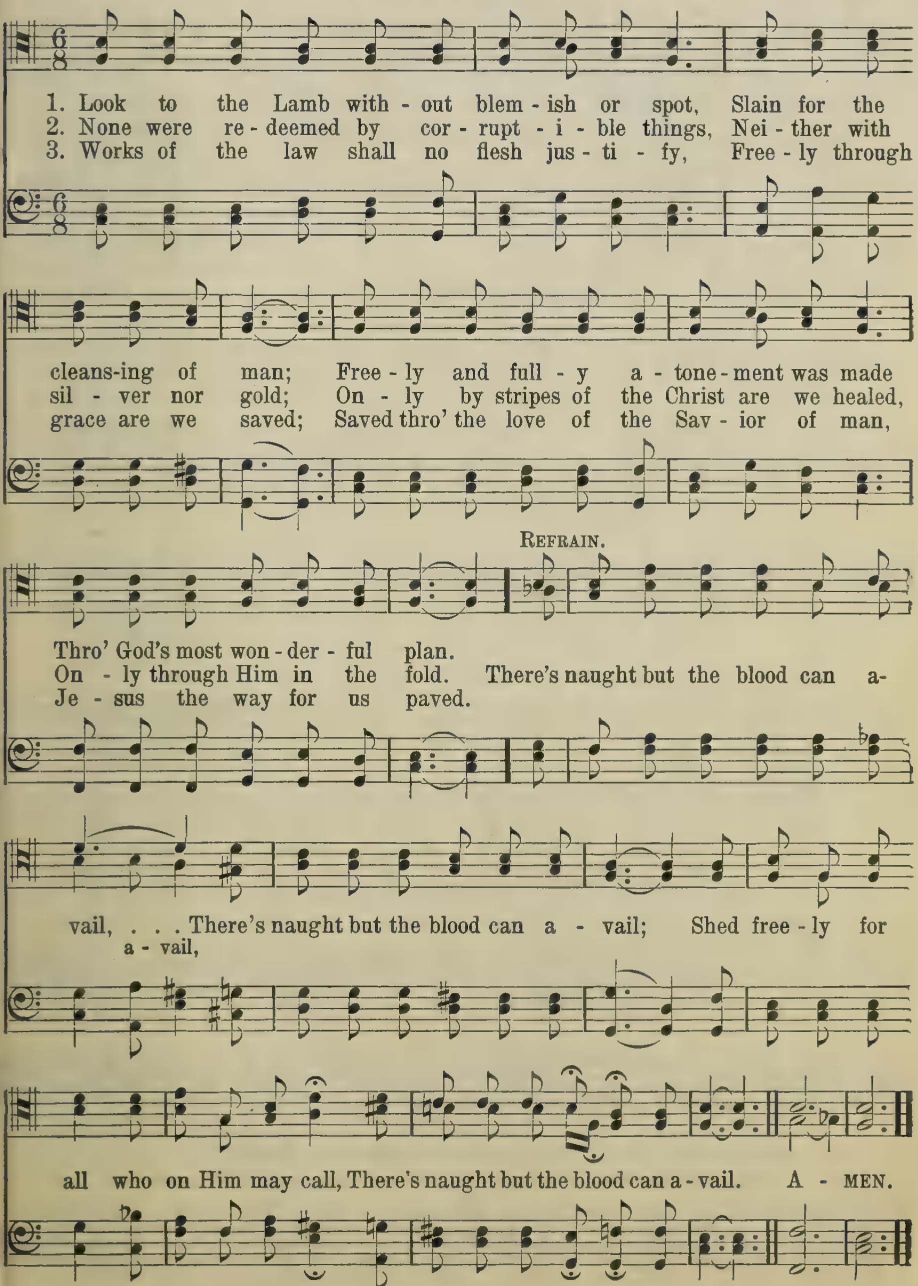
J. E. Gould.


Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Won-drous Sov-'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!" A - MEN.

739 Naught But the Blood Can Avail

Anna B. Russell. (MALE QUARTET.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Look to the Lamb with - out blem - ish or spot, Slain for the
2. None were re - deemed by cor - rupt - i - ble things, Nei - ther with
3. Works of the law shall no flesh jus - ti - fy, Free - ly through
cleans-ing of man; Free - ly and full - y a - tone - ment was made
sil - ver nor gold; On - ly by stripes of the Christ are we healed,
grace are we saved; Saved thro' the love of the Sav - ior of man,
Thro' God's most won - der - ful plan.
On - ly through Him in the fold.
Je - sus the way for us paved.
REFRAIN.
There's naught but the blood can a-
vail, . . . There's naught but the blood can a - vail; Shed free - ly for
a - vail,
all who on Him may call, There's naught but the blood can a - vail. A - MEN.

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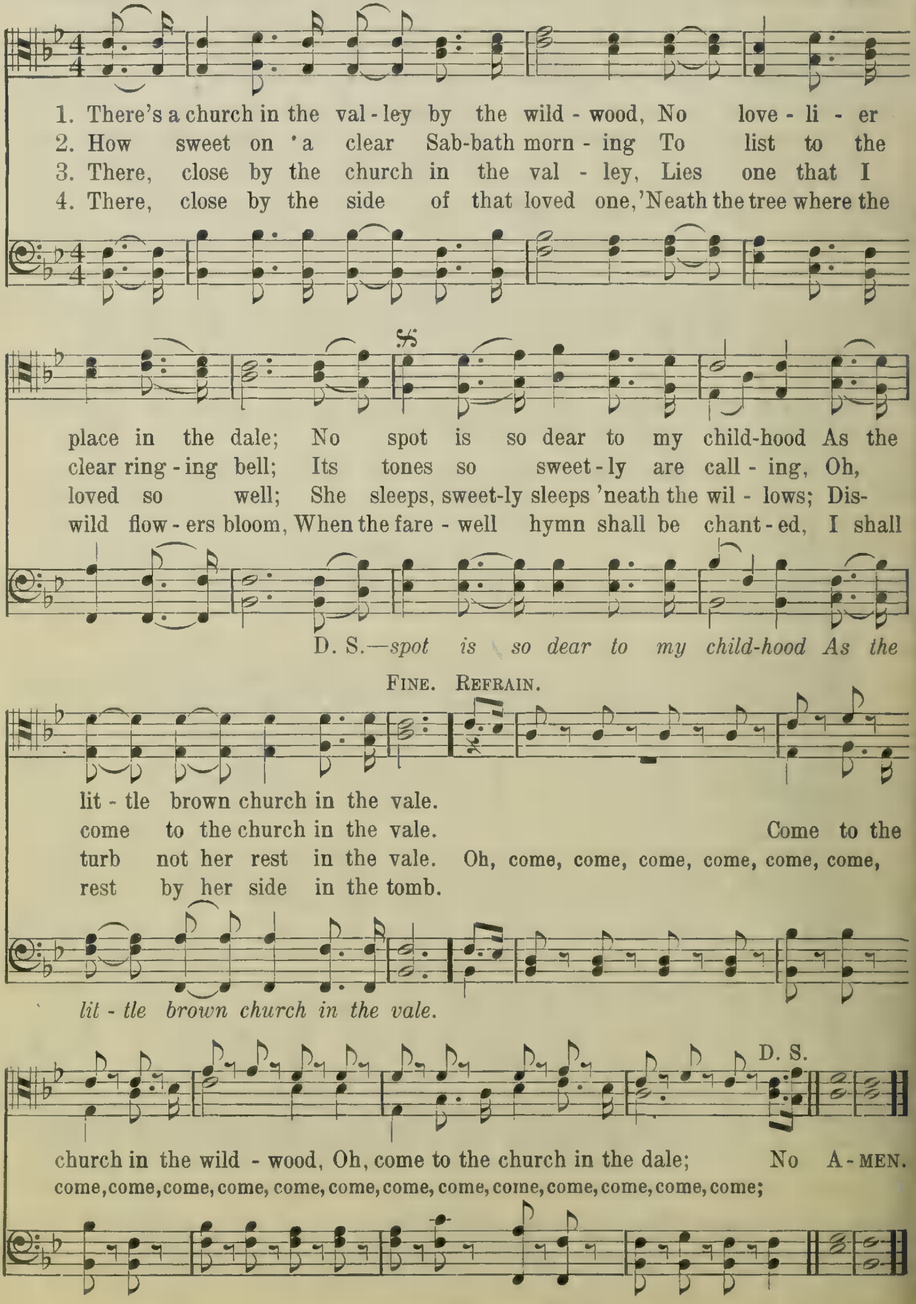
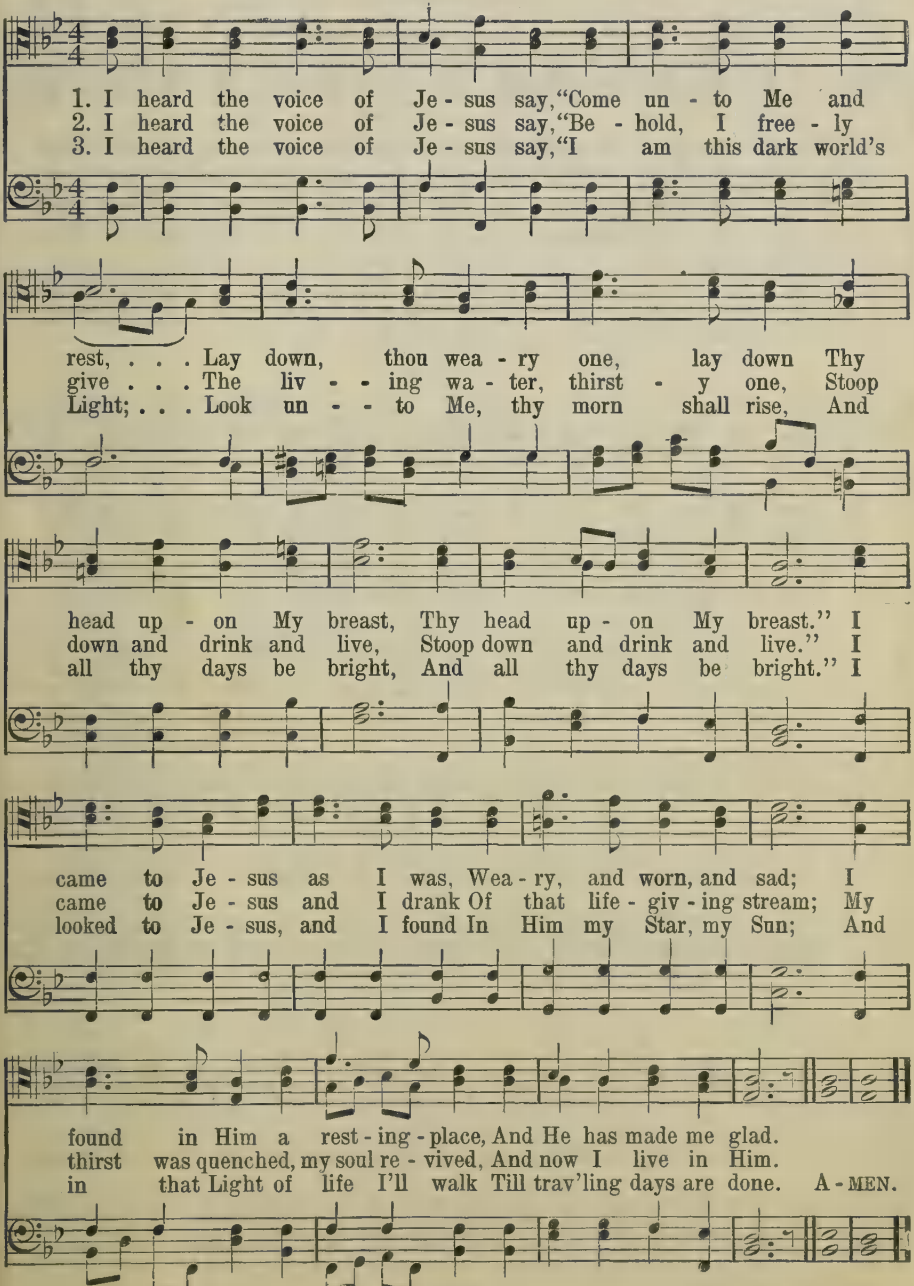
740 The Church In the Wildwood

W. S. P. Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the
place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
loved so well; She sleeps, sweet-ly sleeps 'neath the wil - lows; Dis-
wild flow - ers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall
D. S.—spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
Fine. Refrain.
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
come to the church in the vale. Come to the
turb not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No A - MEN.
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

741 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

H. Bonar, D. D. (MALE VOICES.) M. L. McPhail.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's
rest, . . . Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy
give . . . The liv - - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop
Light; . . . Look un - - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And
head up - on My breast, Thy head up - on My breast." I
down and drink and live, Stoop down and drink and live." I
all thy days be bright, And all thy days be bright." I
came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And
found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done. A - MEN.

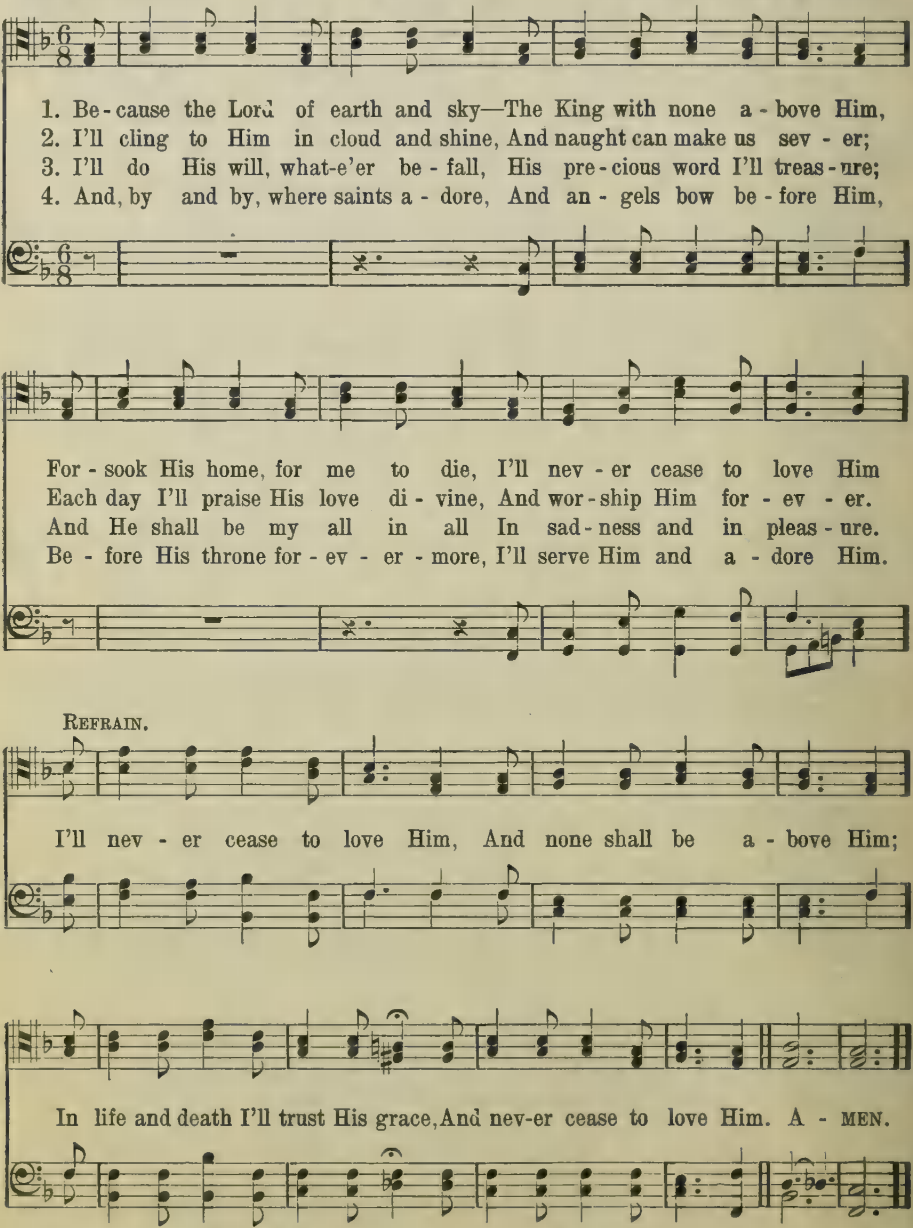
742

I'll Never Cease to Love Him

(MALE QUARTET.)

Mrs. M. Doolittle.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Be - cause the Lord of earth and sky—The King with none a - bove Him,
2. I'll cling to Him in cloud and shine, And naught can make us sev - er;
3. I'll do His will, what-e'er be - fall, His pre - cious word I'll treas - ure;
4. And, by and by, where saints a - dore, And an - gels bow be - fore Him,
For - sook His home, for me to die, I'll nev - er cease to love Him
Each day I'll praise His love di - vine, And wor - ship Him for - ev - er.
And He shall be my all in all In sad - ness and in pleas - ure.
Be - fore His throne for - ev - er - more, I'll serve Him and a - dore Him.
REFRAIN.
I'll nev - er cease to love Him, And none shall be a - bove Him;
In life and death I'll trust His grace, And nev-er cease to love Him. A - MEN.

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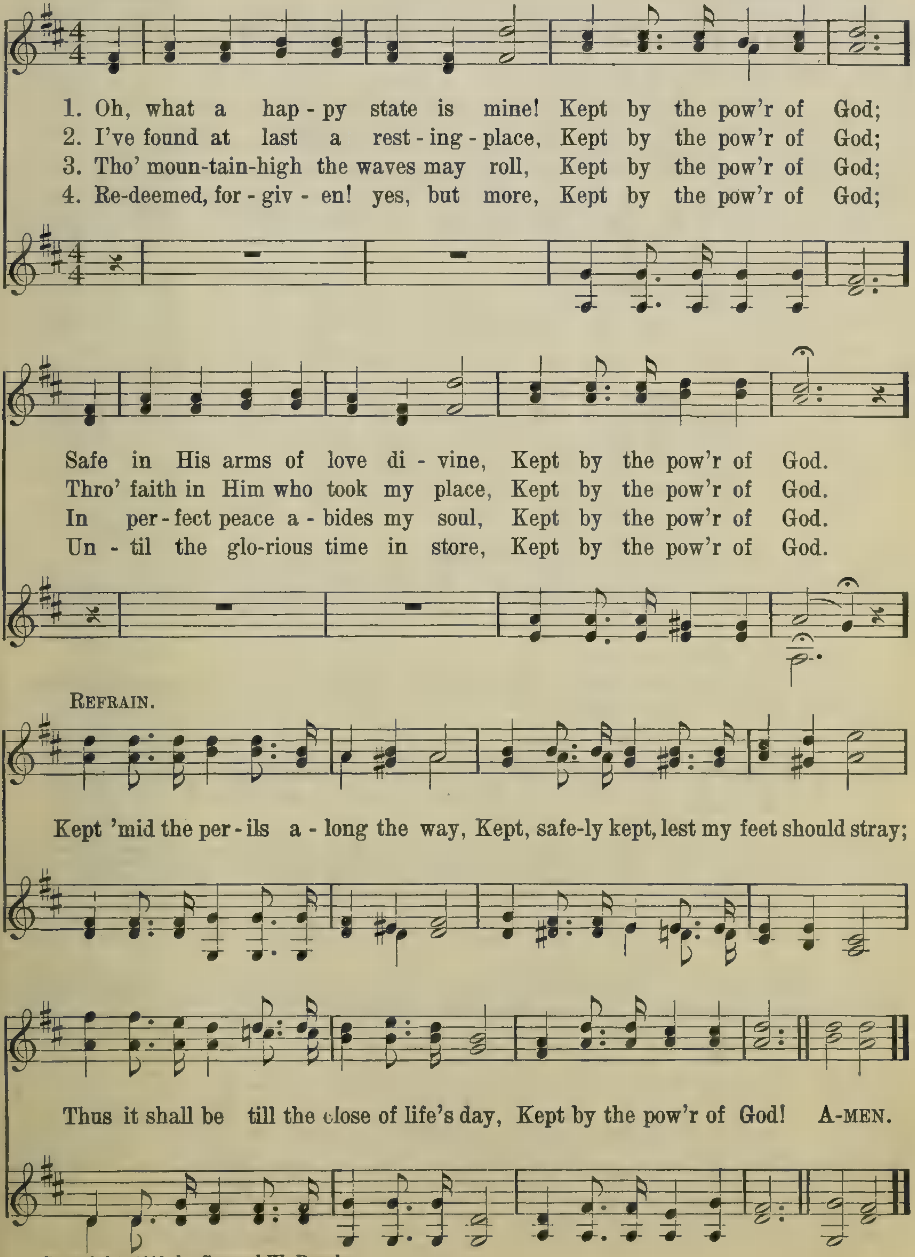
743

Kept By the Power of God

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

T. O. Chisholm. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. Oh, what a hap-py state is mine! Kept by the pow'r of God;
2. I've found at last a rest-ing-place, Kept by the pow'r of God;
3. Tho' moun-tain-high the waves may roll, Kept by the pow'r of God;
4. Re-deemed, for-giv-en! yes, but more, Kept by the pow'r of God;
Safe in His arms of love di-vine, Kept by the pow'r of God.
Thro' faith in Him who took my place, Kept by the pow'r of God.
In per-fect peace a-bides my soul, Kept by the pow'r of God.
Un-til the glo-rious time in store, Kept by the pow'r of God.
REFRAIN.
Kept 'mid the per-ils a-long the way, Kept, safe-ly kept, lest my feet should stray;
Thus it shall be till the close of life's day, Kept by the pow'r of God! A-MEN.

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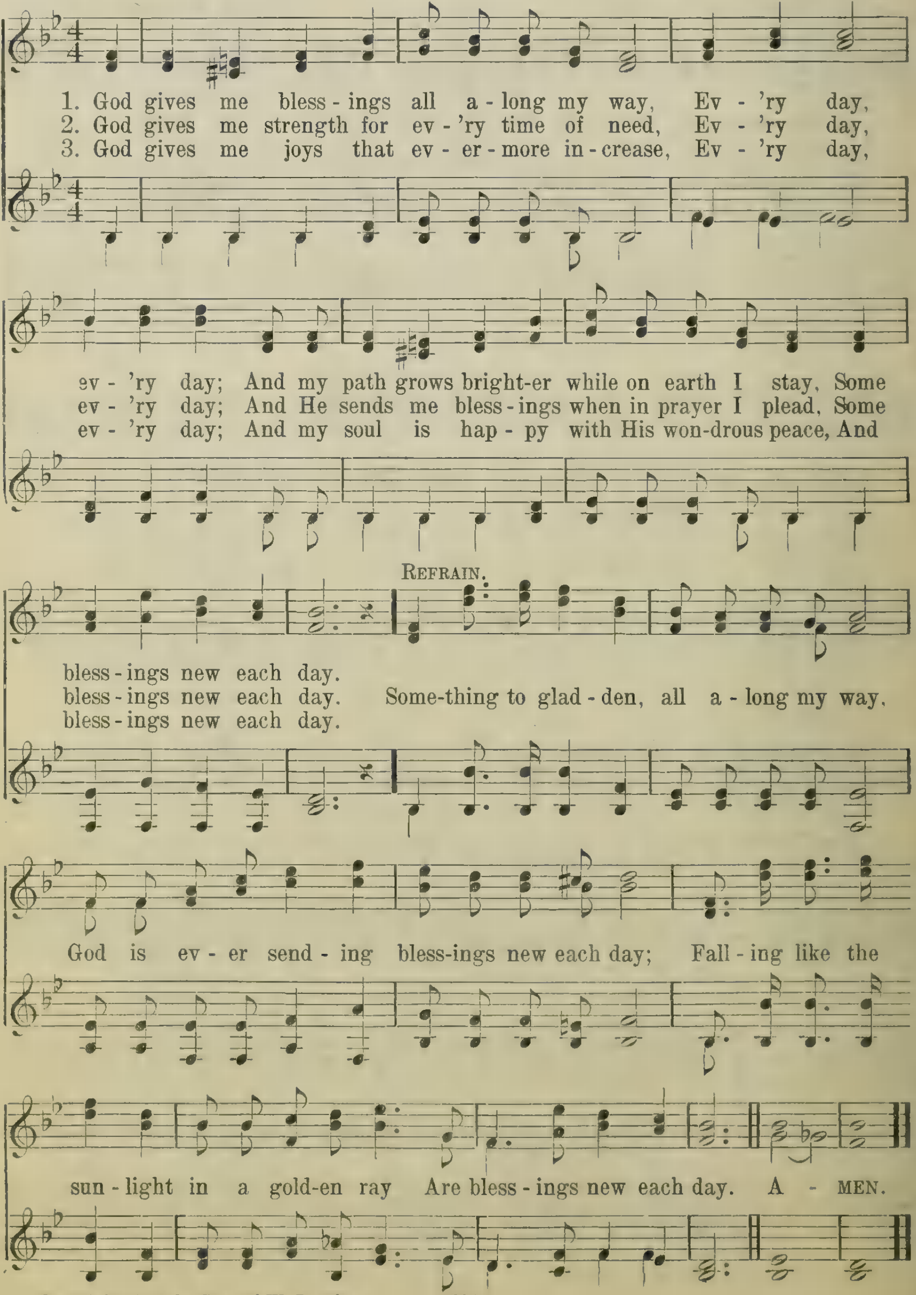
744 Something New Each Day

Rev. W. C. Poole. (LADIES' QUARTET.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

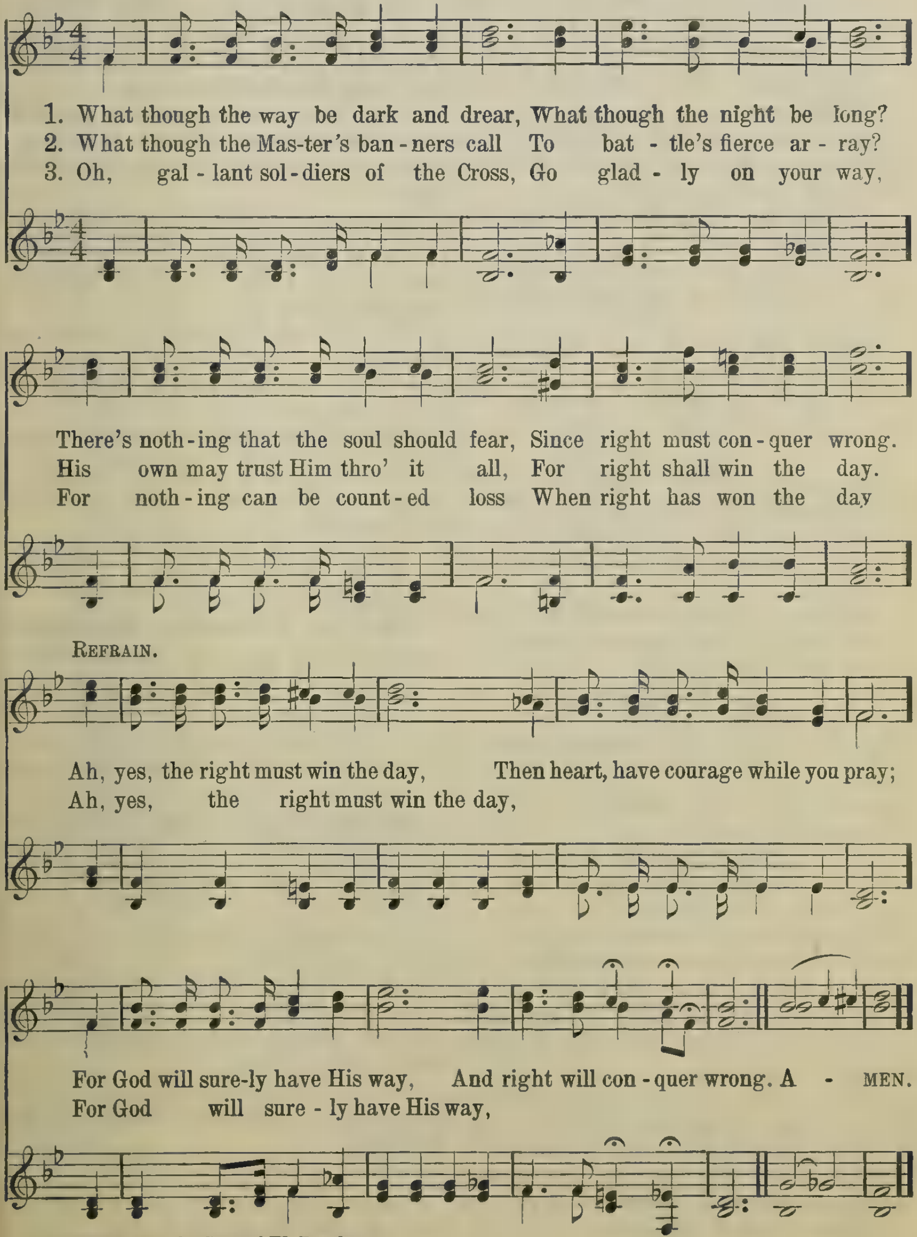

1. God gives me bless - ings all a - long my way, Ev - 'ry day,
2. God gives me strength for ev - 'ry time of need, Ev - 'ry day,
3. God gives me joys that ev - er - more in - crease, Ev - 'ry day,
ev - 'ry day; And my path grows bright-er while on earth I stay, Some
ev - 'ry day; And He sends me bless - ings when in prayer I plead, Some
ev - 'ry day; And my soul is hap - py with His won-drous peace, And
bless - ings new each day.
bless - ings new each day.
bless - ings new each day.
REFRAIN.
Some-thing to glad - den, all a - long my way,
God is ev - er send - ing bless-ings new each day;
Fall - ing like the
sun - light in a gold-en ray
Are bless - ings new each day.
A - MEN.

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.

745 Right Must Win

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

Frances McKinnon Morton. Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—


1. What though the way be dark and drear, What though the night be long?
2. What though the Mas-ter's ban-ners call To bat-tle's fierce ar-ray?
3. Oh, gal-lant sol-diers of the Cross, Go glad-ly on your way,
There's noth-ing that the soul should fear, Since right must con-quer wrong.
His own may trust Him thro' it all, For right shall win the day.
For noth-ing can be count-ed loss When right has won the day
REFRAIN.
Ah, yes, the right must win the day, Then heart, have courage while you pray;
Ah, yes, the right must win the day,
For God will sure-ly have His way, And right will con-quer wrong. A - MEN.
For God will sure-ly have His way,

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SELECTION 1

Pre-Existence of Jesus

(John 1:1-12)

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God whose name was John.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

SELECTION 2

The Law of God

(Psalm 19)

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night until night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 3

Jesus Reveals God

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us—

And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father—

Full of grace and truth.

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

For the law was given by Moses,

But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time:

The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee neither is there any God besides thee.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

SELECTION 4

The Majesty of God

(Psalm 95)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker,

For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

(Psalm 8)

O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 5

The Birth of Jesus

(Luke I:33, 46-48; II:4-19)

The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

SELECTION 6

Visit of the Wise Men

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

Keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

SELECTION 7

Joy of Jesus' Coming

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.

Hearken unto me, my people, and give ear unto me, O my nation. My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people. The isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arms shall they trust.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

SELECTION 8

Jesus Comforts His Disciples

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples.

SELECTION 9

The Death of Jesus

And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest.

And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing.

Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?

And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marveled greatly.

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would.

And they then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas.

Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?

They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified.

And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

And they took Jesus and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.

This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar,

And saying, If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself.

And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

An he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

And the sun was darkened, and the vail of the temple was rent in the midst.

(*Selection 9 continued on next page*)

And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.

And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

(The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them:) .he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews; who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

SELECTION 10

The Resurrection of Jesus

(Matthew 28)

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshiped him.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

SELECTION 11

The Holy Spirit

I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.

Also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he . . . shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire.

He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water.

But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believed on him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet given.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me;

And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me:

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

SELECTION 12

The Flesh and the Spirit

(Gal. 5:16-26)

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.

(*Selection* 12 *continued on next page*)

Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies.

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in the time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

SELECTION 13

The Model Christian

(Psalm 1)

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SELECTION 14

The Prayer of Faith

(Psalm 6)

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?

Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water by couch with my tears.

Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.

Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

SELECTION 15

Greatness of God and Man

(Psalm 8)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mind-

ful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 16

Human Depravity

(Psalm 14)

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTION 17

The Majesty of God

(Psalm 97)

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy jugments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

SELECTION 18

Praising God

(Psalm 33)

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing

(*Selection* 18 *continued on next page*)

unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

SELECTION 19

The Lord Almighty

(Psalm 93)

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 20

Thanksgiving

(Psalm 95)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

Praise

(Psalm 100)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord He is God;

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

And into His courts with praise:

Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting.

And His truth endureth to all generations.

SELECTION 21

Thanksgiving

(Psalm 92)

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

SELECTION 22

Christ the King of Glory

(Psalm 24)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 23

The Whole Duty of Man

(Ecclesiastes 12)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And moreover, because the

(*Selection* 23 *continued on next page*)

Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea; he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

SELECTION 24

Wisdom

(Various Selections)

Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;

Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee;

So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Of him are ye in Christ Jesus who is made unto us wisdom from God.

SELECTION 25

Christian Virtues

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies.

And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

And to temperance, patience.

And to patience, godliness.

And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

And to brotherly kindness, charity.

SELECTION 26

Prayer

(Matt. 6:5-15; 7:7-11)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you;

(*Selection 26 continued on next page*)

seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is His delight.

SELECTION 27

The Scriptures

(Various Selections)

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord.

According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts:

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation.

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

The holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

That the man of God may be per-

fect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God shall stand forever.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life;

And they are they which testify of me.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Study to show thyself approved unto God,

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth.

SELECTION 28

God's Law and the Nation

(Deut. 6:4-12; Jer. 31:31-33)

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not.

And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten, and be full: then beware lest thou forget the Lord.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah;

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand, to bring them out of the land of Egypt;

Which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord;

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

SELECTION 29

Giving

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. (Prov. 3:9)

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein

(*Selection 29 continued on next page*)

have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. (Mal. 3:8)

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. 3:10)

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. (2 Cor. 8:9)

Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. (1 Cor. 16:2)

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. 9:7)

It is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts 20:35)

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. (Ps. 41:1)

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord. (Prov. 19:17)

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. (Matt. 6:1-4)

SELECTION 30

The Grace of Giving

How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship. (Luke 16:2)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein: (Ps. 24:1)

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. (Hag. 2:8)

Every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: And the wild beasts of the field are mine. (Ps. 50:10-11)

A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven. (John 3:27)

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. (Mal. 3:8)

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. (Prov. 3:9)

Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. 13:10)

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. (2 Cor. 8:9)

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Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. 9:7)

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts 20:35)

SELECTION 31

Missionary

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

He is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. (John 10:16)

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Behold, I will save my people from the east country, and from the west country; (Zech. 8:7)

The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising. (Isa. 60:3-5)

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein. (Isa. 35:8)

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. (Isa. 35:10)

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things! (Rom. 10:14-15)

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together. (John 4:35-36)

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. (Mark 16:15)

SELECTION 32

Temperance

Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lust which war against the soul. (1 Pet. 2:11)

(*Selection 32 continued on next page*)

Ye that Love the Lord, hate evil: (Ps. 97:10)

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived there by is not wise. (Prov. 20:1)

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright:

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (Prov. 23:31-32)

Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags. (Prov. 20:21)

Because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied. (Hab. 2:5)

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness! (Hab. 2:15)

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. (Isa. 5:11-12)

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak. (Rom. 14:21)

Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. (Rom. 13:13)

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. (1 Cor. 9:25)

Be sober, be vigilant because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour. (1 Pet. 5:8)

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine.

SELECTION 33

Temperance

Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Let us not judge one another any

more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

Teach me, O Lord, the way of the statutes.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

SELECTION 34

The Supremacy of Love

(I Corinthians 13)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

SELECTION 35

The Ten Commandments

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

(*Selection* 35 *continued on next page*)

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within the gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

SELECTION 36

Worship

(Psalm 121)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION 37

The Beatitudes

(Matt. 5:1-12)

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil things against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

SELECTION 38

The Lord's Coming

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. (John 14:2-3)

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. (John 14:18)

Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap. (Mal. 3:2)

Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ. (1 Pet. 1:13)

To the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints. (1 Thes. 3:13)

Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of God cometh at an hour when ye think not.

SELECTION 39

Christ Our Shepherd

(Psalm 23)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 40

The Lord Our Redeemer

(Psalm 103)

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

SELECTION 41

Consecration and Service

(Romans 12:1-8)

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our minstering, or he that teacheth, on teaching,

Or he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

SELECTION 42

The Sabbath Day

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, and we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.

Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord.

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

We will go into his tabernacle; we will worship at his footstool.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary; who is so great a God as our God?

SELECTION 43

Abiding Faith

(Psalm 27)

The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

SELECTION 44

Abiding Faith

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

SELECTION 45—MISCELLANY

What Jesus Says to the Unsaved

Prepare to meet thy God.

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into con-

(*Selection* 45 *continued on next page*)

demnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (John 3:3)

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Proverbs 16:25)

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. (Romans 10:9, 10)

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. (Romans 3:23; 6:23)

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. (I John 1:9)

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. (I John 3:14, 16)

If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. (John 15:7)

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life. (I John 5:12)

And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. (John 17:3)

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me. (John 14:6)

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost. (Titus 3:5)

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved. (Acts 4:12)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness. (Isaiah 41:10)

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. (I Peter 2:24)

Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven. (Matthew 10:32, 33)

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. (John 3:36)

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. (I John 2:15)

SELECTION 46

The Name of Jesus

Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be his glorious name. By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

Over one hundred.

What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before he was born?

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful Counselor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

God has highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings. Chiefest among ten thousand, Son of the Living God. Lion of the tribe of Judah, The Bright and Morning Star, the Light of the World, The Good Shepherd.

Which of all his names is the sweetest?

JESUS.

The Precious Corner Stone.

The Friend of Sinners.

The Man of Sorrows.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Why was he called Jesus?

Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

He is the Captain of our Salvation.

The Author and Finisher of our faith.

The Head of the Church. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

SELECTION 47

Some Benefits of Bible Study

Diligent study brings success and prosperity. (Josh. 1:8)

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success.

Bible study prevents sin. (Ps. 119:11)

Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

There is vital power in God's Word.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: (Ps. 19:7)

There is regenerating power in God's Word.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. (Jno. 6:63)

It contains the elements for spiritual growth. (I Pet. 2:2)

As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may Grow thereby.

The assimilation of the Word produces joy. (Jer. 15:16)

Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord of hosts.

It gives wisdom and enlightenment. (Ps. 19:7-8)

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes.

(*Selection 47 continued on next page*)

Reward is offered for keeping the Word. (Ps. 19-11)

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping them there is great reward.

It furnishes complete equipment for character and service. (II Tim. 3:16, 17)

All scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction and righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

The daily study for truth is noble. (Acts 17:11)

These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind and searched the scriptures daily whether those things were so.

What Jesus Can Do

Jesus can SAVE you....Matt. 18:11
Jesus can HEAL you. James 5:14-16
Jesus can ENRICH you...Rev. 3:18
Jesus can HELP you...I Cor. 10:13
Jesus can STRENGTHEN you.......................Isa. 40:29
Jesus can REST you....Matt. 11:28
Jesus can CLOTHE you ....Matt. 6:25, 26
Jesus can FEED you.....Jno. 46:51
Jesus can COMFORT you ....Jno. 14:1, 18
Jesus can GUIDE you....Isa. 30:21
Jesus can DELIVER you. Acts 10:38
Jesus can do more than you ask or THINK...........Eph. 3:2
Jesus can PROVIDE ALL GRACE ....II Cor. 9:8

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

The Apostles' Creed

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth;

And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; he descended into hell; the third day he rose again from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy *Universal* Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting. Amen.

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